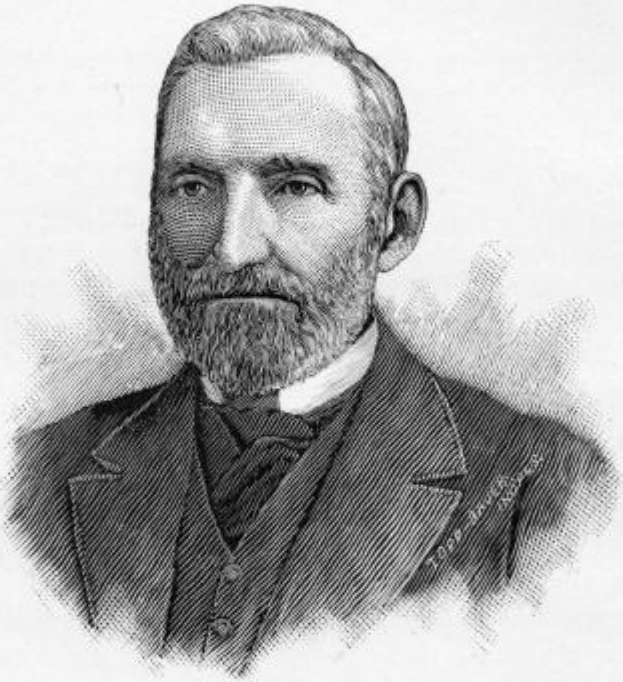


C. C. OLIN, HISTORIAN.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE BUSY LIFE OF

CHAUNCEY C. OLIN.

Fifty-six years ago I left my native place, Canton, St. Lawrence county, New York, for the Far West, being then less than nineteen years of age. Our destination was Milwaukee, a place not much known in those days. It being early in the Spring, and as we were to travel with teams, with an older brother and family, on account of bad roads we shipped on board a steamboat at Ogdensburg. After a day and a half of boisterous and disagreeable traveling by boat, we landed at Rochester. There we found good settled weather, fine roads and a splendid country. It was known mostly for its fine wheat lands, as it supplied most all of Eastern New York and New England with what was called Genesee Flour. Rochester was then but a small village and Buffalo a small city; Erie and Cleveland were also small towns, but such timber as we found around Cleveland was a sight not easily to be forgotten. We remember distinctly those three-foot poplar trees sixty to seventy feet without a limb. Where Toledo now stands we found the worst ague country in christendom, so we stopped only long enough to get safely across the river, and set our faces direct for Chicago, through the southern part of Michigan. After leaving Toledo on our route to Michigan City, at the head of Lake Michigan, in Indiana, we saw our first prairie country, where we would travel for miles and miles without seeing a tree, shrub or house. We said then to ourselves that it would be a hundred years before these large prairie wastes would be

settled. But experience has taught us how little we knew of the Great West and the Yankee enterprise that was then taking possession of these valuable lands. We traveled a large share of the way from Michigan City to Chicago on the beach of the lake, sometimes in the water to the depth of two feet to avoid deep sand that had been thrown up by the waves. On our arrival at Chicago, we were beset with all kinds of difficulties, as it was almost impossible to get through the city without getting stuck in the mud, and we really felt relieved when we crossed the river at the now State street crossing. Chicago had been advertising throughout the East for two or three years, so it was much better known than any other western town. But we saw nothing that interested us. Most of the buildings were on stilts, and it was almost impossible to get through any of the streets with teams without carrying a rail on our backs to pry them out of the mud, for the streets were generally on a level with the water in the river. Little did we think then, that, in 1890, Chicago would contain 1,250,000 inhabitants. We were now eighteen days from home, and in the next three days, had passed what is now Waukegan, Kenosha, Racine and the mouth of the Milwaukee river. All the facilities we had for crossing was a small skiff; but over we went by putting our household goods into the skiff, swimming our horses and floating our wagon. This was May 19, 1836. We were in a new town with scarcely a dozen houses, but plenty of new-comers and Indians. After resting a few days, and looking around for something to turn up, we took our departure for what was then called Prairie Village, sixteen miles west, through a heavy timbered country for the first twelve miles. Although we had an early start, it took us all day to make those sixteen miles. We had no road more than blazed trees. We had quagmires on the start, and hills and dales until we crossed the Menominee at the present viaduct of the St. Paul Railroad. In a creek near Elm Grove, we had our first experience in a western mud-hole. We had to strip the harness from our four horses and pull them out one by one; and they looked more like mummies than anything else. By this time it was noon, and we had made about eight miles of the sixteen. After feeding our

team, and partaking of our lunch, we moved on a little more cautiously. After crossing Poplar creek we came into the oak openings. I thought this the most lovely sight I had ever beheld. The country looked more like a modern park than anything else. How beautiful to look upon. How strange. We said in our enthusiasm, "Who did this? By what race of people was it done; and where are they now?" for there were but very few people here. On our arrival at Prairie Village, the first family we met was McMillan's, who kept the place of entertainment, near where the court-house now stands. This cabin was about twelve feet square, with bunks arranged one above the other on two sides, for sleeping. These bunks being filled with prairie hay, together with our blankets, made quite a comfortable bed for summer. At this time there were but very few persons in and around this Indian town. M. D. and A. R. Cutler, Richard and Isaac Smart, Isaac Johnson, Elon Fuller, Nelson and T. H. Olin, John Manderville, Almon Osborn, A. C. Nickell, Dr. Cornwall, Ira Stewart and ourselves were about all who were or had been here to stay up to the Spring of 1836. In the fall, Nathaniel Walton and family came and located on his present homestead, south and adjoining our village. On our first visit to Prairie Village, we only stayed a few days, and in that time we made a claim.

I have always regretted that any of the mounds in this county should have been destroyed. We have mounds on the college grounds that have been preserved, and no doubt will always be kept intact, as they are public ground. If all these ancient relics of the history of our county could be put back in their original state, our people would not take thousands of dollars for them. Before leaving for Milwaukee, I had to take some steps to protect the claim I had made. The way I did it was to blaze a tree and write my name, date of making it, etc. Those who made claims on the prairie where there was no timber, had to build a fence with rails, to show whoever came along that it was claimed. But after this precaution, our claims had to be watched very closely to keep them from being "jumped." When I was tired of claim-hunting and sight-seeing, I returned to Milwaukee where I could see something

besides Indians and wild animals. Milwaukee was, of course, just in its embryo state, and it needed work to level its hills and fill its marshes. For a few months that was my work. Every day we could see a change, and in a few months the transformation of hills and valleys was wonderful. Then came buildings to be filled with goods, families and manufactories. Thus the improvement went on, and speculation, in a very short time, became very exciting. In this way Milwaukee was growing at a very rapid rate. But, having a taste for country life, after spending one year in Milwaukee with my brother and family, I took up my permanent residence at Prairie Village, to grow up with the country. I can truly say that I enjoyed this pioneer life, although young and inexperienced. There was just enough novelty about it to interest the most verdant of country boys. By the time we had returned, other parties had come in with their families. The first women that came were Mrs. McMillan and sister, Mrs. Isaac Smart, Mrs. Isaac Judson, Mrs. Nathaniel Walton and Mrs. Nelson Olin. Jane Smart, daughter of Isaac Smart, was the first girl born in this vicinity, and U. P. Olin, son of Nelson, the first boy. Up to this time we were mere squatters on the land, as it was not surveyed until late in the Fall of 1836, and was not in market. When the survey was made, a good many of us were disappointed, as the lines did not correspond with our ideas of where our farms should be. The subdivision of townships into sections and quarters left many of us high and dry on somebody else's land, and we had to "get up and get," as the saying was. John Manderville found himself on the school section. M. D. Cutler did not have what he supposed he had, and had to buy off his neighbor. The Olins—all of them—were in another township, as were also Isaac Judson and Elon Fuller; but still we were all close by. At this time the Indians were located here in large numbers. A treaty had been made for their lands, and their title extinguished, but they stuck to their old hunting grounds and wigwams, as game was very plenty in the immediate vicinity, as I can testify, having seen as many as eighty deer in a drove near where White Rock Spring is located in Pewaukee. This was an Indian village located on the

south and east of us. It extended from Grand avenue and Mineral Rock Spring on the west to C. S. Hawley's place on the east. They planted corn on their ground for two years after they were notified to leave, and the corn hills remain on some of this land to this day, as it has never been plowed.

When I came here the Indians had a trail running from the northeast to the southwest, just south of Mineral Rock Spring, and it had been used so ong that an indentation of some eighteen inches in the ground had been reached in several places. Pioneers in a new country, if they are at all observing, know that Indians always travel in single file and in the same place for an indefinite length of time. This trail extended from Pewaukee Lake to Mukwonago, a distance of nearly twenty miles. In coming from Pewaukee the trail crossed the Fox river, two miles and a half up the stream, at what is now Hadfield's quarry, then came directly down the river to where White Rock Spring is located. Around this spring was a great place for game. It was called by the Indians, and white men, too, the "Salt Lick." The water was a little brackish then, as we thought, and was always open in the coldest winter. The Indians understood this so well that they built a large ambush in the branches of one of the large oak trees near the spring, and many a deer, wolf, fox or smaller animal has been secured from this hidden retreat. This ambush remained there for many years after the Indians left the country, until it rotted to the ground. Whenever we felt like going a-gunning, we chose this region, as we could always find some kind of game without much travel. The trail, after leaving this spring, came just north of Hickory Grove, then to near where the Congregational church now stands, and a little south of Mineral Rock Spring, and then a little more north, and recrossed the river near Bethesda Spring, going to the Industrial School, and so on to Mukwonago. This tract of country from Pewaukee to Mukwonago, was the Indians' great fishing ground. We could always buy fish of the Indians cheap. They would take anything from a cracker to a few pounds of flour or meal, for as many fish as a large family could eat at two or three meals. In 1837 the Indians began

to fold their tents and emigrate to their new reservation, and by the Fall of 1838, they were all gone, except a few stragglers that were too lazy to work or even to get away to their new hunting-grounds. Finally they became such a nuisance that the Indian agents came and took them away by force; and then some of them would return and live on the white folks for months. Such was the Indian's love of country.

In the year 1837, we had quite a large accession to our village and vicinity. These persons were worthy farmers and settled around our village, near by, and improved their farms, so that in a few years they became quite independent, for a new country.

In the Fall of 1837, I returned to my native place in New York and attended the Canton Academy for two terms, and spent the winter, at which time I taught my first district school. But I could hardly contain myself in that hard Eastern winter, and early in the Spring set face toward the West again, to stay. In 1838 the emigrants came early. The news had spread all over the East in regard to the fine farming land in Wisconsin, and it seemed as though each one had tried to be the first to reach and claim unto himself a good farm. Milwaukee being a good harbor, all of the new-comers landed there, and more than one-half of these people came through or stopped at Prairieville. I have seen fifty teams loaded with these thrifty people coming through what is called the Milwaukee Woods, and about one-half of them would be stuck in the mud. Each one had to choose his own route and get along the best way he could. This year considerable improvement was made, and some good buildings for those days were built, such as the Prairieville House—about 1846 the name of the village was changed to Waukesha—our grist and saw mill, and Robert Love and A. F. Pratt had each small frame houses. In the meantime, settlements had opened up at Mukwonago, Summit, Delafield and Pewaukee, so we felt as though we had neighbors. By the time the land came into the market in the Fall of 1839, there was hardly a desirable piece of land in the county but what was held for actual settlement or for speculation. All the settlers were permitted to enter their claims at $1.25 an acre, but many

of us were compelled to borrow the money at twenty-five per cent. interest to pay for our homes, which were then becoming quite valuable. After our lands were secured we felt a little more independent, and really from that time set out to make ourselves comfortable by putting up better and more buildings on our farms, and looking a little more after public improvements in the way of better roads and bridges in different parts of the county. We were also interested in building churches, school-houses, stores, blacksmith shops, and, in fact in all kinds of improvements where it would help to build up our town.

Our wheat crop, as early as 1839 and 1841, was of no mean dimensions. It gave us all enough to eat and some to spare, as our grist mill sent to Milwaukee 7,000 barrels of flour, and our merchants 250 barrels of pork and 12,000 pounds of hides, which were valued at $38,846. These merchants up to this time had bought in Milwaukee $27,700 worth of goods. While we were providing things for our temporal comfort, the spiritual man was not neglected or overlooked. In 1840 the population of our county was 2,156, and after this time our county settled very rapidly, town sites were laid out, and water powers were being improved in every direction. We began to think about having good schools with other good things for a new country, and a log school-house was built early.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE.

This old log school-house had the honor of being the first in the county. It was used for every purpose possible, such as for schools, meetings of all kinds, debating clubs, political meetings, religious meetings of all denominations, public meetings of every kind; in fact there was no other place for meetings. The first public gatherings were held in the "old log school-house" of the past. The "old log school-house" was erected in the Fall of 1837, "under the hill," on the west side of the river Fox at Waukesha. It was built entirely of Tamerack poles taken from "Uncle Sam's" government lands, and erected by the joint labors of a few pioneers who had taken up their abode in Waukesha county (then a part of

Milwaukee county). Could the power to speak be given to the ashes of its moldered walls, their story would make the richest pages in the history of the county; but the story will never be told. Like the building itself, those who reared its homely walls and whose voices resounded often within them, have nearly passed away from the sight of man.

The first teacher in this "old log school-house" was John M. Wells; the second, Miss Jane McWhorter; the third, Wm. T. Bidwell; fourth, C. C. Olin. At that time there were about twenty-five children in the town. This was in 1839–40–41. All of us teachers labored under difficulties for want of books, for school books were very scarce at that time. Some of them having no books during the whole winter. Some brought old almanacs. All the books one family had was "Pilgrims Progress" and it came to the school as a text book. However, the school was a success, and with the exceedingly limited facilities at hand, most of the scholars made rapid progress, and their names will go down for ages as those honored as being members of the first district school in Waukesha county.

From the year 1841 to 1844 and 1845, there was a good deal of depression in real estate, as speculation had run high since 1836. A good deal of depression was caused by the currency of the country, which was of a very doubtful character. The Western and Southern States seemed to vie with each other in seeing which could issue the most wildcat currency, as it was called in those days. In fact, the currency was so worthless, that it could only be passed in the State where it was issued, without a fearful discount. I remember of going to New York in 1841, and I had to change money several times on the way, as there were no through tickets in those days by steamboats or railroads. On my arrival in New York, I could not even pay a hotel bill with Wisconsin money, without standing a shave of twenty-five per cent. The only reliable currency we had in those days in Wisconsin, was the Wisconsin Fire and Marine Insurance Company bank bills. This bank was owned and controlled then by George Smith, of Chicago, and Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee. They issued thousands of bills, and a large share of the people of Wisconsin,

Illinois and Iowa said, "We shall wake up some morning and find the bills of this corporation worthless." They had several hard runs on their bank, but they were always ready and willing to redeem their bills in coin when it was asked for. I remember at one time there was quite a formidable mob gathered in front of their bank in Milwaukee, because they could not get their money changed quite as fast as they wished. In fact, I suppose the officers were a little slow sometimes, as their supply of gold generally came from Chicago, and there being no railroad in those days, they had to depend upon steamboats, which were very slow as compared with railroads. But every bill-holder got his money, and no man, woman or child could say that they ever lost a dollar by holding this money. In time, Mr. Mitchell became the sole owner of this bank, and it has always since taken a very high rank as a safe moneyed institution of the Northwest.

I was present at an annual dinner of the Old Settlers' Club in Milwaukee, on Washington's birthday, in 1878, at which time Mr. Mitchell gave a history of the currency, banks and bankers of Wisconsin, from the time he landed in Milwaukee. It was the most amusing as well as instructive speech of the occasion, showing how the greatest banking institution of the West was begun, and its progress up to the present time. It had become a settled conviction in the minds of the people that the bills of this bank would always be good, and every dollar would eventually be redeemed, while multitudes of other banking institutions had gone to the wall with a loss to the bill holders of a large proportion of what they were supposed to be worth. After all this depreciation and fluctuation in the currency and real estate, our general prosperity was apparent. We had a splendid soil and plenty of willing hands to cultivate it, and as immigration was constantly on the increase, we became a very prosperous community. In fact, we were getting a little too thick for the ever wide-awake Yankee, so much so, that quite a number of our oldest citizens took up their line of march to newer fields in other parts of the State. About the first to leave us, was the Rev. Moses Ordway, who took up his abode in Beaver Dam, in Dodge county, having

sold his large farm. In a very short time numbers of our citizens followed him. Mr. Ordway was not only a strong preacher, but a good business man as well, and he soon had a prosperous community about him. He improved a valuable water power, and built the first mill in that part of the State, and to-day Beaver Dam is one of the best manufacturing towns in Wisconsin, having several flouring and woolen mills of no mean dimensions.

In a more northern direction at Hartford, the Rossman's located. At first they built a saw mill and did not dream of a removal, but circumstances out of their control compelled them to leave us. Immigration followed them quickly to that timbered county of Washington. The immigrants were mostly Germans, and, as they were almost invariably industrious, in a short time the Rossmans had a prosperous village around them. The La-Cross railroad was located through their town in a few years, and to-day Hartford is the second town in size in the county. I suppose this lucky find of the Rossmans took at least fifty people from our midst, consisting of farmers, merchants, shopkeepers, teamsters, millers, etc. In a more northern direction other settlements were formed, this time at Neenah and Menasha. L. H. Jones, one of the most prosperous merchants, was the first victim; others followed. But during all this emigration from us we were receiving new accessions at least three times greater than the number leaving us; so we were increasing in population rapidly all the time. Further north, in the county of Winnebago, we sent out another delegation to Omro.

Other places were also found by Waukesha people, such as Fox Lake, Eureka, Oak Grove, Pine River, Berlin, Clintonville and several places of minor note. Waukesha people have built up quite a number of towns in different parts of the State, as has been shown, and still we have all the time prospered ourselves. In fact, we may go to most any part of the State, and we will find people that have lived within Waukesha village or county. During all this time we were connected with Milwaukee county. But few of our citizens saw in the future the result of being connected with a territory in which was located a large city such as Milwaukee had proven to be, and began to grow restless.

We were determined to take measures for a separation and set up for ourselves, the division being at range twenty, leaving the west sixteen towns in the new county. At first, the Milwaukee people got dreadfully excited over the matter and declared by all that was great and good, that it should never be done. They said that it would have to be submitted to the vote of the whole county, as there was no other way that it could be done in a legal manner; and further, they said, we have just enough territory for one of the best and wealthiest counties in the State, and we do not propose to stand any such nonsense as the division of this beautiful county, with Milwaukee, the metropolis of the State, located within its boundaries. But the people in the western part of the county made up their minds that their taxes would be much lighter by the separation, so the cry went up strongly for the division. Our first move was to go to the Legislature and get a law passed to submit the division question to the voters living within the boundaries of the territory to be set off. The Milwaukee people said that this was the height of impudence; but we had some good workers at Madison and a law was enacted, giving the people only within the territory set off, the right to vote on the subject.

After the settlement of the county seat question, which was decided in favor of Waukesha, we then, of course, had to have county buildings. They were built the next year, of our famous Waukesha limestone. They are of no great dimensions, but of a good, substantial character, and will answer the purpose for years to come. The first jail that was built has been re-placed by a good, substantial, modern jail, with the Sheriff's residence in connection. Our county offices, most of them, are detached from the court house in a fire-proof building; those that are located in the court house have fire-proof vaults, so that all our county records are safe in case of destruction of the building by fire. By 1846, Waukesha had grown quite rapidly, and our main business street had taken quite a start for a new town, as it was indeed new. Our abundance of limestone gave us a great advantage in making permanent improvements. We could build much cheaper than with wood. This stone could be made into lime cheaply; sand was also abundant, near at

hand, and most anybody, with a little energy and money, could build in Waukesha county. It is not likely Waukesha county will ever be much of a commercial county. We have scarcely any manufactories even now, but we had, fifty years ago, the most beautiful country villages in Wisconsin, and the improvement is still onward. M. D. Cutler, and Charles R. Dakin, a prosperous merchant amongst us, donated ten acres of land to Carroll College. A building was erected by the liberal donations of the people, and the school was opened by E. Root, as its first principal. Soon after, Dr. Savage, from New York, came and took the presidency. Other places around us had taken the lead in these matters, and Dr. Savage, after a few years of struggle and hard work, died, leaving the college with but a very small endowment, and it has remained to this day a feeble and unremunerative place of learning. The grounds and building are beautifully located, and the institution should be well patronized. Up to 1856, our only outlet to Milwaukee was by carriage road, but we began to feel before that, that a railroad would be of some benefit to us. Therefore, the subject was agitated in Milwaukee and along the proposed line until the enterprise took such shape that the work was really commenced, and the Milwaukee & Waukesha Railroad was built to Waukesha in March, 1851, and the same year it was finished as far as Whitewater. Since that time, our prosperity has been onward until now we have a population of nearly 32,000 in the county, and the prospect is good for a large increase within the next ten years.

I can not close without saying that the pioneer period of my life embraced by far its happiest days. There was no aristocracy, no fine feathers, stiff necks or big feeling in those days. We all felt an interest in each other and each other's prosperity, and worked accordingly. The interests of the whole never suffered because of some petty personal jealousies. We were all interested in each other and worked shoulder to shoulder. Those were glorious old days, free from factions, neighborhood wrangles, scandals and efforts to outdress or override each other.

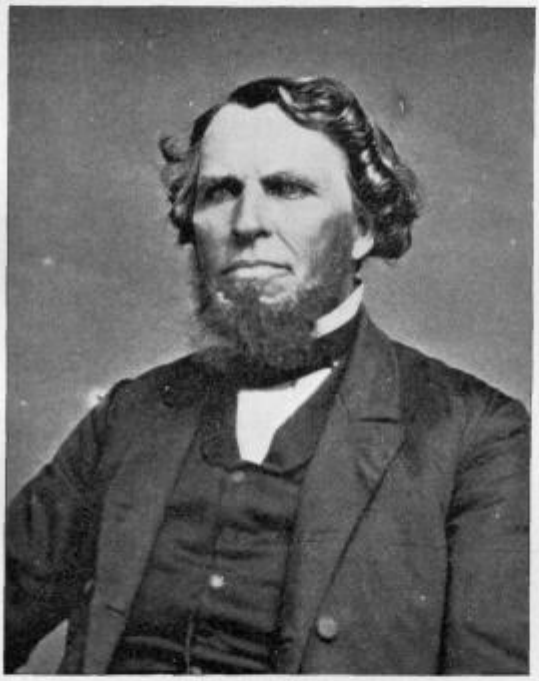
In 1840, I began to make some improvements on the 160 acres of land I had purchased of the government, and which

was located near the village of Prairieville, now Waukesha. After making the improvements on the farm, we bought four lots of Daniel Wells, Jr., in the village of Prairieville, and built a home thereon, which to-day is one of the old land marks of Waukesha, being built fifty-two years ago. In 1841 I became very much interested in vocal music. So much so that I prepared myself for teaching, and this was my occupation for some two or three years. I taught in Milwaukee, Waukesha, Jefferson and Racine counties with a good deal of success, and at the close of a term of my school at Rochester, Racine county, surprised my pupils by being married to Miss Mary A. Church, by the Rev. C. C. Cadwell, of Paris, Rain county. A large party had accompanied us from Prairieville to the place to attend the wedding, expecting to return home, a distance of twenty miles, the same evening; but before ten o'clock snow had fallen to a great depth, so we were compelled to remain over night. When we started to return home the next morning snow had fallen to a depth of three feet on the level. This was March 9, 1843. It was called a hard winter in the West, as snow began to fall November 15, 1842, and we saw the ground only once from that time until April 15, 1843. Feed for the stock became scarce and high; hay bringing twenty-five dollars per ton, and very little could be had at that price. The way we kept our stock alive was to drive them to the timber lands, and cut the timber down, and they lived on what we called "browse." But most of the stock came out all right, and as soon as the early grass appeared they picked up very fast and by June they were in prime condition again.

At about this time the subject of human slavery began to agitate the public mind in every part of the country. I remember well our first vote cast on the subject, which was at the local election in Prairieville, in 1840. At first there were only two votes cast; one by James A. Rossman, and the other by myself, but after that time we were by no means alone. The votes came thick and fast, and we were known as the worst "Abolition hole" in the Territory of Wisconsin. No doubt we were rightly named, for our neighborhood was filled up to the brim with the most radical class of Abolitionists, in both re-

ligion and politics, that ever came together in one community. All the church records of those days show that a strict watch was kept over the members, and that discipline and excommunication of all delinquents was a very common part of the church business. Profanity, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, dishonesty and the neglect of church ordinances were dealt with as they deserved. Nor did horse racing, dancing and attending the circus find any tolerance. By a resolution of the church it was decided that "going to the post-office on Sunday was an ordinary business transaction, and as such should be considered as a violation of God's command to keep the Sabbath holy." Another resolution decided that "all secret societies were inconsistent with the religion of Christ," and therefore they would not receive any person who was a member of such societies. Another resolution and preamble read as follows, and was adopted after a full discussion, and by a vote in which the yeas and nays were put on record, vigorously denouncing slavery and declaring that, "We will not admit to our pulpits or communion, or have any Christian fellowship with any person or persons who practice, uphold or justify this gross system of iniquity." It was impossible that a church so uncompromising and wide awake should not be early moved to act on the subject which was in due time to involve the nation.

Anti-slavery principles were being established throughout the territory. I remember well at a meeting in Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. Codding was addressing a large and enthusiastic meeting in the State Assembly Chamber, when, after speaking about twenty minutes, he was assaulted with rotten eggs, one striking him directly in the face, and others bespattering his clothes in several places. Mr. Codding stopped for a minute in order to clean off the egg, when a man by the name of John W. Smith—and a democrat at that—arose and denounced the outrage as being the work of the slums of the town and encouraged by the pro-slavery element in Madison. Mr. Smith spoke in very strong terms of the freedom of speech in Madison, and said that mob violence and rotten eggs were not good argument, even in putting down anti-slavery in Wisconsin. Finally the press of both Democrats and Republicans came to



Rev. Ichabod Codding, Barraboo, Wis.—Deceased.

the rescue and denounced the outrage as unworthy of a free people. Mr. Codding, however, before proceeding with his address, requested me to sing an anti-slavery song entitled, "The Man for Me," taken from George W. Clark's anti-slavery songs, which we generally used throughout the North in all large gatherings of the friends of the slave, which is as follows:

THE MAN FOR ME.

"Oh, he is not the man for me
Who buys or sells a slave,
Nor he who will not set him free,
But sends him to his grave;
But he whose noble heart beats warm
For all mens' life and liberty,
Who loves alike each human form,
Oh, that's the man for me.

"He's not at all the man for me
Who sells a man for gain,
Who bends the pliant servile knee
To slavery's God of shame;
But he whose God-like form erect,
Proclaims that all alike are free
To think and speak, and vote and act,
Oh, that's the man for me.

"Be sure he's not the man for me
Whose spirit will succumb,
When men endowed with liberty
Lie bleeding, bound and dumb;
But he whose faithful words of might
Ring through the land from shore to sea,
For man's eternal equal right,
Oh, that's the man for me.

"No, no, he's not the man for me
Whose voice o'er hill and plain
Breaks forth for glorious liberty,
But binds himself the chain.
The mightiest of the noble band,
Who prays and toils the world to free,
With head and heart, and voice and vote,
Oh, that's the man for me."

XVI

After the song, Mr. Smith congratulated me upon the turn things had taken in the meeting, and said that the song had calmed the troubled waters, and no doubt this scene would be the last that would be witnessed in Madison. After order had been restored, Mr. Codding proceeded with his speech, and such a raking-down as the old pro-slavery party got was not only amusing, but very entertaining. At the close of Mr. Codding's address the cry came from all parts of the house, "Another song, another Anti-Slave Song." As I had become considerably aroused, I gave them the song entitled "The Vision." The incident is supposed to have taken place in the "Nether World," purporting to be a conversation between the departed ghost of a southern slave-holding clergyman and the devil. (See Rev. Mr. Codding's portrait on another page.)

A VISION.

"At dead of night when others sleep,
Near hell I took my station,
And from that dungeon dark and deep
O'er heard this conversation:
'Hail, Prince of Darkness, ever hail,
Adored by each infernal,
I came among your gang to wail,
To taste the death eternal.'

"'Where are you from?' the Fiend demands,
'What makes you look so frantic,
Are you from Carolina's strand,
Just west of the Atlantic;
Are you that man of blood and birth,
Devoid of human feeling;
The wretch I saw when last on earth,
In human cattle dealing?'

"'Whose soul with blood and rapine stained,
With deeds of crime to dark it,
Who drove God's image starved and chained,
To sell like beasts in market?
Who tore the infant from the breast,
That you might sell its mother;
Whose craving mind could never rest
'Till you had sold a brother?

XVII

"Who gave the sacrament to those
Whose chains and handcuffs rattle;
Whose backs soon after felt the blows
More heavy than thy cattle?
'I'm from the south,' the Ghost replies,
'And I was there a teacher;
Saw men in chains, with laughing eyes,
I was a southern preacher.

"'In tasselled pulpits, gay and fine,
I strove to please the tyrants:
To prove that slavery is divine,
And what the Scripture warrants.
And when I saw the horrid sight
Of slaves by torture dying,
And told their masters all was right,
I knew that I was lying.'"

"I knew all this, and who can doubt
I felt a sad misgiving?
But still I knew if I spoke out,
That I should lose my living.
They made me fat, they paid me well
To preach down abolition.
I slept; I died; I awoke in hell.
How altered my condition!

"I now am in a sea of fire,
Whose fury ever rages.
I am a slave and can't get free,
Through everlasting ages.
Yes, when the sun and moon shall fade,
And fire the rock dissever,
I must sink down beneath the shade,
And feel God's wrath forever.

"Our ghost stood trembling all the while.
He saw the thing transpiring.
With soul aghast and visage sad,
All hope was now retiring.
The demon cried, on vengeance bent,
'I say, in haste retire,
And you shall have a negro sent
To attend and punch the fire.'"

This meeting at Madison was a great success, giving me quite a large addition to the subscription list of the American Freeman. On the next day, we took our departure to fill other engagements made before our returning to Waukesha. Mr. Codding was comparatively a stranger in the State, but in every place he spoke he made a good impression, and almost in every instance he made converts. After a three weeks' trip throughout the State, we returned home feeling that the anti-slavery cause was in a prosperous condition in that section of the Union.

In 1844 we had a very exciting time in Wisconsin defending the poor fugitive slaves, and keeping them from being returned to their cruel masters' hands. But be it to the credit of the anti-slavery men and women of Wisconsin, there never was a fugitive slave returned to his master from the Territory or State of Wisconsin. We used to have glorious times in foiling the machinations of the slave-holders and their sympathizers. The slave, Caroline Quarrells, came into our State direct from St. Louis. She was almost white, but that was no bar for her pursuers. It only spurred them on to greater vigilance, as she was a very valuable piece of property for them to have, as far as dollars and cents was concerned. Caroline left St. Louis in the daytime and came on a steamboat to Alton, Illinois. From there she came directly to Milwaukee by stage coach. She was so white that no one ever suspected that she was a slave girl. On her arrival in Milwaukee she was directed to one Titball, a barber, and a colored man at that. But soon after Caroline arrived there her pursuers came also, and about the first man they met was this Titball. He was asked as to Caroline's whereabouts, as it was presumed he would know all about it. But he kept shady until the slave hunters offered him $100 to produce her, which was agreed upon. But as there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip," it got out among the anti-slavery advocates that there was a fugitive in town and that her master was there in close pursuit, so something must be done at once. Titball had a colored boy that could be trusted, and he knew that the girl was at Titball's house. The boy was approached by the anti-slavery people and asked if he knew where

she was. He at once said he knew just where she was, and that Titball had told him to conceal her. He was asked if he would go with them to see the girl. He said he would. The girl was pointed out and removed to other quarters just in time, as Titball had agreed to place her in the hands of her master for $100. But the game had taken wing and flown. Titball lost his $100 and the master a slave girl worth to him $2,000. Caroline was moved to the west side of Milwaukee river and kept for a day or two, quite near the street, in a hogshead turned upside down. But it was thought best to remove her to Waukesha, where all anti-slavery people knew she would be safe. Accordingly she was put into the hands of Samuel Brown and taken to the home of Samuel Dougherty, eight miles north of Waukesha, and kept for a week. In the meantime her pursuers were not idle. They made up their minds that she had been removed from Milwaukee, so they began to scour every nook and corner in and around Waukesha, and they came to Mr. Dougherty's while she was there to inquire about her. But as Caroline was on the lookout she evaded her pursuers by hiding in a corn-field. They asked Mrs. Dougherty what she knew of the slave girl. Of course she pleaded ignorance of the whole matter. She told them they could search the house if they liked. They did so, but no Caroline was to be found. The men had been to Waukesha to spy out the land, but no results followed and they concluded to return to Milwaukee. Mr. Dougherty was a great friend of the slave, and as they got no tidings of Caroline there, they departed much cast down, no doubt, at their ill success at not being instrumental in helping to return a human being to a life of cruelty and shame, perhaps in a Southern cotton field. But Caroline was soon sent to Waukesha and put into the hands of strong, brave men who were not afraid of all the slave hunters in the country. We just liked to come in contact with them and show them up in such nefarious business as returning fugitive slaves to their task-masters.

XX

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT IN MILWAUKEE AND WAUKESHA FROM 1844 TO 1860.

In the great future it will be a question whether those pages that record the history of the Revolution, or those which preserve the record of the Rebellion and the death of slavery, are richer and more important. But whichever may receive the decision, both are of such overwhelming importance and growing interest, that every incident and the minutest detail of it should be sacredly preserved.

That earnest and persistent band of agitators, called the Abolitionists and anti-slavery men, undoubtedly hastened the Rebellion. The history of the Rebellion itself, has been much more fully and accurately written than any of the great events and life-long efforts which led up to it and made the abolition of slavery possible. Slavery is dead, and dead forever, in America; and an historical chapter in reference to it can, therefore, have no political significance whatever.

From 1840 to the day President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, Wisconsin was the foremost State in the West in the anti-slavery movement. In fact, according to her age, wealth and population, Wisconsin was, fifty years ago, the foremost anti-slavery State in the Union. But this being purely a local work, can not do full justice to a subject whose ramifications reached into every hamlet and neighborhood in the country.

Some of the first settlers of Waukesha and Milwaukee were anti-slavery agitators. Their belief and principles, therefore, became an active element in politics almost as soon as politics took any shape or form. Meetings were early held at various public and private places; contributions that would astonish men of no greater means now-a-days, were raised for the support of anti-slavery newspapers in the East, and the most eloquent speakers in the cause were engaged to hurl the abolition doctrine from every available pulpit and rostrum. For some time the agitators of Waukesha and Milwaukee counties were contented in, or at least confined themselves to, holding public

meetings, engaging abolition lecturers to "educate the people," and subscribing for the various anti-slavery periodicals published in the East. But finally the party grew to such size and strength—if party it might be called—that it was deemed necessary to found an anti-slavery newspaper. Therefore, in 1842, C. C. Sholes, who was publishing the Milwaukee *Democrat*, but was by no means satisfied with the position the Democratic party had taken on the slavery question, was encouraged to change his paper to an anti-slavery publication, which he did at once, changing the name to American *Freeman*. But Milwaukee contained too many strong pro-slavery men at that time, to make the business of publishing an abolition paper either pleasant or profitable. This was no discouragement whatever to his supporters, who determined the newspaper must live, no matter at what cost. Therefore, a stock company, consisting of the friends of the anti-slavery cause everywhere in the State, but mostly at Waukesha, was formed, and the paper moved to Waukesha in September, 1844, where the anti-slavery doctrines more strongly prevailed. To be more particular, Mr. Sholes sold his entire newspaper outfit to the Territorial Liberty Association, and entered into a contract to publish the *Freeman* at Waukesha during the next three years, solely in the interest of the Abolition party. The Executive Committee of the Liberty Association leased the printing material to Mr. Sholes for the purpose mentioned. The property of the Association was divided into equal shares, each member subscribing and paying for as much as he could of this stock. In August, 1844, when the *Freeman* was purchased of Mr. Sholes, the Liberty Association Publishing stock was held and owned in part by them. Shares were $10, and certificates of stock were issued to all stockholders on payment of same.

New shares were sold as fast as the men interested could get the necessary funds. In February, 1845, forty-three shares were sold to anti-slavery men in the territory, and so on at subsequent liberty meetings.

The Territorial Liberty Publishing Association not only published a newspaper, but disseminated all kinds of anti-slavery publications, printing circulars, pamphlets and books for whomsoever would read them.

Mr. Sholes continued as editor about one year, and in 1845 Ichabod Codding became editor. Although the paper eked out a precarious existence, occasionally levying upon its friends for the support that was absolutely necessary to keep its head above water, it never wavered from its strong anti-slavery principles, urging their adoption with a vigor, faithfulness and ability that made its influence felt wherever it was perused. Finally, C. C. Olin, still a resident of Waukesha, became possessed of a majority of the stock, ultimately the whole of it. On the 3d of November, 1846, T. D. Plumb became C. C. Olin's partner in the publication of the paper, that date beginning the first number of Volume III. Just one month later Ichabod Codding bought out Plumb, the publishers being Olin & Codding. On the 18th of January, 1847, Mr. Codding withdrew from the firm, and C. C. Olin became sole proprietor. In April appeared an article congratulating the readers of the *Freeman* that "henceforth, Sherman M. Booth, of New Haven, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College, and who, with I. Codding, had edited the *Christain Freeman*, will have charge of the editorial department of the paper. He, Booth, has been a liberty man always, and an abolitionist twelve or fifteen years."

While at Waukesha, the anti-slavery men of the vicinity were willing and ready to board the type setters and employes of the *Freeman*, its income not being sufficient to pay its debts and weekly expenses, which, in those days were small as compared to the present. But that was of little consequence; the paper must be published, as the cause it advocated with such eloquence, bravery and ability are as rare even in this advanced newspaper age, would be without means or channel through which to reach the people should it suspend. This shows that the stuff of which the anti-slavery men were made were such as make true, earnest workers, who stop at no obstacle, shrink from no physical privation, and make everything subservient to the one end in view.

Mrs. Caroline Quarreles Watkins, Sandwich, Ont.—Deceased.

XXIII

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

There are few people who understand the full meaning of the term "underground railroad," and still fewer who know that such a line was in operation from Milwaukee to Canada years before the ordinary railway locomotive and its iron track were seen in Wisconsin. Very many think it was literally a railway for the passage of locomotives and cars beneath the surface of the earth, and have inquired where the ruins of one could be seen.

The first underground railroad established in Wisconsin had Waukesha and Milwaukee for its northern termini. The first conductor on that road was Deacon Samuel Brown, of Milwaukee. The first passenger over the line was Caroline Quarrelles, an escaped slave from St. Louis. She first appeared in Milwaukee in the summer of 1842, and was then and for years after, known simply as "Caroline," her patronymic never having been given to the general public.

A man by the name of Quarrelles left Connecticut many years ago, emigrated to Virginia when the country was new, and was married to a squaw. His grandson was the father of our heroine, so that probably her great-grandmother was a squaw. Mrs. Hall, her mistress, was her father's sister, and her own aunt. Caroline came into the hands of this aunt on the death of her father. Caroline was an Octoroon, probably. Although quite intelligent, she could neither read nor write. She was fifteen or sixteen years of age. Her master was Charles R. Hall, a merchant of St. Louis, who formerly lived in Kentucky. Caroline was probably never badly abused while in bondage, though occasionally whipped in addition to being deprived of her freedom. She was brought up to do fine sewing, embroidery, and wait on her mistress. She was not allowed to attend church on the Sabbath, but was locked in the house to "scrub paints," as she called it.

Although her mother was dead, Caroline had a stepfather who never had been a slave and who made quite a pet of her. Caroline wished to be free. She meditated on the subject for

a long time, listened to all the talk about the North for a year or more, and conversed with her stepfather on the subject, though no one suspected her intention. Her mistress became angry at her one day and cut off her hair, which was long and beautiful. That decided her to run away as soon as possible. She was some time in perfecting her plans. She managed to possess herself of $100, and when the opportunity came for her to go, threw a bundle of clothes out of the window, after obtaining permission of her mistress to go and see a sick girl of her acquaintance. She kissed the sick girl, bade her good-bye, went back, picked up her clothes and walked down to the ferry that crossed the Mississippi river at St. Louis. There was lying at the ferry one of the steamboats for which the Mississippi was then famous. The boat was just ready to start, it being about five o'clock P. M. Caroline must have had some experience in traveling, for she went up with unsuspicious naturalness and bought a ticket to Alton, Illinois, where there was a school for young ladies. She wore a quantity of rich jewelry, stayed on deck in the daytime with other young ladies, and when there was dancing she danced. She thus excited no suspicion, being no darker-skinned than many of the other young ladies who attended the seminary. I suppose she acted a little strange at Alton, for a colored man who was at the wharf asked her if she was a slave escaping, and she said "no," but he watched her, and making up his mind differently told her if she was, not to conceal the fact from him, as he was a friend to all fugitive slaves, and that it would not be safe for her to remain in Alton. On the following day the colored man put her on the stage for Milwaukee. She rode night and day until she reached that city. As she left the stage at the Milwaukee House, she saw a colored man by the name of Titball, who was a barber, and went to him, supposing that he would be a friend. Titball, who was an ex-slave, professed the warmest sympathy and friendship for Caroline and conducted her at once to his house, where she remained a week or more. As the narative will show further on, Titball was a treacherous, mercenary wretch. No one had noticed Caroline in particular when she alighted from the stage at the old Milwaukee House,

and the first that people in Milwaukee knew of the girl who afterward created such a commotion far and near, was when officers and lawyers came from St. Louis about a week after her arrival in Milwaukee, to carry her back to her master. They came upon Titball and asked him if he knew anything about Caroline. He told them that she was at his house. He then managed to send a boy who was working with him, with orders to take Caroline away from his house to a certain place where she could safely hide. Titball expected to get a good sum of money from the lawyers. But the boy, who was also colored and an ex-slave, suspected Titball's honesty and therefore conducted Caroline to a different place from that designated by the mercenary and treacherous barber.

Spencer, the St. Louis lawyer, said the law was on his side and it would be better to proceed according to the statutes than to arouse the Milwaukee fanatics, as he called the Abolitionists, by seizing Caroline and returning with her without process. He therefore consulted with H. N. Wells, an anti-slavery Democrat, who afterward became a judge. Although abolitionism had not then entered into politics and Mr. Wells was a Democrat, he would have nothing to do with Spencer and the other St. Louis lawyers, but visited the office of Finch & Lynde, and laughed about the affair with them. Messrs. Finch & Lynde thus being put on the track, at once searched out Caroline, and hid her in the grubs and brush until night. We are not now positive whether Mr. Lynde aided his partner, Asahel Finch, or not; but rather think he did, as he was then fresh from college and a subscriber and reader of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's paper, The Liberator.

Spencer not getting help from Wells went to another lawyer, J. E. Arnold, who turned right in with them. They then went to Titball and he took them to his house, but, of course, did not find the girl. The lawyers were afraid they would lose Caroline, and offered the barber $100 to produce her. So he took them to where he supposed she was hidden, but, not finding her, the lawyers thought the darkey was fooling them, and were going to kick him. He convinced them, however, of his honesty of purpose to help them, and saved himself a kicking—which he no doubt richly deserved—but he lost his $100.

XXVI

At night Asahel Finch took her across the river, and the story was she was headed up in a barrel; but it was a sugar hogshead or crockery cask, which stood between the road and sidewalk, between what is now Grand avenue and Kilbourn Town. The cask stood in front of a colored man's one-story house, which was raised up from the ground, so that a person could see under it from the street. The house was so small one could see all through it from the street, the doors standing open, for it was in the month of August. The people would slip something to eat under the cask when no one saw them, which enabled Caroline to remain hidden until night, when she fell into the hands of Samuel Brown, whom we have previously spoken of as the first conductor on the underground railroad, who then lived on a farm a mile or more from the city, but whose farm is now a part of the city. He took her home and kept her there one night. The next night he started to Pewaukee with her in an old rickety wagon, which he declared would break down before he reached his destination if he should be compelled to do any fast driving. The roads, it must be remembered, were fearful highways compared to the splendid thoroughfares that now lead from Milwaukee.

Just before he struck the main road Mr. Brown heard some voices and stopped until some men on horseback passed. The party proved to be J. E. Arnold, A. F. Pratt, the lawyer Spencer and one or two others. They had been to Waukesha, that "Abolition Hole," as it was then called, to find Caroline, having lost track of her in Milwaukee. Mr. Brown's wagon did break down before he reached Pewaukee, and he placed the saddle, which he had taken the precaution to put on his wagon, on the horse, and took the girl on with him. He took her to Father Dougherty's, who lived two or three miles north of Pewaukee Village, where she was kept concealed for two or three weeks.

In the meantime, the parties who wanted her were searching all over the country, offering rewards for her capture. They made their headquarters at Peter Jones's tavern, the "Prairieville House," thinking she must be in Prairieville or near there, it was so strongly impregnated with abolitionism.

The slave hunters left no stone unturned either in Milwaukee or Prairieville, now Waukesha, in their attempt to discover the girl, keeping out watchers day and night on all the bridges and roads leading to both places. A young lady while going to watch with a sick girl, at Rev. O. F. Curtis's, was followed and the house watched all night to see if she might not be Caroline. The next morning the slave hunters found themselves hanging, like a pack of hounds, around a house where the corpse of a young lady whom they all knew was lying for burial.

Two men, who afterward held the highest position in the State, that of Governor, were found employed watching an opportunity to deliver a poor slave girl to her master. They did not watch boldly and openly, but on the sly. One of the wealthy citizens of Prairieville went to a new house just outside the village, pretending to want the plan, but really to see if he could get some trace of Caroline, the $300 reward offered for her capture being a great temptation. Although there was so much excitement among the pro-slavery people at this time, who were all anxiety and rushing from one place to another trying to stir up the people and find Caroline, the Abolitionists were as quiet as might be, seeming to take no interest whatever in the matter, and the pro-slavery men could gain nothing from them. The St. Louis lawyers and their friends, among whom were some of the prominent citizens of Milwaukee and Prairieville, defied the Abolitionists to keep Caroline away from them, saying the law was being violated by so doing, and J. E. Arnold declared, with all the fierce power for which he was famous, that vengeance would soon be visited on their heads. But Caroline's friends could not be provoked into any conversation or argument. The hangers-on at the Prairieville House were watching the every movement of all Abolitionists. The gang went to Deacon Mendall's threatening him with some sort of violence, as he was a staunch anti-slavery man, and supposed to know something of Caroline's whereabouts. They found him in the field engaged in hilling potatoes. The lawyers demanded to know the Deacon's opinion of his crime of lawbreaking. "Why," replied the Deacon, "I didn't know as hilling potatoes was breaking the law."

"You are harboring that slave girl, which is against the law," screamed Arnold.

"Well, a bad law is sometimes better broken than obeyed," said the Deacon, glancing at his rifle which lay near by in the grass.

The Deacon's glance at the rifle cooled the slave hunters somewhat, who finally summoned courage to ask permission to search the house.

"No, sir, you don't search my house for any slave," said Deacon Mendall, sternly, and the crowd, afraid of the rifle, marched back to Prairieville.

DEACON EZRA MENDALL.

We will introduce a sketch of Deacon Ezra Mendall's life before and after he came to Waukesha, showing the character of the man when hotly pressed for reasons concerning his conduct in times of imminent peril to any of his fellow creatures, whether white or black. We were present when the interview took place between the deacon and J. E. Arnold, the Milwaukee lawyer, and you ought to have seen him when Arnold told him "he was harboring a slave against the law." "Law, human law!" yelled the deacon. "I am commanded to obey a higher law; don't talk to me about your fugitive slave law. It was 'connived in sin and born in iniquity.' No, I will not obey it, and any man that comes to me and threatens me with the law if I do not obey it, will get hurt if he does not get away off my premises at once," at the same time stopping his hilling potatoes and looking for his rifle, which was not loaded for chipmunk, but for "bar." He had a son about sixteen or eighteen years old that was witness to this conversation, and he says to his father, "Will you hold my coat while I give this man a good thrashing?" The deacon says, "No, Horatio, I will attend to him." After this conversation, as it is stated, Mr. Arnold soon made himself scarce, and left for his companions in the village, which was one mile away.

The subject of this sketch was born April 15, 1797, of English and American parentage, in Barre, Vermont. His schooling was limited, he being one of the oldest of eight children, six sons and two daughters.

Working on the farm, he developed into a strong, sturdy boy. When fifteen years of age he enlisted in the war of 1812; was in several battles and was once shot through the right hand. After enduring three years of the hardships and privations of army life, he left without any permit, and returned to his parents' home in Canada. Was married in 1824. He remained on the farm until a desire to go west culminated in putting his effects into a covered wagon and moving to Ohio. When thirty years of age he experienced religion and was an active worker in the Master's cause. With the help of his industrious companion, he was able to look upon good crops where but a short time before heavy timber stood. In 1836 he moved to Wisconsin, settling in Waukesha.

At the semi-centennial services of the First Congregational Church of Waukesha, held January 20, 1888, Deacon Mendall was not forgotten. One who knew him said he was a stalwart, unpolished man, within whose rough crust was as sound and sweet a kernel as could be found anywhere. He was a notable man in the early days of this community. His early advantages of education and religious training had been limited, and the roughness of frontier life remained upon him after his sincere conversion to Christ. It is related of him that, when the officers were in pursuit of a fugitive slave, they were advised that it would not be safe to search Deacon Mendall's premises, for he had a rifle and would not hesitate to use it.

His expositions of Scripture, and his prayers, were of remarkable interest. His name stands among the leading ones in the formation of this church, through her struggles and triumphs, as does also that of his wife, Alice Mendall. The latter died February 26, 1846, her husband surviving her until April 5, 1864, when he departed this life at River Falls, Wisconsin.

We will now introduce Mr. Lyman Goodnow, who had been chosen a conductor for Caroline. Mr. Goodnow proved himself to be a good and safe conductor, and took good care of the

slave girl under his charge. His run was the longest and the most difficult of any conductor who ever undertook to punch a ticket, being seven hundred miles in length, which was accomplished without any modern smash up by end to end collision, or trains trying to pass each other on the same track, while the train dispatcher was, perhaps, asleep. We will now let Mr. Goodnow tell his own story after being informed of the duties he was to perform. He says:

"The morning that I was to start on my precious mission a man came to me at church and tried to tell me about the slave girl, Caroline; but I did not want to hear him. I was told to be ready for anything that might be necessary or required of me. I knew what that meant. I couldn't refuse, for if I did it would interfere with matured plans. Preparations were therefore made, in about five minutes, to go. I did not dare to take my own horses out, for I was watched, but I told him I would be at the place with horses. So I went to Daniel Chandler and said: 'Mr. Chandler, I want your horses to-night and I don't want you to ask me a question.' He let me have his team, a splendid one, of which he thought everything. I took the horses after dark and went to the woods according to promise. After a while I heard a whistle, and answered it. By-and-bye I heard it again in another direction, and I answered as before. Deacon Allen Clinton then made his appearance on horseback, Caroline riding with him. Two or three others came also—Chandler and Deacon Mendall. Caroline was given into my hands. I chose Deacon Mendall as company, and we started with Caroline curled down in the straw in the bottom of the wagon for, we had no idea where, but to any place of safety. On the way we stopped and got James Rossman to accompany us. I drove down through Mukwonago and towards Spring Prairie, thirty miles from Prairieville. We reached Spring Prairie about daylight and stopped at Charles Thompson's. He said he would have threshers that day, and it would not be safe to have the girl there; but he took us to another place in the vicinity, where we left her and turned home as quickly as possible. On the way home, in moving my feet around in the straw I hit something hard. On picking it up it proved to be a

long butcher knife—Deacon Mendall, in his earlier days, had been a famous butcher. I said, 'Deacon, what's this?' 'O, it's something I brought along to pick my teeth with,' said the Deacon. You can guess what he intended to do with it if anyone had attempted to capture us. I was glad enough no one attempted to capture us, for if we had been attacked there would have been some dead slave-hunters, as sure as life. We came home on a different route from that on which we went, and found everything serene. We had not been missed from Prairieville. Those fellows were satisfied she had left the place, and for two or three days a few friends of us talked of the affair, and concluded that though the people the girl was with were staunch Abolitionists, we did not know how good managers they were. The more we talked the more fearful we were she would be found. Finally, we decided that one of us should go and take the girl through to some station on the underground railroad, and they pitched upon me, being an old bachelor with no family to keep me from going, as the proper one to do the job. At this time money was not plenty in Prairieville, as every one was paying for his land. I had to start away with very little money. I rode my horse up to Deacon Edmund Clinton's, as I always did when I wanted to get him shod, with a rope halter on, so as not to look suspicious. It was about dark. I told the deacon I wanted his saddle, bridle and all the money he had. 'I am going on a skeerup, and I may be obliged to pay the Queen a visit before I get back,' said I. He handed me five dollars, all the money he had by him. That made eight dollars with what I had, to start with. I mounted my horse and started for the oak openings; went through North Prairie, Eagle, and to West Troy. Before reaching the last place it began to rain, and it was the darkest night I had ever seen; lost my way two or three times, and did not reach my destination until 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning; had scarcely a dry thread on me. I had breakfast, baited my horse, and dried my clothes until noon. I was startled to find Caroline gone. I was more easy, however, when I found they had moved her Tuesday night to Gardner's Prairie, two miles from Burlington, where she was left, but they didn't know at whose house.

I started for Gardner's Prairie to hunt her up, and on the way stopped at Elder Manning's. He had brothers living at Prairieville, and I knew he was a great Abolitionist. He had not heard there was such a girl as Caroline, and knew nothing about the excitement connected with her case, having been confined to the house by illness. He declared his intention of going with me to the Prairie to find the girl, in spite of the pleadings of his wife, who thought it too great a risk to his health, this being his first day out of bed. The weather had cleared, and we started, the elder going straight from his bed to his horse. We rode to Mr. Peffer's, who, knowing the elder, upon being questioned said the girl was there. I was acquainted with the brothers Arms, Abolitionists, and went to them. They called in two or three other friends to consult what to do, and, while talking, Dr. Dyer, of Burlington, came along. He proved to be the commander-in-chief, a strong Abolitionist, the greatest and best friend to humanity. We could not keep the doctor from seeing the girl. So we all went down to where she was and held another consultation, when it was decided I should take Mr. Cheny's buggy and harness and continue the journey to safety and freedom. Dr. Dyer went home and made preparations. He came back with a pillow-case full of cakes, pies and cheese, to be used in case of an emergency. He inquired into my finances. I told him what I had. He commanded the friends to draw their wallets, and took enough to make twenty dollars with what I had. The doctor gave me a recommendation, the best I ever heard, and an appeal to friends of humanity to assist me without question to the extent of my asking. I believe there never was an appeal like that written by mortal man before or since. It would almost stir the heart of a stone.

"While at this place, just before night, who should we see coming up the hill but Arnold and Spencer, still wearily but doggedly pursuing the fugitive girl. Caroline and myself, as well as the balance, were unfortunately out in the yard, and the road was in plain sight, but we were not seen.

"When night came on we started for Dr. Dyer's, Caroline on the Buffalo robe in the bottom of the buggy, which covered

her so no one would know but that I had a sheep or a quarter of veal.

"Mr. Cheney accompanied us to the house of Mr. Perkins. We could not stop there as he was to thresh that day, so he took us to Elder Fitch, of the Christian denomination, who secreted us and our horse and buggy until night, when I started on again. The elder started with us. It commenced to rain when we were but a few miles away, and as we could not go through to Dundee, a wild prairie was crossed, though the night was dark as ink. I was steering for the house of a man named Russell, who was a Methodist, though not an Abolitionist. We were obliged to stop somewhere, and I concluded it would be as safe to entrust ourselves in the keeping of a professing Christian. Mr. Russell said he never had been an Abolitionist, but he was more than willing to assist any human being to freedom. If that was being an Abolitionist, he was one. He never knew before what Abolitionism was. I made him a station-keeper on the underground railroad, which I established along the route.

"In the morning, Elder Fitch went back home, and Russell went with us through Dundee, to Dr. Root's. That was the first we traveled by day. He was a double Abolitionist, like Dr. Dyer. His brother was a minister, and he sent for him and several friends, who came to see us while we dried our clothes, which were still wet. We started from there at about two o'clock, and went to Naperville, fifteen or twenty miles distant. Did not reach there until after dark. We went to Deacon Fowler's, as the doctor had told us. There were some young ladies present of about Caroline's size, and they gave her some clothes, her dress having been badly torn. They gave her gloves and a thick veil, and also a small reticule into which to put her jewelry. So we started from there pretty well stocked. Caroline being now pretty well dressed in the clothing given her by the young ladies, sat on the seat with me from Deacon Fowler's on. She had before remained curled up in the bottom of the buggy—a pretty hard posture in which to be jolted over the horrible roads that stretched across the country in 1842.

"As I said, we traveled in the daytime now. I fell in with a Mr. Freeman, who directed me toward the underground railroad. We went through Lockport, a few miles from Joliet, while the people were eating dinner, and of course so occupied they did not notice us. Drove eight miles to Deacon Beach's, which was on the original underground railroad. Mr. Beach had gone to a church meeting, it being Saturday afternoon, and the women were very suspicious, thinking I might be trying to break up the line; but they gave us dinner and fed my horse. I went to the place at Hickory Grove they had designated, and found myself on the right road.

"The next day was Sunday, but I thought we had better travel and get away from Chicago vicinity as soon as possible, as Hickory Grove was only about forty miles southeast of that place. We then made for Beebe's Grove. The people to whom we had been directed were just starting for church, so we went to Mr. Beebe's. He made us welcome. He was a very intelligent man, and had just returned from Chicago, where he saw an advertisement on the docks, 'three hundred dollars reward for a colored girl,' but did not pay much attention to the description, though it was no doubt offered for Caroline. The clerk of the steamboat on which Caroline left St. Louis was visiting all the lake ports to advertise her, for the company would be compelled to pay $800 to her master in case she was not found. This sum, with costs, the steamboat company were finally compelled to pay.

"After dinner we started on our journey, Mr. Beebe accompanying us as far as the school-house, where their meetings were held. Sunday-school was just out. Mr. Beebe said they were all Abolitionists at the school-house, and he wanted the people to see Caroline. So we stopped, and he told the people her history. Several young ladies, Sunday-school teachers, came out after church to see Caroline, and talk with her. Near by stood one of the 'liberty poles,' so called, which were common to northern villages. Turning toward it, she asked them what it was. They replied properly. 'What is it for?' 'To commemorate the birth of liberty in America,' they replied. 'What do you do with it?' 'Oh, look at it,' was the reply.

'Who may look at it?' 'Everybody,' said the girls. 'But you said it was a liberty pole; can a slave look at it? How can it commemorate liberty in a country where there is no liberty; where more than one-fifth of the inhabitants are in bondage? Have you repealed the law and raised this pole for a mark that all are free? If not, who is the pole for?'

"These and similar searching questions so confused the young ladies that no reply could be made to Caroline, and their pastor attempted to reply for them, but was not fully equal to the occasion. She had thoroughly befuddled her visitors, who were glad enough to call her attention to something else beside liberty poles, and their connection with liberty and slavery.

"The next night a terrific storm brought darkness unusually early, and made it impossible to reach the next station. I had been told that in case of emergency, the Germans were the next best to Quakers for protection, and we stopped at a big claim shanty occupied by a German and his wife, begging shelter from the roaring storm that was almost upon us. 'We have no bed for you, no fires, no wood and no candles,' said the German, 'but will gladly give you a place of shelter and make you as comfortable as possible.' The German had no barn, so my poor horse, which had been driven half a day without water, was fastened to the fence as quickly as possible, for the advance gusts of the hurricane were already whisking things around us. All this took but a minute, but when we went in Caroline had already gone to bed with the German's wife. He and I slept on the floor; or, rather I stretched myself there, not being able to sleep from thinking of my poor, tired, thirsty horse. As the German had no water for the beast, I arose early, hitched up, called Caroline and started on our journey before daylight, and to this day that kind German woman does not know she slept with a colored girl who was fleeing from bondage; nor does her husband.

"From Laporte we traveled three days, I think, wholly among Quakers. The men were all absent from home attending a Quaker meeting in Ohio. The women refused everywhere to say anything about the underground railroad, though they usually said, 'Thee can have what thee wants.' Their homes

were, of course, stations on the road, but, fearing I might be an impostor, they would not let me into any secrets. They would, however, tell me where the next Quaker's house was to be found, at a convenient distance. After leaving the Quaker settlement, I was compelled to stop over night about five miles from Climax Prairie, in Michigan, with a man who did not treat us well. Caroline was given a room in which was an old-fashioned loom. On this she hung her reticule, in which were her jewels and the few dollars I had given her for the future. In the hurry of next morning, the reticule was forgotten, and the loss not discovered until we were twenty miles on our journey. The horse was then too tired, and my destination yet too distant to think of turning back, making forty miles more of travel. I determined, therefore, to go on, secure the jewels on my return and forward them to Caroline. So we pushed on. At Ann Arbor we were entertained by the editor of the Abolitionist paper, the "*Signal of Liberty*," published in that place. Before reaching Detroit, we came across a fleshy colored woman, who said she had been a slave, but for some time refused to say where she had been in bondage. Finally, on being shown Caroline's face, she acknowledged being from St. Louis, from which place she and her husband had escaped in a most romantic and miraculous manner. It was soon discovered that she and Caroline were old acquaintances.

"I must add here, parenthetically, to show that the underground railroad had an abundance of business in those days, that we had previously met a gang of thirty-two escaped slaves, on the underground railroad, near Marshall and Battle Creek. They were led by three stout fellows, who went several miles in advance engaging work and searching out and making stations. One of the women weighed over four hundred pounds, and could not walk. She traveled only in the night. As large as this gang was, every one was perfectly safe anywhere in the Quaker settlement. Whatever may be said against the Quakers by those who do not like them, I must say I never saw or heard of one who was not an anti-slavery man. The same may be said of the Germans, except of some of them, who had become Yankeefied.

"We passed through Detroit at six o'clock on Tuesday night—about three weeks from home—while the streets were filled with workmen on their way home. We were not discovered and arrived safely at Ambler's, who kept the last station this side of the Detroit river, his house being only separated from that stream by a narrow street. He was absent, but we were well cared for, and his wife sent two men, one of whom I had known in the East, to take us over the river. To him I paid twelve shillings, the first money I had paid out during the whole journey, which, on account of the circuitous route followed by the underground railroad, had extended over a distance of five or six hundred miles. After crossing the Detroit river Caroline began crying, and clutched me by the arm, asking if it was possible that she was being taken back to St. Louis. I talked and explained, but it took some time to make her understand that I had not betrayed her back to St. Louis. She declared that everything appeared to her as if she were on the banks of the Mississippi river opposite St. Louis. Caroline was finally convinced that she was safe, and I turned back, leaving her in tears with Rev. Haskell, or at his house. He was a missionary at Sandwich, Canada.

"The clerk of the steamboat, whose owners were afterward compelled to pay $800 for transporting Caroline from St. Louis to Alton, was in Detroit when we got there, and had been watching every ferry boat that had crossed the river for a fortnight. How long he remained on watch I do not know, but he never found Caroline.

"On the road home, I stopped at the place near Climax Prairie, where Caroline left the jewelry. The man refused to give up the reticule. His excuse was that probably Caroline would return for it and then there would be trouble. I argued everyway with him that I could think of, but all to no purpose. He was not only stubborn, but mean and stingy. Finally, I asked him if he would take ample security, to which, after an unaccountable amount of squirming, he consented, promising to receive Dr. Thayer's bond for the jewelry and money. The doctor, who was another Dr. Dyer—a double Abolitionist—lived at Climax Prairie, five miles distant, to whose place I

started on foot, my horse being very tired, at nine o'clock Saturday evening. The doctor was away attending patients, and I started after him. Not knowing the road I got lost, and after a long delay, reached the place where he had been, just a few minutes too late. I then returned to the doctor's house, reaching it too late, or rather in the morning, where I was given a bed for an hour before breakfast, the doctor still being absent. He returned Sunday, and when I told him my errand, he spared no invectives or profanity in attempting to satisfactorily express his indignation. He sat down at once and wrote one of the strongest obligations I ever saw, with which I returned for the reticule. Even after all my trouble, and after promising to take Dr. Thayer's bond, this mean-souled individual delayed a long time before he would give up the valuables. I was terribly exasperated, but talked as coolly as I could until the reticule was recovered, when I gave him as much deserved abuse as I could command, and I wish I could recall his name now, that the world might know what kind of men inscrutable Providence has from time to time permitted to live in it.

"I returned to Milwaukee, and to Father Dougherty's, in the town of Pewaukee, in which Caroline had left whatever she had possessed. I immediately gathered everything together, and with the money and jewels, forwarded them to her at Sandwich, Canada, through Dr. Porter, at Detroit, who wrote me afterward that they reached their destination.

"On the road home (I was from home five weeks) I was repeatedly bantered, friends asking if I didn't expect 'old Tawney—Chief Justice Taney, who afterward delivered the notorious Dred Scott decision—would soon have my hide on the collar-beam.'

"Caroline had eighty dollars when she reached Milwaukee, which she placed in the hands of Titball, the ex-slave barber, before mentioned, who at first befriended her, and then attempted to sell her to the slave hunters. When I went to him for it, he said he never had but forty dollars of Caroline's money, and even this he refused to pay. I sued him and got a judgment, which I called paid when Titball died. He had his shop in the Milwaukee House, and it was the finest barber-shop in Milwaukee.

"When Caroline was on the road to Canada she was asked if she could read or write. 'I can't write,' said she, 'but I can read. I know as much as half my letters.' Since then she evidently learned the use of the pen, for I received the following, which contained more errors, however, in punctuation and spelling than here appear:

'SANDWICH, April 18, 1880.

"'DEAREST FRIEND—Pen and ink can hardly express my joy when I heard from you once more. I am living and have to work very hard, but I have never forgotten you nor your kindness. I am still in Sandwich, the same place where you left me. Just as soon as the postmaster read the name to me—your name—my heart filled with joy and gladness, and I should like to see you once more before I die, to return thanks for your kindness toward me. I would like for you to send me one of those books you were speaking about. Dearest friend, you don't know how rejoiced I feel since I heard from you. Answer this as soon as you get it, and let me know how you are, and your address. Direct your letter to Caroline Watkins, Sandwich, Ontario.

"'CAROLINE WATKINS.'

"The envelope was quaintly directed in this manner: 'mr Lymun Goodnow Warekesha Wis in haste U. S.'

"After receiving this letter, I sent a series of questions to Caroline, to which she sent me promptly an answer, dated April 23, 1880, at Sandwich, and which is *verbatim et literatim*, as follows:

"'DEAR FRIEND—i received you letter and was you was well and doing well it leaves me in not very good health. I did marry a man on Col. princess farm by the name of Watkins but he was considerable elder than i and had children by his first wife as old as i was but she was sold from her children in slavery and before she got to the end of her journey she killed herself. I learned to read write in Canada went to school the first year after i came here to Askins i was here nearly three years before i was married. My husbands occupation is a cook i got a pretty good living but by working pretty hard for it, but i am not very happy. I have heard from St. Louis several

times since i came by my cousin who served her time out and got free and came here my old Mistress is dead and my Master married again that is Charles R. Hall i knew about me having property left me before i came away perhaps if i had stayed until i became of age i could have got and perhaps not, there was not but only two of us, i had one sister but she died before i came away. I have forgotten how long i was going from Alton to Milwaukee by stage. Mr. Potts was the minister that my master and his wife went to and they were Presbyterians my husband was once a slave born in richmond virginia belonged to a man by the name of William watkins after he died he fell heir to a widow in kentucky by the name of Nancy Cleveland and remained there until he came to Canada. I have six children three boys and three girls three married and three single the youngest is 16 a boy my oldest boy is a farmer and my other boy in Cincinnati my youngest girl 18 is at home and i am trying to educate her for a school teacher only she has had quite an impediment in her speech they have all very good educations. Mr. Askell is dead he moved away from here the second year after i came here he was not the man as professed to be he had some very dark traits about him my grandfather and father both was born in richmond verginia they emigrated to St. Louis my father was named Robert Prior Quarlis i was born in St. Louis on the corner of pine and sixth street I got the box out of my master's store soon and hid it in a cherry hedge I left on the 4th of July my mistress folks treated me well enough for a slave. Yes I have been whipped yes i had to do the house work for i was kept for that purpose. I told my grandmother that i was going to Canada but i was so young that she did not pay any attention to me nor any the rest of them

"'I have asked all the the questions you asked me until the next time good bye.

"'CAROLINE WATKINS.'"

There you have the story of how the first passenger by the underground railroad traveled from Waukesha to Canada. A great many went by the same route afterward, and every one arrived safely in the land of freedom.

Thus ends the story, every detail of which is known to be true, of the first escape of a fugitive slave by the underground railroad, not only from Waukesha, but from the territory of Wisconsin. Connected with incidents like this the names of Deacon Samuel Brown, Lyman Goodnow, Father Samuel Dougherty, Deacon Mendall, Edmund D. and Allen Clinton, E. D. Holten, Vernon Tichenor, W. D. Bacon, Charles Blackwell, W. D. Holbrook, C. C. Olin, Elder B. F. Wheelock and Asa Clark, and other earnest men of their day, will forever adorn the richest and most thrilling pages of American history.

All but three of the above named gentlemen have passed away. Those living are W. D. Bacon, who is on a sick bed and will most likely go to his reward, as he is seventy-six years old. W. D. Holbrook is still alive, but is in very feeble health, being entirely blind, and I am the other one, C. C. Olin, that took a very active part in this transaction of helping a fleeing fugitive to gain her liberty.

The subject of this letter is dead. I received a letter from a son of Caroline Watkins, September 14th of this year, stating that his mother had died, but did not get the date of her death.

The following is the letter sent:

SANDWICH, ONT., September 12, 1892.

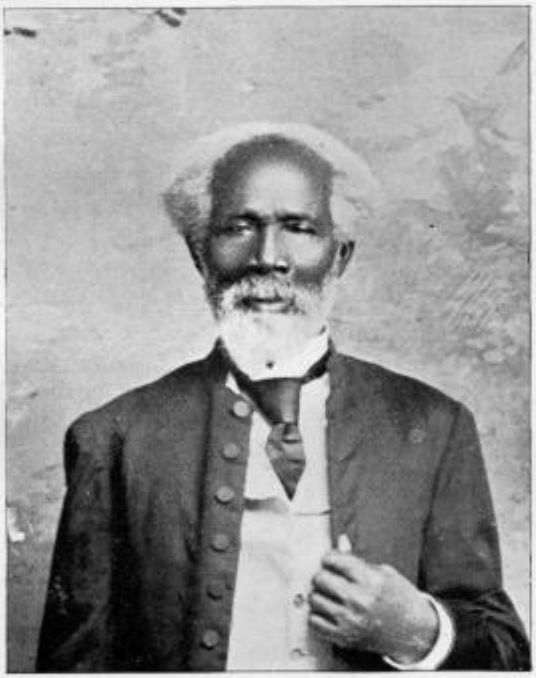
C. C. Olin:

SIR—I received your letter in behalf of my mother, who is now dead. Looking over some papers she received from you some years past, I find that she wished you to transact some business for her; and if there is any business to be transacted for her please let me know. As you changed your place of business I could never learn your whereabouts. As for the photograph of my mother you wished me to send, I must have one taken from the only one I have, before I can forward you one, but promise that you shall have it as soon as it is completed. When the book is completed, one from you will be cordially received by me. Please state prices. Answer immediately. Direct letter to

WM. S. WATKINS,
Sandwich, Ontario.

LEWIS WASHINGTON.

It was about this time that another colored man appeared in our midst who was once a slave but had obtained his freedom. His name was Lewis Washington—an assumed name of course. His native place was State of Virginia. He had wandered out into the western country, as he expressed it, to find something to do. He was without means, but was willing to do anything to make an honest living. He said his schooling, as he called it, was quite limited, as it was against the laws of the State of Virginia for a white man to teach a colored man to read or write. But Lewis had some native talent, and he in a secret way obtained a little smattering of the English language. His master was a public man, and away from home a great deal of the time, so that he was left to do about as he pleased and go around as he saw fit about the city in which he lived. Only he must not run off. He was a man about twenty-five years old, and well dressed for a colored man in those days. Finally, we asked him if he ever talked on the subject of slavery. Oh yes, he said he had preached, as he called it, quite often among his own people, and that he felt a great interest in seeing his people freed from this bondage of slavery. Under the guiding of Rev. Abel Brown, of New Jersey, he had talked in public and made addresses on the subject of slavery, and Mr. Brown encouraged him to keep on in the good work. He finaly came to the West through the advice of Mr. Brown, and commenced his labors in Wisconsin. He said, "I know what it is to be deprived of my liberty, and if I can do anything to better their condition, I feel as though I ought to do it." So a meeting was called to hear what Lewis had to say, and, to our astonishment, we found that he had some native talent, and had such command of the English language, that he might be made of some use in the anti-slavery fight. We were still publishing the *American Freeman*, and as we were traveling about the State, soliciting subscriptions, we invited him to go with us. Our first trip was to the south through Racine and Kenosha counties. Our first stop was made at Raymond, in Racine county, and as I was a



Lewis Washington, Omaha, Neb.

stranger in that part of the country, and in that neighborhood, I drove directly to the hotel kept by a man by the name of Raymond. In fact, the town was named after him. I informed him who I was, and that I had a colored man with me, and that I wanted to have a public meeting called, that the people in his town might hear what he had to say on the subject of slavery. But to our astonishment, he refused to entertain either of us in his house even for one night. So I made up my mind at once that he was a "rock-ribbed Democrat of the first water." But we were used to just such treatment, and after a little inquiry, I found that there were several good anti-slavery men in the neighborhood, and messengers were sent out to give notice to the people that a colored man was to speak that evening at the school-house. And in a very short time the school-house was crowded to hear what a colored man had to say for his race. But before he commenced his speech, he gave the old Democrat Raymond a good raking down for his inhumanity in not giving us shelter for the night, while we were willing to pay our bills just as other travelers did. The castigation that was administered to the Democrat Raymond by Washington had its desired effect. He threatened all sorts of vengeance against the anti-slavery party, its promoters and the *American Freeman*, the organ of the party in Wisconsin. And in the next issue of the paper we had a letter published, dated at Raymond, that just started his hide from the old sinner's back. We denounced him as being a hard-hearted, misanthropic old tyrant without one redeeming quality as a good citizen or a friend to humanity, and gave him a raking down in general, and not a drop of the milk of human kindness manifested itself in his veins. When he saw the published article he just broke loose in denunciation of the whole anti-slavery party, its members, its publication, and declared that he would have the publisher and editor of the *American Freeman* arrested for libel. That would have just suited us. And he finally requested that an article should be published in the *American Freeman* apologizing for the slanderous article that heretofore had appeared in that paper. But no such article was published, and the old "rock-rooted Democrat" finally dried up and made up his

mind that silence was the better part of valor. Thus ended the first lesson. We had a good meeting at the Raymond schoolhouse and Lewis Washington made a good speech, and it had its effect in that part of Racine county. At the closing of the meeting we informed the people that we had an anti-slavery song which we would sing if so desired. In all our meetings throughout the State we had introduced the "Liberty Minstrel" an anti-slavery song book, and I also had been training Lewis Washington's vocal organs somewhat, so that he could give me quite a good deal of help in singing these songs. The song that I selected on this occasion was:

"Oh, he is not the man for me
Who buys or sells a slave,
Nor he who will not set him free
But sends him to the grave.
But he whose noble heart beats warm
For all men's life and liberty
Who loves alike each human form.
Oh, that's the man for me,
Oh, that's the man for me."

Washington had a good heavy voice. Not very musical, but more like a circus caliope. But he sung with a vim and he took down the house. And they were not satisfied with one verse, but we had to go through the whole figure and sing the whole four verses. On the last line of each verse, "Oh, that's the man for me," Washington would open his whole battery in thundering it out, which had its effect on the enthusiastic audience. Thus ended our first meeting. We added quite largely to our subscription list and made many friends that eventually became good working anti-slavery men and women.

After leaving Raymond, we took a general tour through Racine and Kenosha counties, Racine being our first stopping place, which at the time was only a small village of perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand people. Washington spoke there to an audience of some one thousand people, and the enthusiasm was unbounded, as it was a novelty to hear from a colored man such strong words and good sense as he gave them. He painted to the audience the monstrous evils of human

slavery. The lash being the principal agent in enforcing the will of the inhuman master. Therefore the only safe and speedy remedy was the emancipation of the whole colored race in the shortest time possible. The delay of such an action by the people of the North would throw additional responsibility upon them and call down upon their heads the wrath of an angry and just God. Washington was so wrought up on the subject that he had to stop and say to me, "Mr. Olin let us sing the 'Emancipation Song.' These people are not half awake to the enormity of the crime of human slavery." The song runs thus:

"Ho, the car Emancipation
Rides majestic through our nation,
Bearing on its train the story
Liberty, a nation's glory.
Roll it along, roll it along,
Roll it along through the nation;
Freedom's car, emancipation.

"Men of various predilections,
Frightened, run in all directions.
Merchant, editor, physician,
Lawyer, priest and politician
Get out of the way at every station,
Clear the track for Emancipation.

"Let the ministers and churches
Leave behind sectarian lurches.
Jump on board the car of Freedom
Ere it be too late to need them.
Sound the alarm, pulpits thunder
Ere too late to see your blunder.

"Politicians gazed astonished
When at first our bell resounded.
Freight trains are coming, tell the foxes,
With our votes and ballot boxes.
Jump for your lives, politicians
From your dangerous false positions.

"All true friends of Emancipation
Hasten to Freedom's Ransom Station;
Quick into the car get seated.
All is ready and completed.
Put on the steam all are crying,
And the liberty flags are flying.

"Railroads to Emancipation
Can not rest on Clay foundation,
And the road that Polk erects us
Leads to slavery and to Texas.
Pull up the rails; Emancipation
Can not rest on such foundation.

"On, triumphant, see them bearing,
Through sectarian rubbish tearing,
The bell and whistle and the steaming
Startle thousands from their dreaming.
Look out for the car while the bearings,
Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

"See the people run to meet us,
At the depots thousands greet us:
All take seats with exultation
In the car Emancipation,
Huzza! Huzza! Emancipation,
Soon will bless our happy nation,
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

We added quite a large list to our subscription for the *Freeman*, and the contribution put sheckles in the speaker's pocket, and after a good night's rest we took in Pike Grove, a farming community, it being on the way to South Port—now Kenosha. Pike Grove was a farming community of anti-slavery sympathizers in the fullest sense of the word. I do not think at that time that there was a Democrat in the neighborhood. Washington made a good speech to them, and the people were well satisfied that a colored man could talk good sense on the one subject of benefitting the condition of the colored people of the Southern States. After singing an anti-slavery song the people dispersed. After the meeting had closed, however, the people were not disposed to vacate the school-house until they had shaken hands with Washington, and had told him "God speed" in his work for his colored brethren. On our arrival at South Port we were received with open hearts and hands. There were more anti-slavery men there than in any other town in the territory of Wisconsin, with the exception of Waukesha. It appears that they had heard of the colored orator, Lewis Washington, and everybody was anxious to hear him, and the

people were not disappointed in hearing a good speech. There were a good many refined and educated people in the town, composed of all classes, lawyers, ministers, physicians, business men and laboring men of all kinds. In fact almost all of the people were anti-slavery at that time. We gave a hint to Washington that he would have an intelligent and crititical audience there and that he must put his best foot forward and give them the best he had. And so he did. He, however, asked what subject he should take up as being best adapted to the condition of things in that part of the State. We told him that we thought the political aspect of the subject would perhaps be better adapted to them than any other, as a large number of the best men in town had come out from the old parties and were ready and willing to form a new party with a strong anti-slavery plank in it. "That is a good idea," he said, "and I will talk political abolition good and strong. But," he says, "before I talk I want that song which begins 'The vote, the vote, the vote.'" When we told him he would have to help, he said he could come in on the chorus good and strong.

"The vote, the vote, the mighty vote,
Though once we used an humble vote,
And prayed our servants to be just,
We tell them now they must, they must.

"The tyrants grapple for our vote,
We'll tear them from our brother's throat,
With Washington we here agree,
The vote's the weapon of the free.

"We'll scatter not the precious power,
On parties that to slavery cower,
But make it one against the wrong
'Till down it comes a million strong.

"We'll break the dough-face with our vote
Who stood the shame while we wrote.
And though they spurned our earnest prayer
The ballot bids them now beware.

"Our vote shall teach all statesmen law,
Who in Southern harness draw,
So well contented to be slaves
They vain would prove their father.

XLVIII

"We'll not provoke our wives to use
A power that comes through fear, abuse.
His mother shall not blush to own
One voter of ours for a son."

The people of Kenosha opened their purses in a remarkable manner to the wants of Washington. They realized that he was an active agent in the anti-slavery cause and were willing to put their hands into their pockets and pay him for his service in hard cash and sent him on *his way* rejoicing. Our subscription to the *Freeman* was materially increased and we went on *our way* rejoicing in the belief that another step had been taken in the right direction for the downfall of slavery and for the uplifting of the colored man.

Our next meeting was in Paris in the west part of Kenosha county. It was a farming district and full of good, whole-souled farmers that would always help a colored man who was fleeing from the bonds of slavery. We had an excellent meeting on a very short notice. The school-house was full of men and women anxious to see a colored man and hear what he had to say, as Washington was the first to make them a visit in the role of a colored anti-slavery speaker. Our meeting was a good one for the reason that there was entire sympathy between the people and the speaker. He knew that he was telling them the truth and his hearers seemed to drink in to the fullest extent every word that was uttered as the truth and nothing but the truth. After the meeting, Washington had quite a reception in the school-house, as everybody wanted to shake his hand and bid him "God speed" in his good work. There was scarcely a man or woman in the neighborhood but what insisted that he should be their guest for the night. From the first we had a large subscription in Kenosha county, which, in that day, was settled by Eastern people, and at most any time I could make a trip into any of the southern counties in Wisconsin and gather up a large number of subscriptions for the *Freeman*.

We visited several other places in the county, such as Bristol, Burlington, Rochester and Caldwell's Prairie. All of these places gave us a good hearing and encouragement in our work

in many ways, and the most important one was that they were willing to open their purses to the cause of the poor slave. Also to help sustain the *Freeman* in its efforts to interest the people on the subject of slavery.

At Burlington we had a very large and enthusiastic meeting. Dr. E. G. Dyer, one of the oldest citizens of the village, and who so manfully helped the slave girl Caroline to escape, was mentioned by Mr. Goodnow in relating his voyage as conductor on the underground railroad to Canada. The doctor had a meeting called and made it a point to say to everybody that they must turn out in *force*, so as to give encouragement to the speaker, because he was a colored man and once a slave. We had a little private conversation with Washington in regard to this meeting, and I informed him that I knew something about the people at this place and that they were above the average in intelligence and knowledge generally on the subject of slavery.

The doctor was an educated man. A man by the name of Perkins, although quite advanced in years, was as bright as a dollar on the subject of slavery, and had two or three sons who, though much younger, were not far behind him in intelligence, and others whose names I can not remember. Now what will be your subject? It at first chilled his feelings to think that he should appear before so critical an audience without much preparation. But finally he said he would talk on the subject of freedom in a general way. Not only for the slave, but for everybody; but to embrace the whole human family in word, in deed, in action, and obey the voice of God in trying to lift up all of our fellow beings and make them free and happy. We said to him that he had struck the right chord, and since we had a song that bore expressly on that subject we would open the ball with that. The title of the song was, "Be free, O man, be free." As the time had arrived for the meeting to open we repaired to the school-house. On our arrival we found the house packed to the door, and we could hardly make our way to the speaker's stand. After prayer by a local minister, Washington took the stand and announced his subject. "But," he said, "before I proceed with my talk Mr. Olin will sing us an anti-

slavery song bearing on the subject of my talk to-night, which is upon the freedom of the whole human family, whether white or black." The words of the song were as follows:

"The storm winds wildly blowing
The bursting bellows mock,
As with their foam crest glowing,
They dash the sea-girt rock.
Amid the wild commotion
A rival of the sea,
A voice is on the ocean,
'Be free O man, be free.'

"Behold the sea brine leaping
High in the murky air,
List to the trumpet sweeping
In chainless fury there.
What moves the mighty torrent
And bids it fly abroad,
Or turns the rapid current;
What but the voice of God?

"Then answer, is the spirit
Less noble or less free?
From whom doth it inherit
The doom of slavery?
When man can bind the waters
That they no longer roll,
Then let him forge the fetters
To clog the human soul.

"'Till then is a voice stealing
From earth and sea and sky,
And to the soul revealing
Its immortality.
The swift wind chants the number
Careering o'er the sea.
And earth aroused from slumber
Re-echos, 'Man, be free.'"

This song was an eye-opener for many of the audience. It was, no doubt, the first anti-slavery song that they had ever heard, and they went wild over it, and wanted more of the same sort. But the speaker began to talk and quiet was soon restored. Washington acquitted himself handsomely and

brought out the strong points for freedom for the whole human family, including the blacks as well as the whites. Also for the voters to leave the old parties and vote the anti-slavery ticket until human bondage should be done away with throughout the United States and the whole of Christendom. Before the meeting closed a collection was taken for the benefit of the speaker, and quite a good sum was added to his purse. Neither did the *Freeman* suffer for a good many valuable subscriptions. Then they bid us good-bye and good-luck in the next town. On we went from town to town in most of the southern counties in the State, and Washington gave good satisfaction in most places; and especially where the leading spirits of the towns visited were of anti-slavery character. Our tour occupied some three weeks' time and we returned home feeling that our labor had not been in vain, as the people turned out in large numbers to welcome the man who was once a slave, to hear of the wrongs that were constantly being perpetrated upon the six millions of slaves in the beautiful land of freedom.

At about this time, after consultation with Mr. Booth, who had come from the East to take the editorship of the *Freeman* we concluded that the paper should be removed to Milwaukee, as that was a growing city, being then the largest in the State and would give us a greater influence in a commercial way, than to continue in so small a town as Waukesha. Finally, the change was made and the name of the paper was also changed to the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*. Mr. Booth came from Connecticut and was a graduate of Yale College, and had formerly edited the *Christian Freeman*, an anti-slavery paper. He was a strong anti-slavery man, and had been all his life. This was in 1847. The first issue of the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* was issued May 24, 1847, under the firm name of Olin & Booth, Mr. Booth being the editor. From that time on the *Free Democrat* prospered. Its circulation largely increased, and the people throughout the State had confidence in the principles it advocated. Mr. Ichabod Codding, whom we have spoken of before, was still in the field and a strong anti-slavery advocate. He also came from Connecticut. (See portrait.)

This was our last trip with Washington. He had so far become acquainted with the State and with the anti-slavery element, that he could make some trips on his own account in the more northern counties—which he was glad to do.

His meetings were usually well attended, and the people to whom he spoke gave liberally, and he was enabled to make some trips with fair success. Finally, he concluded he would travel up in the northern part of the State and see if he could not find a piece of land that would suit him to settle upon. He found such a piece near Prescott, in Pierce county. Then he closed his relations with the *Freeman* and the anti-slavery cause, and became a small farmer in the northern portion of the State.

We found in the removal of the *American Freeman* to Milwaukee that we had increased responsibilities, as our field was greatly enlarged. We were in quite a large commercial city and were expected to make and furnish a very different paper than we could do in so small a place as Waukesha. The circulation of the paper became quite large and its influence was felt in all parts of the Northwest, but more especially in the State of Wisconsin. The next six years was occupied in building up the reputation of the *Free Democrat*, the name of the paper having been changed from the *American Freeman* while in Waukesha. Messrs. Booth and Codding made frequent visits to different parts of the State in the interest of the paper and the anti-slavery cause in general. Public opinion was being more and more acted upon in the right direction for the utter abolition of American slavery, as both of the old parties were being influenced to take a more decided action in regard to the subject of human bondage. No doubt the *Free Democrat* had more to do with moulding public opinion for the full and complete abolition of American slavery than any other paper in the Northwest. It was ably edited, as Mr. Booth was a thoroughly educated man and zealous for the perpetuation of the principle of which he was such a strong advocate, and the people could not help but see that the time was now coming when the shackles must fall from the limbs of the slaves and they would go free.

Joshua Glover, the Fugitive Slave.

THE MEMORABLE YEAR OF 1854.

In 1854 we had another very exciting circumstance that came upon us very suddenly. Really it was of more importance to the anti-slavery cause than that of Caroline Quarrles, the remembrance of which still remains in the minds of the people of Wisconsin. It was the arrest and imprisonment of Joshua Glover, the fugitive slave that had escaped from St. Louis. He was captured by his master in Racine, brought to Milwaukee and thrown into jail without warrant or authority of any kind. Even the United States Marshal for the State of Wisconsin lent himself to the dishonorable act of going personally to Racine and capturing Glover while at work trying to earn an honest living. Yes, and further, the United States Marshal had the sanction of the United States Judge, Miller, who was a Virginian by birth and a strong advocate of slavery. Of course Glover resisted and force had to be used to bring him under subjection, and he was brought to the Milwaukee jail covered with dirt and blood. This was on Friday, and the United States authorities refused to do anything for the poor, panting fugitive, with all his bruises and bloody clothing still on his back, until the next Monday morning. But there was still some humanity in Milwaukee, and a few resolute men said the law should be vindicated; that Glover must and should have a fair and impartial hearing at once. The sequel shows what was done. Greek met Greek and our side won. The following narrative explains all. How Joshua Glover became a free man and thanked God. But the five or six years of vexatious law-suits that followed the release of Glover was a disgrace to our government and the ruin, financially, of some good citizens of Wisconsin.

THE JOSHUA GLOVER RESCUE AND ITS RESULTS.

There are indeed but few events upon record in the history of the United States, between the revolution and the rebellion, that stirred the public mind more deeply, brought into question a more important principle or raised the populace to a more

dangerous frenzy than the never-to-be forgotten "Glover Rescue," and the war upon S. M. Booth, the main instigator of said rescue.

The name of Sherman M. Booth was one of the most familiar in history. He was one of the original anti-slavery men in the country, and believed that almost any means was justifiable in the work of wiping out the system of human bondage so long existing in the United States. He fought for what he believed and what all the world now acknowledges to be right, and attempted to organize power enough to gain the desired end by helping to found a political party on the principles of right and justice. His enemies, who mobbed Elisha P. Lovejoy, threw his press into the Mississippi river at Alton, Illinois, and then shot him to death and dragged Wm. Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston, were as bitter against him and persecuted him as ruthlessly and incessantly. Mr. Booth was induced to come to Wisconsin by the State Liberty Publication Association to take charge of their newspaper, the *American Freeman*, which had been removed from Waukesha to Milwaukee. He arrived in April, 1847, and from that day until President Lincoln sent forth his Emancipation Proclamation, never was silent for a day on the subject of human slavery. He was a graduate of Yale College, and had edited the *Christian Freeman*, at New Haven, Connecticut, with great success, being helped in this enterprise by the great reformer and lecturer, Ichabod Codding. Mr. Booth always aided the escape of fugitive slaves, but had not been able to stir up the country through its entire length and breadth until the arrest of Joshua Glover, who was an alleged fugitive slave, laboring in a mill in Racine, Wisconsin, in the Spring of 1854.

A slave-owner named Garland, from Missouri, obtained a guide at Racine who directed him to the place where Glover was staying, and he was arrested as a runaway slave from St. Louis. In making the arrest, Glover was frightfully abused and maltreated, although it was declared by eye-witnesses that he made no resistance whatever. He was thrown into a wagon, half conscious and bleeding, and was brought at once to Milwaukee, March 11, 1854. At 9:00 A. M., March 11, 1854,

Mr. Booth received a telegram from the mayor of Racine that a negro named Joshua Glover had been kidnaped near that city by Deputy Marshal Cotton the night previous, and asking him if a warrant had been issued for that purpose. On inquiry Marshal Cotton denied all knowledge of the transaction. But Judge Miller, a pro-slavery United States Judge of the first water, said there had been a warrant issued, and no doubt he would be brought before him for examination. The judge expatiated on the liability of the marshal should the slave escape, and hoped there would be no excitement. Mr. Booth saw the judge and said: "We want a fair and open trail for the fugitive slave and that he be permitted to have counsel." Mr. Booth soon learned that Glover had arrived in Milwaukee and was in the county jail all bruised and bloody and bore marks of the most inhuman and brutal treatment. He at once obtained a saddle horse and rode up and down the streets crying at the top of his voice, "Ho, to the rescue! Ho, to the rescue! Ho, to the rescue." Of course the people became excited and inquired what was the trouble that so much noise should be made on the streets, and on explanation of the cause became more excited and immediately repaired to the jail to see for themselves what was going on and to prevent, if possible, the spiriting away of the colored man, Glover, without a legal hearing. In the meantime Mr. Booth had returned to the jail with some five hundred citizens. Writs of habeas corpus were issued on both the marshal and sheriff. About this time a dispatch was received from Racine stating that a large meeting had been held and strong resolutions passed in regard to a United States Marshal coming into their midst and kidnaping a citizen without legal process, or even having an examination before their own authorities. On reception of this news from Racine, the public became more and more excited. There was an impromptu meeting held and Dr. E. B. Wolcott was appointed Chairman and A. E. Biefeld Secretary. Mr. Booth explained to the thousand or more people that a second meeting had been called at Racine in which the people pledged themselves to do their utmost to rescue Glover by habeas corpus and secure a fair and impartial trial by jury. Speeches were made, a vigil-

ance committee was appointed of twenty-five to wait on Sheriff Page and ascertain if he would obey a writ of habeas corpus. After doing this, the meeting adjourned to meet at the ringing of the bells. At 3:00 P. M. the sheriff made returns that Glover was not in his possession but in the hands of the United States Marshal. A writ was at once served upon United States Marshal Cotton, and a committee, of which C. K. Watkins was chairman, waited on Judge Miller to see if he would obey the writ. The judge pompously informed him that he would not do so; that Glover would remain in jail until 10:00 A. M. on Monday, when he would be brought before him for a hearing.

At 5:00 P. M., a hundred delegates from Racine arrived, headed by the sheriff of the county, with a warrant for the arrest of Garland and United States Marshal Cotton for assault and battery on Glover. They landed at the steamboat wharf and marched to the county jail. The bells were ringing and the people assembled in large numbers. Mr. Booth explained to the Racine delegation what had been done and denounced the "Fugitive Slave Act." But he cautioned the people against violence. Mr. Watkins reported that Judge Miller had decided that the writ of habeas corpus should not be obeyed and that no earthly power should take Glover from the jail before Monday. Mr. Watkins said it was an outrage to keep Glover in jail over the Sabbath without medical aid, as he had been badly assaulted, maimed and covered with blood by the cruel treatment of Garland and the United States Marshal Cotton; that there were times when the people must take the law into their own hands, but whether the present was such a time the people must judge. He would give no advice on that point. After a conference of the vigilance committee with the Racine delegation it was decided to report at the American House, take tea and consult as to the best course to be pursued. Mr. Booth made this announcement publicly, when the crowd made a rush for the jail. On arriving there, a demand was made for the keys of the jail of the under-sheriff of the jail, S. S. Conover. But the request was denied, whereupon, about twenty strong and resolute men seized a large timber some eight or ten inches square and twenty feet long and went for the jail

door; bumb, bumb, bumb, and down came the jail door and out came Glover. About this time, the United States Marshal made his appearance upon the scene, and a rescue was attempted from those who had Glover in their possession, and for about twenty minutes or half an hour the devil was to pay. Glover was well kept in hand by his rescuers from the jail to Wisconsin street, about one thousand people following in the wake. Sometimes it seemed as though the marshal and sheriff's posse would rescue him from the angry populace, but on they went from Wisconsin street to East Water street, and down East Water street to what was then called Walker's Point bridge, while the crowd was constantly increasing. But the victory was for the rescuers. On arriving at the bridge, John A. Messenger, a Democrat, came along and wanted to know what was up. "What is this large crowd in search of," was his inquiry. After being told, he said, "Put that man into my buggy," and no quicker said than done, and away he went with the whole posse of the United States Government in his wake. But he had a fleet and strong horse. He took a westerly course out of the city toward Waukesha, but he meandered on several roads, here and there, so that the slave-hunters on his track gave up the chase and exclaimed, "Lost, lost, lost." Mr. Messenger continued his journey until he arrived at Waukesha, as that was considered the surest avenue of escape for all fugitives from slavery. When he arrived at Waukesha, his horse was pretty well used up, as the roads were heavy and he had been pursued for some distance by men on horseback and even by men on foot, so that he had to put his horse at the top of his speed to escape such a hungry and anxious crowd.

"John A. Messenger was born at Egremont, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in 1810, and came to Milwaukee in 1836. He had studied for the practice of medicine, but being of active, energetic turn of mind he left the slower ways of professional life and entered into real estate operations.

"He purchased on the west side of Kilbourntown and began making improvements, saying that the west side had more high and dry land and more room for development than any other quarter of the city. Mr. Messenger early began the manufacture of bricks, and to contract for building public and private edifices. Mr. Messenger was a generous, warm-hearted,

impulsive man. No one ever applied to him in vain for charity. In politics, he was a staunch Democrat, but his name will be forever green in history in connection with the rescue of Joshua Glover, an alleged escaped slave. He took the escaped slave in his carriage and drove him from Milwaukee to Waukesha, where a band of anti slavery men relieved him of his charge. In mentioning this drive, and Mr. Messenger's death soon after, one of his biographers wrote: 'When the excitement of the ride was over, and Mr. Messenger had time to think over the events just passed through, into which he had been drawn by his humane impulses, he was nearly overwhelmed with anxiety.' He was a Democrat and had violated the 'Fugitive Slave Act.' If discovered, he would be punished. His only hope of escaping punishment for this crime was that in the ride from Milwaukee to Waukesha he had not been recognized except by friends. In order, therefore, to better cover his tracks, he drove at once from Waukesha to Racine, at which place he had friends with whom he remained over night. Those friends were alarmed by his strange actions. Mr. Messenger was naturally light-hearted and jovial, but that night he was gloomy and silent. He paced the floor all night and refused to eat or drink. On his returning to Milwaukee he found the excitement running at its highest pitch. The slave sympathizers were eager to catch any one who had aided Glover's escape, and the slave-owner was fierce in his demands for legal and summary redress. However, Mr. Messenger escaped punishment, but his death, which occurred soon after, August 7, 1854, was said by his friends to have been hastened by the mental suffering from the part he took in the Glover rescue, or rather resulting from his fear of the consequences."

But he arrived late at night. His knowing W. D. Bacon was an abolitionist, he went direct to his house, which was where the Spring City Hotel is now located, in the village of Waukesha. It was thought best to keep Glover, whose hair was still covered with blood and his clothing dirty and torn from maltreatment received at Racine, hidden in their village. So Vernon Tichenor, W. D. Holbrook, Charley Blackwell and others were called in for consultation. Two things were necessary: a safe place and a reliable man. Finally, Vernon Tichenor went across the fields in the mud and darkness to the house of Moses Tichenor, his father, about two miles south of the village, and aroused him from bed. Mr. Tichenor at once consented to take charge of Glover. On his return, Vernon Tichenor was

chosen to act as guide in conducting Glover to his father's house. On arriving there, Mr. Tichenor saw several persons in the dim light at his father's house, and instinctively drew back, thinking that Glover had been followed; but on looking more closely, he saw W. D. Bacon and W. D. Holbrook, who had kept silenty along to see that the fugitive was not captured. Glover was hidden in Mr. Tichenor's barn until C. C. Olin had returned from Milwaukee and made arrangements to carry him back to Racine, where only a few days before he had been captured by United States Marshal Cotton and the slave-owner, Garland, from St. Louis.

There was great rejoicing in Racine when the people found that Glover had escaped from the U. S. Marshal Cotton in Milwaukee, and was taken in a round-about way to Waukesha, by John A. Messenger and thence to Racine in the night time by the way of Rochester, by C. C. Olin. At this time of the year, March, 1854, the roads were very muddy and rough, but Mr. Olin, knowing the country pretty well, went directly to Muskego Center, where he struck the Milwaukee and Janesville plank road, and from there on he found good sailing. He had a fleet team, and about three hours from leaving Waukesha he was before the door of R. E. Ely, at Rochester. "Hello," he says, "who comes there?" "A friend, C. C. Olin, from Waukesha," was the reply. So out came Mr. Ely. We knowing him well, he said: "Well, what has called you here at this time in the night?" I said, "I have a precious load. I have a colored man by the name of Joshua Glover, who is assuming to be an American citizen and is fleeing from the grasp of the promoters and abettors of the fugitive slave law. They had him arrested only a few days since in Racine, taken to Milwaukee, and without the least shadow of law put him in the county jail, and were determined to return him to slavery under the infamous fugitive slave code. But a few determined men, S. M. Booth being the ring-leader, was as determined that this thing should not be done. A posse was raised in the city, the jail door was demolished and the slave taken to Waukesha and is here in my wagon, and by the help of such men as you, sir, I am bound for Racine,

where those infamous scoundrels found him at work as a peaceable citizen. Now, sir, I want your team, as you see mine look a little jaded, as we have been only a little over three hours coming from Waukesha." "Have a team," says Mr. Ely. "Yes, and here is five dollars to go with it." Mr. Ely says, "Is this not glorious that these slave hunters can be thwarted in their vile attempt to send a poor human being back into human bondage?" Mr. Ely got out the team and hitched them to Mr. Olin's wagon.

In the meantime we had taken Glover into the house, as Mr. Ely and wife wanted to see him, and after a hot cup of tea and lunch, we started on the underground railroad, as we had done from Waukesha. We met with no resistance on our way. At about 7 o'clock A. M., we deposited Joshua Glover at the house of the Rev. M. P. Kinney, a Congregational minister there, to be protected by the good people of Racine until some safe means could be provided to send him to Canada. It was a fitting place for him to return to, as only a few days before he was at work as a quiet, industrious citizen, trying to enjoy the rights and privileges of a citizen, when he was pounced upon by a Southern slave-owner and hunter, and aid given by a United States Marshal, which our government ought to be ashamed of, and deprived of his liberty. But the citizens of Racine saw justice done. Glover was sent in a few days to the land of freedom, never more to be a slave or recaptured. On March 15, four days after Glover was recaptured, S. M. Booth was publicly burned in effigy by those who favored the slavery party. The house of W. D. Bacon, at Waukesha, referred to as the one in which the fugitive passed the first night after escaping from the Milwaukee jail, and in which he received food and medical aid, now forms a portion of the famous Spring City Hotel. In 1873 Judge Miller, who did everything in his power to deliver Glover over to his master and secure the punishment of Booth and Rycraft, visited this room in the Spring City Hotel, in company with Salmon P. Chase. He then admitted that twenty years had modified his opinion of slave-holding and slave-hunting, and that mere loyalty to party was often stronger than their love for the right.

To return to the scene in Milwaukee, Sheriff Morrison, of Racine, arrested Garland the same evening (March 11, 1854), for assault and battery on Glover. Judge Miller issued a writ of habeas corpus on the sheriff, and on Monday following he discharged Garland on a hearing, deciding that until Garland executed his writ and obtained his slave he could not be interfered with by legal power from this State and that "in the execution of his slave warrant he was justified in using any violence, even to the taking of life, if necessary, to secure his slave, and that no State power could interrupt such violence." On the 15th day of March Mr. Booth was first arrested by Marshal Abelman and brought before United States Commissioner Winfield Smith. The examination was postponed till the 21st of March, when, after three days' examination and trial, he was held in the sum of $2,000, Dr. Chas. E. Wonderly becoming his bail, to answer any bill of indictment prepared against him at the July term of the United States District Court. On the 25th of March Mr. Booth was sued by Benj. S. Garland, of Missouri, for the value of his slave and damages claimed of $2,000, J. E. Arnold, counsel for the plaintiff. Soon after this Mr. Booth was surrendered. A writ of habeas corpus was granted by Judge A. D. Smith, of the State Supreme Court, and after argument of the case he was discharged on the grounds: Firstly, that the commitment was insufficient; secondly, that the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 was unconstitutional, because Congress had no power to legislate for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and because that act annuls the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury. The case was appealed to the full bench of the Supreme Court at the July term, and after a very full and able argument the court unanimously affirmed the order for his discharge. But Justice Crawford dissented and Chief Justice Whiton concurred in the opinion of Justice Smith, that the Fugitive Slave Act was unconstitutional. In the meantime the United States District Court was in session and a bill of indictment had been found against S. M. Booth and others. Booth was arrested in July, the next day after his return from Madison. He offered the same person, Dr. Wonderly, as bail, but the judge refused to accept him (though he offered to qualify in twenty minutes the sum demanded), on the

ground that the doctor had before taken as surety. Mr. Booth declined to give other bail, went to jail and again applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, which was denied on the ground that United States jurisdiction had attached and that comity required the State Court to presume that the District Court, on hearing, would pronounce the Fugitive Slave Act unconstitutional and discharge him, and that it could not interfere while the case was pending in the Federal Court.

The news of the refusal of this writ caused much excitement, and a raid on the jail was apprehended. Marshal Abelman went to Booth in his cell and offered to accept the same bail which Judge Miller had refused, and urged the matter with some pertinacity, offering to go after Dr. Wonderly himself. Finally, Booth consented, and was released at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, having been in prison ten days and six hours. A special term of the United States District Court was held on November 20, for the purpose of trying the Glover rescue cases, but Mr. Booth being confined by a severe attack of typhoid fever had his case postponed. John Rycraft, however, indicted with him for the same offense, was tried and convicted. At the January term Mr. Booth was put on trial. The motion of his counsel that the indictment should be set aside on the ground, as was shown by the affidavits of four witnesses, that two of the Grand Jury which had indicted him were strongly prejudiced against the defendant, and expressed themselves in favor of his conviction, was overruled. The trial lasted five days, and was marked by a very bitter spirit against the defendant, the District Attorney being aided by one of Mr. Booth's strongest and most virulent personal and political enemies. The unfairness of the judge was the subject of general comment by the press and people. Under his instructions, the jury brought in a verdict at 9 o'clock Saturday night, after deliberating seven hours, of not guilty on the first three counts of resisting United States power, and guilty on the last two counts of aiding Joshua Glover to escape. The judge charged the jury that this fact alone, that Mr. Booth drew and presented to the meeting in the court-house the following resolutions, was enough to convict him:

"*Resolved*, As citizens of Milwaukee, that every person has an indefeasable right to a fair and impartial trial by jury on all questions involving personal liberty.

"*Resolved*, That the writ of habeas corpus is the great defense of freedom, and that we demand for this prisoner, as well as for our own protection, that this sacred writ shall be obeyed.

"*Resolved*, That we pledge ourselves to stand by this prisoner and do our utmost to secure for him a fair and impartial trial by jury."

The sentiment of the press and people in regard to the trial was fairly expressed by the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, as follows:

"The manner in which the trial has been conducted has shocked the public sense of right and outraged the love for fair play. The impaneling of the grand and pettit jurors was a mockery of justice, and if acquiesced in establishes the right of the United States officers to select whom they please for that purpose, or, in plain phrase, to pack whenever it suits them. The leanings of the court, too, were evidently against the defendant, and mixed up with the professional zeal which animated the prosecution was more of personal vindictiveness toward Mr. Booth, than became them as the United States court."

It was said the jurors understood that the court and not the United States was the prosecutor, and the following preamble and resolution were adopted by three of them in order to set themselves right before the public:

"WHEREAS, The jurors who were sworn to decide in the case in the United States District Court and Sherman M. Booth for aiding and abetting in the escape of Glover on the 11th of March, 1854, have adopted and most cheerfully publish the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That while we feel bound ourselves by a solemn oath to perform a most painful duty in declaring the defendant guilty of the above charge, and thus making him suffer the penal-

ties of a cruel and odious law, yet, at the same time in so doing, we declare that he performed a benevolent and humane act, and we thus record our condemnation of the 'Fugitive Slave Law,' and earnestly commend him to the clemency of the court.

"(Signed)

"GEO. F. AUSTIN.
"DAVID PHELP.
"WM. FINKLER."

"MILWAUKEE, January 13, 1855."

On the 15th of January motions were made for arrest of judgment and for a new trial, on the ground of insufficiency of the indictment and proof, and the prejudice of jurors. To sustain this position the affidavits of eight responsible witnesses were offered, proving that two of the jurors that convicted him had declared previous to the trial that Mr. Booth ought to be convicted and punished to the fullest possible extent. But the motions, after argument, were overruled, and on the 23d day of January, Mr. Booth was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000, and $461.01 costs, and to be imprisoned until this fine and costs were paid. Mr. Rycraft, who had been convicted of the same offense, was sentenced at the same time to ten (10) days imprisonment and to pay a fine of $200 Both were immediately taken to the county jail amidst the greatest possible excitement. The news of this sentence produced almost an uncontrollable commotion and indignation in the city and throughout the State, and meetings, numerously attended were held everywhere in the country, pledging the sympathy and help of the people to save the convicted men from pecuniary loss. An application was again made to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted, and on Monday, the 29th of January, at sunrise, the prisoners, in charge of the sheriff and preceded by a band or music and accompanied by their counsel, were escorted by a large number of their friends, amid the firing of cannons and the ringing of church bells to the railroad depot to take the cars for Madison, where court was in session. On Saturday, February 3, after a full hearing, the Supreme Court unanimously discharged them, on

the ground that no offense was charged against them in the indictment. Justices Whiton and Smith thus formed opinions holding the fugitive slave law or act unconstitutional and void.

This decision was hailed with acclamation by the Republican press through the State, and was responded to by a considerable portion of the Democratic press of this State. Meetings were numerously held and resolutions passed pledging the support of the people to the decision of the Supreme Court, and mass a State convention of the more radical portion was held in this city, and a Rescue Fund Committee appointed to raise money to defray the expenses of the slave trials in the past, and any that might come up in the future. About two-thirds of the expenses of the trial was made by contributions, the balance was paid by the prisoners. The general feeling of the press and the people was well expressed by the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, of February 6, 1855, at the close of a graphic and spirited review of the Glover rescue trials, written by Rufus King, as follows: "So stands the case to-day. Messrs. Booth and Bycraft, by the fiat of our State Court, have been cleared from their fines and imprisonment, to which the Federal Court had subjected them. The Fugitive Slave Act has again been pronounced unconstitutional and void by the Supreme Tribunal of the State. The great writ of liberty has been sustained. The threatening siege of slavery aggression has been stayed in its course. The birthright of Wisconsin's youngest and fairest offspring of the immortal ordinance of 1787 has been nobly vindicated.

"Slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, can not and will not be tolerated within her borders. Kidnaping finds no favor with her courts, no protection in her jails, no countenance among her people. Wisconsin is and will remain a Free State, and while she claims no desire to intermeddle in the domestic affairs of her sister sovereignties, she will at least assert and exercise at all times, and at any hazard, the power to protect her own citizens, and to maintain and defend in all their integrity the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury."

The Supreme Court also instructed its clerk to deny to the United States District Court the right to review the decision in this case. The State Supreme Court also refused to send up the papers on a writ of error to the United States District Court. At the judicial election held that year Orasmus Cole was chosen Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, over Justice Crawford, by an official majority of 7,148, no returns having been received from the counties of Chippewa, Door, Douglass, Jackson, Kewannee, LaCross and Polk. The sole issue was the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Act. This was a tremendous majority for those days. At the April term of the United States District Court the suit of Garland and Booth, for the value of Glover, came on, and after a trial of four days the jury disagreed and were discharged, having been out fifty-two and one-half hours. The trial was characterized by greater vindictiveness on the part of the court and prosecution, if possible, than on the criminal suit. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* said: "The judge's charge was very strong against the defendant, even more pointed than the argument of complainant's council." At the July term, held at Madison, the case came up again for trial, and after a three days contest resulted in a verdict against Mr. Booth of $1,000 and costs. The Madison *State Journal* said of the judge's charge: "The charge of the judge to the jury transcended any of his former efforts in that line, if possible. We have heard but one expression from those who listened to it. It left the jury no choice, providing they heard it, but to bring in a verdict against the defendant. It seems even more partial toward Garland, the slave-hunter, than did the argument of his feed attorney.

The Republican legislative caucus which nominated Judge Doolittle for United States Senator, January 18, 1857, adopted strong State's Rights resolutions endorsing the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798, and concluding with the following:

"*Resolved*, That in the application of these principles, we hold it an imperative duty to stand firmly by the Supreme Court in asserting the rights of the State tribunals to procure final judgment in all cases involving the reserved rights of the

State in declaring the 'Fugitive Slave Law' unconstitutional, and in shielding all the inhabitants of the State from the execution of unconstitutional enactments without right of review by any federal tribunal."

In the winter of 1858–'9, the United States Supreme Court assumed jurisdiction of the case of Mr. Booth without the papers or a certified copy of the record, and proceeded to review the decision of the Wisconsin State Court and send down its remitter requiring it to review its former judgment, discharging Mr. Booth from imprisonment and to remand him into federal custody. This the Wisconsin Supreme Court refused to do, denying the appellate jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court over it pending. After the decision of the Supreme Court at Washington, the legislature, in March, 1858, passed joint resolutions denouncing the action of the United States Supreme Court, sustaining the decision of the State Supreme Court and recommended resistance as the only available and therefore rightful remedy. They had the sanction of every Republican vote in both houses and the approval of the Governor of the State.

In April, 1859, the judicial election again turned solely on this issue. Byron Paine, who had been Mr. Booth's counsel in the rescue case, being a candidate for Associate Justice against Wm. P. Lynde, was elected over him by a small majority. In connection with the rescue trials the name of Byron Paine is deserving of special mention. Mr. Booth could have had for his counsel such men as John P. Hale, Charles Sumner, S. P. Chase. But after mature deliberation he chose Mr. Paine, then not more than a youth. The curly haired, fair faced young barrister was chosen for the astonishing knowledge of the laws and doctrines of State Rights which he had displayed in an exhaustive article on that subject. His performance in court was declared to have been wonderful for eloquence, bearing and argument upon the laws governing the case.

In February, 1859, the U. S. Marshal levied upon Mr. Booth's cylinder press and steam engine to satisfy the judgment of Garland. The press and engine sold for $175, and in April the Marshal made another levy on the printing office to satisfy the

balance of the judgment. Mr. Booth replevined his property in the Circuit Court and recovered them. Garland appealed to the State Supreme Court, and on March 1, 1860, Mr. Booth was again arrested by U. S. Marshal Beaver, on his way home from the railroad depot, and was confined in the U. S. Custom House in this city. His counsel applied for a writ of habeas corpus, but as Justice Paine declined to act, on account of having been Booth's counsel before his first discharge, and as Chief Justice Dixon had decided the Fugitive Slave Act constitutional the court was equally divided, and the application failed. Another application was made, on the ground that there was no authority of law for imprisoning him in the Custom House; but Judge Dixon decided that this averment should have been made in the first application, and again refused the writ. While Mr. Booth was lying in jail, Edward Daniels, of Ripon, who had been State geologist, and who soon after, as Colonel, raised the first regiment of cavalry, consulted with O. H. LaGrange, afterward a Colonel and Superintendent of U. S. Mint at San Francisco, Cal., as to what should be done. They, with others, matured plans, which Mr. Daniels submitted to Charles Sumner. The substance of those plans were, that if Booth should be denied any of the privileges usually granted to prisoners under arrest for any alleged offense, a body of men should rescue him from persecution. Sumner indorsed them. Therefore, on the last day Daniels and LaGrange proceeded to Milwaukee and made deliberate preparations to rescue Mr. Booth, take him from the Custom House and flee with him into the country. The time set for this humane act was Aug. 1, 1860, at noon. At about this time Messrs. Daniels and LaGrange left the *Free Democrat* office, being armed to the teeth, went directly to the Custom House. On reaching the first story they came in contact w th a guard, who said, "Who comes there?' and by the time these words were out of his mouth he was told to move on up the stairs or he would be a gone sucker, and on seeing that the intruders meant business he moved double quick for the next flight. On arriving at the top of the next flight of stairs they encountered another guard, but he was also told to keep perfectly quiet and unlock the door to Mr. Booth's room, which was done without any resist-

ance, whatever. Mr. Booth was invited to follow his leader, which was done without much regret, and the two guards were told to take the place of Mr. Booth and to keep quiet at the peril of their lives. After this was done, and they were behind locked and barred doors, Mr. Booth and the two trusted friends, Daniels and LaGrange, sought the street as soon as possible. They made their way across Grand Avenue bridge and out of sight of the people as soon as possible. Mr. Booth and his friends proceeded north from Milwaukee, and reached Waupun, where they stayed three days. On August 4th they passed on to Ripon, the home of Daniels and LaGrange, under an armed escort from Waupun. Notice that he would speak in the city hall at Ripon was sent out, and in the evening the building and surrounding streets were filled. The meeting was duly organized by electing Wm. Starr, a prominent public man, chairman, and C. J. Allen, who once edited the Milwaukee *Daily Life*, as secretary.

When Mr. Booth appeared to speak he was greeted with such applause as no other man had ever received in that city. He had proceeded for some time with his speech to the dense throng when Deputy Marshal Francis D. McCarty, now a resident of Milwaukee, arrived from Fon du Lac and, appearing suddenly on the platform said: "I have a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Booth." McCarty barely succeeded in laying one hand on Mr. Booth when he was thrust away by the crowd amid deafening shouts of "Shoot him!" "Kill him!" "Hang him!" A scene of intense and indescribable confusion and excitement followed, during which McCarty was hustled out of the hall by the enraged people and kicked and beaten down the stairs to the street. He escaped by entrenching himself in the "Maper House." When order had been restored a resolution was offered by A. E. Bovey: "*Resolved*, That S. M. Booth shall not be rearrested in Ripon." This was adopted amid deafening shouts and hurrahs. A league of freedom was formed to protect Mr. Booth from the federal officials. The Vigilance Committee, which was headed by O. H. LaGrange, Edward Daniels, A. E. Bovey, Dana Lamb, A. B. Pratt and others hardly less prominent, among them Asa Kinney, one

of Milwaukee's earliest settlers and best known citizens, they succeeded in evading the deputy marshal or in overpowering him. Mr. Booth was removed from Ripon to Dartford, a small place about six miles west of Ripon, where he was secreted for several weeks. But his secretion became somewhat irksome, and as the excitement had in the meantime died away, he ventured to go to Berlin and was there several days before it came to the ears of the Federal Court and United States Marshal of his whereabouts. But steps were soon taken if possible to have him rearrested and punished. October 8, Mr. Booth was arrested on the streets of Berlin and immediately taken to a special train, and in less than five hours was again in the third story of the Custom House in the city of Milwaukee.

A few days later Colonel Daniels was arrested by the United States Marshal and taken before Judge Andrew G. Miller, at Milwaukee, and the worst pro-slavery judge that this country ever saw, as it was his custom in all fugitive slave cases to return them to their task-masters without as much as a look of sympathy for the poor down-trodden slave.

When asked by the judge to plead, he arose and declared he did what was right. He acknowledged the charges against him. He had acted with forethought after mature deliberation, but had committed no crime. He then proceeded to justify what he had done, warning the court that it would be repeated if having an opportunity, and making a most eloquent but scathing attack on Judge Miller and all who aided, upheld or sympathized with the spirit and provisions of the infamous Fugitive Slave Act. The judge fined Mr. Daniels twenty-five dollars and costs, which he paid at once with a good grace.

Only a very small portion of the federal officials were in sympathy with Judge Miller, and although compelled to obey their oaths of office, joined with others in asking Mr. Booth to make a statement of his case and forward it to President James Buchanan. He finally consented to do so, although it was contrary to his desires and wishes in the matter, as he had been persecuted and hunted up and down the county just because he had done his duty in trying to protect one of his fellow beings

that was in trouble and fleeing from his task master from another State. But he made the following statement:

"*To the President of the United States:*

"SIR—The undersigned respectfully represents that on the 23d of January, 1855, he was sentenced by the United States District Court of Wisconsin to one month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000 and costs, taxed at $461.01, and to be imprisoned till the fine and costs were paid, for an alleged violation of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850; that I was discharged from the judgment of said District Court on a writ of habeas corpus on the 3d day of February, 1855, by the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin on two grounds:

"First, that the Fugitive Slave Act was unconstitutional; and second that the indictment under which I was convicted was fatally defective.

"Justin Crawford while affirming the constitutionality of the act, held, with other members of the court, that the indictment charged me with no offense against the act; that on the 1st day of March, 1860, more than five years after this discharge, and after the Supreme Court of this State had refused to reverse, and had thereby re-affirmed its former judgment, discharging me from imprisonment; and after the Legislature of this State had passed formal resolutions which were approved by the Governor, sustaining the decision of the State Court, I was re-arrested and re-imprisoned on the old sentence on a warrant from the United States District Court for this district and am still in prison.

"That I regard my conviction and sentence as unjust and illegal, and my imprisonment as an outrage on my rights and the rights of a sovereign State. That I am not able to pay my fines and costs, nor do I believe that a prolongation of my imprisonment will enable or dispose me to pay them. That the object of the government in imprisoning me was to vindicate an obnoxious statute. That was done long ago as fully as it could be by my perpetual imprisonment. But if its object is to compel me to acknowledge the Fugitive Slave Act as a constitutional law, that is not the provisions of government to control man's

opinion, and that no length of imprisonment can change my belief. The Fugitive Slave Act of 1854, is a violation of the fundamental law of the land. That the fact that one was sentenced with me for the same alleged offense, and who now sustains the same relation to the United States District Court and to one State Court in this case that I do, is permitted to go at large while I am imprisoned, gives me just ground to regard my imprisonment as the fruit of personal vindictiveness, rather than of a regard for law; that I do not ask for mercy, but for the recognition and restoration of my rights, and though the Government can never undo the wrong it has done me, yet, as a peaceable and law-abiding citizen, I have a right to demand that it shall cease to oppress me, and that you, as its chief executive, will do me the partial justice of discharging me from this unjust judgment, and order my release from imprisonment. The above statement, designed, without disrespect, to place my position clearly before the Government, is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

"SHERMAN M. BOOTH."

To this letter of Mr. Booth's, Attorney-General Jerry S. Black, replied in scathing terms, as he recited the record, not the facts in the case. He said, "of his guilt not a doubt can be entertained. In fact," he said, "I am not aware that it has ever been denied by himself." But after laying down the law in regard to returning fugitive slaves, and the liability of all persons that helped to secret or helped such persons to escape from their lawful masters, he says that Mr. Booth ought to be severely punished for violating the United States statute in regard to the Fugitive Slave Act. But he says the law is sufficiently vindicated whenever the sentence of the proper court is executed upon him. He has already served out his term of imprisonment and the Government has no right to demand more than the payment of the fine and costs as a condition of his discharge. In his petition he says that he is not able to pay the fine, and if such be the fact, holding him until he does pay it is an equivalent to a sentence of perpetual imprisonment. This may be such a hardship as no government ought to inflict, because it would be making this law operate upon a poor man

with a severity which a rich man would not feel. To prevent the inequality the present state of the law furnishes no remedy, except in the exercise of the pardoning *power*, but Booth has never asked for such clemency in good faith, both of his papers being filled with insolent expressions, etc., of the law under which he was suffering. Thus Attorney Black wound up his tirade against Mr. Booth, by the following statement: "If Mr. Booth's petition had consisted of a simple statement that he was wholly destitute of means to pay his fines and costs, or any part thereof, and that he asked the clemency of the *Executive* to relieve him from imprisonment as a consequence of his poverty, such a statement, verified by his own oath and corroborated by the testimony of one or two respectable witnesses, well acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances, would have put his application upon an entirely different footing and entitled it to consideration, which at present is not the case."

Great indignation was manifested when Atty.-Gen. Black's reply was received. It was at once proposed to again forcibly enter the jail and rescue the prisoner. But this was not done, and Mr. Booth lay in prison about one year, being finally pardoned by President Buchanan. This was said to have been done on the recommendation of Atty.-Gen. Black, who saw the fast-approaching rebellion, and saw also that the Booth affair had incensed public opinion in the North against the administration, while it had not strengthened the President in the South. The pardon ended the whole affair, which had occupied the attention of the people, the press and the courts during a period of seven years, and soon after Mr. Booth left Milwaukee, financially ruined. Mr. Booth once owned a very creditable dwelling house on Second street, between Sycamore and Clyburn streets; also No. 1 Grand avenue, where Henry Wehr's beer saloon now stands, besides having a large interest in the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, with C. C. Olin, C. C. Sholes, Judge A. D. Smith and others. Mr. Booth now resides in Chicago, John Bycraft, sentenced with him, resides on Clinton street, Milwaukee. Edward Daniels lives near Washington in Virginia, O. H. LaGrange lives on the Pacific Coast, John Messenger is dead, W. D. Bacon lives in Waukesha, Vernon

Tichenor is dead and C. C. Olin lives in Indianapolis. Thus ended the greatest tragedy that was ever enacted in the United States in the arrest and release by the underground railway of the slave, Joshua Glover, who escaped from St. Louis, Mo.

During the seven years, from March 11, 1854, not only were the people of Wisconsin interested in the outcome of the Fugitive Slave Act, but the best talented men in the country were up in arms in regard to the unconstitutionality of the act itself.

We will mention some of the names of the most prominent anti-slavery men that took an active part in seeing justice done in the State of Wisconsin, and upholding the law concerning the returning of fugitive slaves to their masters: Charles Sumner, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, of Massachusetts; John P. Hale, of Maine; Garrett Smith, Horace Greeley and Abel Brown, of New York; Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, New York; Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Connecticut; Solomon P. Chase, of Ohio; Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky; Elisha P. and Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois (southern part), and Charles Volney Dyer and J. H. Collins, of Chicago; Rev. Ichabod Codding, S. M. Booth, Lewis Washington, a fugitive from Maryland, and Frederick Douglass, once a slave, Washington. All of these men were giving their time and attention more or less to help sustain the laws of the land, and see that justice was done to all that were concerned in this struggle for the freedom of those in bondage.

No doubt but what the bold stand these men had taken had a good deal to do in bringing on our civil war and overthrowing slavery. We had two strong men in Chicago. Their eyes and ears were always open to the wants of the panting fugitive. We are referring to Dr. Charles Volney Dyer and J. H. Collins. We will give an instance when Dr. Dyer let humanity take the place of cruelty and the return of a fugitive to slavery. Instead of his permitting the slave to be returned, as he was already handcuffed, he broke the chain from the fugitive's wrists and told him to flee for his life, which he did in double-quick time. In less than three minutes the officers came for their prey and, behold, he was gone. On inquiry of the doctor where the slave boy was his reply was, "that he was absorbed in the com-

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Charles Volney Dyer, Chicago, Ill.—Deceased.

munity." Thus the slave-owner lost a valuable piece of property, and another human chattle had regained his right to freedom and to be his own master. No doubt Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had more to do with wiping out the root and heart of American slavery than any other cause. "Uncle Tom" was read by millions of people. It was first published in the *National Era* at Washington, in its weekly issues, and then put into book form and published in twenty-five different languages, and was read by high and low, rich and poor, and it really seemed as if the whole world was reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

All of these causes combined were brought to bear upon this blight in our country's history, that it seemed as though it was foreordained that such a blot on the body politic must be wiped out. And so it was; and now, after more than thirty years; this great stain upon our land has disappeared. Yet we like to review the ground and call to mind the many sacrifices t at the anti-slavery advocates have made to accomplish these great events.

We publish in connection with our history some sketches of our friends, and quite a number of portraits of those that took part in the rescue and escape of Caroline Quarles and Joshua Glover to the land of freedom.

Really we know of only three persons that are now alive that were the main instigators in the escape of these two fugitives. They are S. M. Booth, of Chicago, W. D. Bacon, of Waukesha, and C. C. Olin, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. Edward Daniels and O. H. LaGrange, the rescuers of Mr. Booth, from the post-office in Milwaukee may be alive, but their residence is unknown to us.

THE END.