

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD
INDIANA, PENNSYLVANIA

Material Selected

from

MITCHELL SCRAPBOOKS

for

INDIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

by

Rhodes R. Stabley
English-Speech Department
State Teachers College
Indiana, Pennsylvania
November 1953

Indiana Evening Gazette, Monday, July 10, 1944.

"Stephen Foster Inspired to Write Favorite Songs by Samuel Williams, Indiana's Escaped Slave From Kentucky."

Grandfather of Harry McClurkin

Pittsburgh's famous composer, Stephen Collins Foster, received the inspiration to write "Darling Nellie Gray," "Old Dog Tray," "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," from Samuel Williams, a slave from Kentucky who escaped by the way of the "underground route," to Indiana whose family still live here. Samuel Williams was the grandfather of Harry McClurkin of Indiana.

He was a slave on a plantation in Kentucky and among the slaves on this plantation was one Nellie Gray who was sold to a Louisiana plantation owner.

Sam missed his friend Nellie Gray and went to Louisiana and stole her from her new owner and brought her back to the plantation in Kentucky.

The Louisiana gentlemen came to claim her and made quite an ado about the situation—resulting in the master of Sam Williams' beating him with a blacksnake whip and putting out one of his eyes.

Nellie Gray was taken back to Louisiana only to be stolen again by Sam and brought back to Kentucky. After this she was never to be heard of again, leaving a sorrow in Sam's heart that he never forgot.

This time the whipping was again severe and Sam decided to run away to the North. He arrived in Armagh where the father of the late Judge Harry White, Judge Thomas White, was aiding the slaves and giving them shelter and food and hiding them until they could get further on their way. These Abolitionists had this underground grapevine from the South into Canada. One hiding place was the Old Stone House on the White property, north of Indiana. When Sam ran away he took two women slaves with him and in escaping, swam the Potomac river with them on his back. He decided to locate in Indiana and worked for various families. He married Sidney Harvey, an Indiana-born Negrees and lived in a house across from where the DeGaetano Cleaners now stands.

He was employed at times by Attorney William Stewart, who resided on the sight of the Manos Theater.

Stephen Foster visited this home. He was related to Mrs. Stewart and made a habit of coming to Indiana several times a year. While on his visits here he heard Sam Williams singing his ballads as he worked. He had a beautiful voice and with a gift of composing the music and words as he went along, Sam Williams interested Stephen Foster.

One of Sam's songs was that of his lost love, Nellie Gray. Another of a pet dog, "Tray," which was left behind on the plantation, and still another of Jeannie with the Dark Brown Hair. As Sam sang it, Foster became so inspired with

the voice and words of Sam, that he wrote the music and arranged the "stories in song--namely "Darling Nellie Gray," "Old Dog Tray," and "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair."

The entire Williams family were singers, and their voices were loved by all who enjoyed the peculiar rhythm of the colored folk. They often sang for various organization meetings.

And so Indiana becomes a part of Stephen Foster's famous Negro songs, all because of the Kentucky slave who decided to make this his home.

Recently Stephen Foster's statue was rededicated at its new site in Schenley Park, with Foster melodies sung to banjo accompaniment, and a program of tributes by civic leaders.

The statue, which shows Foster with one of his song characters, "Old Black Joe," was taken from a place of comparative security in Highland Park, where it was dedicated in 1900. Frank L. Duggan, president of the chamber explained that Oakland has become the civic center of Pittsburgh and with the statue in its present site, it will call the world's attention to the fact that Foster was a Pittsburgher and not a Kentuckian, as some think. No doubt Indiana's Sam Williams was responsible for some of this misguided belief.

In addition to the McClurkin's family connection with the song writer, the history of the family on the maternal grandmother's side dates back to the Revolutionary time.

The story: The grandfather married Sidney Harvey, an Indiana-born Negress, making the McClurkin family the only native-born Indiana colored folk among their people in this community.

Great-great grandfather John Harvey was working in Mifflin as a slave during the Revolutionary War. He was driving supplies to the front one day when he found a wounded captain on the roadside. John Harvey picked the wounded officer up, put him in an empty hogshead on the wagon to hide him. The officer's sword was placed on the driver's seat. They had gone only a short distance when two British soldiers stopped the wagon to search it. As their backs were turned to John Harvey he killed them with the sword of the American officer. The sword is pictured above. The weapon was hand-wrought and crude. It is now the property of Harry McClurkin.

The officer was so grateful for the saving of his life that he bought the slave's freedom and brought him to Indiana. The officer was from Indiana, but during the years the name of the officer has been forgotten, but is believed to have been McLain, Adams or Stewart.

Mrs. Margaret Buggs of Indiana, is a sister of Harry McClurkin.

Reminiscence of A. J. Moorhead, Editor of THE INDIANA PROGRESS and Grandson of James Moorhead. Fugative Law passed in 1853.

"Wild Race For Life." A Chapter of unwritten history during slavery. The Workings of the Underground Railway in This County--Slaves were sheltered in Indiana and Neighborhood before the Civil War--A Well-organized company.

"What is or was the Underground Railroad?" was the question asked the writer by a Normal school student.

To this student had been assigned the preparation of a paper upon American history. In the student's search for subject matter for her paper, she found an allusion or reference to the underground railroad and that it crossed the entire state of Pennsylvania and had a line passing through Indiana county.

The inquiry was a natural one. What was it? Was it a reality? Did such a company have an existence, or was it a name, a myth? We shall give but a brief explanation to the readers of the PROGRESS in this preface chapter, promising to give in the near future some of the incidents, accidents, and perils to those who traveled via this mysterious route, and the dangers connected with its management, as well as the accommodations afforded those who were carried on this line.

We do not wish you for a moment to think that this underground route was equipped and furnished with rolling stock, splendid passenger cars with parlor chairs, nor with finely furnished Pullman sleeping cars, nor with dining cars with attentive porters ready to take your orders furnishing you all the delicacies of the season. Neither did this company own fine union stations with their beautiful waiting rooms, nor did it have a well ballasted track covered with threads of steel, nor powerful engines whose very appearance inspires the traveler with confidence that they can carry him safely to his destination. There were no agents who were willing to insure the lives of the passengers against accident or death. Those who took passage on this perilous line counted well the risk they were running, but when they stepped aboard they caught from God's free air that same spirit of true manhood that caused that eminent American statesman to say: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Of course the underground railroad in a certain sense was mystical, but that such an organization or company had existence for many years is a fact, and many persons travelled over this route. It was a through route from the southern slave states to Canada. One of the distinguishing features was that the tickets were only for a through trip.

The organization and purpose of the company was to aid in carrying poor, oppressed African slave from bondage to the land of liberty, which was, at that time, Canada. It was composed of persons who were in sympathy with the slave. These members were located in all the border southern states and in all of the northern states to the Canada line. They were sworn and pledged to assist escaping slaves from their cruel bondage.

It was organized in the year 1833 and continued in active operation until the firing on Fort Sumter. From 1844 to 1850 this company carried quite a number of slaves to the land of freedom through Indiana county, but after the kidnapping of the seven slaves on the banks of Twolick, near Diamondville, in what is now Cherryhill township, this was considered a hazardous route. After this there were none sent through this county except in cases of extreme necessity.

When a slave concluded to flee from bondage to liberty he was taken in charge by one of the members, who was known as a conductor, and secretly conducted to the next station, when another conductor took charge of him. This system was continued until they were in Canada and under the protection of the Old Dominion. Then word was conveyed back from one to another of the different conductors who had had charge of the fugitives until it was finally reported to the conductor who first took charge of the slave. The runs were not regular nor always an equal distance apart, for the reason that men could not always be found who were in sympathy with the slave. Some of the "runs" were necessarily long and fast that the passenger might be put safely in the care of the next conductor before the dawn of the day. All our well regulated railroad companies have "track walkers" who precede the trains to see that there are no obstructions on the track that would interfere with the coming train. So had the underground road. It had its advance guides to ascertain if "all is well." This was very necessary as some nights it was not safe for the train to move. This road had its "danger signals," known by the conductors only, as well as its "all is well." Sometimes the train was overloaded and it was necessary for part of the passengers to "lie over" until the next train.

✓ The station nearest the Indiana county line was Johnstown. The following is the list of some of the principal stations, conductors and officers in this county: Two east of Blairsville, conductors, Graff, Palmer and Thomas; between Blacklick and Graceton, conductor, Simpson; near Homer City, on the west side, Hon. Joseph Campbell; on the banks of Yellow Creek, near the Guthrie farm, conductor, Andrew Dickson, (the danger signal at this station is still standing); the Indiana station was amongst the tombstones in the "old graveyard" near the residence of the late Judge Clark, conductors and officers, James Moorhead, editor of the CLARION OF FREEDOM, Henry Hall, Esq., John B. Allison, Esq., David Myers, Esq., Dr. Robert Mitchell and James Hamilton, Esq.; north of Indiana, at and near the farm occupied by T. St. Clair Thompson, conductors, Robert Thompson Samuel Ewing; near Marion Center, conductors, Work and Vanlear; on Cush Cushion conductors were George Atchison and Gamble.

We have now given the stations to the Clearfield county line. That good old sturdy Irishman, George Atchison, after a thrilling experience with a body of "Slave catchers" accompanied by their bloodhounds, by his shrewd cunning drew the hounds off the track, remarking: "They may bate us in supreme court, but we can bate them on the Cush Cushion." In some future chapter we shall give an account of the close pursuit to which he (Atchison) had reference.

When any passengers arrived at the Indiana station an advance agent was sent to the private office, giving notice of their arrival, they were then assigned to some one of the conductors, who would select his assistants, and deliver them at the next station. In connection with the station at Indiana there was a subsistence department to furnish food and clothing and disburse the same. Sometimes this was a heavy tax on the members, for as a rule its members were of "God's own poor."

✓ Indians station had a safe resting place for the weary and footsore travelers and it was frequently used by the fugitives. It required great care to feed and provide for their wants without attracting the attention of those who would inform or arrest them for the reward, or because "they did not like the niggers."

We want to pay a tribute to the memory of a man who was not known publicly to be a friend of the oppressed, who was one of the most valuable assistants in conveying food and clothing to the unfortunate ones. He was a hunter and fond of the field and in the morning would start out with his gun and large game bag, but if the latter had been examined, often there would have been found in it sufficient food to feed a half dozen hungry people. At other times this convenient receptacle would contain several pairs of shoes or a lot of second hand clothing. This noble man was Charles Slaysman, who will be remembered by some of our older citizens. In thinking of this brave, noble-hearted man, we remember that He who was the friend of the poor and oppressed, said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The late Joseph R. Smith, Esq., former editor of the Indiana MESSENGER, was one of the underground railroad company's most valuable members. He was the constable of Indiana borough and at that period there was a large amount of business transacted that caused him to traverse the county frequently. Every person knew J. R. Smith and his white horse. It was often necessary that information be sent immediately to the different stations and conductors of the underground line. Mr. Smith always responded, it mattered not at all what hour of the night, or how severe storms. Those who did not know of his errand supposed he was serving a subpoena or executing a writ. No one member did more effective service than he. He was a kind-hearted man, a friend of the poor and distressed. There are many living yet who did not belong to the colored race who remember his kind acts.

✓ There were a number of ladies in Indiana and vicinity who, were quiet contributors to the "subsistence department." Their contributions were kept secret, owing to the unpopularity of what was styled the "abolition movement," fearing it would affect their husbands' business. We mention a few of these noble christian women: Mrs. Daniel Standard, Mrs. James and Mrs. John Sutton, Mrs. Judge Thomas White, Mrs. Rev. David Blair, Mrs. Isaac M. Watts, and Miss Mary Rutherford. There were others that we will refer to in connection with incidents that will be given. In this connection we will speak of the family of the late David Myers.

Mr. Myers has been referred to as a conductor. He was an ardent friend of the slaves and brave as a lion in their defence. He believed that God created all men free and equal. His wife was just as loyal and devoted to the cause of the oppressed as her husband. Upon one occassion when a number of escaping ones were passing over the line and their pursuers close after them, Mrs. Myers volunteered to furnish the bread for the party, which required her to bake, as there were seven hungry men to be provided for for seven days, but she was equal to the emergency, filling her out-oven with good wholesome bread. Word was brought to the station that the pursuers were near at hand and the conductor arrived at the Myers home some hours in advance of the time agreed upon. The bread was still in the oven when the party arrived. This kind-hearted lady had in addition prepared a substantial meal for the escaping ones, which they immediately proceeded to eat, when the rear guard appeared and informed the conductor that the pursuers were near at hand. The bread was hastily taken from the oven. While the closeness of

their pursuers was alarming, their hunger rendered them indifferent to their extreme danger. It became necessary for the conductor to drive them from the table by force. They were then taken to the bake oven, where the warm bread was given to them. It was amusing to watch them toss the warm loaves from hand to hand on account of their being uncomfortably hot. One colored gentleman opening his shirt front stowed away two of the large loaves of bread. It was but a minute until he commenced to execute a lively dance, crying out, "O lorddy, lorddy." The conductor, in commanding tone, said, "March, haste." It was close connection. When the party left the Myers home, now the Hill Dairy farm, now owned by George Row, Esq., the slave hunters were ascending the Rieder hill in close pursuit, not over a half-mile distant. The conductor ran on double quick time, covered by two rear guards. The member of the guard nearest to the pursuers hearing the noise of their horses' feet, at a favorable bend in the road walked back to meet the slave catchers. He was carrying a common grain rake, and, supposing him to be a farmer boy returning from his work, they asked him if he met any one on the road. He replied that he had met some six or eight fellows and thought some were niggers, and wondered where they were going. One of the southerners replied: "To hell!" They asked how long since he met them. He replied, "About a half an hour ago." They then asked if he would not walk back with them and show them which way they went. The farmer boy didn't want to go, being tired working all day, but finally upon their agreeing to give him fifty cents, he consented to go back to the place he met them, which he did, putting them on the left hand road, whilst the conductor and his charge passed safely on to the right.

The act of another noble lady is recalled. The writer was sent forward as an advance guard and to have food at a certain point, but more especially for a pair of shoes for a poor slave mother who had carried her babe in her arms from Virginia. Her shoes were naturally worn out. She was footsore and could be tracked by her bleeding feet. When the slave's condition was related to this woman she clasped her own babe in her arms and exclaimed, "Oh, my God, how long shall this be? Help, Lord!" Stooping down she unloosed her own shoes and gave them to me for the slave mother. We then told her that her shoes would not be of any use as they were not the right size and producing the measure of the slave mother's shoe, the woman compared it with her husbands shoes and found they were just the size. Knowing the family to be in limited circumstances, she was asked what she would do for shoes. She replied, "The Lord will provide. True, we are poor, but think of that poor mother and child lying out at night." When bidding her a hasty good night she said "Wait a moment. I must do something for the child" and going to her bed took from it one of the quilts saying, "Give this to the mother. It will keep the babe warm at night." She then told me to go quickly for she knew where I had to meet her husband. I hurriedly left the humble home and when but a few steps from the house heard her singing sweetly.

There were some things connected with this organization that were interesting and exciting, such as hairbreadth escapes and alarms. The most interesting meetings were held when the reports were received of the safe landing of slaves in Canada. Most of the persons who attended the meetings were strong minded, noble men who had pledged their lives and their all for those who had comparatively few friends in the northern states at this time. Among them were some born poets so prepared thrilling, interesting and exciting songs for the different occasions.

Allison, Greenhill and Churchill may be mentioned among the poets. Some of the songs that were sung with such spirit may be reproduced in the future. No one ever attended these meetings but what they went away with convictions more deeply fixed.

Did we ever have a traitor in our organization? Yes, and to his disgrace be it said he was a colored man, but had never been a slave. A cloud of suspicion rested upon him for some time before it was made certain he was a traitor. The means used to prove him cost some money and time but it was effectual. He was expelled.

You may ask, were these loyal and true men? Did they not know they were violating the law in assisting slaves to escape? Yes, they knew that such a law existed and that they were liable to all of its penalties. Robert Mitchell, of this place, suffered heavily financially under it. These men recognized a higher law which was more binding than the "Fugitive Slave Law," believing the latter to be contrary to God's rulings and a disgrace to the United States that would eventually be abolished.

Runaway Slaves—The Second Chapter on the Underground Railway. Flight of Three Slaves from their Plantation—a wild tramp north. Brought to Indiana by a Faithful Guide—clothed, Sheltered and Fed along Twolick Creek.

Three slaves took passage on the underground railway in Virginia, early in the month of September, 1844, landing at the Indiana station on the 28th of October. Two of them, Charles Brown and Garret Harris, belonged to Mr. Van Meter; the other was Anthony Hollinsworth. Charlie had been raised on the Van Meter plantation. His master and mistress were kind to their slaves, caring for all their wants, feeding and clothing them well, and nursing them tenderly any time that they were sick.

Charlie was a house servant. He had charge of the family carriage and did most of the marketing. He was a favorite in the family and was the household pet. Being naturally bright, the Miss Van Meteers taught him "his letters" and to spell in two syllables. It was amusement to them as they played country school. Both teachers and pupil enjoyed it, and the pupil was making rapid progress—so much so that one day when a gentleman from a neighboring plantation was visiting them he was called to the schoolroom "to hear how well the darkie could spell." The neighbor informed them that it was contrary to law to teach a "nigger" to read and that he would see their father about it. The next morning their father told the girls that they must not give Charlie any more lessons in spelling. The girls wanted to know why. They thought it would make him brighter and more useful. The father replied that personally he did not object and did not think it wrong to teach them to read except that with them it might make them discontented, for they would find out some things slaves ought not to know; that it was contrary to law and they must stop right there.

The slave, as a rule, was an eavesdropper, listening and trying to hear whatever their masters and mistresses did not wish them to hear. Charlie was hid behind the curtain and heard the conversation between the father and daughters. His curiosity was excited and he wondered what the things were that "slaves should not know." He reported at his regular time for his lessons, but the young ladies said it was not convenient to hear him recite. He continued to ask when they would hear him "spell again." At last they informed him when they wanted to hear him they would send for him. He was never called into the schoolroom again. Before that time he was not interested in his lessons. The only pleasure he had was the praise of his young mistresses for being a smart boy. He had no desire for an education.

But after hearing the conversation of his master with the young ladies forbidding them to teach him to read, he was desirous to be able to read to find out, if possible, what it was that slaves should not know and that would make them discontented. He was about 16 years of age when this occurred and from that time until he took passage on the underground railway he never let an opportunity to find out more about his condition pass by and tried hard to learn to read. His own slave mother would become impatient with him when she would find him with a stray leaf of a book or a bit of newspaper sitting before the fire or in the stable trying to "spell out the words." She said it was not good for a "nigger" to learn to read, and that she never knew one that could read that was not a "wufless nig," and that they were "shore to be sol' down to the Indigo plantashun," which was a terror to Virginia darkies.

As has been stated, Charlie always insisted that his master was a kind one. He did not punish severely, but if any of his slaves became troublesome he simply sold them away south. He also observed that sometimes he sold his best slaves if the crops were short. He never parted husband and wife, but when a slave boy or girl arrived at the age when they were valuable a slave dealer would come and take one or two of them away. He further observed that he would have them taken away when the mistress was not at home.

One day when he was driving his mistress home from market, as they came near to the mansion of the Van Meter farm they met a slave driver coming from their home with two of their slaves manacled together. As they saw their mistress they cried out, "Oh, missus, save us! we will be good!" "Oh, missus, save us! we will die for you!" She stopped her carriage and asked the trader what it meant. What was he doing with her "boys"? He replied, "They are mine; I bought them a week ago," and started on. They screamed again and the dealer commanded them to stop that noise. Not doing so as soon as he desired he struck them with his slave whip, saying, "If you won't keep quiet I'll give you something to howl for."

Charlie said as he was driving his mistress home she would cry and sob as if her heart would break, saying, "My poor boys!" He tried to comfort her. She replied, "Poor boy! you may be the next." He determined then that he would not be if he could help it. This occurred about one year before his escape, but he then resolved that he would "run away."

But how, when, and where to? All things come to pass, he would make an effort. He believed that if he had been a field hand he would not have thought of freedom, but being in the mansion and hearing words dropped that were not intended for his ear created such a desire for liberty that nothing but death would have prevented his attaining it.

He spent all his spare time planning and studying, using what limited knowledge he had picked up by listening to conversations of white people when they visited at the Van Meter home. Upon one occasion a relative of his mistress visited them and he heard him relate the escape of five slaves from an adjoining county. His mistress asked how it could be possible for these slaves to get away and how they would know where to go. He replied that it was believed that there were some persons bound together to help them away. She asked how and he replied that he did not know, but he had no doubt that some one gave them the start and explained to them about the north star leading to liberty. One of the Miss Van Meteers who was present remarked that the north star to the slave was like the Star of Bethlehem to the wise men of the east.

After Charlie got this information he would leave the mansion Saturday nights and go out among the slaves to see if he could not get someone to join him in hunting for the north star. This was kept up for some time. After great persuasion he succeeded in getting the desire for liberty kindled in the hearts of some. They held frequent meetings in a secluded spot in the forest, always on a Saturday night. Their ideas were very indefinite; they had no plan, nor did they know where to start for. But one night after the little meeting adjourned and Charlie was on his way back to the mansion he was startled by some one stepping out from the thick brush to the path and raising a club said, "Stop dar." He was so frightened that he could not run away. The stranger said, "I'se found you out, orn'ry nigger. I know what you's up to. You's tryin' to run away from yore massa." Charlie denied it, saying he had been setting his

traps and was on his way home. The stranger told him he was lying; that he had listened while he was talking to the other darkies. Charlie again denied it whereupon the stranger said, "You lyin' nigger, I heard you," and then told him what he said to the others. Charlie was very much alarmed. He thought it was all up with him and that they would all be sold down south. At last the man said, "What are you goin' to do? You want to run away but you don't know whar to go to. I's sent to tell you whar." Charlie then attempted to go to him, but was stopped with, "You must not come any nearer me. I'll meet you at this rock next Saturday night. If I don't come out to you, give the 'hoo! hoo!' of the owl and then listen. If you hear it three times wait, but if you hear the whip-poor-will go on; do not stop."

After that these two had many meetings at this trysting place. The other slaves never met the stranger and were never present when the plans were being perfected. They agreed upon a night to start and the journey would begin at that rock. The mysterious stranger was to go before and they were to follow, listening for the cry of the owl. They were to reply, but not too frequently; but if the whip-poor-will would call they must scatter and hide.

With much fear they started. There were six in all but after traveling about three miles three "no 'count darkies," as Charlie called them, turned back. After traveling, as he thought, about 15 miles it came near morning and the "hoo! hoo!" became more distinct and more frequent. At last they came up to their strange leader in a secluded spot, who inquired what had become of the other three. When they told him he gave a low whistle and a white man came out of the forest. The leader said, "All's well."

During the meetings Charlie believed it was a colored man who was leading them, but when they changed clothing the old guide became a white gentleman and the new white guide became a darkey. After a few minutes' whispering the first guide raised his hand towards heaven saying, "The Lord keep," and then standing for a moment turned to the new guide and said, "Haste, march!"

The trip was a successful one, with few detentions, and they landed at the Indiana station, where they were secreted, fed and rested to prepare them for their future journey.

At a meeting of the underground railroad company here one of the members suggested that it was not necessary for them to continue the long and wearisome journey to Victoria land; that he could hide them in a safe retreat in his pine forests and they would be secure. This was opposed strenuously by many of the members but finally it was agreed that they should go to this "pine fastness" for the time. They were then piloted out to the pine forest of Dr. Mitchell, on the banks of the Twolick, about 10 miles from Indiana, near the old state road and near where the iron bridge now spans the creek. This was a mistake both for the slaves and their friends as will be discovered in a future chapter. At this rude home of theirs occurred a scene in kidnapping slaves that thrilled the citizens of Indiana county.

(In the former chapter a slight mistake was made. The first names of Messrs. Ewing, Thompason and Hall, members of the underground railroad company, should have read, John, Samuel, and Andrew C., respectively.)

"In Days of Slavery" Interesting Local History Before The Civil War. A Fugitive Slave Kidnapped by his master near Indiana--Exciting Trial in the Court Leads to his freedom. Official Court Records of the Famous Case.

At the close of the last chapter some of the incidents connected with the capture of Charlie Brown on the banks of the Twolick were promised. Before proceeding to the narration of the kidnapping, in Green township, on that tragic morning, I will give an account of the arrival in Indiana of the three slaves--Charlie Brown, Anthony Hollingsworth, and Garret (or Jared) Harris.

One evening about the middle of April, shortly after dark, the writer and two other boys were in the CLARION OF FREEDOM printing office, when a young colored man came into the office. His appearance led me to think that he was a runaway, and as he was disposed to enter into conversation and was a bold and forward negro, I was afraid he might "give himself away," therefore I charged him with being a runaway, which he stoutly denied. He was not easily alarmed, but the longer he remained with us, the more was I convinced that he was an escaping slave. I watched for an opportunity to give him a sign, which he recognized, and soon left the office. The other three boys left in a few minutes after. The lights were extinguished and it was not long until the "taps" that were understood were given. The door opened and the colored man, whom we will now introduce to you as Charlie Brown, entered. There was something about Charlie's appearance that was attractive. He was about five feet, 10 inches in height, straight as an arrow, full-breasted, a clear, bright eye, dark-skinned; his hair had the regular African crinkle, and there was something that was very pleasing and winning. He had a merry, cunning twinkle in his eye, and when he smiled showed a row of ivories that would have been envied by any of our beautiful ladies that practice the bewitching smiles that show their pearly teeth. Charlie magnetized me at our first meeting.

I chided him for his boldness in coming into the office so early in the evening, especially when he could see through the window that there were so many in, and asked why he had done so. He replied, "I knowd I was at de right place by de signs, and when I seed through de window that you'ns was all boys I waan't afraid." I told him there were three of us boys. "Well, I looked you all ober and if you'ns had made me any trouble I'd hab taken two ob you by de neck and thumped de odder one till you'd hab kept bery quiet, and den we'se so hungry." It must be remembered that they had rested all that day in the old graveyard near the residence of the late Judge Silas M. Clark, among the tombstones, secreted by the brush, without anything to eat.

Charlie then went back to their hiding place and brought his two companions with him to the CLARION OFFICE. The poor fellows were cold and hungry. I shall never forget their supper that evening. The Associate Presbyterian (now United Presbyterian) Synod was in session here at that time in the old Seceder church, and being desirous to close up their business so that the members of the Synod from a distance could take the hack in the morning for Blairsville to connect with the line of boats that ran between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, they continued the afternoon session without adjournment, ordering in the tallow dips for light. The Rev. Dr. Rodgers, a dignified Scotch divine, of Pittsburg, was the guest of the editor of the CLARION and when the

Doctor and the editor returned, not having had their supper, they were informed of the arrival of the three fugitives. The three hungry slaves were seated at the table against the wishes of the editor's wife, who did not think it proper for the travelstained darkies to eat with the minister, but the editor insisted and all were finally seated together at the table in the cozy little dining-room. It was a group for the artist's pencil. Contrast the dignified and portly Scotch divine, clothed in his black broadcloth, with his spotless white necktie, and adding more to his commanding appearance, were his golden-rimmed glasses; immediately opposite him sat the three slaves, ragged, dirty and filthy; at the head of the table sat the editor. His eyes told of the joy and happiness it gave him to feed those poor, oppressed ones for whom Christ died as well as they of the more favored race, and ministering to their wants, did so believing he was obeying the request of Him who is the friend of humanity and of these sable-colored ones; ignorant and degraded as they might be, they were still human beings. After the divine blessing was invoked the fun commenced. The colored men were too hungry to observe the rules of table etiquette. Knives and forks were ignored by them. There was but one effort on their part--to get everything that would satisfy hunger into their mouths in the shortest and quickest manner possible. It was amusing to watch the editor's wife in her efforts to keep the table supplied with food. The supper ended but not before the food was all exhausted. The poor fellows were very tired. A temporary sleeping place was provided for them and they soon forgot their sorrows in sleep.

The officers of the underground railway company met and took their case under consideration. All that was done that night was to provide food for the next day and a person to take them to the hiding-place.

The next morning business was conducted in its usual manner in the little anti-slavery office although some strange things had occurred the preceding night. The committee appointed to procure subsistence found willing contributors. The late Jonathan S. Agey, furnished a liberal supply of bacon that was highly appreciated by the hungry fugitives; the late John B. Allison, Esq., contributed a sack of flour, not a one-fourth barrel sack such as we now have but one of the old "long Johns." A kind lady on Water street who was always too modest to have her name mentioned did the baking. Among the most generous contributors was Mrs. William Houston. She was the true type of the christian woman, not "letting the left hand know what the right doeth" by not letting William know what she did for the poor and oppressed. It was not because her husband was not in sympathy with the slave, but to shield him from the penalties of the Fugitive Slave Law.

After the slaves were rested and some of their wants supplied, they were sent to the farm of Dr. Mitchell, in Green township. Josiah Shields, Esq., was the Doctor's tenant and lived in what was known as the stone house, and looked after his real estate in that neighborhood. Dr. Mitchell sent a note to his tenant, requesting him to let the slaves occupy the cabin across the creek, to furnish them with bedding and cooking utensils, to aid them in procuring food and to put them to work. It was not intended that this should be their permanent stopping place, the majority of the members of the underground railroad company being fearful of the safety of the slaves here. At one meeting, Mr. John Graff said it was not wise to have so many in one place,

especially in a country district where there were no colored people; and that it would attract attention and would result, he feared, in their capture. It was then decided to divide them, which resulted in Anthony Hollingsworth's securing employment with James Simpson, near what was then known as Phillips Mills, now Homer City, where he was employed for some time.

In the Month of June following, Carret Van Meter, owner of Anthony, accompanied by two slave-catchers, Messrs. Cunningham and Tilden, arrived at the Simpson farm and captured Anthony. He was brought to Indiana on a horse, a fetter on each ankle connected by a rope like a girth under the body of the horse making it impossible for him to dismount. The party with their captured slave came to the Indiana House, which was owned and conducted by David Ralston, sheriff of the county. They arrived in the evening before dark on "Tuesday of the court." It was the custom for a large number of citizens of the county to be present that day and quite an excitement was raised when the party arrived with the prisoner. The question went from one to another, "What crime is he guilty of?" "Is he a horse thief, a counterfeiter, or a murderer?" When the answer was given that he was not guilty of any of these crimes, only trying for liberty, the excitement became intense. It was a red letter day for the Abolitionists. This was an example of the workings of American slavery. Those who in the past had favored slavery and others who were indifferent on the subject were aroused and it seemed at times as though the quiet town of Indiana would riot. Philadelphia and South Sixth streets were packed solid with excited men. They shouted, "We want the kidnappers." Sheriff Ralston appeared on the scene and attempted to speak, saying, "Gentlemen, I know nothing about this affair but this gentleman, Mr. Van Meter, says that this here is his slave and that he has the right by law to his property. He has placed himself and his slave under my protection as an officer of the law and it is my duty to protect him. If this is not correct this case can be investigated, but his rights must be protected and I, as sheriff of the county, will see that they are." Although one of the most popular men in Indiana county, he was interrupted frequently with jeers and hisses. He ordered the crowd to disperse but they paid no attention to the command. The excitement and crowd only increased. The startling news had gone to the country and excited men could be seen coming in on horseback on all the principal streets. Acts of violence were threatened. Many persons who had never been regarded as friends of the slave were loudest in their denunciation upon this outrage on humanity, forgetting that Mr. Van Meter was only attempting to obtain what the law of the United States had guaranteed to him. But the workings of the system of American slavery had never been presented to the good, honest, Scotch-Irish citizens of Indiana county as it now appeared to them, and they would not suffer it to be so, law or no law. After it grew dark (at that time Indiana did not have any artificial light on her streets) all kinds of sensational stories were told of attempts to spirit the slave away, but he was still in the Indiana House on the second floor, bound and guarded by the slavecatchers and his master, Mr. Van Meter.

The sheriff became alarmed at the condition of affairs. The slave was in his house and he well knew that any attempt on his part to take the prisoner to jail would mean blood-shed and the taking of the prisoner from him. The sheriff asked for a conference with the leaders of the anti-slavery party. Dr. Robert Mitchell and James Moorhead, editor of the CLARION, were appointed

to meet with them and were immediately conducted by Sheriff Balston to the room where the three men guarded the trembling fugitive. The excited crowd were not going to take any risks and filed into the main hall below until it was packed full of men. The conference lasted for some time and just at its close the crowd below thought they heard some confusion upstairs and immediately commenced to ascend the main stairway. Sheriff Balston, who straightway left the room to ascertain the cause of the noise, returned, saying, "The crowd is coming; there will be trouble." Editor Moorhead replied, "Come in and close the door and I will meet them."

He started hastily and met the determined crowd on the first landing, saying, "Go back men, it is all satisfactorily arranged until morning." But some of the more excited ones persisted in pushing their way past him, crying, "We want to see if the slave is there." He planted himself before them and said: "Friends, do not act unwisely; do not do anything that you will regret afterwards. We have the assurance that the slave shall remain in his room until the morning, and we have promised that they shall not be disturbed during the night; that we will place a guard around the house and if any attempt to remove the slave is discovered we will not be responsible for the consequences." It did seem for a time as if the excited men could not be kept back, when he said, "Men you can pass me only by tramping over my body. Go back. We will come out victorious if you act wisely." The inquiry was, "How?" His reply. "He that is for us is stronger than they that are against us. Be persuaded. It may be on the morrow we will have to battle for the right. Make your guard line strong and wait for the morning." The crowd listened to his pleadings, but still there were low whisperings that were alarming. Dr. Robert Mitchell in the meantime had come to the landing on the stairway, where the crowd was attempting to pass, and by a persuasive power with which he was singularly gifted, succeeded in quieting the people, assuring them that all had been arranged, and he had no doubt but that the slave would be liberated in the morning. But vigilant watchers surrounded the house all night.

The friends of Anthony were not inactive during the night. After the picket lines had been made secure they met to confer. "What shall be done?" was the first question asked, to which a member immediately replied, "Ask God." Several years afterward a gentleman told me that when he heard the reply he was disgusted. He thought it was a time for action, not for prayer, but when the old man that was called on to ask God presented his petitions to heaven it impressed him in such a manner he could not forget it. It was the turning point in his life, as he had been a reckless man before that.

It was decided to follow the advice of a reliable attorney of the Indiana Bar, William Banks, to ask the protection of the law. Dr. Robert Mitchell was chosen to apply for a writ of habeas corpus, and William Banks to present the petition to court. The time appointed for the hearing was the next morning.

✓ The next morning the late Hon. Thomas White, father of our present judge, Harry White, took his seat at the bench to hear the case. Thomas White was one of the most dignified and pleasant judges of Pennsylvania. The old Court House was packed to its utmost capacity. Inside the bar on one side was Augustus Drumm, Esq., attorney for Robert G. Tilden; Anthony Hollingsworth, in the custody of the sheriff; Mr. Garret Van Meter, and the other slavecatcher, Cunningham. On the other side was William Banks, Esq., and Dr. Robert Mitchell, supported by his co-laborers in the cause of the oppressed.

Attorney Banks presented the petition in a quiet and dignified manner and raised his point, asking for the evidence of the existence of American slavery in Virginia under the constitution of the United States. In the absence of the proof he asked that the petition be heard.

Judge White, after carefully considering the case, granted the prayer of the petitioner. He directed the sheriff to release the man from custody. Then the pent-up excitement of the hour burst out. The men cheered and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The judge called on the officers of the court to preserve order. The veteran editor of the CLARION hastily left the court room and standing on the top step in front of the building, taking off his hat called out, "Shout! the Lord bids you shout!" and such a prolonged cheer was never before heard on the quiet streets of Indiana.

A score of young men led by Richard and Alexander White and Robert Mitchell were standing outside ready to receive Anthony when the sheriff would bring him to the door. He was given a warm reception. The young men placed him on their shoulders and paraded the streets. Anthony was taken that evening to the cabin on the Mitchell estate and the three fugitives were together once again.

"Down South Again" Old Dask of a Slave Leads to his capture. After a Taste of Liberty He Ventures Back to Old Virginia to See a Sweetheart and is Held a Prisoner on the Old Plantation--Escaped Again and Arrives Here Footsore and Starved.

This same Charlie who was the principal character in the last chapter, had not yet understood fully the power of love--what one would do and dare once they were enslaved by love--in fact, I think his burning desire for liberty caused him to forget the arrow lodged in his heart by Cupid sent on its love mission by a dark-eyed beauty on the old plantation. But his heart was wounded and pleasant and sweet as was his new found liberty, he learned, as people in all ages and conditions have learned, that the wound would not heal until he had gained the object of his affection. In a word, Charlie was in love with a dusky maiden on his master's plantation. He concluded that he would go back to "ole Virginia" and bring his love to grace his humble home on the banks of the Twolick.

Charlie mentioned this to the writer, who tried to discourage him pointing out the dangers: He would likely be captured and if so would be sold away down south. But Charlie was persistent and thought he could make the trip safely, having traveled over the line once. All efforts to dissuade him from his purpose were fruitless. Like many others when in love he saw no obstacle in the way. The only object he could see was Dinah waiting for him. He talked to me several times during the summer before starting. Once he came and informed me that he would start soon, "while the co'n was in de roastin' ear." I said to him, "Charlie you are foolish. Forget that southern girl and love another." His reply was "You hab nevaw lubbed as I lub or you wouldn't say dat."

Well, Charlie started on his dangerous journey and succeeded even better than he expected. He had journeyed within 30 miles of the old plantation when he was arrested. He told his captors a very plausible story: he had run away from Master Van Meter, but it was "better to be a slave with massa dan a free nigger in de norf." He was put in jail and his master sent for, who, when he came, was much surprised to find his Charlie. He again told the same story told those who apprehended him. He said, "I am bery sorry I runned away; I don't like de norf as well as de ole plantashun." He asked his master to forgive him and promised to be a good boy, saying that he did not want any more liberty. Mr. Van Meter took him home, treated him kindly, did not punish him, but took him to the attic and put fetters on his ankles, fastening him with a chain to a ring in the floor.

The second day of Charlie's confinement the slave dealer that had often been there before came to see him. After making him walk back and forward the length of the chain he went out with his master. Charlie knew what that meant--he was sold. The boy became almost wild, walking to and fro the length of his chain. At last he sat down to think. He was discouraged and disheartened and had not seen his lady love. While brooding over the situation he discovered among some rubbish an old cast-away "drawing knife," a fortunate find for him. He used it as a saw to sever the chain close to the manacles then to saw the link that connected them. He was now free, but a bracelet remained on each ankle. The next thing was to get out of the prison, which was accomplished with the aid of a clothes line and a pole that hung from the rafters and used by the family for the drying of clothes. The two were tied together and he left them down, as he thought, pretty nearly to the ground, but when he dropped he found he had fallen some distance. He immediately went to his mother's cabin and tapped on the window. She opened it. She said she knew her boy's tap. The conversation was a short one. The mother furnished her boy with some pone and bacon and, most important of all, was some onions which were used in rubbing the soles of his feet, which were without stockings or shoes, so that the blood hounds that would be put on his trail could not scent him. He then hurried to a field about a half-mile away where there were several large haystacks. Climbing to the top of one of them he made a nest in which he located himself in such a way that he could watch the movements of those searching for him without being seen.

The next morning there was a stirring time on the Van Meter plantation. In the afternoon the dealer came for his slave, but he was non est. The next morning a slave hunter with three blood hounds arrived. The dogs were taken to the place where he had dropped from the window. They immediately started on the track of the fugitive and went straight to his mother's cabin where they circled around and around her little home, but did not enter the cabin.

The mother was questioned closely about Charlie, but she solemnly asserted, "He was not in de house. I didn't see him." (She did not as it was night.) Her cabin was searched thoroughly. The floor was taken up and every place searched where it was possible for him to be secreted, but the hounds could find no track leading from the place where he stood at the window. The onions had served a good purpose. The hounds were led around through the fields in the hope that they would strike the trail, but in vain. The search lasted until dark then the dogs were called in. In the morning the hunt was continued and lasted for five days.

After waiting 10 days Charlie prepared his feet with the remaining onions and ventured down to the ground, then to his mother's cabin again. She had saved all her allowance of food and gave it to him, saying, "Go." That was the last time he heard his mother's voice. He struck for a "foot-log" across a run that coursed through the meadow. When he reached the middle of the "foot-log" he dropped into the run. Walking down four miles he came to the creek, and still keeping in the water traveled 12 miles that night. When it commenced to get light he came to an eddy in the creek where there was drift-wood. Here he secreted himself through the day among debris. The next night, still walking in the midst of the stream, he made but 10 miles. The third night brought him to a river, which he had to abandon as the water was deep. Coming to a fording where there were a number of wagon tracks, he crossed it and taking God's index book (the north star) passed into the forest. After that for a few days but little progress was made. Being in the water in those low, swampy bottoms he became weak. The food his mother gave him was spoiled and he had to depend on roasting ears, which was not the best food for him in his present condition.

One day he secreted himself on a steep hillside near a creek on an overhanging rock. He could look down into the cabin of a little family that were making a home in the forest. His sufferings from hunger were intense. All day he watched the movements of the man working on the opposite hillside. He could see his wife carry the food from the springhouse to the kitchen. At last she blew the horn to summon her husband to supper. Charlie took in the situation. He believed he could get the food before the man arrived. He started on a run and got into the cabin, where he found the table spread. Grasping an uncut loaf of bread and some meat he started, meeting the wife coming in. She screamed but he escaped with the food to the forest.

Many other interesting incidents could be related, but suffice it to say that at last he reached Indiana footsore, disheartened, almost naked and nearly starved. But he had failed in bringing or even seeing his beloved!

Charlie was a played-out "nigger" for some weeks after his return. He was disappointed and became despondent. I advised him repeatedly to move on, not stopping until safe in Canada. I said to him that he would be moved so far south that he would have no chance for escape, to which he replied that he would never be kidnapped; that he would rather die than be taken back, for he knew what that meant; he would die in his own defense. But he, with others, was captured and sold to a planter in the extreme south. The incidents and circumstances of the kidnapping will be given in our next chapter.

"Taken Down South." Three Slaves Kidnapped Along Twolick Creek. The Sheriff Assists the Slave-Catchers to Do the Work in the Dead Hours of the Night--The Darkies Make a Brave Fight--The Cruel Treatment Excites Feeling All Over the County.

In a previous chapter I gave an account of Charlie's daring and foolish trip back to the Van Metser plantation after the girl he had left behind; of his capture and miraculous escape, and of his sick and tired-out condition when

he returned to his cabin home on the banks of Twolick. Had it not been for the kind nursing of the late John McGuire and his family it is doubtful if he would have recovered. A few years ago, in speaking of Charlie's condition upon his return, Mr. McGuire said, "For some time I did not think he would pull through, but having a vigorous constitution and youth in his favor, he began to pick up, although he had not regained his former health and activity when he was recaptured."

This retreat for refugees attracted considerable attention. The young people of the neighborhood would gather there in the evenings to listen to the darkies relate stories about their experiences and slavery, accounts of their travels when on board the underground railroad, and to listen to their negro melodies accompanied by the tambourine and bones. There was no attempt at concealment. Every person in the neighborhood knew they were escaped slaves. A few days before they were kidnapped two other slaves came to the cabin and were resting there.

One evening during our September court eight slave-catchers came to Indiana and put up at the Indiana House. The time selected for their operation was a favorable one, for Indiana was at that time a quiet inland town and eight strangers riding into it would have attracted the attention of the members of the anti-slavery party, for many of them expected that the man-hunters would be after the slaves, but coming at a public time when a number of persons came to the county seat, they were not observed or their mission suspected. Sheriff Ralston engaged Andrew Shank, Robert Fleming and Daniel Rhine, and after midnight the sheriff with his three aids and the eight slavecatchers started for the little cabin. They left at different periods so as not to attract the attention of the citizens of Indiana. They were a pretty formidable party--12 in all, and well armed--as they passed the home of the late Wm. Hamilton, one and one-half miles northeast of Indiana. Mr. Hamilton was awakened by the tramping of the horses' feet. He arose, looked out and saw them. He supposed they were kidnappers, which proved only too true, but was powerless to prevent the success of their errand. The particulars of their capture will now be given to the reader as related to me by one of the sheriff's aides 19 years after the eventful night.

"We scattered as we went out so we would not attract attention, but kept so close together that we could hear a pistol shot, which was the signal agreed upon to close up if we were attacked by friends of the slaves. Our ride out was without incident. When we got to the creek our plans were fully matured. Some one of the slavecatchers planned the attack. He said he understood the habits of the 'niggers' and that they were sound sleepers just before daylight and more easily scared at that early morning hour than at any other time. The plan was that we would break in on them just before day with a rush and overpower them, then we would run no risk as they would be so badly scared they would give up without a fight."

"His plans were all carried out. We found a good-sized log that required four men to handle it. The leader walked before and the men carried the log close after. The leader carefully tried the door but it was fastened securely. A dog inside let out a fierce growl, but one push with the heavy

log with such a force behind it drove the door in and it fell to the floor. The man who carried the dark lantern did not get in as promptly as he should and two of the five escaped. But the leader was mistaken when he said they would not fight, for they fought like tigers. There were 10 of us--we had left two to watch the horses. Before reaching the cabin the leader asked us each to cut a club and not to use pistols or knives as "pistols are dangerous and if we have a muss we might shoot some of our friends. If we use a knife we might make a wound that would be fatal or at least a long time healing on a darkie, but you can club them over the head and there will be no danger; if you do knock them stiff they will come around all right."

But we 10 had all we could do with the three and I was glad when we had them all tied and on the horses. I never want another job like that. Sheriff Ralston made a hair-breadth escape. Charlie Brown ran in on him, tripped him up, wrested his club from him, and drew it up to strike. I thought it was all over with the sheriff when one of the southerners gave an under stroke with his club, arresting the fatal blow. Another slave-catcher struck him a fearful blow on the head, knocking him insensible. Before he regained consciousness they had him securely bound.

"Garret Harris was a powerful man and fought with the strength of a lion. We had the advantage of him in the suddenness of the attack. We pounced upon him while he was still lying on the floor, attempting to tie him before he could get on his feet. One large man sat down on his breast and tried to keep him down while two others would tie him, but by superhuman exertion he threw the man off and fought and crawled to the door, then springing up he got free and escaped into the woods.

"The two slaves that arrived a few days before didn't show as much fight and were more easily captured. If they had shown as much fight as Charlie we would have had a harder time of it. As it was breaking day and the slaveholders were afraid that the two darkies that had got away would alarm their friends and there would be an uprising of the people that would be troublesome for them they hastily took their departure, making for the pike and striking it near Nolo."

Anthony Hollingsworth was a small man, but very active and daring. During the melee he climbed a ladder that ran close up to the roof and pushing aside the clapboards got outside and lay down on the roof between the ridgepoles that held the roofing to its place. After waiting until he thought it was safe he dropped to the ground and fearing to go into the cabin ran without any clothing on but his undergarment to the farm of Widow Chapman and climbed a tree, hiding in its branches. Waiting until the members of the Chapman family had arisen he called "Help! help!" Mrs. Chapman started toward the sound and after walking some distance called. "Where are you? Who are you and what is the matter?" The voice replied, "Missus, it's Anthony. Ise up de tree, but don't come any nearer, Missus, Ise got no klose on," and then he told her the story of the kidnapping. Mrs. Chapman sent word to John McGuire, informing him of what had happened and of Anthony's condition. Mr. McGuire was soon on hands with some clothing for the scared man. He afterwards said that Anthony was a dark negro, but he was so scared that he had a purple color. Shortly after this Anthony Hollingsworth put himself under Victoria's protection.

After escaping from the slave-catchers Garret Harris went to live with a friend below Pittsburg who had several colored men employed, remaining there in safety until President Lincoln's proclamation made him a freeman.

Poor Charlie was taken back and sold further south. All trace of him was lost so far as his anti-slavery friends knew, although Sherriff Ralston said Publicly one day that if the abolitionists were as much interested in Charlie as they professed to be and would raise \$1,500 he would get him for them, and that he (Ralston) would give as much money as any other man to bring him back. The money was not raised.

The excitement in Indiana after the kidnapping of the slaves in Green township was most intense. The citizens held meetings in different parts of the county to give expression of their disapprobation of this inhuman act.

The following notice we find in one of the Indiana papers dated October 22, 1845:

"The people without respect to party, are to hold a meeting in the Court House to read and hear the "appeal" of Cassius M. Clay to Kentucky, to America, and to the work, on Tuesday evening, the 28th inst., at candlelight. Also it has been said that the celebrated negro scrape in Green township is to pass in review before the meeting."

We also find the same issue of this paper containing the proceedings of a meeting held in Washington township:

PUBLIC MEETING

At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Washington and the adjoining townships of Indiana county, on the 17th inst., in School House No. 2, the intention of the meeting having been made known after calling the house to order, the following officers were appointed.

JAMES SHORT was elected President.

John Lowman and Peter Kinter were chosen Vice Presidents.

Issac Kinter and Samuel L. Couch were appointed Secretaries.

The following resolutions were then offered and adopted.

1. Resolved, That we believe that our Laws have been trampled upon in carrying off colored persons in the dead hours of the night without any legal process.
2. Resolved, That we consider it a disgrace to Indiana county, that the high sheriff was engaged in the case referred to.
3. Resolved, That we as Whigs, and Democrats, believe it is our duty to see that our laws are observed in behalf of all men.
4. Resolved, That we view with deep regret the high handed crime, which has been committed within our county, of late of kidnapping and carrying away three colored persons, by some of our citizens in direct violation of our laws.
5. Resolved, That it is the duty of those in authority to call speedily the offenders to an account, that the honour of our law, which has been so shamefully trampled upon may be restored.

6. Resolved, That the proceedings be signed by the officers and published in the Indiana Register, and all the paper friendly to the cause of Justice and humanity.

JAMES SHORT, Pres't

John Lowman) Vice Pres'ts.
Peter Kinter)

Isaac Kinter)
Samuel L. Couch) Secretaries

The young men of Indiana formed a glee club and gave expression to their sentiments in song. They would frequently parade the streets at night singing. The following is one of the songs they used:

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the sky"
I'll bid defiance to the law,
And make the negroes fly;
If prowling wolves return again
And offer me a job,
I'll start off in the clouds of night
With Andy, Dan, or Bob.

And if the negroes come again,
I will receive a bounty,
I'll let the slaves and others know
That I will rule the county.
To catch the slave you know I'm brave,
You'll always find me handy
And any time when I want help
I'll call on Bob and Andy.

This is the way by night or day
That I intend to figure,
And for the cash I will play smash
On every straggling "nigger."
Poor helpless negro now look out
And from the county stay,
For if you venture to come here
You will be taken away.

Mind what I say and stay away,
For it is plainly seen.
You'll fare no better than the three
Who were kidnapped in Green;
Kidnapping, Oh! how honorable,
To make our brethren slaves!
And those who in the work engage
Are worse than thieves and knaves.

All Slaves Escaped Hunters and Blood Hounds Cleverly Foiled. A Colored Woman Tramped from Virginia to Indiana with Her Babe in Her Arms--Secret Room Which Hid Many Slaves in a Home along the Susquehanna River--Other Incidents of Slavery Days.

In this chapter I will give a few incidents connected with the underground railway in Indiana and Clearfield counties. You will remember that in the preface chapter mention was made of that kind-hearted Irish-man, George Atcheson, whose home was along the Susquehanna, a few miles below Cherrytree. James Dowler, Esq., of Burnside, kindly furnishes the following brief sketch of the life of Mr. Atcheson as well as a description of the secret chamber in his residence which was used when the escaping slaves were closely pursued by their masters, which occurred frequently in that neighborhood. Some of the old citizens remember well the baying of the bloodhounds as they would scent along the banks of the river and Gush creek. But when the slaves once reached this retreat they were safe. Mr. Atcheson out-generated the slavehunters every time. He had a special delight in thwarting them in all their movements. In speaking of some close pursuits to a friend he remarked, "I am not monarch of all I survey but I am master of this situation and I defy the slave-catchers once the slaves are under my care." Mr. Dowler says:

"George Atcheson came from County Leitrim, Ireland, when a young man on account of the oppressive laws of the country, to seek more freedom. He married in Center county and about the year 1820 came over the mountains to the Susquehanna with wife and child, or children, to make a home. He settled where now includes Burnside borough.

"He was a large, bony man, very plain-spoken, sometimes even to roughness, but was very kind-hearted. He was one of the earliest abolitionists and always in his prayers prayed for the poor bondman. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church but did not long remain in a church that allowed slave-holders in its fellowship, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist church, which was more anti-slavery than the former at that time, remaining in it until his death, in 1862, having realized the wish of his heart--the abolition of slavery.

"About the year 1845 Mr. Atcheson built a fine house on the side hill, near his first residence. A secret apartment for runaway slaves was built in it which was not discovered during nearly 40 years' occupancy by different families. James M. Marray, who once lived near Indiana, lived some time in it, and David F. Smith for many years occupied it with a large family and many hired men engaged in lumbering.

"The house was built as two houses, the end of the one to the side of the other, and a story lower. The upper house had a wide hall at one end and stairway. About four feet wide was taken off the stair landing the whole width of the hall and stairs, 5 x 10 feet. This made the secret room about 5 x 10 feet. The only entrance from the inside was a small recess about half way up the room with a false back. It looked like a place for a clock or books. On the side of the house just over the roof of the lower house was a small four-light window. If closely pursued the runaways could get out at this little window to the roof of the lower house and from the back porch into the back yard. It was only a few feet from there to the opposite side where there was a steep, wooded hill.

"James Parks, of Indiana county, built the house. He told his son, Dr. Parks, of Marion Center, the purpose for which it was built. He also told W. T. Mahaffey, of Cherrytree.

"Runaways were frequently brought by the late Hon. A. A. Barker, the father of Judge Barker, to Cherrytree, and Mr. Gamble brought them on to Atcheson. He usually sent them up to Cash creek with a hunter as guide. One lot was sent down the river to the Weaver farm, where a negro family lived, as they were closely pursued, and from there up Bear run. Robert McCreery, of Mahonin, and Samuel Rank were other conductors. The latter was seen more than once escorting fugitive slaves.

"A few years after the secret room was discovered Hon. A. A. Barker visited me. Learning of the discovery and being much interested we went up to see it. As co-workers, he and Mr. Atcheson were well acquainted and he had been at the Atcheson home frequently.

"When the Kansas trouble commenced and squatter sovereignty came up to be decided, Mr. Atcheson went to Kansas and bought land. He then sent his son, William, and son-in-law, Joseph Lovelace, out there as settlers to vote for freedom. He must have spent thousands of dollars in his zeal for freedom."

Major Samuel Thompson, of East Mahoning Township, was the first regular secretary of the anti-slavery society of Indiana county. His son, Hugh S. Thompson, fire insurance agent at this place, relates an incident of his childhood days of four men and one woman with a babe in her arms (all escaping slaves) calling at his parents' home. After receiving aid and directions for their journey they passed on to the next station, which was likely John Ewing's. A few days later while at play on the public road near his home two strange men on horseback with whips in their hands passed by and inquired of the lad Hugh if any black people had passed by and he, being too young to understand the purpose of their inquiry, straightway told them unhesitatingly all he knew about the escaping slaves; fortunately, however, they were too far away to be overtaken by the slavehunters. But when the father heard that his son, Hugh, had unknowingly been imparting information the lad had to listen to such a reprimand that he never afterwards had the least disposition to give pointers to slave-hunters. He never forgot that lesson on the subject of human slavery.

The writer remembers well the circumstances connected with the escape of the slaves to which Mr. Thompson refers. It was in the fall months of 1848, after the conviction of Dr. Robert Mitchell in the circuit court of the United States for western Pennsylvania, Van Meter vs. Mitchell. These were dark and dangerous times for the members of the underground railroad company who were owners of real estate for fear of conviction in the courts for "aiding and harboring slaves."

The advance agents informed us of the coming of the four men and one woman with a babe and they were closely pursued. Tired and hungry they arrived the following night about 10 o'clock. This is the same woman referred to in the introductory chapter, "who carried her babe in her arms from Virginia." They were fed and securely put away, resting until the following night. About 12 o'clock the train moved but not until the track-walker from the first station north reported back "all right." The night was dark and raining. The darkness was increased by an occasional flash of lightning after which for

some time it would be impossible to discern objects around you. The train moved silently on, making good time until we reached the next station where, upon a signal given by the conductor, another conductor and rear guard emerged from the woods. The train halted and then occurred a scene that can never be effaced from the writer's memory. The aged conductor from Indiana said, "Friends, come near to me." When the slaves had gathered around him, forming a circle, he said, "Do you believe in God?" One of the number replied, "Yes massa, I do. Ise a member ob de Baptist church," to which he said, "I am glad you are. We have done all for you we can and now I want to commit you to the care of Him who can keep you securely and who will deliver you. Now, boys, take off your hats." The old man stood in the little circle with his head uncovered, and by reason of his age the top of his head was without any covering and the lightening lighted the scene and you could see the rain as it fell upon him. He plead with the heavenly Father to protect these poor, escaping slaves—"Hide them behind a cloud so their pursuers cannot find them." At the close of this importunate prayer he shook hands with each one, giving to each an encouraging word. To the mother he said, "Be of good cheer. The Lord will be specially near to you," then tenderly laying his hand on the head of the baby, "Christ loves the little ones," and turning to the newly arrived conductor, "The Lord keep. Haste, march." The train moved silently on. The lightning flashed forth in all its splendor, giving us the last view of the disappearing form of the rearguard. We hastily retrace our steps home.

Shortly after the above occurrence three slaves escaped from a family in Virginia. The slave-catchers followed them closely but lost track of them in Somerset county, not far from Johnstown. They searched in vain. Failing to find any clue, they hurried on to Indiana, expecting to find them here. But their friends in Somerset county had them securely secreted and kept them nearly a week. For several days the slavehunters searched the neighborhood, vigilantly, then left, as was supposed, but they returned one evening and from some remarks dropped by them and overheard by ex-Sheriff Taylor (generally known as "Uncle Jim" Taylor) he was led to believe the "boys" were near or in Indiana. As soon as "Uncle Jimmy" could get away from them without arousing suspicion, which was at a late hour in the night, he went to the house of Joseph R. Smith, whom he waked and informed of what was going on. Mr. Smith did not know that the fugitives were on hands at that time but he lost no time in telling a member of the underground railroad what he had learned.

The three slaves had landed the night before and were hid in Caldwell's woods, now the James Gompers farm. It was thought best not to try to move them that night as arrangements had been made for the following night's train. The next day Hunter Charles Slaysman, of whom mention has been made, spent the day in hunting squirrels on Caldwell's hill. The three men were taken over to Wm. Caldwell's barn, on the pike just east of Indiana, after dark, placed in his foddering room, covered loosely with hay, and told to sleep until they were called for. The friend who placed them there was not aware that Mr. Caldwell had taken one of his horses and gone several miles into the country on business. Returning late that night before the friend returned for the fugitives he put his horse into the stable and went to the foddering room for some hay. Gathering up an armful he discovered the body of a man. He supposed it to be some one in a drunken slumber and gave him a vigorous kick. When three large colored men arose it was a question which was alarmed the most --the darkies or Mr. Caldwell. The negroes made for the outside and just at that moment the friend called for them, giving the bird call, which they recognized, and were hurried across the pike to get on board their train.

One of the watchers remained in ambush for some time and he says that it could not have been more than 10 minutes until the slave-catchers rode up to the Caldwell mansion. Going into the house they said they were after the darkies that were secreted on his premises. He replied that there were none secreted about the place to his knowledge and "I want you to understand I am not one of those abolitionists," but they would not believe him and would search the premises. "Well," he said, "you can do as you wish to about that but if you find any niggers I do not know anything about them." They did not search the house but went to the barn, Mr. Caldwell accompanying them, and searched diligently but failed to find "their boys." Mr. Caldwell remarked to a friend the next day, "I kept them hunting as long as I could for I knew they wouldn't find them in the barn and that gave the darkies more time to get away." Mr. Caldwell was the father of the late Dr. James G. Caldwell, of this place.

It was a connection that was close but the train made its next station all right and the second night after that they were in the custody of Conductor George Atcheson. The through trip was made successfully, landing in Canada.

Fight for Freedom How Pennsylvanians went to the aid of fugitive slaves. Man-hunters were foiled. By the neat work of an Indiana County Judge. A story of slavery days taken from the Pittsburg Dispatch February 13, 1898.

One evening of April 1845, young Bob Mitchell and several companions sat on the steps of the old academy, the temple of learning at whose altar bowed the ancestors of the present generation of people at Indiana, Pa.

As the boys, none of them yet out of their teens, sat there in the gathering dusk, talking about their sweethearts, three figures approached them, coming up the Blairsville road.

One was of medium height, heavy and having a strongly-built frame. A second was small of stature, thin and wiry. The faces of both were ebony black. The third stood a king among men. More than six feet in height, broad shouldered, deep chested, straight as an arrow, a splendid physique, with hair as straight as any man who ever trod the earth, and the only mark of the negro blood in his veins was the tell-tale hue of the octoroon.

With the elegant ease and self-possession of a polished gentleman the latter addressed the boys, desiring to be directed to the office of the editor of the Clarion Freedom, Mr. James Moorhead.

Aid for the Fugitives

Bob Mitchell then hied himself home to tell the news of the arrival of three fugitives. His father, Dr. Robert Mitchell, at once sought the office of the little anti-slavery paper. Dr. Mitchell, James Moorhead, James Hamilton, William Banks and a few others were in hearty sympathy with the anti-slavery cause.

It was decided to let the fugitives remain in the office all night and to take them to Dr. Mitchell's farm, nine miles east of town, in the morning. This plan was followed, the doctor sending directions to his tenant on his farm, John Shields, to allow the negroes to occupy a little cabin on the premises and to furnish them with bedding, cooking utensils and other necessaries and to find work for them to do on the farm.

The men continued to make the cabin their headquarters all summer, while they worked from day to day for the neighbors on the adjoining farms.

Anthony Hollingsworth, the small one, secured a job on the farm of James Simpson, near Homer, and worked there for some time. One day, while working in a field near the public road, he was surprised and horrified when a rough hand was placed on his arm. Too well he knew what had happened, and all the horrors of the whipping post, the rack and torture crowded before his excited brain with lightning rapidity.

Van Metre, master of the slaves, with two companions, Cunningham and Tilden, had tracked the runaways, and by mere accident had discovered Anthony in this place.

The party came to Indiana and secured accommodations for the night at the Indiana House. This hotel was then owned and run by David Ralston, the Sheriff of the county and a strong pro-slavery man.

The news that one of the runaways had been captured and was locked in a room at the Indiana House spread like wildfire over the town. People gathered in excited groups in the streets. Ominous threats rose above the mingled voices of the crowd. Cries of "Down with the man-hunter!" pierced the ear. The whole town poured its populace into Philadelphia street. The crowd was fast becoming a mob, and cries of "Tear the house down over his head and set the men free!" were heard.

Fugitives Given their Liberty

The little band of abolition fathers quickly congregated in a secret place to confer. They fully realized that unless Anthony could be rescued from his captors all three of the fugitives would be taken back to Virginia to meet a horrible fate. William Banks, a redoubtable old lawyer, counseled the protection of the law. Acting on the suggestion, Dr. Mitchell was to apply for a writ of habeas corpus. William Banks was to present the petition and was to raise the point that no evidence had been produced to prove that the institution of slavery existed in Virginia. Hence Anthony Hollingsworth could not be claimed as the personal property of Garrett Van Metre. The time appointed for the hearing of the application for the writ was the following morning. Dr. Mitchell then went into the crowd, and promising them that the law would protect the negro, succeeded in persuading them to disperse.

The next morning as Judge Thomas White took his place to hear the case, a steady stream of people poured in through the Court House doors. On the bench Judge White sat with the dignity of a Caesar. Within the bar on one side were Hollingsworth, in the custody of the Sheriff, and Van Metre, with his friends. On the other William Banks and Dr. Mitchell were well flanked by their co-laborers in the anti-slavery work. William Banks presented the petition and after his opponent had been heard from raised his point. After carefully going over the case the Judge granted the petition. Then turning to David Ralston he commanded, "Sheriff, release that man from custody." Then old Jimmie Hamilton cried out, "Shout, the Lord bids you shout, he is saved," and a deafening roar went up from the crowded room, as cheer after cheer was given, while men threw their hats in the air and women waved their veils and handkerchiefs.

On the steps of the old Court House stood the boys, Alex and Dick White, Bob Mitchell and a score of others. As the Sheriff appeared with Anthony a

great shout went up, and the boys grabbed the little fellow and carried him over their heads. Young Mitchell mounted his horse, Anthony was behind him in a trice, and was set down at the cabin door.

Finding himself foiled by the superior wit and wisdom of the Judge and lawyers of the Indiana county courts, Van Metre made no further attempt at that time to look for his lost property.

The summer wore on, and a more industrious, well-behaved, happy set of laborers than the three colored men could not be found anywhere. Jared Harris and Charles Brown were always to be found at night at the cabin; and many were the tales they told of their old life on the plantation.

Brown became a general favorite. Although but 19 years of age, his history was full of thrilling interest. Of the most daring disposition and possessed of splendid courage, the fellow seemed born of the stuff that conquers worlds. He belonged to Van Metre, but on the eve of his escape he had been sold to a slave dealer for \$2,000.

As Brady and Van Metre sat on the veranda of the latter's handsome residence Charlie was called up for inspection. When they had counted his points of excellence and demerits his hands and feet were tied with rope, and he was placed in a smoke-house and locked in. With his hands tied behind him he rubbed the rope over the blade of an old ax. Then he freed his feet. With one great blow of the ax he shattered the door to atoms, and bounded away over the mountains side like a hunted stag.

After hiding in the mountains for several days, he was joined by the two friends with whom he came to Indiana.

The kindnesses which these men met with and the drop of liberty they tasted during their short stay in Indiana county served to vivify the horrors of the slavery they had left, and they became imbued with a strong desire to return to the plantation to tell their relatives what a glorious thing this liberty was and to help them to secure it.

Charlie Brown longed to free his mother. Possessing to an unusual degree native force, daring and courage, he decided to return to the plantation to persuade her to escape.

Dr. Mitchell tried to dissuade him, showing him plainly the risk to his own life. But to no avail. Accordingly, one night in August, after a long discussion on the subject, he was once again a guest for the night at Dr. Mitchell's town house at Indiana.

Once More a Slave

In the morning, having, as he hoped, disguised his birth and condition in a white shirt, standing collar, swallowtailed coat and stove-pipe hat of the doctor's, he started for Virginia.

In two day's time he had cleared Pennsylvania soil and was traveling the turnpike eight miles south of Cumberland. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was then in process of construction. Brown was challenged by a laborer on the road to show his passport. He quickly replied, "I am a free man and need

no passport." He was seized and thrown into the Cumberland jail. The confinement was torture to him and at the end of two weeks he gave the name of his master. Van Metre came to Cumberland and delivered Brown to Brady, who took him to his own home, tied his hands, put chains on his feet, and locked him in the garret to sleep.

For a time he lay where he fell when thrust into the garret. Despair at the hopelessness of his condition, remorse over the failure of his attempt to rescue his mother, and a rapidly increasing, bitter hatred toward his captors swept in rapid succession through his dizzy brain. However, he was not of the disposition to succumb without an effort. As his eyes became accustomed to the partial darkness he began to investigate his quarters with the hope of finding some means of escape.

By rare chance he found an old file on the floor, and he soon filed the chains from his feet. Further investigation produced some strips of cotton from old quilting frames stowed away. These he tied together, fastened to the window frame in the gable and let himself down to the ground, cutting the flesh on his hands to the bone by being compelled to hold fast to the string.

Surprising to say, he quietly returned to the plantation. For three weeks he went about among the negro cabins, telling of the delightful place where he had spent the summer, of the sweets of liberty and the little trouble to secure it, if they would only try. One day, while sitting in his mother's cabin pleading with her to trust herself to his care and let him make her free, he saw through the open door 10 men approach the cabin over the turnpike. Fearing discovery, Charlie jumped through the opposite window, and swift as an arrow shot for the mountains again.

Encountered Great Hardships

This time nature favored him but little in his wanderings. He was unarmed and could procure no game. He was obliged to live mainly on green corn.

The dews were falling one September evening as Dr. Mitchell and young Bob drove slowly home from the farm. Peering through the twilight gloom they beheld the tall, attenuated form, the large, shining, sunken eyes of a starved man. Charlie Brown had returned.

The retreat at the cabin had long been known to the community about Indiana, as no attempt was made to conceal it. The place was, in fact, one of the stations of the famous route known as the underground railway, over which thousands of fugitives found their way to Canada and freedom.

On the arrival of two newcomers, about the time of Charlie's return, it is thought some Northern sympathizers became active in producing information for the benefit of the deserted slaveholders.

At any rate, one night during September court, eight mounted men arrived at the Indiana House. At any other time such an occurrence would have excited curiosity. But during court week there was such a constant stream of people coming to town on horseback that no particular notice was taken of this. About midnight, when the town was wrapped in slumber, these men, accompanied by Sheriff Balston and two deputies started out the pike in the direction of the cabin. As they passed Jimmie Hamilton's place the old man heard them talking and knew they were after the negroes.

Back to Virginia

Stopping on a hill above the cabin the party cut themselves each a stout kickory club. It was not yet daybreak. The day before the farmers had cut their corn. Anthony Hollingsworth had come over from Simpson's to stay all night with his friends. There were five fugitives in all, the two newcomers and our three old acquaintances.

Hollingsworth, who was a light sleeper, was awakened by a gleam of light shining through a crack between the logs. Ere he could arouse the others the door was broken open and the entire posse of 11 men were in the cabin. The negroes had their knives and pistols on the floor beside them, but in the darkness would not find them. Jared Harris, a powerful fellow, threw man after man off his chest, and worked his way on his back to the door. Then, springing out, he escaped into the woods and was shielded by the dense undergrowth. Anthony Hollingsworth, agile as a cat, sprang unnoticed up the ladder into the loft, where he quickly concealed himself between the clapboards of the loft floor. The two newcomers made little resistance, but Charles Brown, true to his nature, fought like a demon. Oaths and curses of the attacking party mingled with the shrieks and wails of the slaves. Horrible threats of vengeance were hurled at the negro who now defended himself with the fierceness of a Numidian lion. Clash of steel and sharp reports of revolvers sounded above the hoarse roar of angry voices.

His Touching Farewell

At last overpowered by the great odds against him, Brown was tied on a horse's back. His feet were bound together under the horse and his hands were tied behind him. As they carried him off through the woods he called back: "Tell Dr. Mitchell I have tasted the sweets of liberty and I will never live my life in slavery." Then bursting into a loud, wild song, he disappeared among the trees.

Anthony and Jared proceeded at once to Canada, and for many years were faithful citizens in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit.

Shortly after this occurrence suit was brought by Garrett Van Metre, of Hardy county, Va., against Dr. Robert Mitchell, of Indiana county, Pa., for harboring a fugitive named Jared, the property of Van Metre. The case was tried in the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburg, Judge Grier presiding. He was a violent pro-slavery man, and his charge to the jury is one of the most remarkable documents in the portrayal of bitter, personal prejudice on the pages of court history. Dr. Mitchell was convicted, and a part of the magnificent pine forest in which the slaves had found shelter was sold under the Sheriff's hammer to defray the \$10,000 suit.

A letter from A. B. Hollingsworth dated October 12, 1962

Gentlemen. . . I now the time to address you with a few lines that Sam well and I hope that this may find you all the injoying the same I have him laying of to write this long time but it was harde work fer me to git atit. I would like to know how all the old frindes are Mr. Simpson and Mr. Morhead and all the good folkes ob that county are and seen me all the . . . about the trubbel Vanmetter and Simpson had and the war. Pleas to tel me about the Dimon Mills and all . . . to the folks in that part of the county tel all the folks that if the war is settled the way that I would like that I hope to see them all again so good by fer thepresent. I remain yours truley A. B. Hollingsworth

Mrs. Robert Mitchel Dead, Indiana, Pa.; December 24, 1915

When all joy and gladness the summons came and closed the earthly existence this morning of Mrs. Margaret Burnham Mitchell, wife of Robert Mitchell, of North Sixth Street after a sojourn here of 91 years and five months.

She was born in Broad Top, Huntington county, July 24, 1824, being the daughter of Charles Chester and Susan Stern Burnham. Her father migrated to Corsica, Clarion county, where she spent her youth. On the 17th of February, 1862, she was married to Robert Mitchell, of Mitchells Mills, Indiana county and where they lived a number of years. About thirty years ago they located in Indiana. She became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at the early age of 17 and during her long and useful life was a faithful and consistent Christian.

Her death being due to old age, it was often remarked by her friends how gently and peacefully she passed away. She was a real daughter of the war of 1812, as her father was a soldier and her grandfather was captain of a company in that war.

Mrs. Mitchell leaves her aged husband, Robert Mitchell and an only daughter, Miss Florence Jane Mitchell and these sisters and brothers: Mrs. T. W. Long, of Ambrose, Indiana county; Mrs. Mira Walters, of Brookville, Pa.; Mrs. R. Stanward, of Portland, Ore.; and Richard Burnham, of Hudson, Ohio.

The funeral services will be held at the Mitchell home, Monday afternoon, December 27, by the Rev. Dr. Bennett W. Hutchinson pastor, of the Methodist Episcopal church.

"So the multitude goes, like the flower of the wood
That withers away to let others succeed:
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat the tale that has often been told."

Robert Mitchell Called by Death One of Indiana's Wealthiest Residents and Public Spirited Citizens Lays Down Life at Age of 90 years.

Mr. Robert Mitchell, one of our oldest, most prominent and useful citizens, died at his home on North Sixth street, Sabbath, January 30th, at 7:00 a.m. aged about 90 years.

Robert Mitchell and his twin brother, Matthew, sons of Dr. Robert Mitchell and Mrs. Jane Clark Mitchell were born in Indiana, Pa., Nov. 10, 1826. Matthew died when twenty-four years of age. There were eleven children in the family and only two survive, Miss Jennie Mitchell and Mr. William C. Mitchell, who resides in the old homestead on Phila. street.

Dr. Mitchell, the father, was born in Cumberland Co., Pa., in 1787, and attended schools and read medicine with Dr. Magreehon, then a prominent physician of Wheeling, W. Va. After graduating in the medical department of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, he came in Indiana in 1811 and began a successful career in his profession. He was active in the anti-slavery

cause, and helped many run-away slaves along the "underground railroad." He died April 14, 1862, aged seventy-five years, and his widow Mrs. Jane Clark Mitchell, died September 7, 1890.

Robert Mitchell, Jr., was educated in the public schools and the Indiana Academy. When about seventeen years of age, he and his brother Matthew, were given charge of their father's store and mills at Diamondville. After the death of Matthew, Robert continued in charge and later became owner of considerable property in that vicinity and was extensively engaged in the lumber business.

On February 5, 1862, he was married to Miss Margaret Burnham, of Strattonville, Clarion County, and resided at Diamondville until about thirty-five years ago when he retired from active business, and removed to Indiana, where he has since resided. Mrs. Mitchell, who proved herself indeed a helpmeet and comfort, died December 24, 1915. One daughter, Miss Flora Jane Mitchell, survives them.

Mr. Mitchell took an active part with his father, Dr. Mitchell, in the anti-slavery cause, and delighted to narrate the very interesting reminiscences of those trying times. He was possessed of vigorous mental faculties and was a great reader and kept himself informed as to current events and financial affairs, to the last. In business, he was conservative and successful. For many years he had been on the Board of Directors of the Farmers Bank of Indiana, and attended a meeting shortly before his death. For a time he was President of the bank. His business judgment and counsel have been very helpful to his associates.

In religion, Mr. Mitchell was originally a Covenanter, but after coming to Indiana he united with the First U. Presbyterian church and for many years had been a devoted member and a regular attendant.

In a quiet way he had helped many people when in need, and had contributed to many institutions, among them the Indiana Y.M.C.A. His early friendliness to the colored race, impressed his whole life and it is doubtful if he ever refused to help a church or school devoted to improvement of that race.

His death has broken another of the not many links connecting this time with the early part of the last century. Few are permitted to enjoy so long life as he had. He had been a kind husband and father, a true friend, a good citizen and neighbor, a successful business man, and this community is the better for his having lived so long.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Tuesday, February 1st, at 2:00 p.m. by Rev. Morrow, his pastor, assisted by Rev. Dr. Brownlee, for many years his former pastor, and by Rev. Hutchinson, pastor of the M.E. church.

Letter from Robert Mitchell

Trenton, Tennessee
July 17th, 1862

Dear "Snactarina" Happy to see you looking so pleasantly this fine evening. You are indeed in a happy humor, for you meet me with such a pleasant smile. Your appearance is rather ancient (for I thought at first that it was my grandmother; excuse me) but, I suppose your costume is of the "latest Paris fashion," and when the style gets out west, it will not look so odd. I do admire your bonnet, and the collar is a perfect beauty, to say nothing about the sleeves; but that buckle "takes my eyes." I know you will make a present of it to "my wife," when I marry, won't you? Dearest Grandma, you must excuse the criticisms of a country boy, and not be offended, for you know he has been out in the "western wilds" so long, he has almost forgotten good behavior.

And now, Dear Snactarina, I must write a few lines to wife Jennie. The long-looked-for arrived today. I had "almost" despaired of seeing you, but, as the old saying is, "better late than never." I thought of as I opened the large envelope. I was not as much surprised as you would think when I beheld "Snactarina Grimpen" instead of yourself, for I had seen such "tricks" before and I knew there must be "two sides to the picture." But I can't tell who the "ancient" lady is. The eyes, hair, mouth and chin led me to believe it was yourself, and I believe it is, isn't it? And I don't believe any one else could "smile so pleasingly." Your picture is a splendid one, and nothing but the original can compare with it. Snactarina's is a good one, also, and if I was as angry as I could be, it would put one in a good humor to look at her.

Doc. Stewart spent Sunday and Monday with me. He was on his way to Cornith, and has about recovered, save his deafness. (He is entirely deaf in one ear.) He wrote to me that he expected to visit Pa. this Summer, but I don't think he can do so now. We will both come and bake dinner some fine day, next winter. Frank was in Lowell, Mass. a few days ago. Was unwell, but I am expecting him home every day. I suppose he is there on some "wild-geese" chase.

Now, as you have fulfilled your part of the "contract" nothing remains but for me to fill mine. But, be half so patient as I have been, and you will see it by and by. There is no artist here, and I will have to wait awhile. But if you are in a hurry, I will send "my measure" to Aunt Doris and have some artist to get up one.

I believe we are under marching orders for Washington, but I think our services will also be needed near here very soon.

Every Sabbath the churches are crowded with soldiers, and if we should remain here this Summer, I believe the 1st will become quite moral. For this is the happiest camp I have ever been in. There is a good deal of coffee and sugar shipped north from here.

There is no news, and I will close. for I am expecting letters from you almost every mail. Give my best respects to all, and a kiss for thos "smiling lips" of "Snactarina"

Yours truly, Robt.

Letters from Robert Tracy

Elwood, Kansas, Nov. 6, 1861

Miss Jennie Mitchell--

Dear friend--

Your kind and welcomed letter was received at Tipton, Mo. some time since, and, after a long unexcusable delay, I am seated to answer it.

I have been in Kansas for a month, recruiting for our regiment. Such a lonely place I never was in before. Everybody, almost, have "gone to the wars." There is scarcely any persons left to gather the abundant crops which have been raised this season. And we think Kansas is a poor place to look for soldiers, now. Our young state has furnished twelve regiments for the "Holy cause" from a population of less than 100,000 persons.

I wrote to you last from Chillicothe. We soon moved from there to Tipton, on the Pacific Railroad, where our command is now stationed. From there myself, with several others, were sent to Kansas, where we have been ever since. I have traveled through Doniphan, Brown, and Nemaha counties often enjoying myself very much. At Capioma, I boarded about a week at a hotel, which constituted the town. The landlord owns a farm adjoining, and one day he invited all the "belles and beaux" of the neighborhood to a "husking party." The "beaux" husking corn through the day, and the "belles" preparing the supper. In the evening they commenced dancing, and danced nearly all night. It was a real old-fashioned affair, and we had a most excellent time. There were not many girls there, but the few made it up by beauty. However, that is a "general fault" in Kansas. Dr. Stewart's regiment has been at St. Joe for two months, and I see him often. But he is now gone to Illinois recruiting. He doesn't like being kept away up here where there is no fighting.

Col Mitchell's 2nd Kansas regiment, was "mustered out" at Leavenworth a month or two ago, but he is successfully reorganizing it again.

I do not think your brother John had he lived would have discarded his principles of non-resistance until it was known to be a war of extermination to the cause of Slavery. I think it will ultimately end with the destruction of Slavery, and I think our Statesmen should bring the war to that issue at once. For we are fighting against a rebellion which is nothing but Slavery. And when the rebellion is put down Slavery is at end. What a pity our generals are not more like Fremont in their proclamations: "The property of the rebels shall be confiscated and their slaves shall be free." Sending the slaves back to them is like sending recruits to their army. Lane, Montgomery and Jennison, although not liked much by Missourians, would crush the hideous revolt in Missouri sooner than any other men. Their very names are as much as an army to the rebels. Jennison names his camps after John Brown, Coppie etc.

We had a very heavy rain yesterday. The family is well. Frank is with the regiment, and was well at last accounts. Did Miss Annie write to Jeff Davis? If she did, Frank need not fear Sisish bullets any more. Ask her if she won't write to Mr. Davis not to put bullets in any of the guns for

the Lesishers all shoot very carelessly, and it seems as though they shoot right at the "sojer boys" sometimes. Bro. Joe was not in the battle at Lexington, but was in the fight at Blue Mills. Many of my acquaintances were in the Lexington battle, two of them of the late "Free Democrat" office. I sent you a little paper, "The First Kansas," from Chillicothe. We were to publish it regularly, but were ordered away when the 2nd number was in type.

I think our regiment will be sent back to Kansas soon.

Getting to the end of the last page, makes me think of our "inclinations for long letters"--and, although I have said so little on so much paper, I will bring it to a close.

Give my respects to all the family. Tell Willie I have not received his letter, and am looking for it. Please write as often as convenient.

Your friend, Robt. Tracy

Chillicothe, Mo., Oct. 11, 1861

Miss Jennie Mitchell:--

I was requested by Emma to write to some of you concerning Capt. McFarland and being as much acquainted with you as with any other of the family, I direct to you.

Capt. McFarland of Co. D. from Leavenworth was seriously wounded in the head, but is now in St. Louis, and nearly well. He is of Irish descent. Your cousin, Col. Robt. Mitchell, 2nd Kansas, was wounded, also, while bravely leading his men in to the field. He is about well, and in Kansas. Our Colonel was wounded soon after. Our Orderly Sargeant, Frank H. Drenning, was from your town. He was wounded badly in the wrist and in the knee. Brother Frank was wounded seriously in the breast, but he returned from Springfield yesterday, almost well.

We, the Kansas First, left Leavenworth about the middle of June to "invade the sacred soil of Missouri," or to catch her traitorous Governor, I don't know which. We had a long and wearisome march, and at the end of six weeks, we camped near Springfield. We printed a little paper--the Journal, at Clinton, Henry Co., from a Lesish office.

After marching and countermarching about Springfield for some time (often night and day) we found the enemy--and at 6 a.m. we began the battle. The Kansas 1st was very eager to push forward, for fear the rebels would run, as of old. We halted for a time, but in a few minutes an order came for our regiment, and we went in double-quick, many singing, "Let the world wag as it will, I'll be gay and happy still." We got in a very hot fire, and remained there until the enemy retired at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was very hard to fight so long without water, and many suffered badly, especially the wounded, who were lying thick around us. Our regiment lost more than any other in the field. The dead were left, unburied, on the field--the wounded left at Springfield.

But few of our company escaped without being struck with spurt bullets, buck shot or grapes. It was a hard fought battle, but owing to their numbers, we had to retreat from Springfield to save our train, etc. and we had another hard march to Rolla, without even a blanket to sleep on, and no tents. We were not allowed to unload the wagons.

On our march from Leavenworth, we passed through towns entirely deserted by the men--some in the rebel army and some hid out in the bushes. The women from the country would all come to the towns as their husbands and brothers would flee from their homes. The towns were full of women, and some were crying, often asking us not to shoot a husband or brother who was in the Southern army, some would cheer us and others almost curse us. (Expect they thought it if they didn't mutter oaths.)

Dr. G. G. Stewart is a Lieutenant in the Illinois 16th. He passed here this morning on his way to St. Joseph. He was well and in good spirits. Our friend, D. W. Wilder, of the Leavenworth Conservative, was to see us at Hannibal.

We expected an attack at this point, a few nights ago, from 5,000 rebels, but we supposed they were called back to Lexington.

Well, this letter is longer than I expected to write, but owing to the fact that I like to receive long letters myself I forgot what I was doing--so let that be my excuse. I would always be glad to hear from our friends in Pennsylvania.

Give my respects to the family.

Your friend, Robt. Tracy

On our first page this week, will be found an article from the pen of Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm. In the year 1845 four fugitive slaves took up their residence in a vacant cabin on the farm of Dr. R. Mitchel, about three miles from this place. They stayed there for some length of time, but finally their whereabouts was discovered by a party of slave-hunters, and they were captured and taken back to their respective masters. A suit was instituted against Dr. Mitchel for violating the law which forbade the harboring or the aiding in any way of runaway slaves. He was brought to trial, found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 and costs. This was the first and last conviction under the infamous fugitive slave law which ever took place in this county, though after that at least a thousand hunted fugitive slaves passed through this section, on what was known as the underground railroad. Contemplating, at this time, the ruin and wreck which the slave owners of the South attempted to bring upon the country, and their signal failure, and the downfall of their "divine institution," makes one regret that the good old doctor had not lived to see the great change that has taken place in public sentiment. Though plenty of persons yet reside in our midst who assisted at and instigated the trial of the Doctor, it would be very difficult to find one now who would care to acknowledge it. The infamy of slavery in this free country has passed away, and there are none at the North who desire its re-establishment. It was a sin against God, and the nation has suffered for it.

Judge Grier and Dr. Robert Mitchell

We take from last week's Independent a few extracts from an article contributed to that paper by Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm. Many of our readers are familiar with the circumstances relating to Judge Grier and Dr. Mitchell, and will read with interest the sentiments of a woman who has proven herself so loyal to the interests of freedom and humanity:

Judge Grier, in presbyteries and synods, with all his power and eloquence and once, at least, with tears, defended slavery as a divine institution and denounced its opponents as pestilent fellows and criminals by the laws of God and man. On the bench he was wont, by his rulings, to strain the law beyond its utmost limits to aid the slave-catcher, and punish those who aided the fugitive in his flight.

About the year '46 (I have not the official record at hand) Dr. Robert Mitchell, of Indiana Co., Pa.--(but here let me pause and do obeisance to the memory of one of the Lord's anointed The grand, good man who so nobly stood between the blood-hound and his prey, as mild and merry as if unconscious of his danger; but strong in the christian faith to endure unto the end, and do for the humblest of the race what he would have done for his master. He, too, was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and to such as him is she indebted for the honor that is left to her!) Well, about the year of grace 1846 Dr. Robert Mitchell was brought up before his honor Judge Grier, to answer for the crime of harboring and concealing fugitive slaves. The Judge ruled every point of law, and charged heavily against him; but the jury were unable to agree, and were discharged. The United States marshal boasted that next time he would summon a jury that would put Mitchell through; and, after his labors were completed, renewed the boast, saying he had secured a jury to suit his purpose.

When the case was called up the second time, the defense asked a postponement, on the ground that the jury had been packed, and produced evidence of the violent partisan character and expressed opinions of its members, and the open boasts of the marshal that they had been selected to secure a conviction. Of the witnesses to these facts stout John Atcheson, of Clearfield, was the principal; and Judge Grier so far forgot the proprieties of the bench as to brow-beat and show open contempt for these witnesses, at times asking, superciliously: "Who is the John Atcheson?"

He forced Dr. Mitchell to trial by this jury, with sworn testimony before him of its having been packed; and throughout the trial impressed the spectators by his zealous sympathy with the prosecution. The defense claimed that Dr. Mitchell had not concealed the men; that they had come to Indiana in a most deplorable condition, and inquired for his house, one evening; had been directed to it and seen to enter; that next morning the Doctor had been up and down the street with them, buying them shoes and other articles of clothing; that next day they had left town, and when captured, some weeks afterward, were in a waste cabin on Dr. Mitchell's land, eight miles from his residence; that the cabin was near and in open view of a public road in an open field and was often used as a resting place by chance travelers without knowledge of the owner; that the men had been living openly in this cabin, and going out to work where they could find employment; that

no one knew them to be fugitive slaves; that there was no evidence that Dr. Mitchell had any such knowledge, and common law would require that should have noticed that they were runaway slaves before he could be held responsible for harboring them as such; that a contrary ruling would make it dangerous to show any kindness to any unknown person, as he might be a fugitive, and any chance act of benevolence thus rendered the actor liable to heavy fines, imprisonment, and the payment of the money value of the object of his charity.

To this the prosecution responded that there were no public roads in Indiana County, in so far as the court knew; that all that was known to the court of that county was that it was a place which every year sent up a tremendous Whig majority, and was, per consequences, a benighted region, fit for treason, strategem, and spoils.

To show that Dr. Mitchell knew that the men were living in his cabin, they produced a note taken from the pocket of one of them who had been captured after a desperate resistance. It was directed to a man who lived on Dr. Mitchell's farm adjoining the cabin, and ran thus: "Kill a sheep and give Jerry half. (Signed) Robert Mitchell."

It was readily admitted that this was no evidence that Robert Mitchell knew that Jerry was a slave, nefariously intent on robbing his master of his divine rights; for defendant would have given a half sheep or whole one, wool and all, to any poor man whom he believed to stand greatly in need of it. Being known as an abolitionist, living in a county which sent in Whig majorities, it was safe to assume that he had known these men, to be those the law now claimed that they had been--i.e. fugitive slaves; that he had harbored them as such, although only two of the seven had ever been in his house, and then with as much publicity as would have attended the visit of any pauper, asking alms; that they occupied the waste cabin by his direction, and that he intended to conceal them. Judge Grier, in his charge, sustained this mass of assumption, distinctly charged the jury that the lay did not require that any notice should be given of the condition of a slave; but took it for granted that the person relieving his wants must know his legal status, and that, although no concealment appeared, that too must be taken for granted. The jury did their duty like Democrats; and Dr. Mitchell was fined \$5,000 and costs, which were \$5,000 more.

On the top of Chestnut Ridge, in the free air of the "Blue Alleghanies," two miles from Zozonia, our mountain home, lies a tract of the finest pine timber land my eyes ever beheld, which was sold by the sheriff to satisfy this judgment, rendered by a Presbyterian elder against a Presbyterian brother, for feeding the hungry and clothing the naked! Men and brethren, please tread lightly over the ashes of Rome! Has the Inquisition, in its horrors, anything more horrible than the tortures by which one of these black martyrs died, after having been surprised in his little cabin-loft, in the sleep which followed a day of honest toil, overpowered by brute force and carried to the land of chains to be scourged to death, in presence of the old mother whose memory had held him to his native land, with the hope that he might return to Virginia, and make her the companion of his flight to a free home on the other side of the St. Lawrence? Presbyterians, please take up the remains of your Judge Griers, and bury them as quietly as you can--let lawyers carry the palls and Christians pray, in time, that they may come to repentance; but do not hold them up to the public as examples of piety, and representatives of that sturdy old faith which has dared and done so much to win civil and religious liberty for the race.

To show that Judge Grier was not actuated by mistaken convictions of duty, it is but necessary to state that he had so intimidated the Pittsburg Press by criminal prosecutions for libel that when he rendered this decision in Dr. Mitchell's case, there was but one editor there who dared to criticize it unfavorably. And of that one an apology was demanded, on pain of prosecution. The apology was made and raised a laugh at the expense of the Judge. He did not care to face ridicule, and did not enter the suit which the editor courted. Several years after that time James McMasters, of Pittsburg, was cited before his Honor to answer the charge of harboring a fugitive. The editor had known the fugitive, as a laborer, in Mr. McMaster's employ, and had not known that he was a slave, and suggested that his testimony might be useful. Mr. McMasters replied that his testimony could be of no use, as there would be no attempt to prove that he did not know the man's legal status, since, under the decision in Dr. Mitchell's case, no evidence of any such knowledge was required; but said he would consult his lawyer.--On doing so, the lawyer eagerly caught at the idea of producing this witness, saying it was no difference what he knew of the case, or whether anything, and exclaimed: "Bring him into court, and we'll win the case; for Grier is more afraid of that paper than he is of the _____" gentleman in back.

The case came on, the witness was produced. Judge Grier changed front, was respectful to the defense and charged the jury that the defendant was entitled to an acquittal, inasmuch as the prosecution had not shown that he had notice that the man he had employed was a fugitive slave.

The two contrary rulings, within five years, by the same man, are matters of official record. The behind-the-scenes part of the transaction I heard from Mr. McMasters himself, who is still living in Pittsburg, and would be quite willing that the world should know how he escaped the legal penalty of giving aid and comfort to a stranger. The lawyer may have been mistaken in thinking that fear of criticism in an obscure weekly paper, whose editor boldly proclaimed the power and purpose to publish during any legal term of imprisonment in the county jail, should reverse a legal decision affecting the rights and duties of every citizen; but those most intimately acquainted with the case believed this to be the moving cause of the judicial repeal of the judicial enactment under which Dr. Mitchell's home in Indiana and hundreds of acres of his land were sold by the sheriff.

It is lamentably true that Judge Grier was no worse than thousands of others; but I respectfully suggest that all that class of men should be quietly and decently buried three days after death, and the world spared any emblazonry of their Christian virtues and examples. If we must have latter-day saints, there are Brigham Young and all his elders, ready to be canonized at a moment's warning.

Judge Grier by Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm

Many people believe that the faults of the dead should be buried with them, and only their good deeds be held in remembrance. These will condemn any notice of the errors in the life now closed of the late Judge Grier; but to dismiss such a man from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant with the highest letters of credit is a heavier blow at Christianity than Renan could strike; and, as a member of one of the great Presbyterian family of churches, and one to whom "the very dust of Zion is dear," I beg leave to protest against the ecclesiastical verdict which a portion of the religious press has brought in on the case of this honorable elder in the Presbyterian Church. I would not forget that their endorsement of Judge Grier is not the first case in which they have placed the

church they represent in a bad light; for it was these same organs who were foremost in reading Messrs. Beecher, Frothingham, Colfax, and Tilton out of the pale of Christianity for celebrating or sanctioning the marriage of a person previously divorced for other cause than the one named by Christ, while the preachers of their own denomination were in the habit of performing the ceremony in such marriages without question or comment.

Brigadier-General Robert B. Mitchell

General Robert B. Mitchell, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of Richland County, Ohio. At the age of nineteen he went to the Mexican War, a private in the company of the present General George W. Morgan. He served twenty-seven months and reached the rank of First Lieutenant. After his return he completed his law studies with "Miller and Morgan" in Mount Vernon. During his practice in the adjoining counties he subsequently married a daughter of Hon. Henry St. John, of Tiffin.

In 1856 he went to Kansas. His home in Mansfield, Linn County. In 1857 and 1858 he represented the Free State party of that county in the Legislature. In 1859, Governor Medary appointed him Treasurer of the Territory. In 1860 he was appointed Adjutant-General by Governor Robinson. At the breaking out of the rebellion he volunteered as a private, raised a Company, was elected its Captain, and afterward was unanimously elected Colonel of the "Kansas Second" by its officers. He led his regiment in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where he received four wounds, one of which proved almost fatal. His regiment here earned the title of the "Bloody Second."

As a compliment to him and his regiment, General Camron ordered it to be mounted at a time when he was dismounting cavalry. For services at Wilson's Creek Colonel Mitchell was made a Brigadier. He was assigned to command the expedition to New Mexico, which, after the battle of Shilob, had to be abandoned. He then embarked with a brigade from Leavenworth to reinforce General Halleck. Much of the time that he has been with Generals Halleck, Rosecrans, and Buell he has been commanding a division. He has been in many small engagements. He took an active and distinguished part in the battle of Perryville as commander of a division. He met John Morgan with his division at Lancaster, Kentucky, and drove him out after a severe engagement.

When General Rosecrans succeeded General Buell General Mitchell was placed in command of Nashville. The post, in labor and responsibility, is almost equal to a Department.

Death of Dr. Robert Mitchell, The Indiana Messenger, Indiana Pa., June 3, 1863.

Departed this life on the 14th ult., Dr. Robert Mitchell, one of the early settlers of Indiana, Pa., in the 77th year of his age.

He was born of religious parents, in Cumberland co., in this state, and profited in early life by the ministry of the late Dr. Heron, of Pittsburg; and having gone through a regular course of study in the medical profession, he settled in this place in the year 1811, where he had for a considerable time an extensive practice. He served for four or five years as a member of the Legislature from this district, and was afterwards appointed associate judge of the court in this county.

His religious principles received in early life brought forth the fruits of righteousness. He made his first public profession of religion in the Presbyterian church of this place, and afterwards united with the Associate now the U.P., and continued a worthy and exemplary member through life. In his last illness he suffered from no particular disease, but from a gradual decline of strength. He had a paralytic stroke about fifteen months before his death, from which he partially recovered; but it seemed to have no bad effect upon his mind. His interest in his family and the church seemed rather to increase than to diminish. His life ended with a calmness and serenity which must long be remembered by his family and all who witnessed the solemn change. We read in the scriptures, of a rest that remaineth to the people of God. Dr. M---- seemed to go slowly and calmly unto it.

Thirty-nine years ago he was united in marriage by the Rev. Dr. McElroy to Miss Jane Clark, of Pittsburgh. We had the pleasure of witnessing the service; but our interest was of an inferior order to what we witnessed in the Lord's doings in their separation.

The Dr. leaves his partner in life with three sons and three daughters. A fourth son, a young man of talents, went to Kansas from love of liberty when that state was in great tribulation, struggling against oppression for its own freedom. While there he came to his death through the hardships and exposures to which he was subjected.

Dr. M. had serious troubles and worries arising from his anti-slavery principles. In early life, when a student of medicine, he had seen the cruelty and unrighteousness of the slave system on its actual operations. He therefore, in after days took an active part in behalf of those who were flying from bondage.--He believed in the word of God: that every yoke should be broken and that the oppressed should go free. He lived to see the work begun; and from his anxiety to hear of its progress from day to day, we have reason to say that he desired to live to see it finished. But he left this, with all other matters which pressed on his spirits, in the good hand of God, who will finish the work and do all things well.

"Death of John C. Mitchell." From the Elwood (Kansas) Free Press, 1860.

On Tuesday morning, March 13th, John C. Mitchell breathed his last. He died at the residence of Mr. John Tracy, in this town. The death of such a man merits something more than a simple announcement. Mr. Mitchell possessed rare qualities of head and heart, and he had led a life of blameless purity and manly courage.

John Mitchell was the son of Dr. Robert Mitchell of Indiana, Pa., and was born in 1832. Dr. Mitchell is a native of Virginia, and will be recollected by many of our readers as having been prosecuted by Gerrit VanMeter, during President Polk's administration, on a charge of harboring and concealing fugitive slaves. The suit was brought under the act of '93, before Judge Grier, and has become remarkable from the partisan unscrupulousness with which it was pursued: Judge, Marshal and Jury having done all in their power to comply with the demands of the slave drivers.

We have very few facts to relate in the history of John Mitchell. He thought of everything but himself, and would converse on all other topics. What we know about his history, we have either seen ourselves or learned from others. He was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, having chosen that Institution in preference to all others because it was recognized by all that black men were entitled to the educational

privileges that are accorded to whites. He spent a year there in 1853. In '54 he became Principal of the Academy in his native town. In '55 he returned to Oberlin and remained there till March, '56, when his eyes having given out, he was obliged to give up study. He came immediately to Kansas, coming through Northern Missouri, and performing that part of the journey on foot. He had been for some years a sincere admirer of William Lloyd Garrison, and did not conceal or disown his principles in Kansas. He settled on a claim near Troy, in this county. He was often warned by pro slavery men to leave the county, but threats had no effect upon him. He remained upon his claim until the first of May, when his health failing, he went to visit his uncle, Mr. Robert McFarland, who was living near Lawrence. He was at Lawrence when it was sacked, and shared in the dangers and toil of that troubled time. When the people there were in a starving condition, he was one of the seventeen who started for Leavenworth with teams to get provisions. They were all captured by a pro-slavery band under the lead of Fred. Emory. After marching eleven days, and sleeping during the time on the open prairie, they were taken to Leecompton and imprisoned. During this time John talked as freely as was his wont, and told all who asked him that he was an Abolitionist. A violent Ruffian who now lives near here in Missouri, insisted on having Mitchell hung, but his courage and openness saved his life, for these qualities inspired respect even in that lawless party. They remained in prison some three weeks, and until released by a company under command of Gen. Lane. Mitchell remained some time in that vicinity, and bore a manly part in the struggles of the Free State settlers. When he returned to this county, he found that his claim had been jumped. He spent much time and used every effort to regain the land he had first taken up and settled on. Notices were repeatedly served on him that if he returned to his claim he would be shot-- But these did not deter him from going, and going unarmed, for he never was frightened into carrying a revolver or a knife. Contrary to the universal custom, Mitchell went unarmed. The title was contested at Kickapoo. His opponents proved that they were pro-slavery men, and natives of Alabama, and that Mitchell was an Abolitionist, and had been in Lane's army. This was a strong point in all these cases, and of course Mitchell lost his claim--One little incident illustrative of his character may here be mentioned. One of Mitchell's witnesses, a strong personal friend, if taken to Kickapoo, would have sworn to certain statements confirming Mitchell's title, which the witness believed were true, but John knew to be erroneous. That witness was not taken to the Land Office. John Mitchell had spent a whole year in trying to secure a farm, but he would not have it if it must come by lying or any indirection.

We regret that his own modesty and reticence have hidden from us many facts in his life in Kansas, for his character is one that is the more admired the more it is known. Those who were brought into intimate relations with Mitchell, had a respect for him which was akin to devotion. The marked traits in the character of Mitchell were independence, firmness and forgetfulness of self. He was a firm believer in the equal rights of men, and acted on the belief and advocated it, in spite of its disastrous effect on his own popularity. Those lines of Lowell were his creed:

"Then to side with Truth is noble,
 When we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and prout,
 And 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is a brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit,
 Till the Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue,
 Of the faith they had denied."

But he has gone from among us and we shall no longer see his manly form, or listen to the burning words that fell from his lips. There are many men scattered over the prairies of Kansas who will feel that they have lost one of the most self-sacrificing friends when they hear that John Mitchell is no more. The fearless champion of humanity sleeps on the soil which his own right arm helped to consecrate to freedom, and the words he spoke for justice and the right still live in our hearts though he that uttered them has passed on to the joys of those whose heritage is a blissful immortality.