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Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
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Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
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Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
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**Personal Memoir of Daniel
Drayton For Four Years and Four
Months a Prisoner (For Charity's
Sake) in Washington Jail**

Daniel Drayton

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This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

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Considering the large share of the public attention which the case of the schooner Pearl attracted at the time of its occurrence, perhaps the following narrative of its origin, and of its consequences to himself, by the principal actor in it, may not be without interest. It is proper to state that a large share of the profits of the sale are secured to Captain Drayton, the state of whose health incapacitates him from any laborious employment.

MEMOIR.

I was born in the year 1802, in Cumberland County, Downs Township, in the State of New Jersey, on the shores of Nantuxet Creek, not far from Delaware Bay, into which that creek flows. My father was a farmer,—not a very profitable occupation in that barren part of the country. My mother was a widow at the time of her marriage with my father, having three children by a former husband. By my father she had six more, of whom I was the youngest but one. She was a woman of strong mind and marked character, a zealous member of the Methodist church; and, although I had the misfortune to lose her at an early age, her instructions—though the effect was not apparent at the moment—made a deep impression on my youthful mind, and no doubt had a very sensible influence over my future life.

Just previous to, or during the war with Great Britain, my father removed still nearer to the shore of the bay, and the sight of the vessels passing up and down inspired me with a desire to follow the life of a waterman; but it was some years before I was able to gratify this wish. I well remember the alarm created in our neighborhood by the incursions of the British vessels up the bay during the war, and that, at these times, the women of the neighborhood used to collect at our house, as if looking up to my mother for counsel and guidance.

I was only twelve years old when this good mother died; but, so strong was the impression which she left upon my memory, that, amid the struggles and dangers and cares of my subsequent life, I have seldom closed my eyes to sleep without some thought or image of her.

As my father soon after married another widow, with four small children, it became necessary to make room in the house for their accommodation; and, with a younger brother of mine, I was bound out an apprentice in a cotton and woollen factory at a place called

Cedarville. Manufactures were just then beginning to be introduced into the country, and great hopes were entertained of them as a profitable business. My employer, — or bos, as we called him, — had formerly been a schoolmaster, and he did not wholly neglect our instructions in other things besides cotton-spinning. Of this I stood greatly in need; for there were no public schools in the neighborhood in which I was born, and my parents had too many children to feed and clothe to be able to pay much for schooling. We were required on Sundays, by our employer, to learn two lessons, one in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon; after reciting which we were left at liberty to roam at our pleasure. Winter evenings we worked in the factory till nine o'clock, after which, and before going to bed, we were required to recite over one of our lessons. These advantages of education were not great, but even these I soon lost. Within five months from the time I was bound to him, my employer died. The factories were then sold out to three partners. The one who carried on the cotton-spinning took me; but he soon gave up the business, and went back to farming, which had been his original occupation. I remained with him for a year and a half, or thereabouts, when my father bound me out apprentice to a shoe-maker.

My new bos was, in some respects, a remarkable man, but not a very good sort of one for a boy to be bound apprentice to. He paid very little attention to his business, which he seemed to think unworthy of his genius. He was a kind-hearted man, fond of company and frolics, in which he indulged himself freely, and much given to speeches and harangues, in which he had a good deal of fluency. In religion he professed to be a Universalist, holding to doctrines and opinions very different from those which my mother had instilled into me. He ridiculed those opinions, and argued against them, but without converting me to his way of thinking; though, as far as practice went, I was ready enough to imitate his example. My Sundays were spent principally in taverns, playing at dominos, which then was, and still is, a favorite game in that part of the country; and, as the unsuccessful party was expected to treat, I at times ran up a bill at the bar as high as four or six dollars, — no small indebtedness for a young apprentice with no more means than I had.

As I grew older this method of living grew less and less satisfactory to me; and as I saw that no good of any kind, not even a

knowledge of the trade he had undertaken to teach me, was to be got of my present bos, I bought my time of him, and went to work with another man to pay for it. Before I had succeeded in doing that, and while I was not yet nineteen, I took upon myself the still further responsibility of marriage. This was a step into which I was led rather by the impulse of youthful passion than by any thoughtful foresight. Yet it had at least this advantage, that it obliged me to set diligently to work to provide for the increasing family which I soon found growing up around me.

I had never liked the shoe-making business, to which my father had bound me an apprentice. I had always desired to follow the water. The vessels which I had seen sailing up and down the Delaware Bay still haunted my fancy; and I engaged myself as cook on board a sloop, employed in carrying wood from Maurice river to Philadelphia. Promotion in this line is sufficiently rapid; for in four months, after commencing as cook, I rose to be captain. This wood business, in which I remained for two years, is carried on by vessels of from thirty to sixty tons, known as *bay-craft*. They are built so as to draw but little water, which is their chief distinction from the *coasters*, which are fit for the open sea. They will carry from twenty-five to fifty cords of wood, on which a profit is expected of a dollar and upwards. They have usually about three hands, the captain, or skipper, included. The men used to be hired, when I entered the business, for eight or ten dollars the month, but they now get nearly or quite twice as much. The captain usually sails the vessel on shares (unless he is himself owner in whole, or in part), victualling the vessel and hiring the men, and paying over to the owner forty dollars out of every hundred. During the winter, from December to March, the navigation is impeded by ice, and the bay-craft seldom run. The men commonly spend this long vacation in visiting, husking-frolics, rabbiting, and too often in taverns, to the exhaustion of their purses, the impoverishment of their families, and the sacrifice of their sobriety. Yet the watermen, if many of them are not able always to resist the temptations held out to them, are in general an honest and simple-hearted set, though with little education, and sometimes rather rough in their manners. The extent of my education when I took to the water—and in this respect I was not, perhaps, much inferior to the generality of my brother watermen—was

to read with no great fluency, and to sign my name; nor did I ever learn much more than this till my residence in Washington jail, to be related hereafter.

Having followed the wood business for two years, I aspired to something a little higher, and obtained the command of a sloop engaged in the coasting business, from Philadelphia southward and eastward. At this time a sloop of sixty tons was considered a very respectable coaster. The business is now mostly carried on by vessels of a larger class; some of them, especially the regular lines of packets, being very handsome and expensive. The terms on which these coasters were sailed were very similar to those already stated in the case of the bay-craft. The captain victualled the vessel, and paid the hands, and received for his share half the net profits, after deducting the extra expenses of loading and unloading. It was in this coasting business that the best years of my life were spent, during which time I visited most of the ports and rivers between Savannah southward, and St. John, in the British province of New Brunswick, eastward;—those two places forming the extreme limits of my voyagings. As Philadelphia was the port from and to which I sailed, I presently found it convenient to remove my family thither, and there they continued to live till after my release from the Washington prison.

I was so successful in my new business, that, besides supporting my family, I was able to become half owner of the sloop *Superior*, at an expense of over a thousand dollars, most of which I paid down. But this proved a very unfortunate investment. On her second trip after I had bought into her, returning from Baltimore to Philadelphia by the way of the Delaware and Chesapeake canal, while off the mouth of the Susquehannah, she struck, as I suppose, a sunken tree, brought down by a heavy freshet in that river. The water flowed fast into the cabin. It was in vain that I attempted to run her ashore. She sunk in five minutes. The men saved themselves in the boat, which was on deck, and which floated as she went down. I stood by the rudder till the last, and stepped off it into the boat, loath enough to leave my vessel, on which there was no insurance.

By this unfortunate accident I lost everything except the clothes I had on, and was obliged to commence anew. I accordingly obtained

the command of the new sloop Sarah Henry, of seventy tons burden, and continued to sail her for several years, on shares. While in her I made a voyage to Savannah; and while under sail from that city for Charleston, I was taken with the yellow fever. I lay for a week quite unconscious of anything that was going on about me and came as near dying as a man could do and escape. The religious instructions of my mother had from time to time recurred to my mind, and had occasioned me some anxiety. I was now greatly alarmed at the idea of dying in my sins, from which I seemed to have escaped so narrowly. My mind was possessed with this fear; and, to relieve myself from it, I determined, if it were a possible thing, to get religion at any rate. The idea of religion in which I had been educated was that of a sudden, miraculous change, in which a man felt himself relieved from the burden of his sins, united to God, and made a new creature. For this experience I diligently sought, and tried every way to get it. I set up family prayers in my house, went to meetings, and conversed with experienced members of the church; but, for nine months or more, all to no purpose. At length I got into an awful state, beginning to think that I had been so desperate a sinner that there was no forgiveness for me. While I was in this miserable condition, I heard of a camp-meeting about to be held on Cape May, and I immediately resolved to attend it, and to leave no stone unturned to accomplish the object which I had so much at heart. I went accordingly, and yielded myself entirely up to the dictation of those who had the control of the meeting. I did in everything as I was told; went into the altar, prayed, and let them pray over me. This went on for several days without any result. One evening, as I approached the altar, and was looking into it, I met a captain of my acquaintance, and asked him what he thought of these proceedings; and, as he seemed to approve them, I invited him to go into the altar with me. We both went in accordingly, and knelt down. Pretty soon my friend got up and walked away, saying he had got religion. I did not find it so easily. I remained at the altar, praying, till after the meeting broke up, and even till one o'clock, — a few acquaintances and others remaining with me, and praying round me, and over me, and for me; — till, at last, thinking that I had done everything I could, I told them pray no more, as evidently there was no forgiveness for me. So I withdrew to a distance, and sat down upon an old tree, lamenting my hard case very seriously. I

was sure I had committed the unpardonable sin. A friend, who sat down beside me, and of whom I inquired what he supposed the unpardonable sin was, endeavored comfort me by suggesting that, whatever it might be, it would take more sense and learning than ever I had to commit it. But I would not enter into his merriment. All the next day, which was Sunday, I passed in a most miserable state. I went into the woods alone. I did not think myself worthy or fit to associate with those who had religion, while I was anxious to avoid the company of those who made light of it. Sometimes I would sit down, sometimes I would stand up, sometimes I would walk about. Frequently I prayed, but found no comfort in it.

About sun-set I met a friend, who said to me, "Well, our camp-meeting is about ended." What a misery those few words struck to my heart! "About ended!" I said to myself; "about ended, and I not converted!" A little later, as I was passing along the camp-ground, I saw a woman before me kneeling and praying. An acquaintance of mine, who was approaching her in an opposite direction, called out to me, "Daniel, help me pray for this woman!" I had made up my mind to make one more effort, and I knelt down and commenced praying; but quite as much for myself as for her. Others gathered about us and joined in, and the interest and excitement became so great, that, after a vain effort to call us off, the regular services of the evening were dispensed with, and the ground was left to us. Things went on in this way till about nine o'clock, when, as suddenly as if I had been struck a heavy blow, I felt a remarkable change come over me. All my fears and terrors seemed to be instantaneously removed, and my whole soul to be filled with joy and peace. This was the sort of change which I had been taught to look for as the consequence of getting that religion for which I had been struggling so hard. I instantly rose up, and told those about me that I was a converted man; and from that moment I was able to sing and shout and pray with the best of them. In the midst of my exultation who should come up but my old master in the shoe-making trade, of whom I have already given some account. He had heard that I was on the camp-ground in pursuit of religion, and had come to find me out. "Daniel," he said, addressing me by my Christian name, "what are you doing here? Don't make a fool of yourself." To which I answered, that I had got to be just such a fool as I had long wanted to be; and I

took him by the arm, and endeavored to prevail upon him to kneel down and allow us to pray over him, assuring him that I knew his convictions to be much better than his conduct; that he must get religion, and now was the time. But he drew back, and escaped from me, with promises to do better, which, however, he did not keep.

As for myself, considering, and, as I thought, feeling that I was a converted man, I now enjoyed for some time an extraordinary satisfaction, a sort of offset to the months of agony and misery which I had previously endured. But, though regarding myself as now truly converted, I delayed some time before uniting myself with any particular church. I did not know which to join. This division into so many hostile sects seemed to me unaccountable. I thought that all good Christians should love each other, and be as one family. Yet it seemed necessary to unite myself with some body of Christians; and, as I had been educated a Methodist, I concluded to join them.

I have given the account of my religious experience exactly as it seemed to me at the time, and as I now remember it. It corresponded with the common course of religious experiences in the Methodist church, except that with me the struggle was harder than commonly happens. I did not doubt at the time that it was truly a supernatural change, as much the work of the Spirit as the sudden conversions recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. Others can form their own opinion about it. I will only add that subsequent experience has led me to the belief that the reality of a man's religion is more to be judged of by what he does than by how he feels or what he says.

The change which had taken place in me, however it is to be regarded, was not without a decided influence on my whole future life. I no longer considered myself as living for myself alone. I regarded myself as bound to do unto others as I would that they should do unto me; and it was in attempting to act up to this principle that I became involved in the difficulties to be hereafter related.

Meanwhile I resumed my voyages in the Sarah Henry, in which I continued to sail, on shares, for several years, with tolerable success. Afterwards I followed the same business in the schooner Protection, in which I suffered another shipwreck. We sailed from Philadelphia

to Washington, in the District of Columbia, laden with coal, proceeding down the Delaware, and by the open sea; but, when off the entrance of the Chesapeake, we encountered a heavy gale, which split the sails, swept the decks, and drove us off our course as far south as Ocracoke Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina. I took a pilot, intending to go in to repair damages; but, owing to the strength of the current, which defeated his calculations, the pilot ran us on the bar. As soon as the schooner's bow touched the ground, she swung round broadside to the sea, which immediately began to break over her in a fearful manner. She filled immediately,—everything on deck was swept away; and, as our only chance of safety, we took to the main-rigging. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. Towards morning, by reason of the continual thumping, the mainmast began to work through the vessel, and to settle in the sand, so that it became necessary for us to make our way to the fore-rigging; which we did, not without danger, as one of the men was twice washed off.

About a quarter of a mile inside was a small, low island, on which lay five boats, each manned by five men, who had come down to our assistance; but the surf was so high that they did not venture to approach us; so we remained clinging with difficulty to the rigging till about half-past one, when the schooner went to pieces. The mast to which we were clinging fell, and we were precipitated into the raging surf, which swept us onward towards the island already mentioned. The men there, anticipating what had happened, had prepared for its occurrence; and the best swimmers, with ropes tied round their waists, the other end of which was held by those on shore, plunged in to our assistance. One of our unfortunate company was drowned,—the rest of us came safely to the shore; but we lost everything except the clothes we stood in. The fragments saved from the wreck were sold at auction for two hundred dollars. The people of that neighborhood treated us with great kindness, and we presently took the packet for Elizabeth city, whence I proceeded to Norfolk, Baltimore, and so home.

I had made up my mind to go to sea no more; but, after remaining on shore for three weeks, and not finding anything else to do, as it was necessary for me to have the means of supporting my increasing family, I took the command of another vessel, belonging to the

same owners, the sloop Joseph B. While in this vessel, my voyages were to the eastward. I was engaged in the flour-trade, in conjunction with the owners of the vessel. We bought flour and grain on a sixty days' credit, which I carried to the Kennebec, Portsmouth, Boston, New Bedford, and other eastern ports, calculating upon the returns of the voyage to take up our notes. I was so successful in this business as finally to become the owner of the Joseph B., which vessel I exchanged away at Portsmouth for the Sophronia, a top-sail schooner of one hundred and sixty tons, worth about fourteen hundred dollars. In this vessel I made two trips to Boston,—one with coal, and the other with timber. Having unloaded my timber, I took in a hundred tons of plaster, purchased on my own account, intending to dispose of it in the Susquehanna. But on the passage I encountered a heavy storm, which blew the masts out of the vessel, and drove her ashore on the south side of Long Island. We saved our lives; but I lost everything except one hundred and sixty dollars, for which I sold what was left of the vessel and cargo.

Having returned to my family, with but little disposition to try my fortune again in the coasting-trade, one day, being in the horse-market, I purchased a horse and wagon; and, taking in my wife and some of the younger children, I went to pay a visit to the neighborhood in which I was born. Here I traded for half of a bay-craft, of about sixty tons burden, in which I engaged in the oyster-trade, and other small bay-traffic. Having met at Baltimore the owner of the other half, I bought him out also. The whole craft stood me in about seven hundred dollars. I then purchased three hundred bushels of potatoes, with which I sailed for Fredericksburg, in Virginia; but this proved a losing trip, the potatoes not selling for what they cost me. At Fredericksburg I took in flour on freight for Norfolk; but my ill-luck still pursued me. In unloading the vessel, the cargo forward being first taken out, she settled by the stern and sprang a leak, damaging fifteen barrels of flour, which were thrown upon my hands. I then sailed for the eastern shore of Virginia, and at a place called Cherrystone traded off my damaged flour for a cargo of pears, with which I sailed for New York. I proceeded safely as far as Barnegat, when I encountered a north-east storm, which drove me back into the Delaware, obliging me to seek refuge in the same Maurice river from which I had commenced my sea-faring life in

the wood business. But by this time the pears were spoiled, and I was obliged to throw them overboard. At Cherrystone I had met the owner of a pilot-boat, who had seemed disposed to trade with me for my vessel; and I now returned to that place, and completed the trade; after which I loaded the pilot-boat with oysters and terrapins, and sailed for Philadelphia. This boat was an excellent sailer, but too sharp, and not of burden enough for my business; and I soon exchanged her for half a little sloop, in which I carried a load of water-melons to Baltimore.

By this time I was pretty well sick of the water; and, having hired out the sloop, I set up a shop, at Philadelphia, for the purchase and sale of junk, old iron, &c. &c. But, after continuing in this business for about two years,—my health being bad, and the doctor having advised me to try the water again,—I bought half of another sloop, and engaged in trading up and down Chesapeake Bay. Returning home, towards the close of the season, with the proceeds of the summer's business, I encountered, in the upper part of Chesapeake Bay, a terrible snow-storm which proved fatal to many vessels then in the bay. In attempting to make a harbor, the vessel struck the ground, and knocked off her rudder; and, in order to get her off, we were obliged to throw over the deck-load. We drifted about all day, it still blowing and snowing, and at night let go both anchors. So we lay for a night and a day; but, having neither boat, rudder nor provisions, I was finally obliged to slip the anchors and run ashore. I sold my half of her, as she lay, for ninety dollars, which was all that remained to me of my investment and my summer's work.

Not having the means to purchase a boat, my health also continuing quite infirm, the next summer I hired one, and continued the same trade up and down the bay which I had followed the previous summer.

My trading up and down the bay, in the way which I have described, of course brought me a good deal into contact with the slave population. No sooner, indeed, does a vessel, known to be from the north, anchor in any of these waters—and the slaves are pretty adroit in ascertaining from what state a vessel comes—than she is boarded, if she remains any length of time, and especially over night, by more or less of them, in hopes of obtaining a passage

in her to a land of freedom. During my earlier voyagings, several years before, in Chesapeake Bay, I had turned a deaf ear to all these requests. At that time, according to an idea still common enough, I had regarded the negroes as only fit to be slaves, and had not been inclined to pay much attention to the pitiful tales which they told me of ill-treatment by their masters and mistresses. But my views upon this subject had undergone a gradual change. I knew it was asserted in the Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal, and I had read in the Bible that God had made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. I had found out, by intercourse with the negroes, that they had the same desires, wishes and hopes, as myself. I knew very well that I should not like to be a slave even to the best of masters, and still less to such sort of masters as the greater part of the slaves seemed to have. The idea of having first one child and then another taken from me, as fast as they grew large enough, and handed over to the slave-traders, to be carried I knew not where, and sold, if they were girls, I knew not for what purposes, would have been horrible enough; and, from instances which came to my notice, I perceived that it was not less horrible and distressing to the parties concerned in the case of black people than of white ones. I had never read any abolition books, nor heard any abolition lectures. I had frequented only Methodist meetings, and nothing was heard there about slavery. But, for the life of me, I could not perceive why the golden rule of doing to others as you would wish them to do to you did not apply to this case. Had I been a slave myself,—and it is not a great while since the Algerines used to make slaves of our sailors, white as well as black,—I should have thought it very right and proper in anybody who would have ventured to assist me in escaping out of bondage; and the more dangerous it might have been to render such assistance, the more meritorious I should have thought the act to be. Why had not these black people, so anxious to escape from their masters, as good a light to their liberty as I had to mine?

I know it is sometimes said, by those who defend slavery or apologize for it, that the slaves at the south are very happy and contented, if left to themselves, and that this idea of running away is only put into their heads by mischievous white people from the north. This will do very well for those who know nothing of the matter

personally, and who are anxious to listen to any excuse. But there is not a waterman who ever sailed in Chesapeake Bay who will not tell you that, so far from the slaves needing any prompting to run away, the difficulty is, when they ask you to assist them, to make them take no for an answer. I have known instances where men have lain in the woods for a year or two, waiting for an opportunity to escape on board some vessel. On one of my voyages up the Potomac, an application was made to me on behalf of such a runaway; and I was so much moved by his story, that, had it been practicable for me at that time, I should certainly have helped him off. One or two attempts I did make to assist the flight of some of those who sought my assistance; but none with success, till the summer of 1847, which is the period to which I have brought down my narrative.

I was employed during that summer, as I have mentioned already in trading up and down the Chesapeake, in a hired boat, a small black boy being my only assistant. Among other trips, I went to Washington with a cargo of oysters. While I was lying there, at the same wharf, as it happened, from which the Pearl afterwards took her departure, a colored man came on board, and, observing that I seemed to be from the north, he said he supposed we were pretty much all abolitionists there. I don't know where he got this piece of information, but I think it likely from some southern member of Congress. As I did not check him, but rather encouraged him to go on, he finally told me that he wanted to get passage to the north for a woman and five children. The husband of the woman, and father of the children, was a free colored man; and the woman, under an agreement with her master, had already more than paid for her liberty; but, when she had asked him for a settlement, he had only answered by threatening to sell her. He begged me to see the woman, which I did; and finally I made an arrangement to take them away. Their bedding, and other things, were sent down on board the vessel in open day, and at night the woman came on board with her five children and a niece. We were ten days in reaching Frenchtown, where the husband was in waiting for them. He took them under his charge, and I saw them no more; but, since my release from imprisonment in Washington, I have heard that the whole

family are comfortably established in a free country, and doing well.

Having accomplished this exploit,—and was it not something of an exploit to bestow the invaluable gift of liberty upon seven of one's fellow-creatures—the season being now far advanced, I gave up the boat to the owner, and returned to my family at Philadelphia. In the course of the following month of February, I received a note from a person whom I had never known or heard of before, desiring me to call at a certain place named in it. I did so, when it appeared that I had been heard of through the colored family which I had brought off from Washington. A letter from that city was read to me, relating the case of a family or two who expected daily and hourly to be sold, and desiring assistance to get them away. It was proposed to me to undertake this enterprise; but I declined it at this time, as I had no vessel, and because the season was too early for navigation through the canal. I saw the same person again about a fortnight later, and finally arranged to go on to Washington, to see what could be done. There I agreed to return again so soon as I could find a vessel fit for the enterprise. I spoke with several persons of my acquaintance, who had vessels under their control; but they declined, on account of the danger. They did not appear to have any other objection, and seemed to wish me success. Passing along the street, I met Captain Sayres, and knowing that he was sailing a small bay-craft, called the Pearl, and learning from him that business was dull with him, I proposed the enterprise to him, offering him one hundred dollars for the charter of his vessel to Washington and back to Frenchtown where, according to the arrangement with the friends of the passengers, they were to be met and carried to Philadelphia. This was considerably more than the vessel could earn in any ordinary trip of the like duration, and Sayres closed with the offer. He fully understood the nature of the enterprise. By our bargain, I was to have, as supercargo, the control of the vessel so far as related to her freight, and was to bring away from Washington such passengers as I chose to receive on board; but the control of the vessel in other respects remained with him. Captain Sayres engaged in this enterprise merely as a matter of business. I, too, was to be paid for my time and trouble,—an offer which the low state of my pecuniary affairs, and the necessity of

supporting my family, did not allow me to decline. But this was not, by any means, my sole or principal motive. I undertook it out of sympathy for the enslaved, and from my desire to do something to further the cause of universal liberty. Such being the different ground upon which Sayres and myself stood, I did not think it necessary or expedient to communicate to him the names of the persons with whom the expedition had originated; and, at my suggestion, those persons abstained from any direct communication with him, either at Philadelphia or Washington. Sayres had, as cook and sailor, on board the *Pearl*, a young man named Chester English. He was married, and had a child or two, but was himself as inexperienced as a child, having never been more than thirty miles from the place where he was born. I remonstrated with Sayres against taking this young man with us. But English, pleased with the idea of seeing Washington, desired to go; and Sayres, who had engaged him for the season, did not like to part with him. He went with us, but was kept in total ignorance of the real object of the voyage. He had the idea that we were going to Washington for a load of ship-timber.

We proceeded down the Delaware, and by the canal into the Chesapeake, making for the mouth of the Potomac. As we ascended that river we stopped at a place called Machudock, where I purchased, by way of cargo and cover to the voyage, twenty cords of wood; and with that freight on board we proceeded to Washington, where we arrived on the evening of Thursday, the 13th of April, 1848.

As it happened, we found that city in a great state of excitement on the subject of emancipation, liberty and the rights of man. A grand torch-light procession was on foot, in honor of the new French revolution, the expulsion of Louis-Philippe, and the establishment of a republic in France. Bonfires were blazing in the public squares, and a great out-door meeting was being held in front of the *Union* newspaper office, at which very enthusiastic and exciting speeches were delivered, principally by southern democratic members of Congress, which body was at that time in session. A full account of these proceedings, with reports of the speeches, was given in the *Union* of the next day. According to this report, Mr. Foote, the senator from Mississippi, extolled the French revolution