The Underground Railroad.

Within a few months I sat one day in the reception room of the principal of one of our Eastern Pennsylvania preparatory schools. On the walls hung two small pictures of Abraham Lincoln, of the sort so often seen, with a quotation from his speeches or letters printed beside his pictured face. Seeing these, "I fell into a muse," as John Bunyan would say, and remembered that, in the days when Abraham Lincoln needed support in the awful struggle that led him down to his death, this same school, through its authorities, turned coldly from him, and, as far as it dared, numbered itself with his enemies. With these thoughts came into my mind the words of our greatest American poet:

"For humanity sweeps onward, where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

These thoughts returned to me with greater force when, a few weeks ago, I received from your Corresponding Secretary and afterwards from Hon. W. U. Hensel the very kind and courteous invitation to address you this evening.

Having long been a student of history, I am ready to declare that never, since the dawn of Christian civiliza-

tion, has there been a people so given over to lust of money, place and power, so filled with race prejudice and hatred, as are the American people of to-day. And yet, in the midst of all this, it is to a group of intelligent, cultured Americans that I am asked to tell the story of men and women whose only claim to remembrance, to a place in history, is the fact that they risked life and property in succoring, clothing, feeding and helping on their way to freedom the poorest of the poor, members of a despised race, whose helpers were few indeed. An English writer has called the period during which opposition to the slave power arose and grew, "the martyr age of America." In all history there is to be found no other conflict in which the motives of those who took part were so entirely unselfish. Charles Sumner said nearly this: "Our cause is so much nobler than that in which our fathers fought, in that they contended for themselves, we for others."

Now to our story: Two histories of the Underground Railroad in Eastern Pennsylvania are in existence, one a large work compiled and published by William Still, of Philadelphia, in 1871, and another, prepared by Dr. Robert C. Smedley, of West Chester, edited after his death by Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, and the present speaker, was published in 1883. The latter work is the better of the two for this paper, since it is a history only of operations in Chester and the neighboring counties of this State, and enters into much greater detail than does William Still's book.

Such books as these must necessarily be sketchy and defective as history. Men and women who did their work in daily peril of their fortunes and perhaps their lives, of course, kept no regular records. What was done

was done in great secrecy. Little was committed to paper till years afterward, when danger of detection and severe punishment had passed; but recollection also had become imperfect. Exact statistics are not obtainable. Indeed, had each family that took part in this work kept a record of the number of slaves succored this would give no idea of the whole number, since the same man or party of fugitives was passed from station to station, and thus the same names would appear many times upon the record.

The first recorded Underground Railroad work was done at Columbia in 1804, by William Wright. From that time until the oubreak of the Civil War, the work was carried on with greater or less activity in this county. The following is a list of those whose labors have been recorded:

Daniel Gibbons, Upper Leacock township, born 1775, died 1853.

Dr. Joseph Gibbons, born 1818, died 1883.

Dr. J. K. Eshleman, Strasburg, born 1810, died about 1893.

Thomas Whitson, Bart, 1796—1864.

Henry Bushong, Bart, 1783—1870.

Jacob Bushong, Bart, 1813—1880.

Jeremiah More, Christiana, born 1803, date of death unknown.

Joseph Hood, Bart, 1812—1866.

Caleb C. Hood, a brother, born 1817, died some time after 1883.

Lindley Coats, Sadsbury, 1794—1856.

Joshua Brinton, Salisbury, 1809—1892.

Thomas Bonsall, West Sadsbury, Chester county, just over the line from Christiana, 1797—1882.

Dr. Augustus W. Cain, of the same township, dates of birth and death unknown.

Lewis Peart, East Lampeter, 1808—1882.

Joseph Smith, Drumore, 1801—1878.

Oliver Furniss, Little Britain, 1794—1858.

John N. Russell, Drumore, 1804—1876.

Joseph C. Taylor, exact residence and dates of birth and death unknown.

Day Wood, Fulton.

Christian Frantz, East Lampeter, 1805—1890.

The borough of Columbia was the great depot at which fugitives landed. Several causes contributed to this. It was geographically convenient; a majority of the first settlers were "Friends," or "Quakers;" successive emancipations of slaves who came there from the South gave it a large and, at that time, industrious colored community. At the head of this were Stephen Smith and William Whipper, a firm of well-to-do lumber merchants. Stephen Smith was the largest stockholder in the Columbia Bank of that day, and, according to its rules, would have been president had it not been for his complexion. Being thus barred, he was given the privilege of naming the man who became president in his stead.

William Wright, a descendant of the man who laid out the town, was an active man, possessing thorough knowledge of the laws pertaining to slavery and great presence of mind. He passed many slaves on, and, when he heard of any being captured, took steps to secure their release. On several occasions it is related that he disguised men in women's clothing and sent them on to Daniel Gibbons. Slaves escaped at that time in such large numbers that the slave-holders paid a man a regular salary to remain in Columbia and intercept their property. The colored people, on one oc-

casion, caught a slave catcher, took him to the outskirts of the town, and gave him a sound whipping with hickory switches. Every slave that came from the South knew the north star, and that, by following it, he could reach a free State. In the paper read by Mr. Hensel, in March, a general description of the different lines is given; therefore, it is unnecessary to repeat. The first station after leaving Columbia, and the most important one in Lancaster county, was that of Daniel Gibbons. Prior to 1827, fugitives were sent from this place to the house of a Friend, or Quaker, named Jackson, who lived on the confines of what was then known as "the forest," in Robinson township, Berks county.

Lindley Coates was not an ordinary man. He was noted, to quote a biographer, "for his clearness of thought, soundness of judgment, steadiness of nerve, and executive ability." A natural leader of men, he was a masterly presiding officer at anti-slavery meetings. He was a clear reasoner, sagacious and terse in speech, a formidable antagonist in debate. From his house slaves, after being fed and clothed, were taken or sent to the nearest station in Chester county. Many of the more intelligent were directed how to proceed directly to Canada. After the Christiana riot many colored men came to the Coates place, were taken to the corn field, and hidden under the shocks, as Lindley and Deborah Coates were expecting the house to be searched by the deputy marshals and constables who were then scouring the country and arresting every colored man that they could find. During the absence of Lindley and his son Simmons (born 1821, died 1862), a party of these ruffians, for such they were, searched the house from cellar to garret, and

that without a warrant. About this time the Coates barn was burned as a punishment for its owner's anti-slavery activity. Lindley Coates was a member of the Constituional Convention of 1837, and, with Thomas Earle and Thaddeus Stevens, made most strenuous efforts to prevent the insertion of the word "white" into the organic law of the State as a restriction to the suffrage, but all without avail. He died, as he had lived, a true friend of freedom, and an able and worthy champion of the anti-slavery cause. Through his son, Simmons, he was the grandfather of the late Mrs. Marriott Brosius. Another son was Col. Kersey Coates, the well-known business man of Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. J. K. Eshleman began his Underground Railroad work in 1840. He lived and practiced his profession at that time in Strasburg. Fugitives were sent to him by Daniel Gibbons. If men, they came on foot, with a slip of paper containing directions and telling where they came from; if women and children, they were brought in wagons. This was the custom, generally, of all agents.

Dr. Eshleman rarely asked fugitives any questions, further than to ascertain who sent them. The neighborhood of Strasburg contained at that time many bitter pro-slavery people, the favorite pastime of many of whom was breaking up anti-slavery meetings and burning Abolitionists' barns. On one occasion, when Lindley Coates took Charles C. Burleigh, the noted Abolition lecturer, to speak in that neighborhood, they were pelted with unmarketable eggs and their carriage stoned while on their way home. In 1848 Dr. Eshleman moved to Downingtown, and from that time he ceases to be a character in this veracious story.

Thomas Whitson, whose family physician was Dr. J. K. Eshleman, was a very active Underground Railroad man. His activity began about or prior to 1841. What a character he was! Eloquent and cogent in speech, sound in logic and wise in counsel! He was decidedly original and witty. Nature had denied to him personal comeliness; once, in illustrating in a speech the force of public opinion, he said: "Now, in p'int of beauty, public opinion is ag'in me!" When he and Lindley Coates took opposite sides in a debate "Greek met Greek." As an Underground Railroad man, he was very reticent. Hundreds of fugitives were taken care of, but no record was kept. Even his own children were seldom permitted to ask questions. The fugitives were sent by Daniel Gibbons, under charge of a reliable colored man, who had a signal by which to awaken Thomas without arousing other members of the family. Although he was widely known as an Abolitionist, his premises, even after the Christiana riot, were never searched. After that riot, he heard that a party of "special constables" was carrying off a colored man that had worked for him. He pursued and overtook them and asked for the man's release. One of them, on hearing who he was, advanced toward him, poured forth a volley of abuse, and, flourishing a revolver, asked if he were not one of the Abolitionists of that neighborhood. "I am," said the brave Quaker, "and I am not afraid of thy shooting me, so thee may as well put thy pistol down." The officer continued his invective, and, turning to another man, said: "Shall I shoot him?" "No," was the response, "let the old Quaker go." The next morning Thomas went to the officers with a neighbor who had seen the colored man at the

hour of the riot, several miles distant from the scene, proved this fact, and obtained his release. Thos, Whitson, Esq., of Christiana, is a son of the Abolitionist.

It is a matter for regret that a fuller account cannot be obtained of the Underground Railroad work of Henry Bushong. He was a most earnest and enthusiastic worker. Prior to 1831, he lived in Adams county, but about that time removed to Bart township, where his house became a well-known station. In 1832 a colored woman and her daughter came to him. I quote from Dr. Smedley's book: "The back of this poor woman was a most revolting spectacle for Christian eyes to behold. It had been cut into gashes by the master's whip until it was a mass of lacerated flesh and running sores.....In order to make her reveal the whereabouts of one of her children, who had escaped, she had been given 500 lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails." As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she ran away and came to the Bushong home, where she was kindly and tenderly cared for until able to go on, and then taken to a station further east. Henry Bushong received many fugitives from John N. Russell, of Drumore, of whom I shall speak further on.

Jacob Bushong, son of Henry, was also an Underground Railroad Man. In 1831 a colored man calling himself William Wallace escaped, and, after working for friends in different neighborhoods,came, in the summer of 1835, to work for Jacob Bushong. In the meantime his wife and two children came to him from one of the Carolinas, and they had another child. In that summer, while he and Jacob were working in the barn, a party of slaveholders came, inquired for the colored man, and then went to his

house, took his wife and the two older children, also the wife of another colored man who had escaped at the same time with Wallace, and drove with them to Lancaster, where they lodged them in jail. This news spread throughout the country and was brought to Daniel Gibbons. The next morning he and his family were astonished by the appearance of the two women at their house. When asked how they came, one of them said: "I broke jail." "How did you do it?" The woman replied that she had found a caseknife and cut her way out! They were hidden in a wheat field, provided with blankets and food, and the next night were taken by Joseph Gibbons and Thomas Peart to the next station and thus passed on. The account given by these women was so incredible that Joseph Gibbons interviewed the eccentric "Devil-Dave" Miller, who was then Sheriff and Prison Keeper, and lived in the jail. When asked how it happened that he allowed two negro women to slip through his fingers, he winked and laughed. It was afterwards discovered that he opened the jail door and let them walk out. About the same year two colored men,named Green Staunton and Moses Johnson, had been sold to go far South, and, having been lodged temporarily at the jail at Frederick, Md., broke jail and ran to the house of their former master, who was the father of Staunton. He had compassion on them, gave them food, and assisted them on their way to Daniel Gibbons. In 1835 Staunton came to live with Jacob Bushong. Two years afterward six men entered his house, bound and gagged him, and took him to the Lancaster jail. The news of his arrest spread rapidly, and a committee of his friends, two

of whom were Henry and Jacob Bushong, decided to buy him from his captors. They went to Lancaster and agreed to pay $675. He was liberated, and, before his departure for Canada, where he died, he had paid off a large part of this sum. The other colored man, Moses Johnson, hearing of his companion's capture, asked some friends to negotiate for his purchase. This they did, paying $400 for him. In a few years he paid this back and then purchased a small farm and good buildings with his earnings. He died in 1873. Henry and Jacob Bushong were grandfather and uncle of Marvin E. Bushong, Esq., present Clerk of the Quarter Sessions Court.

Jeremiah Moore lived near Christiana and harbored many fugitives sent to him by Daniel Gibbons. He secreted them in an upper room of his house, and, when they were brought down to meals, the doors were bolted. Clothing was furnished them by the anti-slavery neighbors, and, when ill, they were carefully nursed back to health. From the Moore house they were sent to the nearest station, near Ercildoun, in Chester county.

In Bart township lived Joseph and Caleb C. Hood. One night, in the spring of 1843, eight fugitives came to their house at one time, brought by Joseph Smith, of Drumore. They were given food and hurried on, the pursuit being hot, to Lindley Coates, who secreted them til the following night and then sent them to the next station. One party of fugitives told the Hoods of having been brought from Baltimore to the Susquehanna by Rev. Charles T. Torrey. Mr. Torrey, on returning for another load, was arrested, taken to Baltimore, tried, sentenced to the penitentiary, and died during his imprisonment. He was a native of Massachusetts, a grad-

uate of Yale, cultured as he was brave. He gave up his pulpit and devoted his entire time to the Abolition cause. His plan of going among the slaves and urging them to run away was not approved by the majority of the Underground Railroad workers. He believed that, by doing this, property in slaves would be rendered so insecure that emancipation would be hastened. He died a martyr to his cherished plan of obtaining freedom for others.

After the Christiana riot, three colored men who had been engaged in it came to Caleb Hood's place. They were hidden in the woods nearby and in the house of a colored man and fed for two weeks, until the hue and cry were over, when they went to Canada. Many more incidents and hair-breadth escapes might be told of the Hoods.

The house of Joshua Brinton was not on any of the direct routes, but such were his kindness and sympathy for the colored people that many were directed to go to him, his home being called "a home for colored people." He was the father of Mrs. Mark Penn Cooper, of Christiana.

Thomas Bonsall and his son-in-law, Dr. Augustus W. Cain, though living just over the border, in Chester county, near Christiana, deserve mention because of their close connection with the work in this county. Thirteen fugitives were secreted in Thomas Bonsall's barn at one time after the passage of the fugitive slave law. The two women whom "Devil Dave" Miller let out of the Lancaster jail were taken to Thomas Bonsall, and by him guided one dark night to the house of an agent in Chester county. Thomas was a prominent Friend, or Quaker, occupying several official positions in the society. In his old age he was appreciated and honored by the colored people of Christiana and the neighbor-

hood because of his labors in their behalf. Dr. Augustus W. Cain was an original character. In answer to this question from your present speaker, Augustus, did thee have anything to do with the Christiana riot?" he said: "Yes, indeed; I was surgeon to the insurgent army on that day!" This because he removed bullets, one from the forearm of a colored man and one from the leg of another, after the conflict.

Lewis Peart was a quiet, cautious man, whose brave serenity and good judgment made him an excellent agent. Fugitives were sent to him direct from Columbia. He generally took them himself after dark to other stations. In 1844 he removed to Chester county and became a very active worker there.

Joseph Smith's was the most important station in "the Southern End." Thirteen fugitives came to him at one time, all from Virginia. Many farmers went to Baltimore from that neighborhood with loads of produce. Their colored teamsters were questioned by the slaves in that city concerning the southern Lancaster county stations. Many of these crossed the Susquehanna at Peach Bottom in a boat owned and rowed by a colored man, and were directed or taken thence to Joseph Smith's.

During the height of Rev. Charles T. Torrey's campaign, a party of twenty-two fugitives was brought to John N. Russell's house about twelve o'clock at night. Their pilot, a colored man, threw a pebble against the window of Friend Russell's sleeping-room, which aroused him and his wife. They came down, prepared a meal for them at this "witching hour," tumbled them into a four-horse covered wagon, and took them to the next station. When John N. Russell was about

ten years old, in 1814, a colored woman, the mother of two little children, was taken quite near his father's house, tied, gagged, thrown into a wagon, amid the cries of her little ones, and hurried off across the border. She was sold into Georgia, and her children grew up in the Russel family.

A thrilling, yet somewhat ludicrous story is told of Joseph C. Taylor.* Hearing one June morning that a colored girl had been kidnapped nearby and was being hurried to the Maryland line, he mounted a plow horse and followed the kidnappers. He had time to think, however, that he could do nothing without arms. Stopping

*The following data have been furnished by D. F. Magee, Esq.:

Joseph C. Taylor was born in the neighborhood of Kennett Square, in Chester county, about 1802, of Quaker parentage, and was of the family of Taylors well known in that section. In early life he learned the tanning trade at a tannery in Little Britain township, and for a short time before his marirage kept the hotel in Little Britain township, at Oak Hill. He married Susan Ring Twaddell, of Chester county, and immediately thereafter began keeping store, first at Oak Hill, and then at Ashville, in Little Britain township, which two villages are within a mile of one another. His first wife and two children he had by her, died within ten years of his marriage, and he afterwards married Jane ————, of Philadelphia, by whom he had a large family of boys, who grew to manhood: B. Frank, David M., John K., Edwin C. and Howard N. The first three became soldiers in the Union army, and John K. was killed in battle. David M. is President of the Farmers' Bank of Oxford, Edward C. was a prominent physician, and died in Oxford some years ago. B. Frank became prominent and was a Justice of the Peace at the time of his death, some ten years ago. Howard died in early manhood. Joseph C. Taylor, physically and mentally was a strong, rugged and always aggressive and fearless man. He was a militant Abolitionist, and in speech and action, in season and out, he contended for the freedom of the slaves. Located, as he was, some four to six miles north of the Mason and Dixon line,

at the store of a friend, he borrowed a gun and overtook the party about a hundred yards from the Maryland line. Riding around the wagon, he wheeled in the road, aimed the gun at the driver's head, and said: "Stir another foot and I'll blow your brains out." Naturally the party halted; he marched them back to a magistrate's office, had the girl discharged and the kidnappers put in jail. The best part of this true story is that, to quote Dr. Smedley, "The old gun hadn't a ghost of a load in it!" A Quaker gun, indeed, but it served its purpose.

Little Britain township possessed a faithful worker in the person of Oliver Furness, who was known as "the fugitives' friend." Such care was taken

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and directly in or near the line of travel both of the Conowingo Ferry (and later bridge), as, also, the route up from the Eastern Shore, via Zion and Brick Meeting House (all Quaker country), he is believed to have handled, in conjunction with Oliver Furness, many fugitives, his being the first station in Pennsylvania, together with another at Griest's fording. During the most active period before the war he lived on a large farm, not far from the store, and between his farm and store there was quite a negro settlement of free negroes, called "Wolf Hollow;" and a mile or less westward from this was the Oliver Furness home, a very large farm, with buildings located over a hill, entirely out of sight of any public road. Both the Taylor farm and the Furness farm ran down to the Octoraro creek, as was likewise the Griest farm, at Griest's fording, four miles further south; and the legend is that the fugitives follower the course of the narrow valley of the Octoraro, which at that time was mostly wooded, and at several points, notably at Pine Grove, near the Furness farm, cave-like rocks afforded shelter and hiding in emergency. From Asheville to Christiana was about fourteen miles, and it was viaChristiana that most fugitives were sent from this point. Joseph Taylor died in Ashville, April 26, 1876, and is buried in Oxford, Chester county, Pa. While it is believed he had a birthright in the Friends' Meeting he did not in his mature years affiliate with any Meeting nor was he a member of any other church.

by the Furness family, however, to keep silent upon the subject that no record of their work is obtainable.

The only Mennonite known to have taken any part in this work was Christian Frantz. He was an employer of colored men and helped them whenever necessary. Some time subsequent to 1840 a colored man known as Tom Gray worked for him. One day he was arrested by men, evidently kidnappers, taken to Lancaster and lodged in jail. Christian Frantz, Drs. Nathaniel Sample and Joseph Gibbons went immediately to Lancaster, had the man released on bail, going his security, and thus rescued him from his illegal claimants. He escaped, and was never seen in that neighborhood again. Kidnappers or owners were at Mr. Frantz's place twice once they searched the house, having a warrant so to do, but found no one but one of the sons, an invalid, in bed. "There he is," said one, seeing the young man's dark hair. His indignant "what do you want?" frightened them quickly away. On another occasion pursuit was so hot that a colored man hid in the hole used for dampening flax, on the banks of Mill creek, and, thus concealed, soon afterward made his escape. Christian Frantz was the grandfather of O. D. Brubaker, chairman of the Prohibition County Committee.

The first-known anti-slavery man in the Gibbons family was James Gibbons, 1734 or 5—1810. Born in Chester county, he moved, on his marriage in 1756, to the tract of land in this county on which his descendants still live. During or soon after the Revolution he moved to Wilmington, Del., then a borough, of which he was the second burgess. In 1789, while he was a magistrate, a colored man was brought before him by a party of kid-

nappers. They attempted, as usual, to carry thir case through by bluster; he told them, peremptorily, that "if they did not behave themselves he would commit them." He then set the man at liberty. In 1870 he returned to this county and here spent the rest of his life. He was interested, during his whole life, in helping fugitives to escape.

Daniel Gibbons, the elder of James Gibbons' two sons who arrived at manhood, was born on the banks of Mill Creek, in East Lampeter township, December 21, 1775. As soon as he arrived at manhood he began his Underground Railroad work, being his father's assistant. In 1808, while on a visit to Henry Bushong, who then lived not far from Gettysburg, he met Hannah Wierman, member of a well-known Quaker and anti-slavery family. They were married in 1815 and came to live in the house built by him, which still stands, in the southeastern part of Upper Leacock township, near the East Lampeter line. This immediately became a well-known station. Hard work at the tanner's trade, to which he was apprenticed in his youth, together with overexertion during a pedestrian tour to Niagara Falls and Pittsburg in 1805, made Daniel Gibbons virtually a cripple, so that he was never able actually to run away with fugitives. He therefore took no active part in the wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes whicch his brain and tact rendered possible and successful. It is believed that no slave was ever recaptured that followed his directions. About 1818 or 1820 a colored man named Abraham Boston came to the Gibbons place and remained. He was an excellent man, and Daniel grew to love him as he would a brother. The kidnappers came one day and carried

him off. Daniel, at great risk, went in search of him to Baltimore, but, for some reason, could never get him back. This was the only person to rescue whom he ever went South. In setting forth this experience in his day-book he says, in conclusion: "O cruel man, how hast thou lost the image"—that is, of Deity. This man and one, perhaps two, girls were the only fugitives ever taken from the Gibbons home. Even concerning Abraham Boston, accounts differ, one saying that he was captured in Lancaster while on his way from Columbia with a load of lumber.

When a tap was heard on the window at night, all the family knew what it meant. The fugitives were taken to the barn, and in the morning were brought to the house separately, and each was asked his name, age, the name of his master, and from what part of the country he came. The host then gave him a new name, so that, by means of this alias, he could elude his pursuers. All these items of information he entered in a day-book, of which they finally filled about forty pages. This record was begun in 1824. In 1850, after the passage of the fugitive slave act, he cut these leaves out and burned them. Dr. Joseph Gibbons was absent from home at the time, and used to say that, had he been at home, this sacrifice would not have been made. I still have this book in my possession, with the edges of the destroyed leaves plainly visible. If fugitives expected their masters soon, they were hidden in the field or barn, or, if it was autumn, in the corn shocks for a few hours, and then taken to the road to Reading and hurried to the next station, the house of Friend Johnson, before mentioned. If immediate pursuit was not feared, they worked in the neighborhood for a

while. Some, guided by the north star, pressed on from station to station, directly to Canada. A relative wrote of this work as follows: "Many a dark night has he sent me to carry them victuals and change their places of refuge.....when not safe for him to go. I have known him to start in the night and go (drive) fifty miles with them when they were very hotly pursued." Two colored men, Thomas Colbert and John Stewart, lived long with him. John went back to Maryland and, at the risk of his life, brought his wife to the Gibbons house. Soon along came another man, Robert (other name unknown),in a bad plight, his feet bleeding. He was put into the barn to thresh until able to go on his journey. In a few days his master came, bringing with him the notorious Constable Haines, from Lancaster, and another man. They came suddenly upon Robert; he ran and jumped out of the "overshoot," ten feet down, dislocating his knee. The men ran around the barn and caught him. By this time Tom and John came up, with Daniel and Hannah Gibbons. Poor Robert owned his master, but John told them they should not take him and was about to strike them with a club. One of the men drew a pistol to shoot John, but Daniel Gibbons told him he would better not do this; this was not a slave State. As Robert had owned his master, Daniel told John he must submit, and they put the captured man on a horse and started away with him. After they were gone, John said: "Mr. Gibbons, just say the word and I will bring Robert back." The brave wife said: "Go, John, go." So John ran to a neighbor's,got a gun without any lock, ran across the fields, Tom with him, and headed off the party. The men all ran except Haines, who kept Rob-

ert between John and himself, so that John would not shoot him. John ordered Robert to get off the horse. This he did, and Tom and John brought him back in triumph. Hannah Gibbons said: "John, thee is a good fellow; thee has done well." Robert was taken to a neighbors, where the family physician set his knee, and, as soon as he was able, he, to quote the narrative, "took a bee line for the north star."

An anecdote is told of Haines, the aforementioned worthy, which illustrater Daniel Gibbons' methods. One day word was brought him that Haines was in the grove on the banks of Mill creek, carrying a gun. Daniel went down to the grove, when the following brief conversation took place: "Well, friend Haines, how is thee today?" "Good morning, Mr. Gibbons, very well, I thank you. I just thought I would come down here awhile and hunt squirrels." "Very well, Haines, go on and hunt. Thee will find many red squirrels and some gray ones, but never any *black* ones." On this hint, Haines' squirrel hunt was brief; came to a sudden end. In the winter of 1822, a colored man living with Daniel Gibbons went to the creek early in the morning to set traps for muskrats. While he was gone a slave-holder came and inquired for his slave, telling Daniel that they had come for a runaway nigger—black, five feet ten inches high, lost one of his front teeth, etc. To this description the friend listened in silence. What he would have done, had questions been asked, cannot be told; as the description suited him of the muskrats. But the visitor went on to say: "He is a very ornery nigger, no dependence to be placed in him nohow." "There is no man here," rejoined Daniel, greatly relieved, "who answers that descrip-

tion." "We've very good reason to think he came here," said one, "we got word very direct; reckon he's lyin' around here. Hain't there been no strange nigger here?" "There was a colored man here, but he has gone away; I don't know as he will ever come back again." The man had stayed away so long that it seemed probable that he had seen his pursuers and had sought shelter. "Tell him that his master says that if he will only come back again to Baltimore county he sha'n't be whipped nor sold nor nuthin', but everything shall be looked over." "I'll tell him what you say," said Daniel, "if I ever see him again, but," he added, regaining his accustomed independence, "I'll tell him, too, that if I was in his place, I'd never go back to you again." The pursuers left, and that night the fugitive sought a more secure hiding-place.

In 1833, while on his way to the West in a carriage, with Thomas Peart, Daniel Gibbons found a fugitive slave, a woman, in Adams county, who was in immediate danger. He stopped his journey and sent his horse and carriage back to his own home with the woman, that being the only way to save her.

Pursuit was sometimes hot indeed. Once her master come for a young girl. While Daniel Gibbons engaged him in conversation in the sitting-room, his wife hurried her out of the house, and turned over her an empty rain-water hogshead that was lying near. The premises were searched, of course, but no slave was found.

From his arrival at manhood until his death Daniel Gibbons assisted nearly 1,000 fugitives. When the fugitive slave law of 1850 was passed he was nearly seventy-five years old. After sorrowful reflection upon it, he said

to one of his household: "I have made up my mind to go to jail." He was willing to die in prison, as Torrey did, or to be robbed of every dollar that he possessed,as was the heroic Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, a short time before. After that time, however, many slaves were passed through by rail, this being less dangerous.

When he passed to his rest a young man, son of one of his old friends,after attending his funeral, wrote as follows: "To paraphrase the words of Webster, we turned and paused and joined our voices with the voices of the air, and bade him hail! and farewell! Farewell, kind and brave old man, the voices of those whom thou hast redeemed welcome thee to the Eternal City."

No history of the Underground Railroad would be complete without some account of Hannah Wierman Gibbons, born in 1787, died 1860. What manner of woman she was, one incident will tell. In 1836 there came to her home from the great valley of Virginia a slave, one of the poorest, most ignorant and filthiest of mankind. He was footsore and weary, and could not tell how he came or who directed him. Evidently ill, he became rapidly worse. A physician was called in, who pronounced his case smallpox. Hannah Gibbons shut herself up in a room with him, and for six long weeks nursed him carefuly and tenderly, until he was restored to health. When I related this incident to a friend, recently, she said: "And nowadays people aren't willing to ride in the street cars with colored people." A commentary upon our advance (!) in Christian civilization. Hannah Gibbons was a woman of fine intellect,and her patience, self-denial and warm affection were shown in every relation of life. As daughter, wife, mother,

friend and mistress of a family, she was beloved by all; the poor fugitives regarded her with a feeling akin to idolatry. Deeply religious, both she and her husband were elders in the Society of Friends. When near death, she aroused from her lethargy and asked if Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, an event which took place about three weeks afterward. "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Dr. Joseph Gibbons was his father's faithful, earnest and enthusiastic assistant in this work, taking the active part that Daniel Gibbons' ill health prevented his taking. To an exciting midnight run, with a party of fugitives made when he was about sixteen years old, he attributed a difficulty in walking that troubled him during the rest of his life. In 1837, when about nineteen years old, he attended a convention which met in Harrisburg to organize an Anti-Slavery Society. In 1840 came the first organized political opposition to the slave power, in the nomination of James G. Birney, of Michigan, and Thomas Earle, of Philadelphia, for President and Vice President of the United States. Joseph Gibbons did not vote for them, thinking that the time was not ripe for general political action. He attended the convention held in Pittsburg, in 1844, which nominated Dr. F. J. Lemoyne for Governor of Pennsylvania, and voted that year for Birney and Thomas Morris, the latter a brave anti-slavery Democrat of Ohio. In 1845, Joseph Gibbons married, in Philadelphia, Phebe, eldest child of Thomas and Mary Earle. Of their own Underground Railroad work, after Daniel Gibbons' death, no record remains. I remember, when a small

child, the arrival of a party of sturdy black men. Naturally I asked whence they came; "From Richmond," was the reply. Learned in geography, I said, "From Richmond, Virginia, or Richmond, Indiana?" To this there was no reply. Such dangerous secrets were not told to children.

Joseph Gibbons possessed a mind little improved by education, but broadened, informed and strengthened by a wide range of reading; courage, both physical and moral, of the truest temper; a heart deeply and tenderly affectionate; a cheerful disposition, keen sense of humor and fondness for hearing and telling good stories, and, above and beyond all, a "heart hatred" of cruelty and oppression and a deep interest in every movement that had for its object the uplifting of the human race.

Underground Railroad men were greatly annoyed, both by decoys, pretended runaways, sent to them by kidnappers, and by white men who came ostensibly on other business, but were really spies for the slave catchers. Daniel Gibbons possessed great skill in detecting both these classes. For the purpose of watching all unwelcome visitors, the lane from the public road to the house was laid out around two sides of a field, instead of leading directly to the yard, as would have been more convenient. Hand-bills and newspapers advertising fugitives were frequently sent to Daniel Gibbons. Of these I have a small collection which is, I think, of historical interest.

A troublesome band was known as "the Gap gang." Led by the notorious William ("Bill") Baer, they robbed hen roosts and smoke houses, acted as guides to kidnappers or masters, or as deputy constables or just plain man-stealers.

Amid all their dangers the Under-

ground Railroad men had a brave and able helper in Thaddeus Stevens, of whose labors in this field the half will never be told.

Such is my simple story.

It may be worth mentioning that, of the men and women whose labors I have described, all but two, or perhaps, three, were members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Their own poet, Whittier, had thus adequately portrayed them:

The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him had no power to stain
The purity within.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin, his own.
And pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O, spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

Accompanying Mrs. Brubaker's interesting paper, and in illustration of its text, she exhibited to her audience a large number of handbills and newspaper clippings of the period 1830-40, offering rewards for runaway slaves. A few specimens of them are herewith appended:

RUNAWAY.

On Saturday night, 22d instant, from the farm of the late Elizabeth Brown, deceased, near Centreville, Fairfax County, Virginia—a negro man named *Wm. Warner, said negro is about* six feet high, quite likely and 33 years of age. He rode off a young bay horse fifteen hands high and took a good many clothes, some very good, and a

black fur hat. A reward of $50 will be given for him if taken in the State of Virginia of the District of Columbia, and of $100 if taken and secured, so I get him again out of either.

CHARLES T. LEWIS,
Executor of E. Brown.

Aug. 29—3t.

$100 REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber on the 1st of May last, my negro man named

HAMLET,

who sometimes takes the name of Green. He is stout made, high forehead, full eyes, talkative and politely behaved, very fond of ardent spirits, and about 28 years of age, he took with him a full bred yellow and white setter dog; the above reward will be given for delivering the said negro to me in this city or securing him in any jail so that I can get him.

HENRY V. SOMERVILLE.

Baltimore, July 15. 50—8t.

STOP THE THIEVES.

$500 REWARD.

Stolen from the undersigned, a carriage and horses, by his slave, George Queen, a molatto man, aged about 41 years, five feet 8 inches high, stoutly made, of a bad countenance.

Also, a Black Woman, his wife Suck, aged about 32 years with a child at the breast about six months old.

Also, her child Aaron, about 14 years old, who has a scar on the breast and neck, caused by a burn.

Also, her child Caroline, aged about 11 years; also, his child Isaac, a very stout child, aged 6 years.

Also, his child, Seney, aged about 4 years.

Of the above reward, the sum of Two Hundred Dollars for the apprehension of George, One Hundred Dollars for that of his wife Suck and her child Grafton, and Fifty Dollars for each of the other children will be given, so that they can be secured in some jail in Maryland where the above reward will be paid with all reasonable expenses.

The undersigned is provided with witnesses to prove the right of property should the above described Thieves and slaves be taken in Pennsylvania agreeable to the laws of that State.

The above thieves absconded with the Carriage and horses and other property of the undersigned on the night of Friday the 19th of July inst: They have taken much clothing and bedding with them and are no doubt all in company wherever found.

ANTHONY KIMMEL,

Near New Market Frederick County, Maryland, July 21, 1839.

Author: Brubaker, Marianna G.

Title: The underground railroad / by Mrs. Marianna G. Brubaker.

Primary Material: Book

Subject(s): Underground railroad--Pennsylvania--Lancaster County.
Lancaster County (Pa.)--Biography.

Publisher: Lancaster, Pa. : Lancaster County Historical Society, 1911

Description: 95-119 p. ; 23 cm.

Series: Journal of the Lancaster County Historical Society ; v. 15, no. 4

Call Number: 974.9 L245 v.15
Location: LCHSJL -- Journal Article (reading room)

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