

THE
UNDERGROUND RAIL ROAD.

A RECORD

OF

FACTS, AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES, LETTERS, &c.,

Narrating the Hardships Hair-breadth Escapes and Death Struggles

OF THE

Slaves in their efforts for Freedom,

AS RELATED

BY THEMSELVES AND OTHERS, OR WITNESSED BY THE AUTHOR;

TOGETHER WITH

SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE LARGEST STOCKHOLDERS, AND

MOST LIBERAL AIDERS AND ADVISERS,

OF THE ROAD.

BY

WILLIAM STILL,

For many years connected with the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia, and Chairman
of the Acting Vigilant Committee of the Philadelphia Branch of
the Underground Rail Road.

Illustrated with 70 fine Engravings by Bensell, Schell and others, and
Portraits from Photographs from Life.

Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee.—*Deut.* xxiii. 15.

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I am lending Peter Still—the book—to my neighbors. It is devoured with great interest. It does good. I think, however, if I had been writing such a book, I would have wedged in much more testimony against slavery and its horrid accompaniments and consequences.

I would be glad to hear how Peter and his family are prospering.

Do you see my friends, Mr. Orr and Rev. Willson, now-a-days? Do they help in the good cause?

If the ladies here should make up fine shirts for men, or children's clothes of various kinds, would they be of use at Philadelphia, or New York, to fugitives? Or would it not be advisable to send them there? The ladies here complain that they cannot sell what they make.

My dear brother, be not discouraged in your work, your labor of love. The prospect before the poor slave is indeed dark, dark! But the power shall not always be on the side of the oppressor. God reigns. A day of vengeance will come, and that soon.

Mrs. Stowe makes Dred utter many a truth. Would that God would write it indelibly on the heart of the nation. But the people will not hear, and the cup of iniquity will soon fill to overflowing; and whose ears will not be made to tingle when the God of Sabaoth awakes to plead the cause of the dumb?

Yours, very sincerely,
N. R. JOHNSTON.

P. S. When I was in New York last Fall, October, I was in the Anti-Slavery office one day, when a friend in the office showed me a dispatch just received from Philadelphia, signed W. S., which gave notice of "six parcels" coming by the train, etc. And before I left the office the "parcels" came in, each on two legs. Strange parcels, that would run away on legs.

My heart leaped for joy at seeing these rescued ones. O that God would arise and break the yoke of oppression! Let us labor on and ever, until our work is done, until all are free.

Since the late Republican farce has closed I hope to get some more subscribers for the Standard. Honest men's eyes will be opened after a while, and the standard of right and expediency be elevated. Let us "hope on and ever."

Yours, for the right,
N. R. J.

TOPSHAM, VT., April 3d, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND STILL:—I entreat you not to infer from my tardiness or neglect, that I am forgetful of my dear friend in Philadelphia. For some time past I have done injustice to many of my friends, in not paying my debts in epistolary correspondence. Some of my dearest friends have cause to censure me. But you must pardon me. I have two letters of yours on hand, unanswered. One of them I read to the Sewing Circle; and part of the other. For them I most heartily thank you. You are far kinder to me than I deserve. May God reward you.

I long to see you. My head and heart is full of the cause of the slave.

I fear I give the subject too much relative importance. Is this possible? I preach, lecture, and write for the slave continually. And yet I don't do enough. Still I fear I neglect the great concerns of religion at home, in my own heart, in my congregation, and in the community.

I wish we were located near to each other. We are far separated. I am almost isolated. You are surrounded by many friends of the cause. Still we are laboring on the same wall, though far apart. Are we not near in spirit?

You see by the papers that we have been trying to do something in our Green Mountain State. The campaign has fairly begun. We will carry the battle to the gate.

I see our friend, Miss Watkins, is still pleading for the dumb. Noble girl! I love her for her devotedness to a good cause. Oh, that her voice could be heard by the millions! I hope that we can have her again in Vermont.

Give my kind regards to our mutual friend, Miller McKim. Will I not see him and you at the anniversary in New York?

Do you ever see Rev. Willson? Is he doing anything for the cause? I wish I could peep into your house to-night, and see if there are any "packages" on hand. God bless you in your labors of love.

Yours, truly, for the slave,

N. R. JOHNSTON.

While it was not in the power of Mr. Johnston and his coadjutors, to render any great amount of material aid to the Committee, as they had not been largely blessed with this world's goods, nevertheless, the sympathy shown was as highly valued, as if they had given thousands of dollars. Not unfrequently has the image of this singularly faithful minister entered the writer's mind as he once appeared when visiting the Synod of his church in Philadelphia. Having the Underground Rail Road cause at heart, he brought with him—all the way from Vermont—his trunk well filled with new shirts and under-clothing for the passengers on that Road. It was characteristic of the man, and has ever since been remembered with pleasure.

From another quarter, hundreds of miles from Philadelphia, similar tokens of interest in the cause of the fleeing bondmen were manifested by a Ladies' Anti-slavery Society, in Western New York, which we must here record. As the proffered aid was wholly unsolicited, and as the Committee had no previous knowledge whatever of the existence of the society, or any of its members, and withal, as the favors conferred, came at times when the cause was peculiarly in need (the Committee oft-times being destitute of clothing or money), the idea that the Underground Rail Road was providentially favored, in this respect, was irresistible.