

kidnapped and Sold into Slavery. Frankfort, Ky., March 10. The Owing to Natchez—sold in the Country—Tale to Texas—Frankfort—Natchez—Chickasaw and Trail.

After my trial at Lexington, Ward took me to Frankfort where he lived, and where I worked in his family for seven months, at the end of which time as his wife and I didn't get along very well, he sent me back to Pullan's slave pen, at Lexington, where Pullan and Griffin were making up a gang of niggers for the South.

Pullan took me by rail to Louisville and from there to Natchez by boat. Griffin took the rest of the gang by land making them walk the whole route. Camping at night, they took me separate and kept me separate so I could have no chance to talk to anyone. At Natchez we were put in a nigger pen. Their instructions was to sell me to some person who lived in the country. A man by the name of Wilson, in town wanted me bad. To get clear of him, and not wanting to tell him why they would not sell to him for fear he might suspicion something wrong, they told him they wasn't going to sell me but take me back again. They wanted to send me to the country so I couldn't talk to any free niggers or poor white trash. The niggers in the country never got to town more than once a year. They sold me to Girard Brandon. He paid them \$1,000 for me, so his wife told me. Brandon had 800 slaves that could go in the field and work outside the children and then that was too old to work. He owned and worked seven plantations. I worked in the field for him till they thought I was going to die, and then they changed my work to the house. The work in the field was too hard for me. I had to hoe, burn brush, and clear ground. The master said he ought always to give a poor hand a good hoe. They give me a poor one and I couldn't hoe to suit them, and when I didn't they would lay me down on my face, turn my clothes over my head, and then a great big whip would whip my bare back with a leather strap or the cat-o-nine-tails. Sometimes every stroke would leave a groove just like you had drawn a knife across my back, and sometimes when they would sprinkle salt on the raw flesh. After the cotton had come up about six inches above ground they would shear it off, and then we would have to hoe it out, going backwards all day long. I got so used to going backwards I pretty near forgot how to go forwards. The stands are about two feet apart and if you happen to cut one of them up they would take you back to it and whip you, sure. Many, many times have I been whipped for it; they whipped me for walking, they whipped me for most everything. If a nigger would hit a male hard enough to raise a welt on him, they would whip the nigger till they raised as large as larger welt on him.

When the news came to master that the Lacks were coming toward us his wife made him take us to Texas. 500 of us walked through. When we had got about 100 miles from Natchez, Brandon got a dispatch that Vicksburg had fallen into the hands of the Yanke. When he read it he said, "Oh hell! we are done for. We might as well go back." We were in camp at the time, but we went on some 400 miles into Texas. After we got there I was sick a whole year from exposure. I never rode but one day on the trip. I was afraid the wagon would upset. We had a whole drove of mules and a long, too, and I could have rode one of them, but I wasn't going to ride like a hair pin; some of the rest did though.

I chased him to let me take my child with me, all the rest had to leave theirs in Tennessee, and many of them died of neglect before our return. He worked us on his plantation for three years after the emancipation proclamation, and at last the white folks there run one over our clean off, and told the other some if we didn't feel as we was free, they would have him arrested. So he called us all up in line and read it to us. We didn't know what to do with ourselves. So he said that all who would work for him three years he would take them back to Tennessee. We all took up the line of march and came back to Natchez with him. I stayed there three years, and then returned to old Cincinnati. I found Mr. Myers, of Covington, and by consulting him I learned the suit for me, but he was killed by Col. Terrill before anything could be done, and you know the rest.

decision and the reasoning would seem to be in favor of one who had been a victim of the same power that he had exercised in the English language in the Declaration of Independence to benefit Yours, CINCINNATI.

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the Georgia in Georgia, sly, and he At one ously annoy- old him that that their halikes were she said, here is our sish we can sakin, that prove it. Ward's attorney expected sympathy for their client. But Baxter decided in favor of Henrietta, and ordered a judgment entered in Circuit Court records of the United States for \$2,000. This was the first time that a slave had ever been declared free in the U. S. Courts, that this