



Yours truly
J. W. Ferguson

THE
REV. J. W. LOGUEN,

AS

A SLAVE

AND AS

A FREEMAN.

A NARRATIVE OF REAL LIFE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.:

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APPENDIX

Testimony of Rev. E. P. Rogers.

The following article, from Rev. E. P. Rogers, was written for a Preface to this Book—but it came too late to be used for that purpose; and we give it a place in our Appendix.

Early in the winter of '38, I became acquainted with the Rev. J. W. Loguen.

Being then engaged as a teacher of a public school, in the city of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. Loguen made application, and was cheerfully received as a pupil. Having been brought up in Tennessee slavery, which institution, wherever it is found, never fails to bequeath to its victims the miserable inheritance of ignorance, he was of course without education, save the little which he had gleaned from time to time, by his own persevering efforts.

But though the taskmaster had fettered his limbs, and deprived him of learning, yet it was evident that his soul was unshackled, and his lofty spirit unsubdued.

I am not aware that Mr. Loguen made any secret of the fact that he was a fugitive, and then, as now, bid defiance to his claimant.

During the winter which Mr. Loguen was under my tuition, he improved rapidly in the primary branches of education; and at the same time manifested a strong desire to be serviceable in some way to his down-trodden race.

The writer, being about the same age of Mr. Loguen, and both being in pursuit of knowledge with a view to future usefulness, a close intimacy sprang up between us which time has not impaired.

Observing that Mr. Loguen was a man of uncommon energy of mind, and of a truly benevolent spirit, I soon became anxious that he should enter upon a course of study, in some of the liberal institutions of the day.

In the following Spring, when about to return to the Oneida Institute in Whitesboro', N. Y., of which I was a member, (at that time presided over by Rev. Beriah Green, a well known scholar and philanthropist,) I urged Mr. Loguen to avail himself of the benefits of that Institution. His friends, likewise, of whom he had very many in Rochester, (among whom was Mrs. Sherman, now the wife of the writer,) counselled him to go forward and prepare for a higher calling.

Mr. Loguen, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, who clearly saw that he was a man of no ordinary abilities, entered the preparatory department of the Institute the same season, and commenced a course of study, which, had time and means permitted him to finish, would have placed him among the best scholars in that Institution.

The day upon which Mr. Loguen entered the Institute, was an auspicious one for him—because it brought him in contact with students of aspiring genius, most of whom were the open and avowed enemies of slavery, and the advocates of equal rights,—and frequently listening to President Green upon those great subjects, whose words in those days touching the rights of man, “were as if one inquired at the oracle of God,” it is not strange that Mr. Loguen, particularly as these truthful sentiments found a ready response in the deep chambers of his soul, should be so influenced thereby, as to dedicate himself to

that particular branch of the anti-slavery work, in which he has since been so successfully engaged.

Such was Mr. Loguen's progress at the Institute, that at the end of the first term he was able to teach an excellent school in Utica.

And after spending some two seasons at the Institution, where, by diligence and christian deportment, he won the confidence and esteem of both students and professors, and during that time making himself useful as a Sabbath School teacher and exhorter among his brethren in Utica, he was happily united in marriage to Miss Caroline Storom, a lady every way worthy of him, entered the ministry, and settled at Syracuse, N. Y., where he has since acted in the double capacity of religious teacher and Superintendent of the *Underground Railroad*.

Since Mr. Loguen has been engaged in the noble work alluded to, he has been well known to the public, and his biography will be eagerly sought by thousands who have heard his eloquent appeals, and listened to the outrages which heartless tyrants perpetrated upon him and his unfortunate relatives.

From the first, I beheld in Mr. Loguen a noble spirit and manly independence, as well as other qualities indicative of future greatness and usefulness. But little did I think a few years would find him occupying one of the proudest and most responsible positions, among those who care for the oppressed in this land.

But it is even so; Jermain W. Loguen is unquestionably one of the most distinguished men in the country, in the particular field in which he labors; and not only in this country, but also in old England, thousands of anti-slavery men and women are familiar with his name, and the history of his labors for the last few years.

On account of the interest felt in his life and labors, in England, Mr. Loguen's work will doubtless have a wide circulation in that country.

To say nothing of the hundreds of poor heart-broken fugitives,

who have been sheltered and cared for by Mr. Loguen, and who have been sent on their way rejoicing by means collected by his own hand, he has done much in various other ways to aid the anti-slavery cause. He has lectured in towns and cities, and preached in many pulpits in western New York; and wherever he has been, he has done much to remove prejudice against the colored man, and to break down the prevailing opinion that the black man is naturally inferior to the white man.

And as none can feel for the fugitive from slavery as he can, who has been crushed by its power, and whose heart has been made to bleed by its cruelties, let us never fail to encourage those having the requisite qualifications, to aid others, escaping from the land of despotism to the land of the free.

Such conduct is not only according to the dictates of humanity, but a plain and solemn duty which God requires man to perform.

If the words of the Bible, "hide the outcasts and betray not him that wandereth," mean anything at all, they mean that it is the duty of Christians and philanthropists to do all that Mr. Loguen and his patrons have done for the last few years, for those who were justly entitled to their sympathy.

And not only is the fugitive peculiarly fitted for the work of aiding those who have just come from the house of bondage, because of his experience in suffering, but none can describe so graphically the workings of Slavery, and present so clearly its different phases, and make so stirring and pathetic appeals as he.

Undoubtedly, Douglas, Bibb, Brown, Clark, and others, would have been distinguished men had they been raised on the soil of freedom; but neither of them would have been able to portray the wickedness and cruelty of Slavery with such amazing power, had they not been within its grasp and felt its heavy scourge.

Multitudes have listened to Mr. Loguen on the subject of Slavery, and thousands have been moved to tears by his affecting narrative.

His book, written in a clear and vigorous style, will contain

a full and complete history of all events connected with Mr. Loguen's escape from bondage, and of what he has since been able to do for his brethren, both bond and free. And we have reason to believe that the present work will be most favorably received by all classes in community, whose hearts are not benumbed by the influence of slavery.

May heaven smile upon this new effort of Mr. Loguen's to aid the sacred cause of liberty, and may the noble sentiments contained in the work, kindle anew the hatred of philanthropists to the accursed system of American Slavery.

E. P. ROGERS.

NEWARK, N. J., August 1, 1859.

LOGUEN'S POSITION.

BY E. P. ROGERS.

They say I have a daring look—

A bold and fearless mien :

For this I'm not accountable,

As shortly will be seen.

I am athletic, they declare,

And strong in every part,

With lurid vengeance in my eye,

And mischief in my heart.

But let each one be slow to judge,

Until my tale is told,

In which the reason will appear

Why I am tart and bold.

I am a panting fugitive—

I fled from Tennessee,

From chains, and whips, and bloodhounds, too,

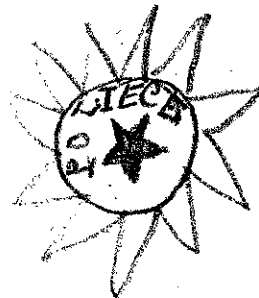
In search of Liberty.

'Twas there I saw my sister flogged,

And heard her thrilling prayer,

Oh ! spare me, master ! master ! Oh,

For God's sake, master, spare !



I and my mother felt the lash—
Our sufferings who can tell !
O Slavery ! thou bloody fiend,
I hate thee worse than hell !

And now they wish to drag me back
To servitude again ;
But never, no ! so help me God !
Will I endure the chain.

I would not turn upon my heel
To flee my master's power ;
But if he comes within my grasp,
He falls the self-same hour !

I know 'tis God-like to forgive—
Perhaps I may be wrong ;
But, were your soul in my soul's stead,
You'd doubtless feel as strong.

Hasten, O God ! the joyful day
When Slavery shall not be ;
When millions now confined in chains,
Shall sound a jubilee.

[From the Wesleyan.]

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter to Rev. J. W. LOGUEN from his old Mistress, and his reply to her, will be read with interest by our readers. Mr. L. is a clergyman and gentleman of high standing in this community ; and any attempt to capture him will involve consequences that we hardly dare picture to our imagination.

LETTER FROM MRS. LOGUE.

MAURY Co., STATE OF TENNESSEE, }
February 20th, 1860. }

To JARM:—I now take my pen to write you a few lines, to let you know how we all are. I am a cripple, but I am still able to get about. The rest of the family are all well. Cherry is as well as common. I write you these lines to let you know the situation that we are in—partly in consequence of your running away and stealing Old Rock, our fine mare. Though we got the mare back, she was never worth much after you took her ; and, as I now stand in need of some funds, I have determined to sell you ; and I have had an offer for you, but did not see fit to take it. If you will send me one thousand dollars and pay for the old mare, I will give up all claim I have to you. Write to me as soon as you get these lines, and let me know if you will accept my proposition. In consequence of your running away, we had to sell Abe and Ann and twelve acres of land ; and I want you to send me the money that I may be able to redeem the land that you was the cause of our selling, and on receipt of the above named sum of money, I will send you your bill of sale. If you do not comply with my request, I will sell you to

some one else, and you may rest assured that the time is not far distant when things will be changed with you. Write to me as soon as you get these lines. Direct your letter to Bigbyville, Maury County, Tennessee. You had better comply with my request.

I understand that you are a preacher. As the Southern people are so bad, you had better come and preach to your old acquaintances. I would like to know if you read your Bible? If so, can you tell what will become of the thief if he does not repent? and, if the blind lead the blind, what will the consequence be? I deem it unnecessary to say much more at present. A word to the wise is sufficient. You know where the liar has his part. You know that we reared you as we reared our own children; that you was never abused, and that shortly before you ran away, when your master asked you if you would like to be sold, you said you would not leave him to go with any body.

SARAH LOGUE.

MR. LOGUEN'S REPLY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 28, 1860.

MRS. SARAH LOGUE:—Yours of the 20th of February is duly received, and I thank you for it. It is a long time since I heard from my poor old mother, and I am glad to know she is yet alive, and as you say, "as well as common." What that means I don't know. I wish you had said more about her.

You are a woman; but had you a woman's heart you could never have insulted a brother by telling him you sold his only remaining brother and sister, because he put himself beyond your power to convert him into money.

You sold my brother and sister, ABE and ANN, and 12 acres of land, you say, because I run away. Now you have the unutterable meanness to ask me to return and be your miserable chattel, or in lieu thereof send you \$1,000 to enable you to redeem the *land*, but not to redeem my poor brother and sister!

If I were to send you money it would be to get my brother and sister, and not that you should get land. You say you are a *cripple*, and doubtless you say it to stir my pity, for you knew I was susceptible in that direction. I do pity you from the bottom of my heart. Nevertheless I am indignant beyond the power of words to express; that you should be so sunken and cruel as to tear the hearts I love so much all in pieces; that you should be willing to impale and crucify us out of all compassion for your poor *foot* or *leg*. Wretched woman! Be it known to you that I value my freedom, to say nothing of my mother, brothers and sisters, more than your whole body; more, indeed, than my own life; more than all the lives of all the slaveholders and tyrants under Heaven.

You say you have offers to buy me, and that you shall sell me if I do not send you \$1,000, and in the same breath and almost in the same sentence, you say, "you know we raised you as we did our own children." Woman, did you raise your *own children* for the market? Did you raise them for the whipping-post? Did you raise them to be drove off in a coffin in chains? Where are my poor bleeding brothers and sisters? Can you tell? Who was it that sent them off into sugar and cotton fields, to be kicked, and cuffed, and whipped, and to groan and die; and where no kin can hear their groans, or attend and sympathize at their dying bed, or follow in their funeral? Wretched woman! Do you say *you* did not do it? Then I reply, your husband did, and *you* approved the deed—and the very letter you sent me shows that your heart approves it all. Shame on you!

But, by the way, where is your husband? You don't speak of him. I infer, therefore, that he is dead; that he has gone to his great account, with all his sins against my poor family upon his head. Poor man! gone to meet the spirits of my poor, outraged and murdered people, in a world where Liberty and Justice are MASTERS.

But you say I am a thief, because I took the old mare along with me. Have you got to learn that I had a better right to the

old mare, as you call her, than MANASSETH LOGUE had to me? Is it a greater sin for me to steal his horse, than it was for him to rob my mother's cradle and steal me? If he and you infer that I forfeit all my rights to you, shall not I infer that you forfeit all your rights to me? Have you got to learn that human rights are mutual and reciprocal, and if you take my liberty and life, you forfeit me your own liberty and life? Before God and High Heaven, is there a law for one man which is not law for every other man?

If you or any other speculator on my body and rights, wish to know how I regard my rights, they need but come here and lay their hands on me to enslave me. Did you think to terrify me by presenting the alternative to give my money to you, or give my body to Slavery? Then let me say to you, that I meet the proposition with unutterable scorn and contempt. The proposition is an outrage and an insult. I will not budge one hair's breadth. I will not breathe a shorter breath, even to save me from your persecutions. I stand among a free people, who, I thank God, sympathize with my rights, and the rights of mankind; and if your emissaries and venders come here to re-enslave me, and escape the unshrinking vigor of my own right arm, I trust my strong and brave friends, in this City and State, will be my rescuers and avengers.

Yours, &c.,

J. W. LOGUEN.

