

[Ohio, Hamilton County]

Escape of slaves in 1837.

Edward Moxley, born in the State of Kentucky,  
Campbell County, near Burlington, the  
County Seat, ~~understand,~~

Sandwich, Ont., Canada,

Tues. July 31, 1895. ✓

I was born Dec. 20, 1825, and I was seventy years old dis  
last birthday. My first master's name was Hamilton but I  
never see him. He died three days fore I was borned. His  
widow raised me till I was sixteen years old. I'm tellin you  
when the ole man died de property was divided and de ole woman  
she kep her thirds. She kep my mother and all of her thirteen  
children but two. One of them she gave to her son John and  
the other to Isham. Joel the oldes son, he were married and  
his father gave him fore his death two, my cousin and an uncle.  
Joel had a farm apart from de ole home place and he moved down  
thar and started in business, and when he went he took me with  
him, but you see I didn't belong to 'em and ~~I remained there,~~  
I remained thar six months, fore I came home. Then Master  
Joel let me take a horse to go home and see my mother and his  
mother and stay till Monday mornin. His homestead, de new  
place, was fourteen miles from de ole place up hill and down  
hill. My uncle come with me, but his wife lived off on de lef  
so I came on alone, and when I got thar, thar was my father and  
uncle, my mother's brother, and all de rest of 'em was gettin

1895?

Family  
notes

ready to come away here to Canady, and I never went back. De ole homestead was nine miles from Cincinnati by land. My father was a free man in Cincinnati. He bought his-self. He had preparations all fixed dat we was to come away dat Saturday night. As I come along I had to pass John's place, where was an uncle. I made some motions to him, but daren't say nothin. After awhile he come along to see his wife. His wife lived about a mile beyond de ole homeplace. He went and brought her and thar we was all there together. We come away about twelve o'clock, went down to de River to a boat. We took de boat and come on up to Cincinnati and shive de boat adrift and all walked up. When day struck us we was ten miles dis side of Cincinnati. We had a wagon in Cincinnati and kep a going right for Dayton. We got to Dayton a Monday night. We met a colored man thar by the name of Smith. Hole up, I'am afore my story. De fus man we met thar was a colored man by de name of Jim Smith, and several other colored people came up and talked with us. This Jim Smith war not a friend to us, he was an inimy. He said he would take us to Portland, that was Sandusky, for thirty-nine dollars. We said we'd give 'im thirty-nine dollars to take us thar. One of our horses took sick thar and we had to wait a couple of hours. Smith went with us as far as Xenia and we had to stop. We was gettin' short of provisions there. Thar come along a friend, another colred man, and he brought us some provision and fore we started thar come along another man and said to us "This Jim Smith is not a friend to you." Near as I can get it his

Ready to  
flee

Escape to  
Cincinnati

to  
Dayton  
by wagon

to Xenia

name was Wm. Tooliver. He said to us "you're gwine to have trouble on de way and if you make a run you must make a good run and a good fight if you have to fight." We got to Xenia about twelve o'clock that night. That was Monday night. We had to come right out of Xenia just as soon as we got our provision. We started then on de way to Springfield and when we got within bout a mile of Springfield Jim Smith made us get out of the wagon and go around the town by a road to de left and we was to meet him beyond on de right. We took the wagon. Instead of his meetin us there he kep us thar in the bush all that day (Tuesday), and four o'clock come and we was still thar. Here come the pursuers after us and they headed us off—some in front of us and some behind in the road. We saw him up on de hill in front a lookin at us. We was right by de River not more'n an acre tween us an de River and here de pursuers come and grabbed and ketched nine of 'em, had 'em surrounded thar you see. And there was four of us started to run—my brother and his wife and my sister and myself—four of us. We run about a mile. My brother's wife had a little baby in her arms. We had to cross a creek somethin like a mill-race, and it was runnin awful swift. We got across and they (th pursuers) was about ten or twelve rods behind us and called "Head them runaways." There was four--two and two women burnin' lime, and one said "God save the chile" and come and took the chile from my sister. The pursuers saw her take it. Day was close to us. We ran in de bush and kep on about a mile thar. We could hear the way they was hollen.

To Springfield

Pursuers

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At last we stopped and laid in de bush all day Wednesday, and de night come and we started again. We traveled all that night and de next day and come to a farmer's. He lived in de woods like. We went to de house and asked "Could we get something to eat?" "O yes, Come in; My husband be here soon." He come along in a few minutes and asked us "Whar we's goin and whar we come from." He said he believed we runaways. He went an brought a man with a gun and a dog and wanted to take us before a squire. They was a squire lived to de left and one to de right. De man he brought said, we go before de squire-mentioned his name. The other man wanted to take us back to the other squire. The Squire asked what proof he had we was runaways. He had none and de squire tole us to go on about our business—that we was free people. We went right straight on to Urbana and got there at the edge of town at four o'clock and laid in de bush. A little colored boy lookin for his cows come along, and my brother-in-law give him a half a dollar to stay with us till dark and take us in to his father's, Jim Woods. The boy tole us the pursuers was there in the town huntin four runaways. He said they got nine. That was us. So the boy did it and Jim Woods took us upstairs in his house, but he was afraid and moved us to a widow woman's house, a colored woman—Mrs. Johnson. We didn't stay there more than a half an hour. Jim Woods got two horses and put us on, and we struck for a man (colored), name of Banks, six miles on. We paid Woods two dollars and a half to take us there. The pursuers came to Jim Woods, and Woods said he had seen us and talked with us but that we was out in de bush and wouldn't leave before two days.

Banks kept us thar that night (I guess Friday night) till about twelve o'clock and started us, and his son went with us and walked with us till day in de new road (just cuttin it out) to Sandusky. We went walkin dat road all that day and all that night, and when we came out of that road we struck a man with two-horse wagon light, and he gave us a ride twenty-five miles to Sandusky. A colored man on de dock told us to lay out at edge of town in de bush, and a boat would come in at eleven o'clock, and he would speak to the Captain and give us passage to Detroit. He came an tole us. Da boat was de Daniel Webster and de Captain of de boat was Capt. Haggard. Friday we left Sandusky and Saturday morning we was here.

*to Sandusky*  
*Lake boat*  
*Daniel Webster*

I'm rather ahead of my story. Thar was a white man ridin a horse-back been with us two days off'n on, got aboard the boat at Sandusky same time we got aboard and shwed us where de ferry was in Detroit. George Walker, a cook on de "Daniel Webster", give us somethin to eat and tole us where Canada was. We landed in Windsor, lived in Amherstburg quite awhile and here (Sandwich) Dats all.

*Windsor*

We got to Detroit about six o'clock in de mornin. At eight o'clock they was thar and sent a man to Windsor, a Boone County man, a catcher by the name of Mose Bussel. He came to me and I talked with him. He wanted me to go across the River to whip a man for five dollars and my brother de same way. A lot of colored men in Windsor was goin to give Mose a good whippin and he left on de next boat.

Out of de nine they took back-mother and brother and sister

came back in five or six years, got away again.

I come here in [1837]. I come away along in May. They  
was plantin corn.