

From *Harriet, The Moses of Her People*, by Sarah H. Bradford

: I reasoned out this in my mind: there was one of two things I had a right to, liberty or death; if I could not have one, I would have the other, for no man should take me alive; I should fight for my liberty as long as my strength lasted, and when the time came for me to go, the Lord would let them take me. I looked at my hands to see if I was the same person now I was free. There was such glory over everything, the sun came like gold through the trees, and other fields, and I felt like I was in heaven.

I knew of a man who was sent to the State Prison for twenty-five years. All these years he was always thinking of his home, and counting by years, months and days, the time till he should be free, and see his family and friends once more. The years roll on, the time of imprisonment is over, the man is free. He leaves the prison gates, he makes his way to his old home, but his old home is not there. The house in which he had dwelt his childhood had been torn down, and a new one had been put up in its place; his family were gone, their very name forgotten, there was no one to take him by the hand to welcome him back to life.

So it was with me. I had crossed the line of which I had so long been dreaming. I was free; but there was no one to welcome me to the land of freedom, I was a stranger in a strange land and my home after all was down in the old cabin quarter with the old folks, and my brothers and sisters. But to this solemn resolution I came; I was free, and they should be free also; I would make a home for them in the North, and the Lord helping me, I would bring them all here. Oh, how I prayed then, lying all alone on the cold, damp ground; "Oh, dear Lord," I said, "I ain't got no friend but you. Come to my help, Lord, for I'm in trouble!"