

For Frederick Douglass' Paper

STILL THEY COME

STILL THEY COME

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN ACTIVE OPERATION.

BUFFALO, Dec. 11, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—A few mornings since, I was awakened at an early hour by an immense noise and confusion at my door. Being suddenly awakened, I sprang up, and ran down stairs to ascertain the cause of such strange excitement. When, to my surprise, I found—*notwithstanding the "immense heavy snow drifts"*—that a train of cars belonging to the Underground Railroad had just arrived, bringing eight passengers, six men and two women, all direct from "Old Kentuck."—Of course the doors of the depot were thrown open, and in they marched, rank and file, led by T. R., Esq., one of the conductors on the road. After a few moment's conversation, we conducted them to a public house kept by one of our people. When they had an opportunity of thoroughly warming and refreshing themselves—the inner as well as outer man—they were allowed to remain with us until one o'clock, when a sleigh was provided, and the eight happy souls, in charge of Phoenix Lansing, Esq., one of our active and energetic townsmen, were driven to Black Rock, and in a few moments more were safely landed on the other side of Jordan—when one universal shout of joy ascended to Him who had been their guide and guardian from a land of slavery and despotism to a land of liberty and light. But the most singular circumstance in connection with this matter is, that just as they had landed on the Canada side, the cars on the Great Western Railroad arrived from the West, and to the surprise and astonishment of our friends, the first man that stepped from the cars, was a Kentuckian, the next door neighbor to the owner of three of our party. You may imagine the feelings of our friends at so strange and unexpected a meeting. "But," says they to their neighbor, "We are all here."

Yours, in hopes of another arrival,  
GEORGE WEIR, Jr.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN ACTIVE OPERATION

BUFFALO, Dec. 11, 1854

MR. EDITOR: -- A few mornings since, I was awakened at an early hour by an immense noise and confusion at my door. Being suddenly awakened, I sprang up, and ran downstairs to ascertain the cause of such strange excitement. When, to my surprise, I found -- notwithstanding the "immense heavy snow drifts" -- that a train of cars belonging to the Underground Railroad had just arrived, bringing eight passengers, six men and two women, all direct from "Old Kentuck."-- Of course the doors of the depot were thrown open, and in they marched, rank and file, led by T.R. Esq., one of the conductors on the road. After a few moment's conversation, we conducted them to a public house kept by one of our people. When they had an opportunity of thoroughly warming and refreshing themselves--the inner as well as outer man--they were allowed to remain with us until one o'clock, when a sleigh was provided, and the eight happy souls, in charge of Phoenix Lansing, esq., one of our active and energetic townsmen, were driven to Black Rock, and in a few moment's more were safely landed on the other side of Jordan--when one universal shout of joy ascended to a land of liberty and light. But the most singular circumstance in connection with this matter is, just as they had landed on the Canada side, the cars of the Great Western Railroad arrived from the West, and to the surprise and astonishment of our friends, the first man that stepped from the cars, was a Kentuckian, the next door neighbor to the *owner* of three of our party. You may imagine the feelings of our friends at so strange and unexpected a meeting. "But," say they to their neighbor, "WE are all here."

Yours, in hopes of another arrival,

GEORGE WEIR, Jr.