

FLIGHT OF FUGITIVES FROM ILLINOIS.

The Stampede for Canada—Scenes at the Depot, &c.

The utmost consternation prevails among all classes of the colored residents of the city, and the exodus from a state of uncertainty to one of absolute freedom still continues. All day, yesterday, the vicinity of the Michigan Southern depot was a scene of excitement and confusion. After the religious services at the Zear Baptist Church in the morning, which was densely attended, the leave-taking commenced. Edina Place, Buffalo, Clark and Harrison streets, which are largely inhabited by the colored population, were crowded all the afternoon by the

fugitives and their friends, going from door to door, bidding each other good bye, and mingling their congratulations and tears. The colored clergymen of this city were also among the number, and labored ardently in extending encouragement and consolation to those about to depart. Sorrowful groups of men, women and children gathered in the dooryards and upon the sidewalks, and many affecting scenes occurred. In some instances entire families were going together, in which cases there seemed to be a general jubilation; in others a few members, a wife leaving a husband, or a mother her children, amid tears and promises of constant recollection until a good time coming. Upon the part of all, afflictive as they considered their dispensation, there seemed to be a general and decided belief that the day of their emancipation from trouble was near at hand.

Four freight cars had been chartered of the Michigan Southern Railroad Company at a tariff of \$200, and all the afternoon drays, express wagons and other vehicles were busy transporting trunks, boxes, valises and various articles of household furniture to the depot. The wants of the outer man had been attended to also, and a goodly store of provisions, such as crackers, bread, beans, dried beef and dried apples, were packed in, and a barrel of water in each car; for the fugitives were to be stowed away in the same cars with the freight, with plenty of fresh air, but no light, and in a crowded, unwholesome state.

As the hour of departure—half-past six—drew nigh, the streets adjacent to the depot and the immediate vicinity of the four cars, near the corner of Harrison and Griswold streets, were thronged with an excited multitude of colored people of both sexes and all ages. Large numbers of white people also gathered from motives of curiosity, and stood silent spectators of this rather unusual spectacle. The four cars were rapidly filled with the fugitives, numbering 106 in all, and embracing men, women, youth and infants. In the rear car were two or three sick women, who were treated with the utmost tenderness, and made the recipients of every attention possible to alleviate their hard lot. The whole business of the transportation was supervised by two or three colored men, assisted by several white people.

After all were aboard, which was concluded by six o'clock, the immense crowd pressed up to the cars, and commenced the last farewell. The general appearance of all—both of those going and those staying—was one of joy at the expected deliverance from an uncertainty, which might at any hour return them to a bondage they had escaped. Here and there was one in tears and wringing the hands, but the majority were in the best of humor, and were congratulated by their friends lingering behind, that to-morrow they would be free. "Never mind," said one, "the good Lord will save us all in the coming day." Another was encouraging a weeping woman, and urging her not to cry, but thank God she had a place to go to out of the way of the slave-catchers. These and like congratulations were interchanged, and as one crowd finished, their places were supplied by a fresh delegation from the outside multitude, who also went through their congratulations and hand-shakings, bidding their friends write when they got to "the other side of Jordan," and not forget them in the new country. The minister of the neighboring church where they had attended, also went from car to car, bidding them be men when they got to Canada.

The larger proportion of the fugitives were stout, able-bodied young men, many of them well-dressed, and some of them almost white. These apparently were light-hearted, and looked forward to their night's ride, albeit under privations and difficulties, with a large degree of pleasure and good nature, some of them seeming to enjoy it as a good joke. The elder ones evinced no levity, but acted like those who had been hardened by troubles, and were now suffering a lot foreseen and prepared for. In every case they stoically bade their friends good bye.

each expressing a hope of a good time coming, a belief which seemed deeply implanted in the breasts of all. Said one of them, an old man, about seventy, to another of a like age, who was to remain, "Ah! Johnsing, Johnsing, de road must turn; it's 'bout done gone!" The women more frequently gave way to their troubles, but upon the encouragement of their friends would soon become buoyant and light-hearted, and attempt to laugh off their troubles. Quite a number of children were among the crowd, who, ignorant of the cause of such a commotion, gave the rest constant trouble by getting into the wrong cars, and climbing round between the wheels.

But all were finally stowed away, the bell of the engine sounded, and the train started amid lusty cheers, many-voiced good byes, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs as far as the eye could see. The fugitives heartily responded, and the train vanished in the distance.

About one thousand fugitives have arrived in this city since last fall, a large number of whom have left within the past few days. It is evidently the wisest course for them to pursue, as it is sheer folly for them to remain where they are in imminent danger of being returned to slavery.—*Chicago Journal*, 8th ult.