

A CAPTURED RUNAWAY NEAR HOUSTON

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A Journey Through Texas
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Sitting, one morning of our stay, upon the gallery of the hotel, we witnessed a revolting scene. A tall, jet black negro came up, leading by a rope a downcast mulatto, whose hands were lashed by a cord to his waist, and whose face was horribly cut, and dripping with blood. The wounded man crouched and leaned for support against one of the columns of the gallery.

“What’s the matter with that boy?” asked a smoking lounge.

“I run a fork into his face,” answered the negro.

“What are his hands tied for?”

“He’s a runaway, sir.”

“Did you catch him?”

“Yes, sir. He was hiding in the hayloft, and when I went up to throw some hay to the horses, I pushed the fork down into the mow and it struck something hard. I didn’t know what it was, and I pushed hard, and gave it a turn, and then he hollered, and I took it out.”

“What do you bring him here, for?”

“Come for the key of the jail, sir, to lock him up.”

“What!” said another, “one darkey catch another darkey? Don’t believe that story.”

“Oh yes, Mass’r, I tell for true. He was down in our hayloft, and so you see when I stab him, I *have to* catch him.”

“Why, he’s hurt bad, isn’t he?”

“Whose slave is he?”

“He says he belong to Mass’r Frost, sir, on the Brazos.”

The key was soon brought, and the negro led the mulatto away to jail. He seemed sick and faint, and walked away limping and crouching, as if he had received other injuries than those on his face. The bystanders remarked that the negro had not probably told the whole story.

We afterwards happened to see a gentleman on horseback, and smoking, leading by a long rope through the deep mud, out into the country, the poor mulatto, still limping and crouching, his hands manacled, and his arms pinioned.

There is a prominent slave-mart in town, which held a large lot of likely-looking negroes, waiting purchasers. In the windows of shops, and on the doors and columns of the hotel, were many written advertisements headed, “A likely negro girl for sale.” “Two negroes for sale.” “Twenty negro boys for sale,” etc.