

**ADVENTURE WITH THE KU-KLUX.** Mr. William Wells Brown, the history of whose escape from slavery in Kentucky many years ago, will be remembered by many of our readers, narrates in the *Boston Advertiser* a recent marvelous adventure with a gang of Ku-Klux outlaws, while on a visit to his native State. The narrative is given as follows:

I see in your issue of to-day the contents of the telegram announcing my capture and escape from the Kentucky Ku-Klux. As the account is somewhat defective in detail, I give you herewith the affair as it occurred. I visited my native State in behalf of "The National Association for the Spread of Temperance and Night Schools among the Freedmen," and had spoken to large numbers of them at Louisville and other places, and was on my way to speak at Pleasureville, a place half way between Louisville and Lexington. I arrived at Pleasureville depot at a little after six in the evening, and was met by a colored man who informed me that the meeting was to take place five miles in the country. After waiting some little time for a team which was expected, we started on foot, thinking we would meet the vehicle. We walked on until dark overtook us, and meeting no team I began to feel apprehensive that all was not right. The man with me, however, assured me that there was no danger, and we went on. But we shortly after heard the trotting of horses both in front and in the rear, and before I could determine what to do we were surrounded by some eight or ten men, three of whom dismounted, bound my arms behind me with a cord, remounted their horses and started on in the direction I had been travelling. The man who was with me disappeared while I was being tied. The men were not disguised, and talked freely amongst themselves. After going a mile or more they stopped, and consulted a moment or two, the purport of which I could not hear, except one of them saying, "Lawrence don't want a nigger hneg so near his place." They started again; I was on foot, a rope had been attached to my arms, and the other end to one of the horses. I had to hasten my steps to keep from being dragged along by the animal. Soon they turned to the right and followed up what appeared to be a cow-path.

While on this road my hat fell off, and I called out to the man behind and said, "I've lost my hat." "You'll need no hat in half an hour's time," he replied. As we were passing a log house on this road, a man came out, and said, in a trembling voice, "Jim's dying!" All of the men now dismounted, and, with the exception of two, they went into the building. I distinctly heard the cries, groans and ravings of the sick man, which satisfied me at once that it was an extreme case of delirium tremens; and as I had treated that malady successfully by the hypodermic remedy, and having with me the little instrument, the thought flashed upon my mind that I might save my life by the trial. Consequently, I said to one of the men: "I know what's the matter with that man, and I can relieve him in ten minutes." One of the men went into the house, related what I had said, and the company came out. The leader, whom they all addressed as "Cap," began to question me with regard to my skill in such complaints. He soon became satisfied, untied me, and we entered the sick man's chamber. My hands were so numb from the tightness of the cord which bound my arms, that I walked up and down the room for some minutes, rubbing my hands and contemplating the situation. The man lay upon a bed of straw, his arms and legs bound to the bedstead to keep him from injuring himself and others. He had in his agony, bitten his tongue and lips, and his mouth was covered with bloody froth, while the glare of his eyes was fearful. His wife, the only woman in the house, sat near the bed with an infant in her lap, her countenance pale and anxious, while the company of men seemed to be the most desperate set of men I had ever seen.

I determined from the first to try to impress them with the idea that I derived my power to relieve pain from some supernatural source. While I was thus thinking the matter over, "Cap" was limping up and down the room, breathing an oath at nearly every step, and finally said to me: "Come, come, old boy, take hold lively. I want to get home, for this d—d old hip of mine is raising h—l with me." I said to them: "Now, gentlemen, I'll give this man complete relief in less than ten minutes from the time I lay my hands on him; but I must be permitted to retire to a room alone, for I confess that I have dealings with the devil, and I must consult with him." Nothing so charms an ignorant people as something that has about it the appearance of superstition, and I did not want these men to see the syringe, or to know of its existence. The woman at once lighted a tallow candle, handed it to "Cap," and pointed to a small room. The man led the way, set the light down, and left me alone. I now took out my case, adjusted the needle to the syringe, filled it with a solution of the acetate of morphia, put the little instrument into my vest pocket, and returned to the room.

After waving my hands in the air I said: "Gentlemen, I want your aid; give it to me and I'll perform a cure that you'll never forget. All of you now look upon that man till I say 'Hold!' Look him right in the eye." All eyes were immediately turned upon the invalid. Having already taken my stand at the foot of the bed, I took hold of the right leg near the calf, pinched up the skin, inserted the needle, withdrew it after discharging the contents, slipped the syringe into my pocket, and cried at the top of my voice, "Hold!" The men now turned to me, alternately viewing me and the sick man. From the moment that the injection took place, the ravings began to cease, and in less than ten minutes he was in perfect ease. I continued to wave my hands and to tell the devils to "depart and leave this man in peace." "Cap" was the first to break the silence, and he did it in an emphatic manner, for he gazed steadily at me, then at the sick man, and exclaimed, "Big thing! big thing! boys; d—d if he aint!" Another said, "A conjurer, by h—ll! You heerd him say he deals with the devil." I now thought it time to cry "Cap;" for, from his limping, groaning and swearing about his hip, it seemed to me to be a clear case of sciatica, and I thus informed him, giving him a description of its manner of attack and progress, detailing to him the different stages of suffering.

I had early learned from the deference paid to the man by his associates that he was their leader, and I was anxious to get my hands on him, for I had resolved that if I ever got him under the influence of the drug, he should never have an opportunity of putting a rope around my neck. "Cap" was so captivated with my diagnosis of his complaint, that he said: "Well, I'll give you a trial, d—d if I don't!" I informed him that I must be with him alone. The woman remarked that we could go in the adjoining room. As we left the company, one of them said, "You ain't agoin' to kill Cap, is you?" "Oh, no!" I replied. I said, "Now, Cap, I'll cure you, but I need your aid." "Sir," returned he, "I'll do anything you tell me." I told him to lie on the bed, shut his eyes and count one hundred. He obeyed at once, and while he was counting I was filling the syringe with the morphia. When he had finished counting, I informed him that I would have to pinch him on the lame leg, so as to get the devil out of it. "Oh!" replied he, "you may pinch as much as you d—d please, for I've seen and felt h—ll with this old hip!" I injected the morphia as I had in the previous case, and began singing a noted Methodist hymn as soon as I had finished. As the medicine took effect the man rapidly went off into a slumber, from which he did not awake while I was there, for I had given him a double dose.

I will here remark, that while morphia will give most instant relief in sciatica, it seldom performs a perfect cure. But in both cases I knew it would serve my purpose. As soon as Cap was safe I called in his companions, who appeared still more amazed than at first. They held their faces to his to see that he breathed, and would shake their heads and go out. I told them I should have to remain with the man for five or six hours. At this announcement one of the company grew furious, and said: "It's all a trick to save his neck from the halter," and concluded by crying at the top of his voice, "Come to the tree, to the tree." The men all left the room, assembled in the yard, and had a consultation. It was now after eleven o'clock, and as they had a large flask of brandy with them, they appeared to keep themselves well filled, from the manner in which the room kept scented up. At this juncture one of the company, a tall, red-haired man, whose face was completely covered with beard, entered the room, took his seat at the table, drew out of his pocket a revolver, laid it on the table, and began to fill his mouth with tobacco. The men outside mounted their horses and rode away, one of whom distinctly shouted, "Remember 4 o'clock." I continued to visit first one and then the other of the invalids, feeling their pulse and otherwise showing my interest in their recovery. The brandy appeared to have as salutary effect on the man at the table as the morphia had on the sick, for he was fast asleep in a few minutes. The only impediment in the way of my escape now was a large dog, which it was difficult to keep from me when I first came to the house, and was now barking, snapping and growling, as if he had been trained to it.

Many modes of escape suggested themselves to me while the time was thus passing; the most favored of which was to sieze the revolver, rush out of the house, and run my chance with the dog. However, before I could put any of these suggestions into practice, the wo-

man went out, called "Lion, Lion," and returned, followed by the dog, which she made lie down by her as she re-seated herself. In a low whisper this woman, whose fate deserves to be a better one, said—"They are going to hang you at 4 o'clock; now is your time to go." The clock was just striking two as I arose, and with a grateful look, left the house. Taking the road that I had come, and following it down, I found my hat, and after walking some distance out of the way by mistake, I reached the station, and took the morning train for Cincinnati. Wm. WELLS BROWN.

Boston, Sept. 28, 1871.