From the Democrat & Chronicle.

**A Few Leaves from the Diary of an Underground Railroad Conductor.**

By William S. Falls.

One fine morning in the month of June, 1851, E. C. Williams, a valued and esteemed friend, whose remains now repose in our own beautiful Mount Hope, Rochester, in the peaceful bosom of respect and memory, and in an excited manner, said "Friend Falls, put on your coat and come with me." I asked him to explain, but he evaded the request, and with a mystic air, led me up a loft and tent manufactory, up one flight of stairs, in the building now occupied by Wm. Burke & Co., dealers in hardware. He led the way to the roof, and there I was surprised to find a large black tent, which had come upon the staid form of a fine specimen of the negro race. He was in a crouching posture, and seemingly in great fear lest his master, who was upon his track, and was at that moment actually in the city in pursuit, might learn of his whereabouts. Of course "E. C." reassured the proprietor, that his identity was not known, and that I too was a friend and would not betray him. Our manner and soothing words had the effect of inspiring him with confidence as to our motives. Suffice it to say that the 'fugitive' was properly cared for during the balance of that day, and when the shades of night set in, he made his way in safety to Charlotte, where lay the Union Railroad, on which he was conveyed beyond the reach of all earthly "masters."

This was my first experience in underground railroading. From this time till the inauguration of the Rebellion, nearly an hundred unfortunate, male and female, children and adults, had passed through my hands.

As the poor creatures were usually penniless, only their railroad fare being paid by the several agents, that the refugees might have a dollar or two, the late Uncle Dav Richardson, of Henrietta, never refused, but seemed to take pleasure in contributing liberally. On one urgent occasion such a sum was placed in my hands, and I was directed to send it on its way rejoicing that even in my humble sphere I could do a little, and with a hundred dollars in my pocket now!" I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He explained to me that he wished to obtain the charge of the rooms of some house company, that he might, while attending to his duties, have leisure for study and the improvement of his mind. I endeavored to aid him in his wishes, but, failing, I obtained for him a situation in the Osburn House, which he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to the inmates. "Now that I have had the pleasure of knowing that there was a "college in Ohio, called Oberlin," he came to me with a bright and radiant comeliness, to inquire as to what situated in that State was the degree and object, as a place of learning, and added that I was acquainted with its president—the lamented Rev. Henry Everard Peck—to whom I had once introduced him.

He went there, and was graduated in due time, and subsequently called on me. And I was happy to receive and respect him as a young man. At one time he was engaged in an educational enterprise—that of collecting funds for the erection of a college at Harper's Ferry, for colored people. I have not seen or heard from him for several years; but if living, wherever his lot may be cast, I doubtless enjoys the esteem and affection of all with whom he may come in contact.

But the last fugitive—the very last—was a poor fellow who was the greatest object of human compassion who ever stepped on his hands had literally been roasted! He was the slave of a Confederate Lieutenant of Artillery, who had been wounded in that bloody battle of Bull Run. In the memory of the terrible conflict, no appalled record of pity, of all who had preceded him. The flesh and with a shudder, they thrust their hands deep down into their pockets, and poured on them the oil of human sympathy most liberally. I have known their fellows to be the hands of those hands were never heard from after leaving here. But, living or dead, he bore a conspicuous part in the history of the great rebellion, and the oppressed and suffering was a love for the dear old stars and stripes.

But the flat of the low hills and good Abraham Lincoln's head, and every chain fell from the emancipated limbs of all those in bondage, and Canada thereupon ceased to be the haven so long sought after by those fleeing ones.

**Rochester, N. Y., June 20, 1881.**
MRS. AMY POST AT REST

The Peaceful End of a Long and Useful Life.

THE FRIEND OF THE FUGITIVE

Death of One Who Has a Marked History

—The Underground Railway Station
More Than Half a Century of Charitable Work.

In this city, yesterday, one departed from this life whose record of kindly deeds and acts of unostentatious charity, far exceeds his limits of a newspaper memoir, and whose history is the history of Rochester as a city.

Mrs. Amy Post died at her residence, No. 66 Sophia street, after an illness of only four days.

Mrs. Post, whose maiden name was Miss Amy Kirby, was born in Jericho, L. I., December 20, 1802. Her parents were Jacob and Mary Post, members of the Society of Friends. They resided in the house where the subject of this sketch was born, the father for seventy-six years and the mother for sixty-four years. The house was occupied by the Torias during the war of the revolution.

Mrs. Post was married to the late Isaac Post in 1828, having removed to Poplar Ridge, Cayuga county, in 1833. In 1836 she moved to Rochester, first occupying a house on Plymouth Avenue, and later one on a steamboat house, Canada. Mrs. Post told other graphic stories of a similar nature, but one must suffice on this occasion.

Mrs. Post estimated that the number of fugitive slaves who came to Canada through Rochester averaged 130 a year. With the modesty which was one of her most marked characteristics, and with the rare faculty of saying nothing in the paper referred to of her own instrumentality in aiding them, yet it is known to many that she was far more than all others combined perhaps, that these people owed their safe exit from the land of slavery to her unknown, and the United States marshal powerless to prevent.

After the passage of the fugitive slave law, the work of assisting escaped slaves became more arduous. In many occasions groups of two to three were concealed in the basement of the Sophia street house, and the subjects of this sketch have often humorously described her efforts and the efforts of the other members of her household to prevent the colored people from making known their presence by showing their faces at the windows. In one instance three colored men drove to Buffalo, and by various stratagems, they were aided on their road to freedom. Sometimes they were driven in a small boat on the Lower Landing in closed carriages and placed on Canadian steamers; sometimes they were guided through the fields to the wharves, and at other times they were driven to small railway stations remote from the city.

In addition to her personal efforts—and it is recorded that she never turned a fugitive from her door—and in her own instrumentality in aiding the slave owner was unknown, and the United States marshal powerless to prevent.

In accordance with her views on the subject of slavery, the home of Mrs. Post became one of the principal stations of the "Underground Railway," on the northern border of the United States, and remained so until the disfranchisement of the slaves removed the reason for the existence of that famous thoroughfare. It is related that as many as twelve fugitive slaves found refuge in her secure basement in one night, and of the large numbers so cared for during the long years of her work in this direction, not one was ever captured and returned to servitude.

Even after the passage of the fugitive slave law, which made it obligatory for all persons, when ordered by a United States marshal, to assist in capturing and returning the fugitive slaves, none who reached the shelter of Mrs. Post was ever caught and returned to their masters.

When Fock's History of Rochester was written, Mrs. Post, then over 80 years of age, was asked if she was not one of the "Underground Railway" without assistance, even in the national labor connected with it. In reference to her, Mr. Post gives many interesting incidents, many of which came under her own observation.

On one occasion three colored men drove to Mrs. Post's residence, on Sophia street, on a Sunday afternoon. They were gently man in appearance and in behavior, one suspected that they were slaves, even remained in the city several months without being molested. One of the fugitives, a gentleman of position, had been claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States common law courts endeavoring to seize him, and demanded possession of his property. Frederick Douglass was present, and was equal to the occasion, and the second defender. Everybody seemed as cool and collected as possible, while the great crowd, hushed, took on the character of fugitive to him. What he whispered to one over his shoulder, was left behind him. That night the three men were secured separately. Mrs. Post called to see one of them the next day, and he quietly left the house. It has been impossible to determine the exact number of slaves who were claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States common law courts endeavoring to seize him, and demanded possession of his property. Frederick Douglass was present, and was equal to the occasion, and the second defender. Everybody seemed as cool and collected as possible, while the great crowd, hushed, took on the character of fugitive to him. What he whispered to one over his shoulder, was left behind him. That night the three men were secured separately. Mrs. Post called to see one of them the next day, and he quietly left the house. It has been impossible to determine the exact number of slaves who were claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States common law courts endeavoring to seize him, and demanded possession of his property. Frederick Douglass was present, and was equal to the occasion, and the second defender. Everybody seemed as cool and collected as possible, while the great crowd, hushed, took on the character of fugitive to him. What he whispered to one over his shoulder, was left behind him. That night the three men were secured separately. Mrs. Post called to see one of them the next day, and he quietly left the house. It has been impossible to determine the exact number of slaves who were claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States common law courts endeavoring to seize him, and demanded possession of his property. Frederick Douglass was present, and was equal to the occasion, and the second defender. Everybody seemed as cool and collected as possible, while the great crowd, hushed, took on the character of fugitive to him. What he whispered to one over his shoulder, was left behind him. That night the three men were secured separately. Mrs. Post called to see one of them the next day, and he quietly left the house. It has been impossible to determine the exact number of slaves who were claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States common law courts endeavoring to seize him, and demanded possession of his property. Frederick Douglass was present, and was equal to the occasion, and the second defender. Everybody seemed as cool and collected as possible, while the great crowd, hushed, took on the character of fugitive to him. What he whispered to one over his shoulder, was left behind him. That night the three men were secured separately. Mrs. Post called to see one of them the next day, and he quietly left the house. It has been impossible to determine the exact number of slaves who were claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States common law courts endeavoring to seized
Here was the love that know no nationality, creed or color, and made itself most felt when its object was most cast down. It was not that she held on to her love, but she plunged into the fiercest storm of opposition, not only the immortality of the soul, but certain psychological truths, which were commonly called Spiritualism.

And she had a reason for the sublime fancy that was in her, from which she sprang, the sterling, honest, truth-abiding Quakers of England, and the strongest quarters of her good faith and honor. That social element, so widely known for its moral purity, has given to the world some of its noblest men and women, and Amy Post must be counted among that number. At an early age she became impressed with the conviction that the various creeds of Christendom, while noble in their aims, did not embrace the truth; that policy was often mistaken for morality; and that the general teachings of all the religions which comport with reason, and are at variance with the visible revelations of God as displayed in the harmonized New Testament.

Some existing institutions which flourished in Christian countries she found not consonant, and that of slavery filled her soul with loathing and abhorrence; the more so as it was being used by the grand army of education to pervert the minds of the masses and to propagate the popular creed of the churches. Her gentle, loving influences led to know her soul with compassion, and her heart was forever dispelled, by continuous proof of man's immortality entirely beyond dispute.

And when she found that these manifestations were under the guidance of law, and not, as ignorantly supposed supernatural, she enjoyed that peace of mind which passeth all understanding. When she discovered that the working of God's universe such operations as rewards and punishments have no existence, and that consequences, followed all the deeds of man both in this life and in future states, she became convinced that many misguided religious zeal and fanaticism.

There were those still living, and who have passed away, who felt in the sundering of old ties. For a time she floundered in the slough of time to her a new light, by which she found herself from the communion of her theological creeds, she devoted her energies to the amelioration of the suffering of her fellow beings. The first to feel her warm sympathies were the human chattels, victims of the lash and chain, who sought refuge at her door. And she found that all of orthodoxy did not comport with reason, and were at variance with the visible laws of the universe.

It was during the stormy times of her existence, and while struggling to overcome the cause of humanity, that there came to her a new light, by which she was enabled to comprehend man's relation to the universe. From the trivial phenomenon of spirit rapping and other manifestations in the lowest order of Spiritualism she progressed to that point when she came face to face in the presence of materialized facts to face in the presence of materialized facts.

The marvelous and sublime philosophy of Spiritualism has given a vast accession to the cause of humanity, and all that do and shall work in the directing sphere of woman's use did also, and that all the liberties we possessed and honor. That social element, so wide-