

MRS. LOTTIE LUCAS.

Lottie Lucas was born on the plantation of John M. Preston near Abingdon, Va., about July 12, 1821. She was a slave in Virginia until John M. Preston, Jr., became of age, when she with twenty-nine others became the property of the young man. Her new master soon decided to try his fortune in the state of Arkansas, and accordingly, having found a location, set out with his slaves for his and her new home, which was a large plantation near Helena, Ark. Lottie was eighteen years of age at this time. She worked in the cotton fields in the south and did other work incident to a slave on a plantation until she was taken from the field and made house-girl, as Mr. Preston was not yet married.

The shadows in a slave's life even under the best auspices were many and deep, but there were lights also in such a life that served to make more tolerable what otherwise would have surpassed human endurance. Love and courtship and marriage lightened the sky of the children of bondage. It was soon on this plantation. Among those who were given to young Preston and taken with him to Arkansas was one Henry Lucas. In 1841, or a few years after moving to Arkansas, Henry and Lottie were married. This happy union lasted through forty-five years, until her husband, on the morning of April 12th, 1886, passed to his well-merited reward in the glory land. No tongue can tell the mingled heroism, courage, patience, endurance, and faith displayed by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas through those eventful years, and by Aunt Lottie in these twenty-one years of widowhood.

A few years after their marriage the Mexican war broke out. Mr. Preston enlisted as a captain and took with him Henry Lucas, who attended his master with fidelity and courage, equaled by the faithfulness and fortitude of the young slave wife at home. Lucas stood high in the esteem of his master and was given privileges to work for himself occasionally, until by industry and economy he was able to purchase his own freedom. Some time during 1848 the gold fever broke out

and men were going to California from all parts of the country. A large company was made up at Helena of which Lucas was a member, and again Mrs. Lucas was left alone. It was in March of the next year, 1849, that young Preston forwarded to Henry Lucas a deed of emancipation that must have caused him and his family unbounded joy. I give the copy taken from the issue of the Montezuma Republican of April 21st, 1886:

DEED OF EMANCIPATION.

"Know all men by these presents: That I, John Preston, Jr., of the county of Phelps and State of Arkansas, from motives of benevolence and humanity and for other causes have manumitted and hereby do manumit and emancipate and set free from slavery my negro boy Henry, aged about thirty-eight years. And I do hereby give, grant and release unto said Henry (known as Henry Lucas alias Henry Preston) all my right, title and claim of in and to his person, labor and service, and of, in and to the estate and property he may hereafter acquire and obtain."

Then follow the signature and the signature of witnesses to the deed.

The "other causes" mentioned in the deed doubtless had reference in part, at least, to the money which Lucas paid his master. Being a free man, his great aim now was to purchase the freedom of his wife and three children, which he accomplished a little later, paying his master for them the sum of \$1,900. What language can adequately express the feelings of the emancipated family. Surely the skies were clearing. But, alas! how swift sorrow follows joy! Only two weeks later and their child Phoebe dies.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucas went into business in Helena, and after eight years of successful business decided to come north. Iowa was chosen as the future

has longed for the end as one sick longs for the morning or the homesick child longs for the home-coming. She was listening for the call and was ready for the Master's "well done." During her 15 years' residence in Grinnell, she has been a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal church. The funeral services were held from the M. E. church, Tuesday morning, at 10:30, conducted by Rev. J. M. McClelland, after which the body was taken to Montezuma for interment.

home, and in Poweshiek County, just north of Montezuma, they took up their residence on a farm which they purchased. Their life was not unclouded in their new home. Their property was maliciously destroyed, prejudice lodged in narrow minds found ways to wound the feelings of these worthy people, sorrow and death found their dwelling place. But in all these indomitable spirits, supported by the grace of a loving Heavenly Father which they freely sought and as freely found, wavered not. In 1869 a new farm was purchased in Pleasant township where for twenty years or more they resided.

Mrs. Lucas was the mother of five children, four of whom preceded her in death. One son, John B. Lucas, at whose home she died, is left to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother whose influence has ever been for the right, for honesty in all things, and whose industry has been worthy of universal emulation. For the last few years Aunt Lottie, as she was most familiarly known, has been confined for the most part to the home. The infirmities of old age have made it impossible for her to attend to the duties and privileges in which she took such delight in the days of her vigor. A few weeks ago it was seen that the end was drawing near. She passed away early Sunday morning, at the ripe age of 85 years, 7 months.

It is not known how soon she became a Christian, but for the greater part of her long life she has been a devout follower of the Master and a most devoted worker in the Kingdom. She felt keenly the deprivations thrust upon her by the cruel bondage into which she was born, but in spite of these lived worthily and toiled unceasingly and successfully for the good of her family and of all with whom she had to do.

Her memory will be cherished long by those who have had ample evidence of her kindness and love. She had very many friends, and was a friend to everybody. In her last sickness her frequent expression to her family and friends was, "I am not afraid to die." Perfect love and perfect trust had taken away fear. She

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