

enactments of the Legislature military protection may be no longer necessary. I deem it expedient to appeal to you on a distressing and similar case in our own family, which is not susceptible of delay; my husband, Rev. John A. Adams, is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but with bad health and owning a farm near Sharpsburg, and on which he resides, had the care of the church there until the commencement of the war and it was destroyed. Although born and nursed in the lap of slavery and owning slaves all my life, yet I have always been opposed to it. In procuring hands for the farm and to save a girl of fourteen from being sold South we purchased her, who notwithstanding all religious instructions could not overcome the associations of early parental example and became so dissolute and profligate as to have three illegitimate children, two daughters of white fathers (both married men) and a boy, the son of a black man, also married. Being opposed to selling servants and by the laws of Maryland, unable to liberate her, we had to retain her in our own family. After the birth of her last, a little girl of three years, she married a free black man as worthless as herself, who hired about often ten miles distant, remaining with us when he had no other home. After the birth of two children in marriage he became so careless as not to visit his family for weeks, and the consequence was an intimate connection with a free yellow man, the fruit of which was a little girl that fortunately for herself died. Mr. Adams abhorring her dreadful course notified her husband that he should either reside with us or take his family with him; he preferring the latter we sent them last spring to him at Hagerstown, where he is now residing, we retaining the illegitimate children, to whom, Anna Harris the mother, was often unkind and cruel. Getting tired of work in her state of freedom, (she candidly acknowledged she had never worked so hard in her life,) she began to devise ways of returning to us, accordingly one day in the middle of last September a miserable old buggy filled to overflowing, with a poor old horse drove up to our door. They pretended to have been robbed and driven off by the rebels, and intended spending a few days with the older children, but on false pretences days were prolonged to weeks, finally her hoops were laid aside, and after two days of extreme illness gave birth to a poor diseased infant boy that lived 24 hours. We had great trouble and expense with her and when restored to health we reminded her that she had better return home. At this her countenance fell and vengeance was written on her brow. After making preparations for her departure and knowing her propensity, without her knowledge we had her trunk examined and as we expected found many stolen articles, amounting probably to \$10 or \$12, these we extracted, of which she was not aware until her arrival at home, but the hour for revenge was at hand. The