

*Patterollers* 147

wid mud in de fire. Dat make a lot o' hot coals to use. Jes' as we heard 'em, ole man Jack Diggs an' Charlie Dowal shoveled fire an' coals right out de door on 'em debbils. Dey runned from de fire, an' we runned f'om dem. Ain't nobody git caught dat time.

Garland Monroe, whose father once belonged to President James Monroe, says that slaves used to meet in the mountains near Monticello, out from Charlottesville.

I'm gittin' on to ninety, but I recollect my daddy an' two older brothers slippin' out nights to go to meetin'. Brothers would tell me all 'bout it nex' day. Dey had what dey called a stump preacher; ole man Tucker Coles it was. Dey call him a stump preacher 'cause he used to git up on a stump an' preach to de slaves—you see, up dere 'rounst Monticello ole patterollers would keep away, so de slaves ain't bothered to build a hut an' put pots all roun' like dey did in some places. Jus' preached right in de open, an' if de patterollers come, dey would jus' run down de mountain side 'long paths dat de patterollers didn't know nothin' 'bout.

Well, once patterollers did break up a meetin'. My brothers tell me all 'bout it de nex' day. Ole Tucker Cole was jus' a-preachin' 'way an' shoutin' when dey hear patterollers creepin' in de bush close by. Slaves started runnin' down de mountain side, not too fas', jus' fas' 'nough to keep de patterollers chasin' 'em. My brother, Henry, went on runnin' ahead o' de res'. Down at de foot of de mountain was a creek. "Hardware Creek," was its name, an' dere was log laid 'cross it so's you could git to de other side widdout gittin' wet. My brother got down dere 'fore all de res' an' stuck a slice-bar under one end of de log, an' den dere come de patterollers. Henry was hid 'hindst de bushes, an' when de fus' two three patterollers git to walkin' careful-like in de middle of de creek, Henry took an' pried up dat log an' thowed 'em all in de water. Patterollers yelled an' cussed de slaves some'n terrible, but time dey got dey clothes wrung out de slaves was home in bed.

Reverend Jacobs says it was the stories his mother used to tell of worshipping secretly that inspired him to become a preacher.

Mother often told me how they used to slip away so they could pray together. If the patterollers got after them, they would run for the corn field. They would start down one row and jump into the next. It was better still if they could get to a field with stumps in it. They would run around or jump over the stumps, an' if the patterollers come in they were likely to break their horses' legs.

Mother says that one night she and some other slaves walked eight miles out in the country to a camp meeting. They left the meeting