

their escape.¹ She would soothe the crying babies with paregoric and carry them in baskets. When hard pressed she would make a detour southward to throw off pursuit. At one time an award of as much as \$12,000 was offered for her arrest; yet, unafraid, she pursued her self-imposed task. She boldly waded through icy waters in mid-March, lay hidden in forest or swamp, and incurred incredible hardships.

She brought off in a rude home-made chaise her aged parents, unable themselves to walk, and several brothers and sisters. She was something of a mystic and felt conscious communion with the unseen. She had no fear of arrest for she ventured only where God sent her. She expressed her heroic faith and confidence in the words: "Jes so long as God wanted to use me he would take keer of me, an' when he didn't want me no longer, I was ready to go. I always tole him, I'm gwine to hole stiddy on to you, an' you've got to see me trou." Of her Thomas Garrett said: "I never met with any person, of any colour, who had more confidence in the voice of God, as spoken to her soul."

During the Civil War she was employed as an hospital nurse and scout. "She made many a raid," says Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, "inside the enemies' lines, displaying remarkable courage, zeal and fidelity."

Old, infirm and poor she still lives in a humble home in Auburn, N.Y., which she transformed into a hospital where she cared for the helpless of her own race.

It should be to every Canadian ground for patriotic pride that during all the years of struggle for the abolition of slavery the only refuge on this continent for the fugitives from bondage was beneath our red cross flag of freedom. The land of promise in the north exercised such a fascination for the slave that their owners endeavoured to discount its attractions by absurd stories concerning its vast distance, the wintry rigours of its climate, the sterility of its soil, its perils from savage beasts and more savage men. One fugitive declares he was assured that the Detroit River was over three thousand miles wide, and a ship starting out in the night would find

¹ These advertisements of runaway slaves are evidence of the cruelties with which they were sometimes treated. They describe the scars upon their bodies; the lacerations of whips; the branding with hot iron on the back, or hand, or cheek; the wounds of rifle shots; the scars by the teeth of bloodhounds with which they had been pursued, and of the fetters with which they were manacled; and sometimes they escaped with iron bands on neck or ankle. Sometimes one or two teeth were knocked out or a slit made in the ear as marks by which slaves could be readily identified. See Reports of Trial of John Anderson, a fugitive slave, at Toronto, 1860, for alleged crime of murder in Missouri.