

An amusing story has been passed down of two slaves, Manuel and Kate, who lived in Yarmouth. When they were liberated, Manuel rushed into the kitchen shouting, "Kate, we're free, we're free." So filled were they with the joy of freedom that they could not be induced to remain in service even with the offer of good wages. They did not know how to make a living, but Manuel had frequent recourse to his master's well-known potato bin, and Kate went around the town selling molasses candy to the youngsters. She also made many visits to her former mistress, and was never turned away hungry. Kate lived until about 1880.

It is not possible in a short paper to more than touch upon this subject. I have not spoken of the refugee slaves. Splendid papers have been written about them by Miss Murray, of Kingston, and Miss Carnochan, of Niagara, who have brought to light real tragedies about these followers of the North Star, to whom "Canada" was a magic word. It is estimated that more than 30,000 slaves found a refuge here. Chatham, Ontario, claims to have been the home of "Eliza."

While we do not believe that any such story as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," could have been written about our slaves, yet we are thankful that our honoured ancestors answered the call of freedom for the blacks, and gave them up without much fuss, though they might not have been inflamed with fanatical zeal; and when we read David Livingston's report in 1873, of the accursed traffic in human flesh, away off in Africa by the Arabs, we are relieved that our country, before he spoke, had taken her stand against this unhallowed institution.