

under sheds, and we can beg our way and get there; we can but die on the road, and that we shall do here if we remain.' We started and got here and are now comfortable. Here is the child, strong and healthy. A great number of our neighbors are from Canada; one returned to Canada; he was a blacksmith, and went to some one to purchase some iron, or on some other business, got some liquor and was found dead on the wharf at Port Sarnia, with two bottles containing whisky, one nearly all drank. The rest of us will stay away until they get the Prohibitory Law in Canada. If you see my poor brother Jake, who is a cripple by a waggon running over him when drunk, tell him to try and get here and he will be safe. Tell my two other poor drunken brothers, to come here if possible. If my eleven poor uncles and cousins, who fill drunkards' graves, if they had moved here they might have been living, or died as Christians. The law is not put in force all through the State, but we can put down the liquor traffic in any neighborhood. In our part of the country it is effectually done. If a man who wants liquor was known to get a bottlefull, or to get drunk, the whole neighborhood would be alarmed, and the person that dealt out the liquor would be hunted like a murderer."

Mary, the wife of John the Canadian slave, had harder times to save her infant than the slave of Uncle Tom's Cabin, that crossed the Ohio river on the floating ice to save her child. But she is now free, and a happy mother. I left them with renewed energy and a full determination to have a Prohibitory Liquor Law in Canada, or spend the remainder of my life and estate in pursuit of it.

The main points of John and Mary's narrative I know to be true. I was personally acquainted with his friends.

Yours, &c.,

ROWLAND BURR.