

to be transformed; a new light shone in their eyes, their tongues were loosed, they laughed and cried, prayed and sang praises, fell upon the ground and kissed it, hugged and kissed each other, crying, 'Bress de Lord! Oh! I'se free before I die.'"

In their ecstasies they sometimes lay down and wallowed in the sand.

As Harriet Tubman was convoying a party of fugitives over the Suspension Bridge, she wished them to see the great cataract of which it commands so magnificent a view. "Joe, come, look at de Falls! it's your last chance.' But Joe sat still and never raised his head. At length Harriet knew by the rise in the centre of the bridge and the descent on the other side that they had crossed the line. She sprang across to Joe's seat, shook him with all her might, and shouted, 'Joe, you've shook de lion's paw!' Joe did not know what she meant. 'Joe, you're free!' Then the strong man, who could stand under his master's whip without a groan, burst into an hysterical passion of weeping and singing, so that his fellow-passengers might think he had gone crazy; but did not withhold their sympathy when they knew the cause of such emotion."

Not a few slaves purchased their own liberty by working overtime, and others were purchased by white sympathizers for the purpose of emancipation when they could not be otherwise rescued.

Sometimes an attempt was made to kidnap fugitive slaves even on Canadian soil. A negro named Stanford and his wife had escaped from slavery to St. Catharines, in Canada. A professional slave hunter, Bacon Tate by name, in 1836 kidnapped and carried off these fugitives to the city of Buffalo. He broke into Stanford's house, dragged him, his wife and six week's old baby out of bed, and forced them into a carriage, and before daylight had crossed the Niagara River. The slave hunters were followed by some black neighbours of Stanford's. At Buffalo a coloured rescue party dragged the fugitives from the carriage in which they were being abducted, defended them for a time in a private house, hurried them to the ferry despite the Riot Act read by the sheriff, and after a running fight of two hours the Stanfords were placed in the ferry boat. "Those left behind," says 'Ascot Hope,' "gave three cheers, eagerly watching the boat as it bore the poor slaves out of reach of their enemies. When it was seen to reach the Canadian side, Stanford leaped on shore, rolled himself in the sand, and ever rubbed it into his hair, in the wildness of his delight at finding himself once more on free soil." Twenty-five of the rescue party were tried and fined, but no punishment was meted out to Tate for his dastardly crime.