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MODERATE CHARGES

Riot Over Fugitive In Old Niagara

(Continued from page 1.)

Negro inhabitants of Niagara in which successful effort many whites were stated to have been sympathizers. They sent strong petitions to the Governor "not to give up a fugitive slave under the pretence of horse stealing;" but Sir Francis replied that his duty in this case was clear, although ordinarily it was known he would have "armed the Province to protect a slave."

Mr. Kirby relates the story of the rescue, graphically. Colored people came in crowds and encamped night and day before the gates of the gaol, directed in their movements by a "very clever mulatto schoolmaster named Holmes, and were day after day addressed by an eloquent colored woman, a Mrs. Carter, "whose fiery speeches roused the multitudes to frenzy." The women were particularly excited. They stood in solid phalanx before the gaol singing Negro hymns, praying and encouraging the men never to allow the fugitive to be delivered up to his masters. This scene lasted over a week, when the sherriff received orders from the Government to "at once deliver up the prisoner."

Accordingly on the 25th day of September a large posse of constables, having handcuffed Moseby and placed him in a wagon, with guards on all sides of him, issued out of the gaol gates. This was the signal for action. Holmes and another colored man seized the horses' heads, while others shoved sticks between the spokes, locking the wheels. The women stood in front en masse to stop the wagon's progress. A scuffle ensued and shots were fired by some of the guard. Holmes was killed and many others were wounded, including guards.

Moseby, who was an active man, freed himself from the handcuffs, leapt out of the wagon, and was instantly lost in the crowd. A powerful black woman seized the deputy-sherriff round the waist and held him fast so that he could not go in pursuit, and Mrs. Carter continued her impassioned oratory, standing on the wagon and calling on the people "in the wildest strain" to rescue the captive and never give him up while they lived. It was hinted that the gaoler had connived at loose handcuffs, and that he had friends "among the sherriff's posse who made a mere show of resistance to the crowds of blacks." Indeed the sympathy of the whole Province was on the side of the slave, asserts Kirby, and pleased at the final outcome.

Anna Jameson, in her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" mentions that she saw Mrs. Carter at Niagara in 1837, after her prominent part in the rescue of which she was very proud. "She was a fine creature (says Mrs. Jameson), about twenty-five. Her black eyes flashed with excitement as she extended her arms or folded them on her bosom with an attitude and expression of resolute

dignity which a painter might have studied."

Mrs. Carter died at Niagara several years later, and Moseby spent the rest of his life quietly in Niagara and St. Catharines. Mr. Kirby adds the comment that the colored people in Canada were very loyal, and a large company of them enlisted during the Rebellion of 1837 and served under Captain Johnson Clench on the frontier—"good and trusty soldiers they were."

—Mail, Dec. 19th, 1925.

A HOME IN HEAVEN

By S. E. G. Allen

A home in Heaven, Oh, glorious thought,
With angels I will ever be.
Christ has Himself this wonder wrought
That I great happiness might see.

God has so ordered it to be;
A little while beneath the sod,
Then endless glory waits for me,
For God is Christ and Christ is God.

Christ is a friend who soothes when sad,
Whose goodness I can ever see;
The best friend I have ever had,
The best that Heaven could send to me.

I need much discipline while here,
For so rebellious is my heart;
Through eighty-seven years I have tried,
Yet I oft fail to fill my part.

Oh Christ Divine, accept me now;
Thy help I every moment need.
Accept my oft repeated vow
And with thy help I must succeed.

HE KNOWS

When duties press too close and cares
Refuse to leave us night or day,
And strength yields, almost un-
aware,

"Where is the remedy?" we say,
The weary brain must needs find rest,
The pen be sometimes laid aside,

That later we with newer zest
And nobler work be gratified,
Though our heart's best we give
our cause

And Love makes all the labor Sweet)
New inspiration comes to pause
Like Mary at the Master's feet.
We need not fear to leave undone
Work our too eager hearts
would choose;

The pause may mean a victory won—
In God's demands no time we lose.
Love's labor gained, it will repay,
This but our limitation shows,
And bright and light we may
When strength is needed say,
"He knows."

—S. E. G. Allen

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