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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 1 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

"UNCLE TOM."

"Uncle Tom of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not dead. Mrs. Stowe took a liberty which requires considerable exercise of the novelist's license when she made Legree kill Uncle Tom. But Legree, George Selby, George Harris, Cassy, Popsy, Eliza Harris, Aunt Chloe, Eva and "Uncle Tom" were all real characters when that wonderful book was written, and Uncle Tom, now eighty-eight years old, is at present living in Canada, and last year by her commands visited the Queen of England. His real name is Josiah Henson, and he lives at Down, Ontario.

Josiah Henson is even a more remarkable man than "Uncle Tom," although the latter is so much better known. He was born in 1789 in Charles County, Maryland. His earliest remembrance is of his father with his head bloody and back lacerated, beside himself with mingled rage and suffering, the result of a hundred lashes on his bare back, laid on by a powerful blacksmith, to which was added the mutilation of his ear, which had previously been nailed to a post. His crime was striking an overseer who had brutally assaulted his wife.

Josiah's first master was Dr. McPherson, a kind man, and hard drinker. One morning he was found lying dead in a narrow stream not a foot in depth. After this occurrence the slaves were sold, and Josiah and his mother separated, the latter being bought by Isaac Riley, of Montgomery County. Josiah in his new place was neglected, and falling sick was like to die, and in this condition was sold to Riley, a blacksmith, who was to pay for him by shoeing horses for his former owner if he lived, while, if he died, no payment was to be demanded. Mr. Henson's description of the condition of a slave is not a very favorable one. His principal food was cornmeal and salt herrings, to which was added in summer a little buttermilk and the few vegetables each one might raise for himself in his little garden, called a "track patch." Usually they had two regular meals in a day, breakfast at noon,

after working from daylight, and supper at the end of the day's work. During harvest another meal was added. Their dress was of tow cloth and very insufficient, and they lived in log huts with the bare ground for a floor, ten or a dozen men, women, and children being in a single room. These wretched hovels afforded but little shelter, the wind whistled through the cracks, and the rain made their floor a river, and in these places the slaves were penned by night, fed by day, their children born and their poor neglected.

Notwithstanding this condition of things Josiah grew strong and vigorous and aimed to be the best at running, playing, dancing, working and everything, until he grew to be his master's right-hand man and practically his business manager. At this time, when eighteen years old, he was induced by his mother to attend a religious service, conducted by a

to poor slaves about him the few glimmerings of light from another world which had reached his own eyes.

One important portion of Josiah's duties, when his master's chief man, was to act as his body-guard when enjoying himself at the town, and more particularly on his way home, when the master required to be held on his saddle from the tavern to his home. On Saturday and Sundays particularly the slave-owners were accustomed to occupy their time in gambling, running, fighting, and drinking whiskey. Knowing the inevitable results of their dissipations, whenever a fight arose, their body-guards were instructed to rush in and each one seizing his master drag him out of the fray and place him on his horse, or in his buggy, and bring him safely home. On one of these occasions Josiah's master got into a quarrel with his brother's overseer, Bryce

he, 'but 'light at once and take off your jacket.' I saw there was nothing else to be done, and slipped off the horse on the opposite side from him. 'Now take off your shirt,' cried he; and as I demurred at this he lifted a stick he had in his hand to strike me, but so suddenly and violently that he frightened the horse, which broke away from him and ran home. I was thus left without means of escape to sustain the attacks of four men as well as I might. In avoiding Mr. L.'s blow I had accidentally got into a corner of the fence where I could not be approached except in front. The overseer called upon the negroes to seize me; but they knowing something of my physical power, were slow to obey. At length they did their best, and as they brought themselves within my reach, I knocked them down successively, and I gave one of them, who tried to trip up my feet, when

he was down, a kick with my heavy shoe, which knocked out several teeth, and sent him howling away. Meanwhile Bryce Lytton beat my head with a stick not heavy enough to knock me down, but it drew blood freely. He shouted all the while, 'Won't you give up! won't you give up!' adding oath after oath. Exasperated at my defence, he suddenly seized a heavy fence-rail and rushed at me with rage. The ponderous blow fell; I lifted my arm to ward it off, the bone cracked like a pipe-stem, and I fell headlong to the ground. Repeated blows then rained on my back till both shoulder blades were broken, and the blood gushed copiously from my mouth. In vain the negroes interposed. 'Didn't you see the nigger strike!'



REV. JOSIAH HENSON.



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

good man, named John Kennedy, who lived at Georgetown. He obtained permission from his master to attend, but the negroes were not admitted into the meeting. Josiah standing at the door heard him with upraised hands, say with emphasis: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, tasted death for every man; for the high, for the low; for the rich, for the poor; the bound, the free; the negro in his chains, the man in gold and diamonds." His heart was touched, and as quick as thought came the enquiries, "Did he die for me? Why did he die for me?" And as the preacher reiterated the words "for every man" the light grew upon him, and he was almost beside himself with joy. On his way home he turned aside into the woods and prayed to God for light and aid, and with a consciousness of new strength and a destiny superior to anything he had before conceived, he began soon after to impart

Lytton. All sided with Lytton and Josiah rushing into the room found his master fenced into a corner with a dozen striking at him with fists, crockery, chairs, and anything that came handy. The faithful servant rushed in to help him and in the scuffle Lytton got a severe fall, which he attributed to Josiah Henson. About a week afterwards the latter was sent on a message, and on his return was met in a narrow lane by Lytton and three negroes. The scene which followed, he himself describes as follows:

"The overseer seized my horse's bridle and ordered me to alight, in the usual elegant phraseology addressed by such men to slaves. I asked what I was to alight for, 'To take the worst flogging you ever had in your life, you black scoundrel.' He added many oaths that I will not repeat. 'But what am I to be flogged for, Mr. L.?' I asked, 'Not a word,' said

Of course they must say 'yes,' although the lying coward had avoided close quarters, and fought with his stick alone. At length his vengeance satisfied, he desisted, telling me to 'remember what it was to strike a white man.' Meanwhile an alarm had been raised at the house by the return of the horse without its rider and Josiah's master started off with a party in search of him. Although he grew into a tremendous rage when he found his slave with his arm and shoulder blades broken, and endeavored to have the brutal assailant punished, little good came of it, because Lytton swore that, when he spoke to Henson in the lane, the latter "sassed" him, jumped off his horse and struck him, and would have killed him but for the help of his negroes. As no negro's testimony had any weight against that of a white man, Lytton was acquitted, and Henson's master obliged to pay all costs of the court.

(To be Continued.)

W. M. Rogers