From the Ohio Columbian.

Slavery.

Why come those sounds of mourning
Far o'er the distant seas?
Those piercing notes of anguish
Borne wildly on the breeze?
Why are those groans ascending
From many a southern clime,
The God of love beseeching,
To avenge their wrong and crime?

Ah! 'tis the wretched Slave, that 'neath
The tyrants galling yoke,
Upon the heads of brutal men,
Such *curses* doth invoke;
But men alone in *outward* form,
Souls blackened; dyed in sin,
With demon passion seeking
The blood of fellow-men.

With fiend-like fury binding,
Round frail and suffering ones,
Their hellish chains of torture,
Then smiling at their moans.
Rending, regardless, every tie,
That to their souls is dear,
Teaching their dark minds only
Their master's lash to fear.

The God that formed the *owners* soul,
Alike the captive made;
Yet, as some worldly merchandise,
He's sold in *human trade*.
Thou dreadful curse! oh, slavery!
When will thy influence cease;
And in these sun regions reign
God's universal peace?

The Song of the Telegraph.

I have heard men say that when winds were high,
And clouds were tossing about the sky,
Journeying over some lone morass,
Where the endless wires of the Telegraph pass,
They have stood, and listened and trembled with fear,
The song of the Telegraph to hear,—
A sad and most unearthly strain,
A sharp, low moan, like a soul in pain,
Rising and falling fitfully,
Like the long wave after a storm at sea.
I have thought and wondered many a time,
What the wire would say could it speak in rhyme;
And thinking much and wondering long,
At length have found the Telegraph's song.

Lo, the golden age is come!
Light has broken o'er the world!
Let the cannon-mouth be dumb,
Let the battle-flag be furled!
God has sent me to the nations,
To unite them, that each man
Of all future generations
May be cosmopolitan.

I, the lightning—the destroyer—
I, the untameable, the proud—
To be harnessed to the wire;
I have left my thunder-cloud,
Harbinger of peace and union,
Messenger no more of wrath;
To establish sweet communion
Down to earth I take my path.

With the olive branch extended,
Swift I go to every shore;
Soon all nations shall be blended,
They shall learn of war no more.
Peace and progress be forever
Printed on the hearts of men,
So that future time may never
See the battle-field again.

Span beneath the deep Atlantic,
Far below the swelling wave,
Will my still small voice be passing
To the land that owns a slave.
Shame, oh shame, that starry banner
Doth not yet the stripe disown!
Shame, that great name be degraded
With the lash, the chain, the groan!

Now the world is growing better,
Now that Progress leads the van,
Is it not a strange injustice
To enslave a fellow man?
Are ye not the world's free traders
[illegible]
Rise—annihilate this horror,
This foul stain of slavery!

The Assyrian is forgotten,
And the old race of the Nile,
And we stand amid their ruins
Gazing on each wondrous pile;
And the glory is departed
From the bright Hellenian shore,
And though Rome is still in being
Yet the Roman is no more.

But Britannia stands forever,
Throned upon the eternal seas,
Nailed to every mast her banner
Floats forever on the breeze;
And we laugh at our old quarrels,
All our foolish deeds of yore,
We are older grown and wiser,
We are children now no more.

Let America with England
Hand in hand uphold the "right,"
Be their path the path of progress
And their fame shall know no blight;
For they are the noblest nations
That the sun hath ever blest,
Brave Old England and her children
In the broad lands of the west.

English Paper.

A Recent Tour.

On the 14th of January last we started upon a tour of some six weeks time, and some 565 miles travel, in the western and frontier districts.

At Hamilton, on the 11th of January, we found a protracted meeting in progress, under the charge of Elders Hawkins and Brown, aided by Elder Garrett. This was in the colored Baptist Church. Arriving at St. Catharines on the 12th, we were a little curious, not to say anxious, to see for ourselves [illegible]

At the invitation of the Rev. Messrs. [illegible]

vote, to speak again the next evening. The meeting of the 14th was also a large one, and, at the close, a vote of thanks was offered us by Rev. Mr. Ryerson, and carried unanimously. In company with our excellent friend, Wilson, we went to Niagara on the 15th, where, through the activity of William Barr, Sen., Esq., a large assemblage was ready to hear us at the appointed hour. Mr. Barr occupied the chair with great ability. A most encouraging meeting was that at Niagara. Returning the same night to St. Catherines, we accepted the invitation of Rev. Mr. Cooke, of the American Presbyterian Church, to preach for him. We spoke, the same day, in the two colored churches, Rev. Mr. Helmsley's and the Baptist.

We must confess that we found things better in St. Catherines than we had feared. The prejudice against our people, was not so strong, so prevalent nor so unprovoked as we had thought, from what we had heard. Personally, we were treated by persons of all classes as well as we ever were, anywhere. Our people in St. Catherine's are not the poorest in the town, by a good deal. Many of them own little houses and lots, and enjoy a comfortable maintenance. Mr. J. W. Lindsey and Mr. James Harris live as comfortably as any one needs to live. Each of them has a good team, and they are making as rapid progress, in worldly weal, as the majority of their white fellow subjects. As much may be said of Mr. J. W. Taylor and others, on whom we did not have time to call. The "Negro Village," of which so much has been said, we expected to find in a swamp or a mud-hole. But the settlement, if such it may be called, is on a street running parallel with the main street, and within one hundred rods of it. The site is good, the property valuable, the part of the town respectable, and whites live in the most immediate vicinity of it. Some foolish actions of our people have given occasion for some prejudice, and there are too many who would rather cringe than contend for what law and right entitle them to. It is true too, that there are some natives of the U. S. there, who act the part of fools and knaves towards our people. Having aided in trampling negroes under foot at home, they seek to engraft their pro-slavery negro hate upon British stock. It is also true, that they now and then find a Canadian soft sapling that will bear innoculation; but we are quite convinced that when our people shall have done all they ought to do, in St. Catherines, towards their own elevation, the whites will be right enough.

We had a most tedious, comfortless journey from St. Catherines to London. Our business at the latter place was, to attend the anniversary of the London Anti-Slavery Society. But all the anniversaries had been postponed a week later than we had supposed, and that week we must wait. In the meantime we held meetings in the vicinity.

The London anniversaries embraced the Bible, Tract, Sabbath Schools, Temperance, and Anti-Slavery Societies. How unlike Yankeedom! Besides, the same gentlemen who are officers of the other benevolent societies, are officers of this. Again, how unlike Yankeedom! The Anti-Slavery Anniversary was the most numerously attended, and the best patronized of all the anniversaries. Captain Gardner, of the Royal Artillery was on the platform, and he seconded one of the resolutions. The Captain sat side by side with A. B. Jones, Esq., a gentleman as black as ourself. It did look like an European meeting, that anniversary.

At the same meeting it was announced, that William Horton, Esq., would address a meeting the following Monday evening, and that, in the afternoon of that day, the agent of the Canadian Anti-Slavery Society would address a meeting of ladies, preparatory to the formation of a Female Anti-Slavery Society. Both meetings were largely attended, and Mr. Horton's debut was most triumphant. A most valuable accession to our cause is Mr. H.

On the evening of Feb. 1st, we went to Soho, in company with my excellent host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Jones and a few other friends. The meeting was one of the best country meetings we ever attended. Rev. Mr. Turner was in the chair. The black people in Soho are doing as well as the farmers of Middlesex generally.

In London the blacks are as well off as their neighbors. A. B. Jones could, at any time, retire from business, live in the style of an amateur farmer, and his property in town would yield an income that would support his family. A. T. Jones is progressing as fast as any other young druggist, in that town. Nelson Moss is doing as good a business, as a cordwainer, as any man need do. Moses B. Smith and Henry Garratt, get on, as bakers, equally as well as others who follow the same business. Energy and enterprise are all that our people need in London to enrich themselves. Those now doing well are the artificers of their own fortunes, so might others be if they choose. We know of no town where a black mechanic or artisan could do better than in London. He would find some of the meanest sort of whites there, but they are as [illegible]

We went from London, at the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Dawson, to Chatham, [illegible]

the best mechanics and artizans in the county of Kent. J. M. Jones stands head and shoulders above any gun-smith west of London. Thomas Bell, as a builder; J. L. Brown, as a mason; R. Charrily, as a cordwainer; W. Moore, as a chandler; Mr. Smith, as a blacksmith, need fear comparison nor competition with any of the same crafts in that part of the Province. Then we see more buildings, new ones, too, than we saw last September, owned by black men. We asked one old man, who ran away from slavery a few years since, what he could get for his property? He said he had been offered £300; he confessed that it cost him but £30. The advance in the price of property was no greater in that, than in several other instances in the same town. We spoke twice in Chatham, and most nobly did the brave blacks of Chatham stand by the cause.

Buxton, in more points than one, is the model settlement, not only of the colored people, but of Canada. There are 120 families there, and almost every family is settled on land in their own possession. In clearing, building and improving, most commendable progress is being made by them. Generally they came in poor,—they are making their way to independence with zeal and perseverence. They beg no old clothes from the States, they receive none begged by others professedly for Canadians. They lately held a bazaar to raise money to aid their own poor. They have been there but three years, and they are doing all that any people could do, in the same time. But the efforts of those settlers to educate themselves and their children are most praiseworthy. In the day school you find both children and adults, in some instances, parents and children, earnestly intent upon the acquisition of knowledge. The evening school is attended by parties who walk miles through the forest by torch light,—but they are determined; they have counted the cost, and they will rest nothing short of what they desire. In morals the settlement has no superior. There is not a drunkard in the settlement,—and, if any habitual drinking, they keep it to themselves. No person sells,—no person is allowed to sell the accursed stuff. The Maine Law is in full force in Buxton. We spoke twice in Buxton, preaching, on Sunday, for Rev. Mr. King, and speaking in a public meeting, Mr. West in the chair. The day is not far distant when that settlement will contain 1000 inhabitants, and when the land for which they pay 12s. 6d. per acre, will be worth £6 per acre.

But for our illness we should have gone to Dresden, but must defer our visit thither till some future day. Our tour satisfied us abundantly that the colored people of Canada are progressing more rapidly than our people in the States,—that the liberty enjoyed here makes different men of those once crushed and despised in the land of chains,—that along with the other poor classes who come here, and improve themselves in wealth and status, the black people will also arise, in some cases, very rapidly, but generally slowly, though surely,—that the day is not far distant when we shall put to shame the selfish, systematic charity seekers who go to the States, *and some of them to the South*, to beg, partly for fugitives, but chiefly for their own pockets,—that more money has been begged, professedly in behalf of Canadian Blacks, than said blacks ever did, or ever will receive, by a thousand fold,—that unless persons going to the States, begging for us, are the accredited agents of some duly organized society, with honest, unselfish men at its head, our friends should hold them at arm's length,—that what the recently arrived refugee most needs, is not land-buying societies, not old clothes, not any substitute for labor, but stimulation to *self-development*.

From the Voice of the Fugitive.

Pennsylvania Freeman.—We take great delight in all our anti-slavery exchanges. From the noble cause they labor in, their high moral tone, and the general impartiality, with which all questions are treated and discussed in their columns, they are the beacon lights of the American press.

From them we receive what little light we possess to guide us on our way. But we are now compelled to notice an exception to this general rule, by the conduct of the Pa. Freeman in relation to the Refugees' Home Society. It has been warped on the side of a mischevious set of factionists, and calumniators, to retail in its columns, their disgraceful slang; and then it has sprung the *hammer*, (if we may use this expression) in excluding the defence of those who have been vilely assailed. The *Freeman* commenced by publishing some resolutions of a turbulent caucus of ignorant men, led on by a *designing* individual whose duplicity is sufficient to prove a genealogical descent from the serpent that beguiled mother Eve, in the garden of Eden, and after publishing them indulged in some rather non-committal remarks. It then raked up a letter addressed by S. R. Ward as a private individual in Philadelphia—a letter containing mis-statements about the Government lands in this township, and published that letter to the world at the same time taking its stand on the side of the letter. The Rev. C. C. Foote, wrote a reply to the letter of S. R. Ward, which the Freeman published, but it was so [illegible]

time fully exposed those disgraceful proceedings here for the information of our Anti-slavery friends abroad, and there is no excuse for a plea of having been deceived, to be hereafter put in by any one, and we shall hold to a strict account, at the bar of humanity, those who oppose one of the greatest benevolent movements of the age, for every thought, word and deed, they have given publicity to against it. S. R. Ward unfortunately wandered from his orbit when he raised his voice against that Society, like the mighty Webster did when he declaimed against the higher law. We do not believe this fall would have happened to him however, if he had not been prevailed upon by evil counsel spoken by a *syren* voice, like father Adam was by a similar influence when he fell. Ah yes! it was a fatal stroke to his judgment, the three weeks preceeding the Annual Meeting of the Refugees' Home Society, that he was in this vicinity enjoying the company of one whose whole conversation then was opposition to the Refugees Home Society ☞ BECAUSE THE SOCIETY WOULD NOT GIVE LAND TO FREE BORN COLORED PEOPLE, *and because one of the editors* of this paper against whom she has a personal pique, is an officer in said society. By raising a prejudiced party against that society, and exciting a prejudice against the "Voice," it is hoped by those interested, that sufficient interest will be created, to establish a rival paper, of which we have understood Mr. Ward has already signified his willingness to act as editor, and for which efforts are making to call on the friends of the slave in the States for support. We do not object to the establishment of a rival paper, by citing these facts, we are only *trotting* out to the light of day the underhanded measures by which it is sought to be effected. And we are really surprised that the *Freeman*—a paper co-leagued with the impartial Garrison, is found hand in glove with such mean company after being thoroughly advised of the same.

We are compelled to think that an unworthy motive has prompted it thus to set the on opposition to the Refugees' Home Society and thereby endeavor to impede brother Foote's progress in its vicinity. We now conclude this delicate subject feeling that we have done a just though mournful duty, in recalling those unpleasant recollections.

Mrs. America answers Mrs. England.

The Duchess of Sutherland, it is known, with a potent wave of her hand, gathered together, in Stafford House, ladies of birth and gentlemen of station; and, there assembled, the Ladies discussed and agreed upon an affectionate and Christian address to their sisters of the United States of America, a persuasive appeal to their sympathies and affections to vindicate the domestic power of women, and so to break the chains of the American slave. American sisters were conjured by English sisters assembled in loving sisterhood in Stafford Palace, to gently wipe out the accursed and cursing blot of slavery defiling their homes, and to charm away the ulcer eating into their social state. Well, sisters of America have answered sisters of Stafford House, and how? Why, as might have been expected: with a "marry, come up," and it's like your impudence, style and air. The document however, is not wholly feminine; half-scolding, half-satirical, it wants the true shrillness of the female organ. It would be a very ill compliment to the sex to believe the answer the pure response of woman. To be sure, it smacks somewhat of *Lucy Lockit* provoked by the self-asserting virtue and conjugal truth of *Polly Peachum*.

Why, how now, Madame Flirt!
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter;
Madam Flirt!

Now as *Lucy Locket*—on special occasions, has been played by a man; so, assuming the feminine guise, Jonathan answers for his sisters. The *Lucy* may wear the mob cap, tucked up gown, and black mittens; but we see the broad bold face of Paul Bedford staring from the muslin; and cannot mistake the masculine stride that distends the petticoats.

No matter. Let us assume that they *are* our sisters of the United States who make answer to Christian sisters of England. They reply by satire. Puckering their mouths, and with a prolonged, laborious courtesy, they begin by politely begging their English sisters to reform their husbands and brothers; wild, reckless unscrupulous dogs, who carry fire and murder into Southern Africa, to Southern Asia, and the Southern Seas. Yes! English sisters ought to wind their arms about the creatures' necks—detain them from war—snatch their muskets from their grasp, and, with the teapot or anything at hand, deluge their ball-cartridges!

Sisters in America will not speak to sisters in England of the opium war in China; or of the horrors of Ireland. No; with a truly feminine self-denial they swallow their indignation, put down the rising heart with a strong hand, and proceed with the catalogue. Sisters in America are so sisterly towards sisters of Stafford House!

American sisters next assure their English kindred that their land is "filled with slaves—slaves to ignorance, slaves to penury, and slaves to vice." Mrs. America plunges boldly up a London alley, and drags to the light a wretched tatterdemalion child. "Look at it!" she cries to Mrs. England, "Can it read? Can it write? How does it live? Why, like a wild beast in a hole—though not half so sweet. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to own such a child! Pah! Look at its rags—look at its head—look at its feet—look at its hideous little face, with want, and cunning, and ignorance, all staring from its eyes—its young wolf's eyes! And you, Mr. England, with thousands of such children, you—but I won't be in a passion, certainly not—you to talk of my black slaves—property as carefully looked after and as cleanly kept as your mahogany tables—every bit! I'll keep my temper, but its [illegible] nation like your impudence to compare your white vermin of children—your *Jack Sheppards* of six, eight, ten years old, to my fat, comfortable little Sambos, black as [illegible] every bit as polished."

[illegible] Mrs. America—wiping her [illegible] consequence of late contest, [illegible] with a [illegible] of disgust, giving her [illegible] shake—then she looks abroad in [illegible]

them. Well, Madam, when you have taken your costermongers to church, and, perhaps, in your brimming benevolence, have added to every couple a leg of mutton wedding-dinner,—then tell me to make flesh of one flesh, and bone of one bone, of my black Topsy and Turvy."

Taking breath, Mrs. America next rolls her eyes towards Glasgow. "Look at your poor Scotch sisters: there are 60,000 of them, worn and starved in factories, and at needle-work, on seven or eight shillings a week. Perhaps, Madam, you never heard of our Lowell factory girls: although they wrote a book that has circulated by thousands in your own country, Madam? To the new Crystal Palace, if you will send a Glasgow factory girl, in all her gaunt, grim penury, we shall be happy to send a Lowell factory girl, in her silk gown, with her parasol and all.

"And, now, Mrs. England, I shall say no more—not another word. But *this* I must say. I do ask you, as a woman and a sister, a wife and a mother, to bestir yourself in your own land. You are surrounded by miserable wretches. And though you may fling money into the church-plate, especially when a bishop, a ten thousand pounder in the House of Lords, and a peer to boot in House of Lords, holds forth—although you may subscribe to the 'Ark of Flags' lying-in-hospital, and twenty other charitable institutions, where is your charity of daily life? Do you not pass among your lower classes, your veriest poor and wretched, as though they were leprous—blotched with disease? Things of a lower kind; animals made to drudge, even as oxen were worked to tread out the corn? Look at home, Mrs. England. Go down upon you knees; pray God to make a kind, gentle, loving, Christian woman of you—I don't mean the Christianity that goes regularly to Church, with a footman of six feet two in his silk stockings, carrying the gold-clasped Service; but an active, vital, household Christianity. Not a seventh-day Christianity, but a seven days Christianity. Do all this, Mrs. England, and then pay me a visit. Yes, come, and bring your *crotchet* with you; and I shall be very happy to take you over my plantations, my farm, my house,—and more than that, to take your sisterly advice in the disposal of my niggers. Good morning."—And with a short curtsey, and an icy smile, that would blight a bed of snowdrops, Mrs. America takes leave of Mrs. England.

There can be no doubt that there is much truth in what Mrs America is made to speak. But the moral destitution, the moral blackness of a thousand English outcasts, do not make five hundred free negroes of so many slaves. Very true is it that we have wretched, wo-begone children in alleys; that we have "illicit" costermongers; that our needle-women have starved, or, at times, anticipated death by a plunge from Waterloo-bridge; that there has been grinding misery in factories; misery unceasing, remorseless as the machinery once set at work. But all this evil—all this degrading, crushing woe,—mocking, as with the mockery of a devil, our professions as a Christian people—all this is as nothing to the all-blighting curse and all-encompassing horror of slavery! There is something still left—some drop of comfort, some ray of light in this misery—this bitterness—this darkness where slavery is *not*. We may not snatch one of these alley children from the dirt, and sell it like a young hog; we may not separate frail costermonger Joe from his frail companion Sal. Poor Sal may have a child at her breast, and one or two at what they call a home; yet Joe and Sal are safe from the slave-buyer, and may love on, and quarrel on, and their "young barbarians" may still dispute with the pigs on the dust-heap—no human flesh-dealer daring to cast his blood-bargaining eyes upon them. *This* is something. And this something—no small thing, surely, in this human life of ours, whether passed on Stafford velvet pile, or stiflingly breathed in Slush Lane; this something is still the ray of God's own light and justice, however dark, and foul, and wo-begone the place it penetrates.—*Lloyd's Newspaper.*

Trials at Albany.

Enoch Reed, (colored) tried for resistance of process, under an act of 1790. Convicted, not sentenced.

William H. Salmon, tried for resistance of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. Acquitted.

Ira A. Cobb. Ditto. Jury disagreed.

John B. Bringham. Ditto. Ditto.

Such is a brief summary of the action taken by the United States Court, during the last three weeks, at the City Hall. Some dozen or so persons stood accused at the beginning of the term. Three white men have been acquitted or left unpunished for the rescue of Jerry, and one black man convicted of something else. And the Court stands adjourned.

It must have been sad employment for those who honestly believe that the harmony of our states depends upon the stringent application of this Law, to stand up in the Court-Room and watch the proceedings there, and it must be a still sadder employment to count up their results.

Look at the Counsel for the Government, wearied out, beaten in every case, dispirited, and going home—knowing that they have spent their best energies and their most astute technicalities all to no purpose—going home without even the satisfaction of knowing that they have added a straw's weight to their legal reputation—and knowing that their welcome there will be the rejoicing of their neighbors over their defeat.

Look at the Defence, ill concealing, or not caring to conceal, their belief that they have triumphed over Court and Counsel, Judge and jurisprudence. Look at the prisoners, glorying in their [illegible] anxious not so much for their acquittal as for trial, [illegible] for the notoriety of an indictment, as if it were an honor to leave [illegible] the Laws of the United States and a [illegible] to be sentenced by one of the Courts. Look at the audience, crowding into the [illegible] Court Room, [illegible]

that its trials of the "Rescuers" have done more to impair the efficiency of the Fugitive Slave Law, than would have been done, if a gang of fifty "Jerries" had marched up State street, in broad daylight, on their unmolested road to Canada.

There are enactments that defeat their own ends. Outraging men's natural sense of justice so grossly that every attempt to execute them only inflames popular passion, and raises up enemies against them; they sooner or later make themselves dead letters in the law. They may be put upon the statute book by force, and kept there by force, but the disgrace to its pages becomes the only one they are capable of inflicting. Such bids fair to be the fate of the Act of Congress of Sept. 12th, 1850.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The Kidnappers Indicted.

We find the following paragraph in the Delaware County Republican, of Saturday last, and hope it is true, though we have not seen the news in any other paper. Perhaps, however it was contained in the West Chester papers of the previous week, which, owing to our recent illness, did not come under our eye. The hit at the Governor will be understood by those who have heard the private history of his agency in the attempted abduction of Richard Neal.

The Grand Jury of Chester County, last week, returned a bill against M'Crery and Meritt, of Elkton, Maryland, for kidnapping Rachel Parker. If Governor Bigler should refuse to require them to be given up for trial, we hope some one will make the application when he is at a social party—as was the case when he granted the requisition for Richard Neal—and that he will so far forget himself, as to order his Deputy Secretary to issue the writ.

We shall now see whether Governor Bigler will dare to perform the duty proscribed for him by the laws of the State, or whether he will disregard the action of the grand jury and the kidnappers to repeat the crime with impunity whenever it may suit their convenience or inclination so to do.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

Uncle Tom on his Travels

(*From the New York Tribune.*)

Europe has achieved the luxury of a new sensation in the reception and digestion of Mrs. Stowe's great work. Our militia generals on professional tours of observation among the fortresses of Flanders and on the lines of the Adige and Mincio are as much perplexed and annoyed by the Uncle Tom *furore* as they would go if required to draw lines of circumvallation or distinguish a lunette from an escarpment. Even our Diplomacy, aghast at the rushing, swelling flood of Uncle Tomism which is now sweeping over the Continent, writes home indignant remonstrances against Americans, disgracing their country by telling any but the other sort of truth about it, and sorrowfully admits that the counterblasts to Uncle Tom, so elaborately puffed in our Cotton journals, make no more impression on the Christian sentiment of the Old World than would a popgun broadside on the walls of Gibraltar. Even the labored replies of sundry squads of American ladies to the Stafford House Appeal are notoriously felt not to have touched the right spot, whence the necessity realized for perpetually renewing and multiplying them. Unless Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, or some equally ambitious imitator, shall hereafter contrive to out-do all that has yet been done, the verdict of Europe will be all but unanimous that silence would have served the cause of American Slavery better than any speech elicited by the Duchess's memorial.

Meantime, Uncle Tom shines in every *feuilleton*, rests on every center-table, and faces the foot-lights of every stage. The despots and feudal robbers are soothed and gratified by the contemplation of a form of injustice and oppression more flagrant and shameless than their own. The *ouvriers* and *gamins* of Paris, chafing under the sense of their own enslavement and degradation, crowd the theatres to marvel at the spectacle of a man bidding at a slave auction for his own wife or daughter against the coarse and tipsy ruffian who has fixed lecherous eyes upon her, and to whose unbridled will the law of the land inexorably consigns her in case he bids a dollar more for her than will (or can) be given by the competitor who has been moved by the husband's woe to bid in his behalf. "If this is Democracy," says *gamins* dubiously, "the despotism of our head burglar is not so bad after all; if this is Republican purity, our Emperor's lewd and shameless Court is relatively decent. Foul as it is, it has never yet resorted to legal constraint or outright violence in pursuit of licentious gratification."

There can be no doubt that merely the American [illegible] but the cause of Human Freedom has temporarily suffered in Europe by the exposure of Mrs. Stowe's book. If it were understood there that our most fanatically slave-holding State (South Carolina) was likewise the most [illegible] and intensely "Democratic," according to our [illegible] party designations, the marvel and the revulsion [illegible] be still greater. But this "sickness is not unto death." The freedom of investigation and discussion which [illegible]

seem advisable to distribute potatoes rather than pamphlets. In the same spirit, we suggest that sending over slave holders as though they were once French Jacobin Ambassadors to convince Europe that slavery is an eminently humane, beneficent and diffusing institution, will not be [illegible] thing. There is a sound principle of [illegible] which says 'Secondary evidence is inadmissible where the primary is within reach' and though Blacks are not permitted to testify at the South in any case where whites are interested, there is no such rule in Europe. We would urge, then, [illegible] be desirable to adduce before Europe [illegible] testimony versus Uncle Tom, the [illegible] witness to send there would be the [illegible] themselves. That Mr. Soule, Mr. [illegible] Governor Cobb, Mr. Guthrie and such slave-holders as General Pierce may [illegible] out as Ambassadors, will assure Europe [illegible] Slavery is a mild, benignant, moral, humanizing institution, is a matter of course; also that Europe will be too polite to contradict them; but if an impression on the public sentiment of the Old World is aimed, let Cuffee and Dinah, Sambo and Phillis, Pompey and Dandy Jim, be sent out as witnesses. If they, being released from all restraint or undue influence, shall say they like to be fed, lodged, worked, flogged, hunted and sold, according to the laws of Carolina and Mississippi, Europe will be likely to believe them; but so long as the South shall keep them gagged at home, and send Soule & Co., to testify in their stead, we suspect that the evidence will not go a great way towards removing the impression produced by Mrs. Stowe's book.

The late Colonel Talbot.

(*From the Woodstock C. W.* [illegible])

"Colonel, the Hon. Thomas Talbot was fourth son of Lord Talbot de Malahide, was born at Malahide Castle on the [illegible] July, 1770, and consequently died in his 83rd year. In very early life he entered the army, and served for a short time [illegible] the Duke of York in Holland. He however, returned to England—the [illegible] it is said of a coolness which occurred between the Royal Duke and himself, consequent upon some observations made by the latter on certain amusements of the [illegible] which he thought unbecoming [illegible] Officer in face of an enemy. This is [illegible] ed to have been followed by another [illegible] pointment of a private and [illegible] which induced Col. Talbot to [illegible] land, and proceeding to Canada in 179[illegible] accept the post of private secretary to General Simcoe, Governor of the Colony. He afterwards received a grant of 5000 acres of land as a Lt. Colonel in the army, and subsequently a further extensive tract, principally in the Townships of Dunwich and Aldboro', was given him on condition of settlement; under which Col. Talbot became possessed of 150 acres for every [illegible] acres taken up by a *bona fide* settler. He moreover had obtained from Government compensation for war losses and a pension. So that although he encountered great hardships, and had done the Province good service by carrying civilization and improvement into the wilderness, and had also gallantly aided in defence of the colony during the last American war, it must be admitted that rewards were bestowed with a lavish hand. Col. Talbot was for many years a Member of the Legislative Council of the Province, where his opinions were looked up to by all parties; in politics he was an unbending Tory, and in 1837-38 strenuously supported the Queen's authority against attacks from within and without. In his dealings with the settlers, and others in his own tract, he was universally popular, always kind and considerate, he frequently contributed to their comforts and their wants at personal inconvenience, with his own hand. His eccentricities are sufficiently well known in the Province to require no lengthened notice—for many years he remained a perfect woman-hater, and would admit no female within the precincts of his retirement—he was impatient of intrusion (particularly by Americans, for whom he seemed to entertain an innate antipathy) though generous in his hospitality, and exhibiting the manners and deportment of a highly finished gentleman, to those whom he thought proper to entertain. He possessed a highly cultivated mind, stored with information and endued with a retentive memory that frequently created surprise and which he retained to the last. Colonel Talbot was frequently visited in his retreat by travellers of distinction, amongst whom may be named the present Duke of Northumberland, Lord Althorp, Stanley and Wharncliffe; but [illegible] the talented and great alone was not his hospitality confined, and many of his fellow colonists, more particularly of later years, testify to the hearty welcome that awaited them, when they passed the confines of his seclusion. Three years before his death, Colonel Talbot deeded to his nephew Colonel Airy, now secretary at the Horse Guards, all the lands he owned in Aldboro', between 25,000 and 30,000 and also the estate which he resided at Port Talbot, [illegible] he left to George Macbeth, Esq., who lately joined him in this country from England and whom he had adopted as his heir. [illegible] also a charge of [illegible] a year as an annuity to the wife of his old servant [illegible] Hunter, for whose children he had previously made provision. Colonel Talbot's death [illegible] at London, where he had shortly before taken up his abode, [illegible]

SAMUEL R[illegible]
ALEX. M'A[illegible]
The Provincial [illegible] Saturday, at the O[illegible] Buildings, King [illegible] Terms. 7s. 6d. [illegible] advance.
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TO THE WOMEN [illegible] AMERICA [illegible]

BY MRS. HARRIET [illegible]

The Providence [illegible] [illegible]