

PREFACE TO THE SECOND CANADIAN EDITION.

THE rapid sale of the first Canadian re-print of Uncle Tom's Cabin has rendered it necessary to offer a second to the public, in three weeks from the issue of the first. This great and increasing demand proves that the work is no tale of fiction, no "Castle of Udolpho" to horrify the mind with its ideal fancies; no! it is the plain unvarnished tale of truth, of what poor negroes now suffer in Christian countries from those who call themselves Christians.

We mean not to say that every slave owner is a Simon Legree. God forbid, for then every breeze that blows would be laden with groans—every sun that rises would shine on mangled bodies.

There are many, very many who treat their slaves with the utmost kindness, and who preserve feelings of humanity even amongst the horrors Mrs. Stowe describes. We speak this "with authority," having witnessed slavery in other lands. But alas! all of us are liable to err, those passions which it has pleased the Giver of all to ingraft in our bosoms, require to be kept under strict restraint, or else how soon we are led away to commit acts we bitterly repent after the heat of passion has passed. Self-control is no easy matter, "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." What cause have we then for wonder at the atrocities revealed in "Uncle Tom?"

Sincerely should every Christian man rejoice that the foul blot has so long been washed from Britain's page, that the bright day-spring has chased away the clouds of night, and that religion sheds her pure rays where once similar scenes have perchance been acted.

The scenes of this story, as its title indicates, lie among a race hitherto ignored by the associations of polite and refined society; an exotic race, whose ancestors, born beneath a tropical sun, brought with them, and perpetuated to their descendants, a character so essentially unlike the hard and dominant Anglo-Saxon race, as for many years to have won from it only misunderstanding and contempt. Let those however who fancy the African deficient in mental capacity, look now to our Free West India Colonies, where such men as Dr. Young, a physician of great eminence in Jamaica; Mr. P., M. P. for Bridgetown, Barbadoes; and Mr. S., M. P., and Treasurer of Antigua, are to be found enjoying the respect and admiration of those who even perhaps do not agree in their mere political sentiments. The manumitted slaves are, in the sight of the law, in the estimation of their fellows, and in the eye of God, equals with those whose actual "property" they were the other day. Importance no longer attaches to complexion in these islands. The white and colored people intermarry, colored people hold responsible offices, and are received as guests at the governor's table. An American who visited Jamaica in 1850 states that—

"At the Surrey assizes, where Sir Joshua Rowe presided, two colored lawyers were sitting at the barrister's table, and of the jury all but three were colored. Seven tenths of the whole police force of the island amounting to about 808 men, were estimated to be colored. In the Legislative Assembly, composed of from 48 to 50 members, 10 or a dozen were colored; and the public printers of the Legislature, who were also editors of the leading Government paper, were both colored men."

Compare this salutary state of things with the position of the American slave.

But another and better day is dawning; every influence of literature, of poetry and of art, in our times, is becoming more and more in unison with the greater master chord of Christianity, "good will to man."

The poet, the painter, and the artist now seek out and embellish the common and gentler