

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1998

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

☒ Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

☒ Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

☒ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

☒ Pages detached/
Pages détachées

☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

☐ Showthrough/
Transparence

☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

☐ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

☐ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

☐ Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

☒ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

☐ Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible

☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

☒ Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

There are some creases in the middle of the pages.
Il y a des plis dans le milieu des pages.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

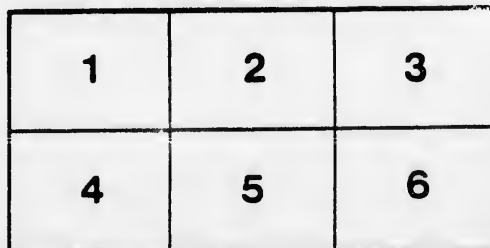
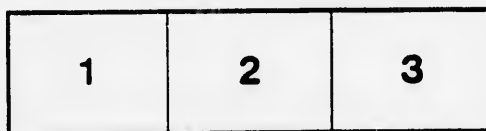
Toronto Reference Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \longrightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

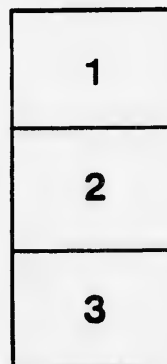
Toronto Reference Library

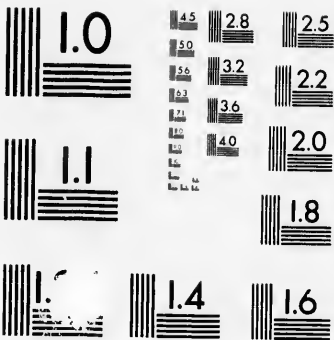
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \longrightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

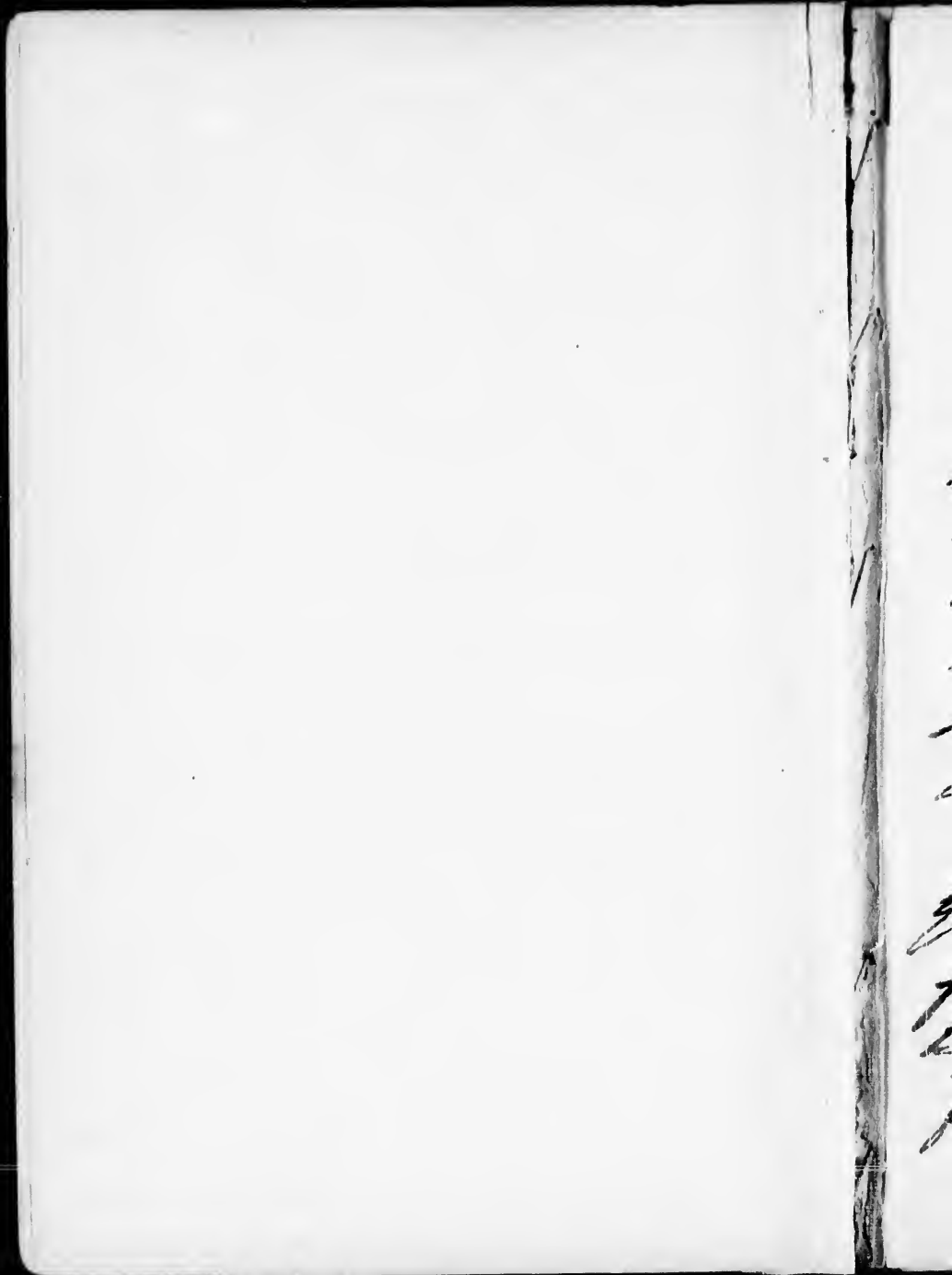
Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.





Buckingham Palace.
May 17. 77.

Sir. Sir J. M. Biddulph is
desirous to acknowledge the
Copy of the Report of the Proceedings
at the French International
Meeting to the Anti-Social Science
which the Queen has graciously
accepted.



ST GILES'S HOUSE,
CRANBORNE,
SALISBURY.

May 26. 1877

Dear Mr. Crawford

I have the honour
to receive, a few days
ago, a copy of the Pro-
ceedings of the Meeting
at which a Scotch-
man has presented
to the St. Giles's House.

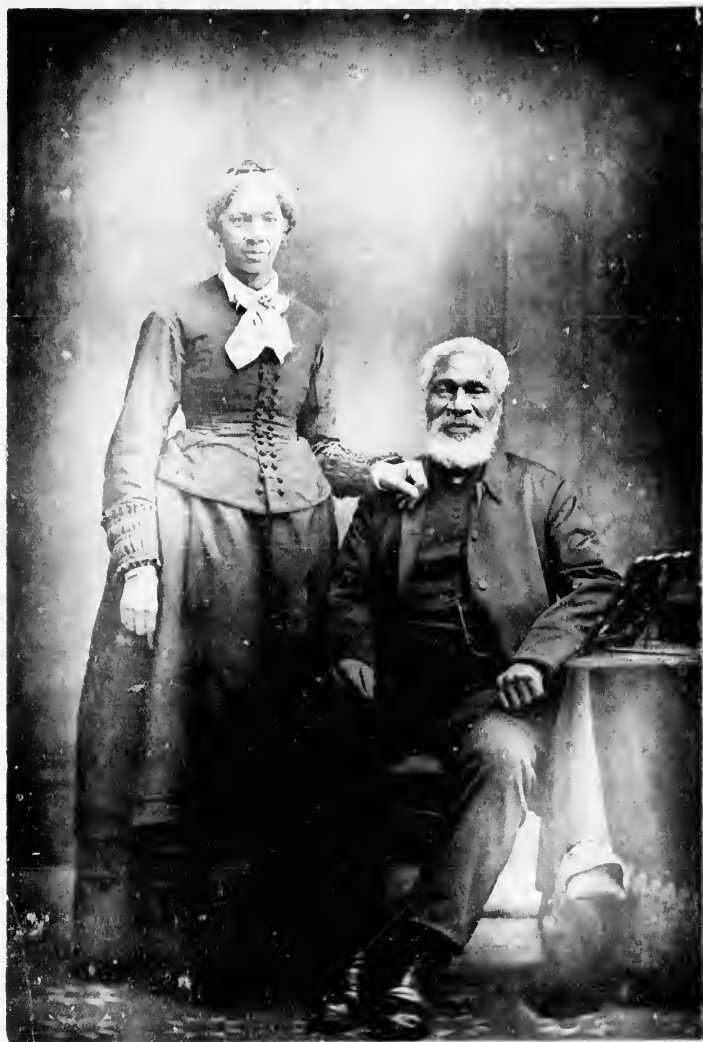
It was also to thank
yourself of the Committee
for it; and to say how
happy I am to be my
fellow-citizens of Glasgow

have thought that your
old name worthy of
their countenance and
liberality -

Your faithful Servant
Sheffield

York
F
and

Leh



THE
REV. JOSIAH HENSON, "UNCLE TOM,"
IN SCOTLAND.

REPORT
OF
Farewell Meeting and Presentation

IN THE
CITY HALL, GLASGOW FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1877.

GLASGOW:
GEORGE GALLIE & SON, 99 BUCHANAN STREET.

1877.

J 13952
MARCH 26, 1951

1438

PRINTED BY AIRD AND COOPER
ARGYLE STREET.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following Reports of the proceedings connected with the Farewell Meetings of the Rev. JOSIAH HENSON, the original of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom," are published in the belief that those who had, and many who had not, the opportunity of seeing Mr. HENSON and his wife, whose portraits are prefixed, will be glad to preserve this Memorial of their visit to Scotland. It is hoped, also, that the circulation of the book, especially in the United States of America and Canada, may serve a useful purpose, by showing how the people of Great Britain can love and honour a man of worth, whatever his country or his clime, and thus assist in removing the foolish prejudice to colour which still exists in some quarters, and which it may yet take years to destroy.

GLASGOW, *May*, 1877.

3307

FAREWELL MEETING

WITH

“UNCLE TOM.”

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. AND MRS. HENSON.

IN the summer of 1876 the Rev Josiah Henson, the prototype of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom," came over from Canada to England to raise funds to clear off a mortgage which he had been obliged to grant over his farm in order to meet the costs of a lawsuit connected with the Dawn Educational Institute; incorporated now as the Wilberforce University. The required sum—about £1000—had been obtained, leaving a small surplus; and Mr. Henson having come to Scotland in February, 1877, it was proposed, before he returned, to raise another large sum, as a present to Mr. Henson himself, in the evening of his long life. In Edinburgh and the East, which he first visited, £350 was raised, and it was believed that in Glasgow and the West a large amount would also be readily obtained. At a numerous meeting of influential citizens, held in the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, on Monday, 19th March—John Burns, Esq. of Castle Wemyss, in the chair, and which was addressed by Mr. Henson—a committee was appointed to carry out the object; and it was

intimated that Mr. James A. Wenley, of the Bank of Scotland, St. Vincent Place, had agreed to receive subscriptions. The committee was composed of the following gentlemen:—John Burns, James White, Sir Peter Coats, Alex. Allan, Bailie William Collins, and William Smeal.

Following on the meeting in the Religious Institution Rooms, Mr. Henson addressed crowded audiences in the City Hall and the Kibble Art Palace, Glasgow—capable, respectively, of accommodating 3000 and 5000 persons. He likewise addressed meetings in Greenock, Paisley, and other towns, and preached in different churches, as he had done elsewhere, while several friends gave subscriptions, which, with the proceeds of the meetings referred to, will be found noted in the lists appended to this report. As the result of these efforts, combined with the proceeds of the efforts in Edinburgh and the East of Scotland, at a farewell meeting, held in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 20th April, 1877, a Testimonial was presented to “Uncle Tom,” consisting of a cheque for £750, while, at the same time, a beautiful gold watch and chain, furnished by Messrs. Aird & Thomson, Buchanan Street, were given to Mrs. Henson. The meeting took place at eight o’clock, and there was a numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Alex. Allan, of the firm of James & Alex. Allan (proprietors of the Canadian line of steamers), occupied the chair, and on the right sat Mr. and Mrs. Henson. On and around the crowded platform were—Rev. Dr. Alex. Wallace, Rev. Dr. Joseph Brown, Rev. J. Davis Bowden, Edinburgh; Rev. Messrs. John M’Dermid, Walter Roberts, J. M. Rae (Maryhill), A. Andrew, Wm. Jeffrey, Wm. Miller (Lenzie), and Geo. Proudfoot; Mr. Thomas Biggart (Dalry), Mr. Wm. Colquhoun (Luss), with Major and Mr. Robert Colquhoun; Councillor William Brown; Messrs. James A. Wenley, William Kerr, William Crawford, A. S. D. Colquhoun, James Thomson, James Wilson, George Mathieson, George Hay, George Macfarlane (of Macfarlane & Hutton), J. R. Miller, George Macfarlane (of Geo.

of Scotland,
ptions. The
men:—John
Allan, Bailie

ution Rooms,
e City Hall
spectively, of
ise addressed
and preached
while several
ceeds of the
ists appended
combined with
the East of
Hall, Glasgow,
stimonial was
ue for £750,
h and chain,
Street, were
eight o'clock,
s and gentle-
Alex. Allan
pied the chair,
on and around
Wallace, Rev.
burgh; Rev.
C. Rae (Mary-
zie), and Geo.
m. Colquhoun
n; Councillor
William Kerr,
omson, James
Macfarlane (of
arlane (of Geo.

Gray Macfarlane & Co.), Colin Brown, Andrew Aird, W. P. Hunter, James Hunter, John Robertson, W. T. McAuslane, and others. Apologies were received from Mr. George Burns, Wemyss House; Mr. John Burns, of Castle Wemyss; Mr. J. C. White, of Crosslet; Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang; Provost Orkney (Rohesay); Rev. Robert Cameron, Rev. R. Niven (Maryhill), Mr. Thomas Ellis (Coatbridge), Mr. John Frew, Mr. Daniel Macnab, and Mr. Samuel Duncan, Young Men's Christian Association, Greenock.

The proceedings commenced with the singing of the Hundredth Psalm led by the Ewing Place Evangelistic Choir, with Miss Bonar presiding as accompanist. After prayer by the Rev. Mr. McDermid, and a hymn from the choir, sung—as they always do—with admirable taste and effect,

Mr. Wm. Crawford read the names of the gentlemen from whom apologies had been received.

The CHAIRMAN then said—The occasion of our meeting this evening is a very interesting one. Our dear old friend, Uncle Tom, being now about to recross the Atlantic, after an absence of eleven months from his home in Canada, we have assembled to-night to bid Mrs. Henson and him God-speed on their future journey through life, and to present them with substantial tokens of our esteem and affection. (Applause.) I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that the object of Mr. Henson's visit to Great Britain has been most satisfactorily accomplished, and in a manner much beyond his expectations. (Applause.) His reception in this country has indeed been most enthusiastic, and nowhere has he been more cordially received than by the people of Scotland and the citizens of Glasgow. (Applause.) The thrilling story of his life, the horrors of the slave system, his wonderful escape to the free soil of North America, and his subsequent history as a freedman and a minister of the Gospel, are of themselves sufficient to awaken the sympathy and the interest of every right-thinking man in this country; but I believe there is something over

and above this to account for the hearty welcome our respected friend has met with. My conviction is that, in showing such a deep interest in Uncle Tom, the people of this country have been desirous to give forth no uncertain sound respecting their detestation of slavery, and of their determination never to rest satisfied till this fearful and horrid system is swept away from every part of the world. (Applause.) Africa is still groaning under its burden, but, thank God! the glorious light of the Gospel is now beginning to shine on the lakes and mountains and valleys of that hitherto dark and benighted land. We have, indeed, good reason to hope that it, too, will, at no distant day, be ransomed from this fearful bondage, and that to it we may have the joy and privilege of extending the Christian help implored in the well-known hymn—

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

(Applause.) I must not, however, forget the special object for which we are this evening convened. I have now the satisfaction (addressing Mr. Henson)—in name of this meeting and your numerous friends in Scotland—of asking your acceptance of this cheque for £750—(loud applause)—and of assuring you that during the remainder of your life you shall have our warmest sympathy and earnest prayers. I trust you may have a safe and speedy passage across the Atlantic—that some years of usefulness may still be in store for you—and that, when God's wise purposes with you on earth are finished, you may receive the joyful welcome—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Renewed applause.)

The Rev. Mr. BOWDEN was then called upon to make the

our respected
showing such
country have
pecting their
never to rest
pt away from
still groaning
light of the
ad mountains
d land. We
, will, at no
e, and that to
the Christian

special object
have now the
of this meeting
ng your accept-
und of assuring
shall have our
you may have
that some years
nd that, when
shed, you may
the joy of thy
n to make the

presentation Mrs. Henson, and, in so doing, said—Before proceeding to perform the very pleasing task which has been assigned to me, allow to express the very special and personal satisfaction I have in being present at this gathering to-night. Sitting here, my thoughts have been going back over the past two or three months, and more especially to the occasion when I first met Mr. Henson in London in the month of October last. I may here say that it was upon my invitation that Mr. Henson was induced to come to Scotland. I met him then, as we would say, casually, and he expressed a very strong desire, before leaving Britain—never, as he said, to return to it again—to see Scotland, to visit some of its large cities, and to look upon its people. I at once invited him to come to Edinburgh, offered him my own church to hold some meetings in, with the certainty that if he came he would be received most enthusiastically, and have expressions of sympathy on the part of the people of Scotland quite equal to what he had experienced in England. (Applause.) He arrived in Scotland on, I think, the 17th day of February. He held a meeting in my church, and such was the outburst of interest and sympathy expressed that, while my obligation to him had been completed, Mr. Henson, at the close of the meeting, implored me to stand by him, for there were requests for visits from him coming from all quarters, and from Glasgow among the first; and so it fell to my lot to arrange meetings for him in the East of Scotland, just as Mr. Crawford has been doing in Glasgow and the West. It has been a great delight to me to see how out of that small beginning there has been such a great result. But the people of Scotland have not been satisfied with merely manifesting their interest and sympathy by attending crowded meetings to hear Mr. Henson's thrilling story; they have given expression in a more substantial way of their interest in him, and sympathy with his work—(applause)—and not satisfied with manifesting their interest in Mr. Henson himself, they have taken occasion to show their goodwill to Mrs. Henson

also. (Applause.) And I think there is a special fitness in this. I don't know why it is that I have been asked to make this presentation to Mrs. Henson, unless from the circumstance that they lived four weeks in my house in Edinburgh, and therefore I am perhaps better able than anyone present to testify—as I can, and have the greatest pleasure in doing—to Mrs. Henson's worth as a Christian lady. (Applause.) I have therefore, without further trespassing upon the time of this meeting, to present to you, Mrs. Henson, in the name of Christian friends in Scotland, this token (holding in his hand the gold watch and chain) of their interest in and sympathy with you and your husband in the work in which you were engaged in Canada. The watch bears the following inscription:—"Presented, as a token of respect, to Mrs. Josiah Henson, along with a testimonial to her husband ("Uncle Tom"), in the City Hall, Glasgow, on 20th April, 1877, previous to their departure for Canada, and as a *souvenir* of her visit to Scotland." (Applause.) I have to ask your acceptance of this watch and chain in name of Christian friends in Scotland, and to express, on their behalf and my own, our regard and sympathy with you and your husband, and the earnest desire that He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand may take you and him safely to Canada, and that you may go back there stimulated and encouraged to carry on more effectively than ever the good work in which you have been engaged. (Applause.)

Mrs. Henson, who had risen to receive the testimonial, bowed in acknowledgments and resumed her seat.

Mr. Henson, who, on coming forward, was greeted with prolonged cheering, said—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, and Christian friends, I have the honour of standing before you in all probability for the last time in this life. I do not know, Sir, in the present state of my health, that I shall be able to make those satisfactory remarks which this audience ought to have. My bodily health is so impaired that I am scarcely able

cial fitness in
asked to make
circumstance
Edinburgh, and
me present to
in doing—to
ause.) I have
time of this
the name of
g in his hand
and sympathy
which you were
ng inscription:
Josiah Henson,
cle Tom"), in
vious to their
her visit to
ceptance of this
Scotland, and
our regard and
e earnest desire
His hand may
u may go back
more effectively
been engaged.

the testimonial,
eat.
reeted with pro-
gentlemen, and
g before you in
I do not know,
shall be able to
dience ought to
am scarcely able

to stand; but I am thankful to be permitted to be here, and I hope to be able to present the deepest affections of my heart for the warm reception which I have received since I had the honour of putting my foot in Scotland. (Applause.) It has far exceeded my expectations; and allow me to say that what has been done has been a spontaneous, a voluntary effort. I had no thought of spending more than a fortnight in Scotland; but the manner in which I have been treated has been so far beyond anything I could have expected that I have been induced to prolong my stay. Now, Sir, I don't know that I could do anything more than tender an expression of thanksgiving to you and to all my friends that have so kindly taken me by the hand and presented me with a token of respect such as I never before had presented to me in my life. (Applause.) I can scarcely control my own feelings at this moment. I thank God that I have been permitted, through all the toils and conflicts of life, to have the honour of standing before a British audience—(applause)—whose minds and hearts are right upon what we in America call "the goose question." (Laughter.) That is one of the greatest questions in America. If there is anything done good and noble, they call it "a grand thing upon the goose question." (Laughter and applause.) This is a goose question indeed. (Renewed laughter.) I look back from whence I came, and see by the eyes of my mind what you cannot see with your eyes, because you have not been there, and feel in my heart what you cannot feel, and I hope never will feel, and no one can feel it but the man who has had the iron through his own soul. (Applause.) A few years ago I was dragging the chains of oppression and groaning beneath the bondsman's burden, with not an eye to pity nor an arm to deliver, and could not tell which way the thing would turn; but I looked steadfastly to God, and depended upon His word—at least as well as I understood it—(applause)—and now these dark clouds have all been dispersed and blown asunder, and I have the honour to-night of standing upon British soil,

among British people, with British feelings, and a love of liberty. (Loud applause.) I wanted, Sir, when speaking to my friend, Mr. Bowden—I wanted to come to Scotland before I left for Canada, because I had a reason for it. It was not for money—I did not know I was going to get any. (Laughter.) I did not think much about it; but I wanted to put my foot in Scotland, for when I was, as it were, between heaven and earth, and exposed to death, dragging through the wilderness with my dear little woman and four little children—when I had got to the extreme point and could get no farther, having reached the waters of Lake Erie, I knew not what to do. I hid my wife and children in the wood, in the prairie bushes, and went out and exposed my life, because I could not do better. I lay in the woods and groaned till the groans of my wife and children, who were starving with hunger, aroused my heart. I said—“Lord, I cannot bear this; for if I lie here I must die. I can only die, and I am bound to try and save my wife and children.” I went out, not knowing where I was going or what I should meet; but, as the Lord would have it, something was prepared for me, as something was prepared for Jonah. It was not a whale. (Laughter.) Well, what was it? It was a man with a heart in him as big as a great fat ox. (Laughter.) And he was not only a man but a Scotchman. (Applause.) I don't say this because I am among Scotch people now. I have written this some thirty-seven years ago, and you will find it in the history of my life written then; so I am not making a speculation of it now. And I don't need to do that to have your affectionate sympathies and prayers, because I have got them already, and shall remember your kindness in all time coming, when I get home to my land where I expect to live and die. This man, a Scotchman, in the hour of trial, stepped forward, took me by the hand, brought myself and family on board his vessel, and took us to Buffalo city. He asked me what I had to live on. I told him—“Three threepenny bits”—that is, about 18 cents in

and a love of
n speaking to
Scotland before
It was not for
(Laughter.)
so put my foot
n heaven and
the wilderness
dren—when I
farther, having
what to do. I
prairie bushes,
could not do
e groans of my
er, aroused my
if I lie here I
y and save my
y where I was
would have it,
as prepared for
d, what was it?
t great fat ox.
a Scotchman.
among Scotch
even years ago,
ritten then; so
d I don't need
es and prayers,
remember your
me to my land
otchman, in the
by the hand,
el, and took us
ive on. I told
ut 18 cents in

American coin. "Is that all you have got?" "Yes; every cent." "What are you going to do?" "I will give you all I have got." "Well," he said, "never mind. You see those trees across the river there?" "Yes, Sir." "Well," says he, "you are not a man till you get there; but when you get there you stand a man." That good man helped me and my wife and children. He stood on the deck above me. "I am a poor man myself," he said, "and have a wife and four or five children. I sail this boat; I am hired to do it, and am but a servant. If I had anything worth while I would give you something to help you to buy some bread. I will pay your ferry over. Here is one dollar. Go away, then," he said, and, putting his hand on my head, added, "be a good fellow—won't you?" I told him I would. (Applause.) I have nothing to brag about my goodness; but I promised him; and I promised the Lord before, that while I lived I would be a good man; that whatever took place—if I starved—I would be a good man. I made up that in my mind ever since the Lord converted my soul; and I hope I am a good man now, and that I shall live and die a good man—a straightforward man. I went to work in Canada. I toiled with my hands during the week for a livelihood and preached on the Sabbath for a living. (Laughter.) I suppose you call a livelihood a living—(laughter)—but I toiled with my hands to make a living, and preached to live hereafter. (Applause.) I may tell you a few things about how I got on. I used to walk from twelve to fifteen miles on Sabbath on my feet, and preached twice and sometimes three times a day the best way I could. I could not read, but then I could sing and talk a little, and kneel down and pray with them, and would teach them to be honest, and upright, and frugal, and to serve God, and by and by they would be better. I preached "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." I happened to say that to Archbishop Sumner in my interview with him when I visited London in 1851, and he said it was very good preaching. I used to go

almost naked. I went barefooted every day during the week, and on Saturday night got a pair of shoes tied with string, had them blackened up a little, wrapped them in a cloth, and took them with me on Sabbath. I walked barefooted till I got in sight of the place where I was going to try to hold forth, when I put the shoes on. (Applause.) I put them on when I came in sight of the houses or cabins, because God commands respect, and I think a minister ought to command respect—(hear, hear) --and be as good a looking man as any of the rest. (Laughter and applause.) I preached as well as I could; if they gave me something to eat, I took it, and if they had nothing to give, I went home without it. (Renewed laughter and applause.) Frequently I was asked to stay all night, having nine or ten miles to go, but I would beg to be excused. "You had better stop," they would say; "you are tired, and it will be ten or eleven before you get home. Well, I would think the matter over, and would have been glad enough to have stayed, for I was tired, but I found I could not do so without dishonouring the cause of Christ. My wife had fixed on my shirt collar—(laughter)—and put a white rag round my neck to make me look something like a minister. I would have been glad to have stayed, but if I had done so I would have been obliged to take off my coat, and how would I have been? (Laughter.) Sooner than I would dishonour the Lord that way, and let the people know I was so poor as not to have a shirt on, I would walk home, and get there at ten or eleven, and go to work next morning. Further details connected with his early experiences were given by Mr. Henson, including some particulars of his long journeys—extending to some hundreds of miles—to attend meetings, his preaching every week night and twice on Sabbath; and one incident illustrative of the prejudice against colour, and the hardships to which, on that account, he was subjected in Canada. In Hamilton the people had raised money to pay his expenses to London by the stage, as the weather was cold and stormy. He went to the stage office, paid for a seat, and was

luring the week,
with string, had
cloth, and took
ted till I got in
hold forth, when
on when I came
ommands respect,
ect—(hear, hear)
rest. (Laughter
; if they gave me
othing to give, I
r and applause.)
ving nine or ten
“You had better
it will be ten or
think the matter
have stayed, for I
out dishonouring
my shirt collar—
neck to make me
ave been glad to
ve been obliged to
en? (Laughter.)
t way, and let the
shirt on, I would
d go to work next
early experiences
particulars of his
f miles—to attend
twice on Sabbath;
against colour, and
was subjected in
money to pay his
ther was cold and
for a seat, and was

forward next morning before eight, when the conveyance was to start. The stage drove up, and some ladies came forward who wanted to travel, and whom he allowed to get in first, as he always gave the ladies the preference. (Laughter.) Two or three gentlemen followed, and he then put his foot on the step of the stage, and was about to go inside, when a great ruffian of a fellow, the driver, seized him by the collar, forced him back, and refused to let him enter, saying that if he wanted to go to London he must ride on the top. Mr. Henson civilly remonstrated with him, and finally asked back his money, but to no purpose. The man—who used language towards him such as he would not repeat—would not give him his money, nor would he permit him to enter the stage, even though there was plenty of room, and he was obliged to climb up to the top, with the prospect of riding there between eighty and a hundred miles, exposed to the chilling elements. When they had about forty miles to go, a gentleman on his way to London, and who had been vainly expostulating with the driver at some of the halting places, spoke to Mr. Henson, saying he felt he was very badly treated, and offered him, if he had no objection, the use of a covered waggon in which were his dogs. Mr. Henson thanked him very kindly, accepted his offer, and in this conveyance was brought on to London, feeling that he would rather ride with these dumb dogs than with another dog—the coarse fellow who had so ill-used him. He had been invited to remain three or four weeks in London, and one day met in the street the gentleman who had shown him so much kindness, and whom he found to be Bishop Cronin of London. Henson’s submitting himself as he had done, and taking things as they were when he could not help himself, made the Bishop his friend, and through him gained the friendship of other persons of distinction; and many a five-dollar bill did the Bishop afterwards put into his hand. (Applause.) After referring to his maimed condition—the result of the brutal assault made on him by Bryce Litton (Mrs. Stowe’s “Legree”),

who broke his shoulder blades, in consequence of which he was unable since to raise his hands to his head, Mr. Henson, in conclusion, said—Please to accept my deepest thanks for the Christian affection you have shown me, and the warm-heartedness with which you have received me. I shall remember your liberality and charity while I am able to remember anything, and hope that with the grace of God—and nothing can be done without that—I may be always able to prove myself, as a man and a Christian, worthy of your confidence and respect. (Applause.) I shall leave to-morrow, and, by the help of God, shall take you in the arms of my faith, and, when I have an opportunity of bowing to the Lord, will present you all to the throne of divine grace. Please to accept this, and I remain your friend and brother in the bonds of Christian love. (Loud applause.) Mr. Henson seemed about to resume his seat, when, apparently reminded of an omission, he added—When I heard my wife was going to be presented with a watch—rather a new thing, but a good thing—(laughter)—I told her that she would have to get up and do something. (Laughter and applause.) I said she would have to make a bow, or something of that sort. (Renewed laughter.) She replied, “Oh, no.” I asked why, and she said—“It is not customary for ladies to do that in Scotland.” I said, “Well, how then?” “The gentlemen always present thanks for their wives.” (Applause.) “Well,” I said, “I will tell you what I will do: if you promise me one thing, I shall make some kind of acknowledgment for you.” “What is that?” “If you promise you will behave yourself—(laughter)—better than you ever did before.” “Well,” said she, “I cannot do that.” “Why?” “I’m sure I have behaved myself as well as I could.” (Applause.) “There may be a difference of opinion about that—(laughter)—you might think so, and I might not.” “Well, I don’t know; we never disagreed.” “No; we always think both just exactly alike.” (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Henson then turned to his wife,

of which he was
 Mr. Henson, in
 thanks for the
 e warm-hearted-
 shall remember
 remember any-
 and nothing can
 to prove myself,
 ence and respect.
 the help of God,
 when I have an
 at you all to the
 s, and I remain
 an love. (Loud
 e his seat, when,
 —When I heard
 h—rather a new
 r that she would
 r and applause.)
 something of that
 h, no." I asked
 ladies to do that
 "The gentlemen
 lause.) "Well,"
 promise me one
 gment for you."
 e have yourself—
 " "Well," said
 e I have behaved
 There may be a
 you might think
 ; we never dis-
 exactly alike."
 urned to his wife,

who, in response to his request, rose and bowed her acknowledgments, after which they sat down amid great applause.

Prayer was then offered up by the Rev. Dr. Brown, and the choir sang, "I've been redeemed."

The Rev. Dr. ALEX. WALLACE was afterwards called upon, and said—On rising to address you to-night, my feelings are of a very mingled character. I don't know that I can stand here to-night without referring, in the presence of our venerable friend, to something at least of the horrors of the hell of slavery from which he has escaped. When the great Italian poet Dante, who lived in Florence, and who wrote that remarkable poem, "The Inferno"—with which his name is always identified, just as Milton's is with "Paradise Lost"—used to pass through the streets, mothers, in a kind of terror, held up their children to look at the weird-like man, and whispered in their ear—"That is the man that has been in hell." And so you see here to-night, on the platform of the City Hall of Glasgow, a man in his eighty-eighth year who was for nearly half a century in the horrid hell of slavery, *redeemed*—not merely redeemed by the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, that set four millions of slaves free in the United States, but redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb. Now, I cannot look on "Uncle Tom" without recalling one very memorable fact in the history of the Anti-Slavery struggle. It is not yet much more than a century since Granville Sharp, a noble friend of the slave, obtained a decision of the English judges in the famous case of the negro Somerset, that as soon as a slave sets his foot upon English ground he becomes free. That was quite an era in the struggle against slavery. No slave power could carry Somerset back from this country into the land of bondage. His feet had touched British soil and he was free. (Applause.) Well, there has been a great and mighty struggle since that in order to set the slave free in our West Indian possessions, and afterwards in America. Our friend has

referred to his own life, an account of which I hold in my hand—and I advise every one of you to get it, for you will read it with thrilling interest—our friend has referred to his own life, and I may be pardoned if I should do the same. The horrors of slavery! Why, that man's father, for standing up in defence of his own wife, and for laying hands on the brutal overseer who had assaulted her—I shall not mention, in an audience such as this the crime by which his blood boiled with indignation from the instincts of humanity—he happened to strike the overseer, and what was the result? A brawny blacksmith was selected, and the father of Uncle Tom received one hundred lashes on the bare back. A pause ensued after he got fifty; but judicious men having felt his pulse, it was decided to give him the whole, till he was left a bleeding mass of wounds and bruises; then his right ear was nailed to the whipping-post, cut right from the side of the head, and all this as a warning to negroes that they dare not lift a hand against a white man. From that hour that man's nature became utterly changed. "The milk of human kindness in his heart was turned to gall." His life was marred for ever, and then he was sold down to the South and never more heard of. I don't know anything more touching in history. "What his after fate was," says Uncle Tom, "neither my mother nor I ever learned; the great day will reveal all." Yes, the great day will reveal all; and oh! what a revelation of the unspeakable horrors of this sum of human villanies! Then, again, our friend says he cannot lift his hand to his head. How was that done? By a fellow whose bad name will go down to posterity, like that of Legree. It has been said read the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," if you think there has been any exaggeration in that tale of the plain unvarnished facts. This very man whom you see on the platform, for standing up in defence of his drunken master, Isaac Riley—for that act of kindness was assaulted by the overseer of another estate, who, by repeated blows from a heavy fence-rail, broke his arm and shoulder-

old in my
 or you will
 rred to his
 same. The
 standing up
 the brutal
 tion, in an
 boiled with
 happened to
 awny black-
 received one
 after he got
 s decided to
 s of wounds
 the whipping-
 all this as a
 and against a
 came utterly
 s heart was
 and then he
 of. I don't
 at his after
 e nor I ever
 the great day
 unspeakable
 , again, our
 How was that
 to posterity,
 the "Key to
 en any exag-
 s. This very
 up in defence
 t of kindness
 o, by repeated
 and shoulder-

blades in such a way that he has never been able to raise his hands to his head since. And then, because our friend, when a boy, wished to learn to read, how was he treated? He had seen on his master's butter the initials "I. R." (Isaac Riley). With a goose quill, cut so as to look like a pen, he imitated as best he could those two letters, and then he wanted to get a spelling book. In the story of his life he says—"It seemed to me if I took some of the apples that fell from the trees in the orchard, and sold them, I should be able to get the money for the spelling book. I did this. Early the next morning I was about to harness the horse for my master; the horse was frisky and ran, and I ran to catch him, when my hat fell off, and the book in it dropped on to the ground. After I had harnessed my horse my master exclaimed, 'What's that?' 'A spelling book.' 'Whose is it?' 'Mine.' 'Where did you get it?' 'Bought it, Sir, when I went to market.' 'How much was it?' 'Eleven cents.' 'Where did you get the money?' 'I sold some apples out of our orchard.' 'Our orchard!' he exclaimed, in a passion. 'I'll teach you to get apples from our orchard for such a vile purpose; so you'll remember it. Give me that book.' I stooped to pick it up, and as I saw his big cane coming down I dodged. 'Pick up that book,' he cried, using an awful oath. At last I was obliged to do it, when he beat me across the head and back till my eyes were swollen and I became unconscious. My poor mother found me in this state, and it was some time before I was able to be about my work again. When my master saw me after I recovered, he said, sneeringly, 'So you want to be a fine gentleman? Remember, if you meddle with a book again I'll knock your brains out.' And our friend very humorously adds, "The wonder to me is why I have any brains left. I shall carry to my grave a scar my master made that day on my head. I did not open a book again till I was 42 years of age and out of the land of slavery." Now, while we thank God with all our hearts to-night, let us remember that

there are still millions of human beings in slavery. In 1866 I was brought once face to face with slavery. I never saw flesh and blood sold till that day. I was at Abydos, on the Hellespont, having, along with five or six hundred other passengers, ordered into quarantine, been spending the time at the Lazaretto. One beautiful Sabbath morning, when a crowd was collected in the square, on going forward, to my horror I found a Turkish slave auction going on. Shall the people of this land ever fight for Turkey? (Loud cries of "No.") That is one thing that is cast away for ever. Public sentiment will never allow it. (Applause.) Two fine jet-black Nubian boys were exposed for sale; the auctioneer was expatiating on their good qualities. An American friend who was with me asked me to hold his hand, saying—"I feel my blood tingling at the sight, and will smash him unless you hold my hand." I felt it quivering with indignation. The boys were sold for £75 each to a Turkish pasha. "Thank God!" said my friend, "that horrid system of slavery is over in my country;" and here you have a living proof of it before you this evening. (Applause.) There are a few things I would like to know in connection with our friend. I would like to know the name of the Scotchman who was the one to give him the last push, after a terrible struggle for liberty, into the land of freedom. There is nothing more thrilling in the whole of this book than the fact to which "Uncle Tom" referred in the outset of his address. He tells the whole story—how, after wandering for six long weeks, hiding in the woods by day and travelling by night, lest the slave-hunters or the blood hounds should be down upon them, he came at last to near the banks of Lake Erie, and then all progress seemed stopped. How was he to get across that water? It was a special providence. A man with his schooner was there, loading it with grain, and, as "Uncle Tom" made his appearance, cried "Hallo there, man; can you work?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply; and as he approached, after his weary march of six weeks, carrying two of his children

In 1866 I
 er saw flesh
 a the Helles-
 r passengers,
 the Lazaretto.
 collected in
 and a Turkish
 and ever fight
 ne thing that
 ever allow it.
 e exposed for
 ood qualities.
 e to hold his
 ight, and will
 uivering with
 to a Turkish
 morrid system
 have a living
 There are a
 th our friend.
 a who was the
 e struggle for
 nothing more
 fact to which
 ress. He tells
 x long weeks,
 ight, lest the
 wn upon them,
 e, and then all
 et across that
 th his schooner
 le Tom" made
 n you work?"
 ched, after his
 f his children

on his back all the way for six hundred miles till the skin was raw to an extent almost equal to the size of the knapsack in which he bore them, no wonder he came up weary and crippling. "I'll give you a shilling an hour," said the man; but on seeing "Uncle Tom," he added, "Oh, you can't work—you're crippled," and he was going to let him off; but "Uncle Tom" quickly replied, "Can't I?" seized a bag of corn, followed the gang, coming and going, and wrought with a will. Then he got into conversation with a coloured man, one of the labourers, and asked him, "How far is it to Canada?" This coloured brother, comprehending the situation, answered, "Would you like to go to Canada?" "Yes, if I could get." "Then tell our Captain; he's a fine fellow." The Captain came, and all honour to that nameless Scotchman who gave our friend the last push from the land of bondage into the land of freedom. (Loud applause.) I do regret I don't know his name. I wish I could get it. Be it Macpherson or Livingstone, or Duncan Macdougall—(a laugh)—if living anywhere on the face of God's earth, God bless him! But if not, he will have his reward from that Saviour who at the last will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Uncle Tom" has redeemed the pledge he gave the Scotchman that morning, when, having one more river to cross, and after receiving from him money to pay the ferryman, Green, the Captain put his hand on his head and said, "Be a good fellow, won't you?" "Uncle Tom" gave a pledge, which I will quote in his own words. "Yes," he said, "I'll use my freedom well; I'll give my soul to God." He has redeemed that pledge to the Scotchman, and he is here to show he has redeemed it both to God and man. "I'll use my freedom well." He has—has he not? He has used it well in this way, that he has endeavoured in Canada to educate and elevate his coloured brethren. He began at once to do this. On getting to the land of freedom he saw their degraded condition. He got schools erected, had

sawmills established, became a missionary preacher, and he has redeemed, all of you will admit, nobly the pledge he gave to that Scotchman—"I'll use my freedom well." Has he not done it? (Applause.) I think the deeds he has done "praise him in the gates." You have heard how he has described that remarkable ride of his with the dogs; and yet I don't think the Queen ever did a nobler thing than when she invited "Uncle Tom" to come and see her. She has done many a noble, womanly thing, for which history will place her name up high on the page of immortal renown; but I don't know anything she has done more to win her affection, and that will tend more to remove that prejudice against colour, than the call to come up and see her in her own palace. (Applause.) I believe that the meeting of Uncle Tom and his wife and the Queen will yet form the subject of a great historical painting. Why not? This is a subject worthy of the pencil of the greatest living painter. I am not a prophet; but whoever lives a few years longer will, I daresay, see the Queen's meeting with Uncle Tom and his wife a great painting, as in the case of those African chiefs who came to see the Queen, and on parting with her asked what was the reason of this country's greatness; and in the beautiful engraving in the print-shop windows, we find the Queen presenting them with a Bible, and telling them, "This Book is the source of my country's greatness." (Applause.) I have no doubt that the art of the painter will convey to the canvas that scene which was worthy of our noble Queen. It reminds me of old Jacob going into the presence of Pharaoh, though Jacob was older than "Uncle Tom;" and when Pharaoh was so much touched with the aged appearance of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff. The Queen herself, we learn from Mr. Bowden and others, was remarkably struck with the sight of "Uncle Tom," and complimented him on his hale appearance for one who was nearly ninety years of age. I have no motion to propose, but I ask you all to join with me in earnest prayer for our friend

and he has
 he gave to
 as he not
 one "praise
 scribed that
 don't think
 she invited
 one many a
 e her name
 out I don't
 er affection,
 dice against
 in her own
 Uncle Tom
 et of a great
 et worthy of
 at a prophet;
 esay, see the
 eat painting,
 e to see the
 s the reason
 engraving in
 senting them
 source of my
 ount that the
 scene which
 s me of old
 gh Jacob was
 was so much
 ng on the top
 Bowden and
 Uncle Tom,"
 one who was
 propose, but I
 for our friend

and his noble wife, wishing God's blessing on them in the future, be it longer or shorter, that lies before them. (Applause.) In my own church, when referring to this same visit to the Queen, I was struck with the expression our venerable friend employed. He felt the honour, doubtless, but he felt there was something higher and better in what is still before him, and said to me, with emphatic earnestness—"Ah, it was good to visit the Queen, but there is something better ahead—something better ahead," referring to the bright and happy home "over there," about which the choir were engaged singing at the time. "That hymn tells me there is something better ahead." Yes, "something better ahead," in the happy, happy home of the immortals, where I trust you will meet with those whom slavery sundered from you: "not lost, but gone before." "Something better ahead!" Let us all look forward. In closing, I cannot but refer to the fact that in this same hall many noble advocates for the slave have stood, most of whom have now passed away. I cannot but recall the names of Dr. Hough, Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. King, Dr. Robson, and, above all, of Dr. William Anderson, who pled for liberty for the slave. (Applause.) And I would refer, too, to our own Livingstone. The words on his tomb are supposed to be the last words he uttered on his knees for Africa. He was found dead on his knees by his devoted attendants. He had bade them "good night." It was his last "good night." He had said to them, "Don't come back;" but, when they thought "Massa was sleeping long," they ventured in, and the sun of Africa had arisen on the face of their dead master. The prayer is now appropriately placed on his tombstone in Westminster Abbey—"May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will heal the open sore of the world—slavery." The last prayer of David Livingstone was on behalf of the slave. Now I don't know if ever I addressed a meeting with deeper interest and emotion than to-night, and I am sure you all join with me in the words of the benediction uttered by Moses,

who led his people out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage, when in blessing them he said—and let us use the words on behalf of our dear friends as they leave our city to-morrow, and are about to quit our shores—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." (Loud applause.)

The choir sang the hymn "Over There."

Mr. HENSON then came forward, and was received with renewed applause. After mentioning that the name of the Scotchman who had so much befriended him in his efforts to reach Canada, was, to the best of his recollection, John Burns or Burnet, he said he now rose to move a vote of thanks to their friend, Mr. William Crawford, who had so generously stood by him on the occasion of his visit to Glasgow and the West of Scotland, and had done so spontaneously and voluntarily. (Applause.)

The Rev. Dr. WALLACE likewise proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bowden, who had brought Mr. Henson to Scotland, and had charge of arranging his meetings in the East, where £330 had been raised in behalf of their dear old friend. (Applause.)

Mr. CRAWFORD, in acknowledging the compliment paid him, expressed how much he had valued the intercourse he had enjoyed with Mr. Henson as a Christian man, upright, straightforward, and anxious to do his best, bore testimony to the amiable qualities of Mrs. Henson, and how much both she and her husband had won the esteem of those who had met them, including some of the first people in Scotland, several of whom, by letter and personally, regretted that their stay had been so short. One gentleman had wished Mr. and Mrs. Henson to spend six weeks at his estate. A great deal had been said in reference to whether Mr. Henson was the real "Uncle Tom." In connection with the proof that he was so, Mr. Crawford referred to a musical performance of "Eva," given on a previous

e house of
us use the
ur city to-
Lord bless
upon thee,
ountenance

ed with re-
ume of the
s efforts to
John Burns
f thanks to
generously
ow and the
and volunta-

hearty vote
Henson to
in the East,
old friend.

it paid him,
urse he had
ght, straight-
mony to the
both she and
l met them,
ral of whom,
had been so
. Henson to
been said in
Uncle Tom."
Mr. Crawford
on a previous

night in the Wellington Palace, South Side, in connection with the Foundry Boys' Religious Society. Mr. Henson presided, and in some remarks he made on the occasion, adverting to the incident of little Eva having been taken out of the water, said he was the man who did it. The audience rose in admiration, and loudly applauded Mr. Henson, as much as to say, "There is no doubt this is Uncle Tom." Mr. Crawford added that he had had the honour and privilege of mingling with various people, but a more practical Christian, and out-and-out straightforward man than Mr. Henson he had never met with in all his life. (Applause.)

The Rev. Mr. BOWDEN also returned thanks for the vote accorded to him. After stating that in the East £350 had been raised, £330 of which had been united to the amount obtained in Glasgow and the West for the testimonial fund, he said it had been a source of great happiness to him that he had been in any way helpful to Mr. Henson, and it would be a bright spot in his life that he had enjoyed his acquaintance. (Applause.)

The second paraphrase—"O God of Bethel"—was afterwards appropriately sung by the company.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Councillor WILLIAM BROWN, and a similar vote to the Choir, proposed by Dr. WALLACE, were carried by acclamation; and the Rev. Mr. ROBERTS closed the meeting with the benediction.

Large numbers of the audience then pressed forward to shake hands with "Uncle Tom" and his wife, and the venerable man was afterwards followed to the ante-room, where he was nearly overpowered by these manifestations of regard, and was obliged, from exhaustion, to desist, with the fervent expression of the wish—"God bless you all."

The proceedings terminated shortly before ten o'clock.

“UNCLE TOM’S” LAST APPEARANCES IN SCOTLAND.

*(From the DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY STANDARD of Wednesday,
April 25, 1877.)*

MR. HENSON had made up his mind to make his recent appearance in Glasgow be his last public appearance in Scotland; but a committee of gentlemen had been formed in Dumfries to endeavour to persuade him to pay us a visit, and plied by the pertinacious importunity of Mr. John Johnstone, merchant, he at last consented, and on Saturday forenoon, he and his wife arrived, becoming the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Grierson of Chapelmount. On Sabbath afternoon, he preached in Loreburn Street U.P. Church. The church was completely filled, additional seats having to be placed up the aisles, the pulpit steps also being occupied. “Uncle Tom” was accompanied to the pulpit by the Rev. Mr. Rac, the pastor of the congregation, who conducted the other parts of the service. “Uncle Tom,” although on the verge of four score and ten years, has a surprisingly hale appearance, and a clear, distinct voice of considerable strength, and which in earlier life, when he was in the vigour of manhood, impressed on his benighted fellow-countrymen the imperishable truths of religion. He chose for his text the Gospel invitation, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest”—Matthew xi. 28—from which he preached an able and impressive discourse, in the course of which he said:—

Allow me to refer you to some of my own experiences. I offer you this because I know it will do you good. I remember what prayer has done, and I know what prayer can do and will do. The spirit of the Lord is upon me, for He has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent me to preach deliverance to the captive, to open the prison doors of them that are bound, and to proclaim

YES IN

Wednesday,

his recent ap-
e in Scotland ;
n Dumfries to
plied by the
merchant, he
e and his wife
s. Grierson of
ched in Lore-
completely filled,
sles, the pulpit
ompanied to the
e congregation,
"Uncle Tom,"
ears, has a sur-
t voice of con-
when he was in
nighited fellow-
. He chose for
me, all ye that
rest"—Matthew
impressive dis-
own experiences.
o you good. I
ow what prayer
ed is upon me,
pel to the poor.
e captive, to open
and to proclaim

the acceptable year of the Lord—the universal salvation of all that believe in the blood and redemption of Jesus Christ. All ! I am so glad that it does not show any difference. Any who will give their hearts to Christ may come. It was not preached so in the country where I lived some sixty or seventy years ago. It was a kind of one-sided, one-handed salvation. There was a salvation for all the whites, but none for the poor negro. None ! But when I grew a little older and thought for myself, and heard the first sermon that ever I heard preached in my life, I knew it had Jesus Christ in it. Christ had died for the sins of all men, and I only had to settle the question, I wonder if Christ died for me ? The minister preached that Christ died for all men—yes, for the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the bond, the free—the poor negro dragging his chains might have a free soul and an enslaved body. The next thought I had was, I wonder if this is what my mother has always been praying for, that I might be brought to Christ. Poor little starving negro as I was, I wondered if Christ would save my little soul. The minister said that Jesus would bear the burden and the sins of the world on His shoulders on the cross ; there He hung, and bled, and groaned, and sighed, and died. He promised to rise again on the third day, and He did. He ascended up to God on high and led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto the sons of men, and the greatest gift He gave was His precious blood. I looked at the man. I looked through the door. My soul was so engrossed with the truth which I had never heard before. My heart was wound up. I always remember him, and to-day, my friends, I have the honour to stand before this congregation an example of amazing mercy, and the prayers of a dear old mother. Yes, and I think now, and ever have thought, that never will the prayers of a faithful mother or father go to the ground. They may not be answered in the way they expect, but God never forgets them. He never forgets the prayers of some of your dear old mothers who have bended over you and wetted your cheeks with their tears. They

are perhaps not answered yet, but they will be answered. God hears them and treasures them up. Yes, He treasures them up in the book of life. The minister's text was this—(Heb. ii. 9)—“We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.” I remember the day, the time, the place, when and where I yielded up all that I had for Christ; and then peace was brought to my soul, and I have walked in ways of peace and joy ever since. Can you say that? Well, if you cannot say it, you ought to. I was fifteen or sixteen when I heard the first sermon with Jesus in it. It was a sermon of free salvation to all. I thought of the prayers of my dear old mother who has gone long since to heaven. She lived the Christian's life, she died in the triumph of faith, and she has gone home to heaven, and I expect to go there by-and-by. I have thought what a blessed thing it will be that a few days and months will bring this glorious collection and selection around, when you and I will have the pleasure of mounting on the wings of the wind, and be escorted away to that place of rest above. And what a blessed thing it is to think of the friends we will meet there, and the societies we will be connected with. I wish to impress on your mind the sacred congratulations which will take place when you go there. I don't say what will be your fate if you go anywhere else. Here we are divided from one another—some of our friends are on the briny ocean, and some sleep in the grave, but Christ invites us all to come to that place of rest, and I think by the eyes of my mind that I see thousands going to meet Him. I shall be there too. We shall meet there on the frontier of eternal rest. Oh! what a morning it will be to see the mothers and daughters and sons and fathers meeting on the frontiers of glory, and hearing the congratulation—“Good morning”—it will always be morning there—“Good morning, my mother.” “Good morning, my daughter.” “Have you crossed over at

last?" "Which way did you come?" "I came by the way of the cross." Oh what a morning that will be! To see your dear father clasping hands with his son, and the mother with her daughter on the frontiers of glory!

Mr. Henson addressed a monster meeting in the Mechanics' Hall, Dumfries, last night (Tuesday). Every part of the hall was crowded, platform, aisles, and doorways; and numbers of people had come in from Annan, Kirkeudbright, and other places nearer and more remote, the audience including several of the county families. On Mr. Henson entering the hall, he was received with great cheering. Mrs. Henson was also on the platform. The chair was taken by Dr. Gilchrist, of the Crichton Royal Institution; and among those present were—Mr. Maxwell, of Munches, Mr. Starke, of Troqueer Holm, Mr. Starke, jr., and Mrs. Starke, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. S. Adamson, Rev. John Paton, Rev. Marshall N. Goold, Rev. John D. McKinnon, Rev. G. Rae, Rev. W. Graham, Rev. R. McKenna, Rev. J. Strachan, Rev. J. Duff, Rev. W. Tiplady, Rev. T. Bowman, Rev. L. McPherson, Rev. Mr. Simpson (Crichton Institution), Mr. Boyd, Kinder House, Mr. Walter Grierson, Chapelmount, Mr. W. Gregan, St. Christopher's, Mr. J. B. Milligan, Mr. James Rodger, Mr. John Johnstone, merchant, Mr. Johnston, Bank of Scotland, Mr. McNeillie, of Castlehill, Provost Gillies, Mr. R. B. Carruthers, Mr. McDowall, Mr. J. Ewing, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. Scott, Mr. W. F. Johnstone, Mr. Allan, ironmonger, &c.

The Rev. Mr. PATON having opened the meeting with prayer, and the 100th Psalm, Mr. J. Rodger leading, having been sung,

The CHAIRMAN said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I know that you expect me to say nothing, or next to nothing, on this occasion, and I need not certainly waste your time in explaining to you the object of this meeting, as you are all acquainted with it equally with myself. It is a trite observation that man never changes. Like many other trite observations, it has a

good deal of truth in it; and if we look at what is going on around us in this nineteenth century, we cannot fail to see that the truth of the observation is pretty well confirmed. We see that confirmation, for example, in the slavery that still exists in Africa, and in the war which we are anticipating in the East, a war whose results we cannot divine. It is, however, an equally trite observation that man is changeable, progressive, and never stands still. There is probably more truth in this than in the former observation. At all events, if we take an extended view of man's history from the creation, I think we will come very confidently to the conclusion that man is a creature of change and progression; and if we consult an Old Book—which we ought all to know—we shall certainly find that, from beginning to end, it is simply a proof that he is progressive. It is very remarkable, too, I think, that the very last book of that "Book of books" is a witness to the whole subject, continuing the history of man's progress from time into the future eternity, where he is to attain to a perfect development. Now, a great many people in the present day tell us that this development or progression of man can be accomplished through education, or science, or civilization. But it appears to me that science, civilization, and education merely furnish men with knowledge, or the means of acquiring it. Knowledge, no doubt, is a great thing—a great power. But, after all, science—which is the knowledge of Nature—only puts certain tools into man's hand, and we still want to get the art of using these tools aright. If we look back to the garden of Eden, we shall find that this was precisely the error that man at first made in supposing that knowledge was everything. Eve wanted to acquire knowledge, thinking that with knowledge all else would be within her reach. But the truth is, she gained nothing by the knowledge which she got, and lost much indeed by the way she took to acquire it. What she wanted to make the knowledge useful was a something which would enable her to apply it. Now I come, very briefly, to my con-

elusion—namely, that in order to apply this knowledge which education, science, and civilization give us, we want the inclination and the power to apply it rightly, for the mere knowledge of good and evil, as shown by the history of Eve, and of all the evil, is not sufficient. Now there is nothing that can direct us to where we may get that inclination and that power except that Old Book I have named—the Bible. I have made these observations because I think they are naturally suggested by the object of this meeting; and I conclude by simply turning to the best living evidence that I know of the truth of what I have said, and whom I am happy to recognise and present to you as our Christian brother. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. HENSON, who was loudly cheered, in the opening part of his address said: 'There has been so much said and written about me, so much read about me, and so many things thought about me, that I did not know that I could do better than come and let you see me. (Laughter and applause.) It has been spread abroad that "'Uncle Tom' is coming," and that is what has brought you here. Now allow me to say that my name is not Tom, and never was Tom, and that I do not want to have any other name inserted in the newspapers for me than my own. My name is Josiah Henson, always was, and always will be. I never change my colours. (Loud laughter.) I would not if I could, and I could not if I would. (Renewed laughter.) Well, inquiry in the minds of some has led to a deal of inquiry on the part of others. You have read and heard some persons say that "'Uncle Tom' was dead, and how can he be here? It is an imposition that is being practised on us." Some people in this town have said so. Very well, I do not blame you for saying that. I do not think you are to blame. A great many have come to me in this country and asked me if I was not dead. (Laughter.) Says I, "Dead?" Says he, "Yes. I heard you were dead, and read you were." "Well," says I, "I heard so too, but I never believed it yet. (Laughter.) I thought in all probability I would have found it out as soon as

anybody else." (Laughter.) Well, now, to remove this difficulty, if it exist in your minds. As a matter of course it is not a very pleasant thing to me to hear that I am traversing the country and practising an imposition upon the people. No, it is not pleasant; and the only way I have to meet it is to say that when people have this doubt upon their minds it shows me they ain't well read, or have forgotten what they have read, if they have ever read at all. (Laughter.) They have forgotten that Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a novel; and it must have seemed a glorious finish to that novel that she should kill her hero—a glorious finish. Now you get the Key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—you can buy it for about sixpence, fifteen or sixteen cents—and you commence and read it. I see that gentleman along there setting it down. [Referring to our reporter.] That is all right. (Laughter.) I see you. (Laughter.) Well you commence at the 37th chapter and read up to the 57th chapter of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and I think you will there see me. (Laughter and applause.) You remember that when this novel of Mrs. Stowe came out, it shook the foundations of this world. It shook Americans almost out of their shoes, and out of their shirts. (Laughter.) It left some of them on the sandbar barefooted and scratching their heads, without knowing where to go, or what to do or say. However they came to the conclusion to say that the whole thing was a fabrication, a falsehood, and a lie; and they accused her of writing it, and they demanded of her a clue or key to the novel she had written, the exposure she had made, and the libel she had fixed on the United States. And so, as she was in duty bound to give something, she, I think in 1853, brought out the "Key," between you and she, and in that she spoke of me, and in that way set the negro free. (Laughter and applause.) I am not a Robert Burns—(laughter)—but that is a fact. (Applause.) You will find in that "Key" of me, the position which I held in relation to her work. They said there were never any such things per-

petrated on the negroes; never any negroes so afflicted, and that the book was a libel on the people of the United States; and when she took to this "Key," she told them where they would find a man called Josiah Henson. She gave me a great name, and said I was a venerable fellow, in which she was not much mistaken, for I was an old man, to be found in Canada West, labouring there as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, preaching to the fugitive slaves, encouraging the cause of education, and building up the poor afflicted race of negroes. (Applause.) Josiah Henson, then, is my name. I am not responsible for anything written in Mrs. Stowe's novel, but only for what she wrote about me. You can find that wherever I have been I have never changed my predilections of colours—(laughter)—for mine is a good substantial, fast colour—(laughter and cheers)—one of the best in the world, and the ladies all love it, for they like to dress in black. (Laughter.) I have nothing but the truth, the whole truth, and my manhood; and they who don't like that may let me alone. I am not ashamed to show my face, and never did anything that I am ashamed of. Do you suppose that such men as Samuel Crossley, Samuel Morley, George Sturge, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Gray, Baptist Noel, and others who have honoured me with their friendship and given me their pulpits, would be deceived by me, or that I, by falsifying one of the highest principles in this world, would practise an imposition on my friends? Never! never! (Cheers.) Too much of a man for that, even though I am a black man. Mr. Henson then proceeded to tell the story of his life. He concluded by thanking them for their patient hearing, and by singing the slave hymn of parting, the audience taking the chorus "Glory, glory, hallelujah, freedom reigns to-day," a hymn, which after Lincoln's proclamation received new words, "John Brown," and a quicker time, for the negroes were then made happy from their heads to their heels—he bounding and beaming as he rendered a stave

of the joyous strain, the immense audience cheering him to the echo.

Mr. MAXWELL, of Munches, said : Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been most unexpectedly asked to take part on this very interesting occasion. I have attended many meetings in Dumfries, of various kinds, but I can honestly say, and with perfect confidence, that I never witnessed so large a meeting as this within the walls of this ancient burgh. (Cheers.) I do not wonder that so vast an assemblage should have come here, and I am sure none of you will wonder at it after what you have just seen and heard. (Cheers.) We have this night had an opportunity of seeing and listening to one who is older, I presume, than almost any other person in Dumfries, address us for two hours and a half—(cheers)—and who is ready, evidently, to address us for two hours longer—(cheers)—and whom I would have been delighted to have listened longer to, giving us more and more of his interesting history. (Cheers.) Let me urge you, however, to buy his book, and so have amplified the account of his life which you have just been hearing. We have heard the address of a man who has seen more and knows more from practical experience of the horrors and miseries of slavery than any man alive, and who can show you what a spirit there is, and what a heart there is, in those fellow-beings who have been looked down upon so much and despised. (Cheers.) We have heard much which we may benefit by. I have now to ask you to award a vote of thanks to Mr. Henson. (Cheers.) You have already shown by your cheers that you will do so most heartily. (Cheers.) I trust that he may safely return to his own country, and be spared many days to see that district, in which he has made his home and where he is resolved to end his life, prosper and succeed ; for you know that it is because of his desire to promote the prosperity of that district that he has come among us here, and is now with us. (Cheers.) In his address there were frequent references to a subject which must have come home to the

hearts of many—I mean the benefit which he derived from his mother's tender care for his immortal interests; and when we bear that great regard which he has for his mother in mind, you will the more readily join to the vote of thanks to himself an expression of the satisfaction we have felt in the circumstance that he is to-night accompanied here by his better-half. (Cheers.)

MR. STARKE, *yr.*, said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been asked, and rise with the greatest pleasure to propose our cordial thanks to the Chairman for presiding here this evening. (Applause.) I am sure that we in Dumfries and neighbourhood owe Dr. Gilchrist a debt of gratitude for his kindness in forsaking his professional duties and being with us to-night. We have to-night had an opportunity of seeing and hearing one whom we have long known most intimately, and long cherished in our hearts—one whom we have longed to see in the flesh, and hear from his own lips the story of his life, and those sentiments of liberty which he has expressed, and which are the sentiments of the race he represents. (Cheers.) The negro race I know something about—[Mr. Starke was formerly a judge in Jamaica]—and I can assure you their hearts are full of the sentiments of independence and liberty. (Cheers.) They are as fond of liberty and independence as we Scotchmen are. But unfortunately their lot in life has been one of slavery. There have been good slave-masters, but they have been the exception. I am proud to think that Uncle Tom has had the opportunity of seeing the good town of Dumfries, the Queen of the South; and he will well know the proverb of his race, and appreciate its use on this occasion—"Come see me is nothing; come live with me is something."

The blessing was then pronounced, and the interesting meeting terminated.

On Wednesday (the day after the meeting) Mr. and Mrs. Henson left Dumfries for Liverpool, from which, on the after-

noon of Thursday, they sailed for Boston on board the Cunard steamship *China*. They were accompanied from Dumfries to Liverpool by Mr. William Crawford, Glasgow, with whom, and with Mr. Lobb, of London, editor of "*Uncle Tom's Story of his Life*," who met them at Liverpool, they had some pleasant but affecting intercourse ere they bade what, in all probability, will be their final farewell to Britain.

During his sojourn in the West of Scotland, Mr. Henson, as already indicated, visited several of the towns adjacent to Glasgow, where he was the guest of a number of well-known philanthropic gentlemen, who showed him and Mrs. Henson every possible kindness, being forward through him to evince their sympathy with a long-oppressed race, and to recognise in him, though of a different colour, a brother man, endowed with more than ordinary powers both of mind and body, and who, as the prototype of the hero of Mrs. Stowe's tale, and on account of his own thrilling story of his experience, was an object of such deep interest. Mr. Henson stayed—at Paisley, with Sir Peter Coats, of Woodside; at Dumbarton, with James White, Esq., of Overtoun; at Helensburgh, with John Ure, Esq., of Cairndhu; at Greenock, with Provost Lyle; at Wemyss Bay, with John Burns, Esq., of Castle Wemyss; at Rothesay, with Provost Orkney; at Coatbridge, with Thomas Ellis, Esq., of the North British Iron Works; at Lenzie, with the Rev. William Miller, of Union Church; and at Dumfries, with Walter Grierson, Esq., of Chapelmount.

ALL
ALL
Bu
Bu
Bu
Col
Fi
Ke
Sm
Ste
WH
Big
Ew
Kid
Sm
Mit
WH
Sco
Bro
Bro
Bro
Cro
Har
Mil
Rol
Tho
We
G
Tw
a
Joh
Eas
C
Fre
Cro
Bar
Den

TESTIMONIAL FUND

TO THE

REV. JOSIAH HENSON, "UNCLE TOM."

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND PROCEEDS OF MEETINGS.

GLASGOW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Allan, Mrs. Alexander, -	£20	0	0
Allan, Alexander, -	5	0	0
Burns, Mrs. George, -	5	0	0
Burns, John, -	5	0	0
Burnley, Wm. P., -	5	0	0
Collins, Bailie, -	5	0	0
Findlay, James, -	5	0	0
Kerr, William, -	5	0	0
Smith, George & Sons, -	5	0	0
Stewart, A. B., -	5	0	0
White, James, -	5	0	0
Biggart, T., Dalry -	3	0	0
Ewing, J. Orr, -	3	0	0
Kidston, J. B., -	2	2	0
Smeal, William, -	2	2	0
Mitchell, James, -	2	0	0
White, J. C., -	2	0	0
Scott, Bailie, -	1	1	0
Brown, Rev. Dr. Joseph, -	1	0	0
Brown, John, -	1	0	0
Brown, William, Councillor	1	0	0
Crombie, A., -	1	0	0
Hannay, A., -	1	0	0
Miller, J. R., -	1	0	0
Robertson, John, -	1	0	0
Thomson, James, -	1	0	0
Wenley, J. A., -	1	0	0

GLASGOW, PROCEEDS OF MEETINGS.

Two Meetings in City Hall and one in Kibble, -	161	0	6
John Street U.P. Church, -	20	9	3
East Campbell Street U.P. Church, -	20	0	0
Free St. Paul's Church, -	16	0	0
Crown Street Singing Class, -	14	0	0
Barony Free Church, -	11	0	0
Dennistoun U.P. Church, -	8	16	9

EDINBURGH—

Proceeds of Subscriptions and Meeting, - - £350 0 0

PAISLEY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Clark & Co., -	£20	0	0
Coats, J. & P., -	20	0	0
Coats, Sir Peter, -	5	0	0

PAISLEY—

Proceeds of Meeting, - 18 12 6

GREENOCK—

Proceeds of Meeting, - 40 12 6

DUMFRIES—

Proceeds of Meeting, - 54 3 0

COATBRIDGE SUBSCRIPTION—

Ellis, Thomas, - - 5 0 0

COATBRIDGE—

Proceeds of Meeting, Young Men's Christian Union, 20 0 0

HELENSBURGH SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Presented to Mrs. Henson by a few friends, per John Ure, Esq., -	35	0	0
Millar, Hugh, M.D., -	1	0	0
Breingan, John, -	1	0	0
M'Micking, Thomas, -	0	10	0

HELENSBURGH—

Proceeds of Two Meetings, 28 7 10

ROTHESAY—

Proceeds of Meeting, - 25 18 11

LENZIE—

Proceeds of Meeting, Union Church, - 18 0 0

DUMBARTON SUBSCRIPTION—

Mrs. James White, of Overtoun, - - 10 0 0

DUMBARTON—

Proceeds of Meeting, - 12 2 0

WEMYSS BAY—

Skelmorlie Church, - 8 1 4

