UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

BY

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe

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PREFACE

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811—96) contributed in 1851 a serial story, to an anti-slavery periodical called THE NATIONAL ERA, which appeared in Washington. The title of the story was UNCLE TOM'S CABIN or LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY. It was brought out in book-form in 1852.

Slavery was then a burning problem in North America, and the publication of this story helped to rouse the indignation of a whole nation against slave trade, which resulted in a civil war between the Northern and the Southern State, in which President Lincoln utterly defeated the Southern army. On September 22nd, 1892, Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring freedom to all slaves throughout the United States.

No greater compliment can be paid to Mrs. Stowe for her book than what Abraham Lincoln said to her when he met her, "Are you the little woman who made this great war"?

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

CHAPTER I.

LATE in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were siting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining-parlour, in the town of P — , in Kentucky.

One of them was a short, thick-set man with coarse, common place features.

His companion, Mr. Shelby who had the appearance of a gentleman was the owner of the house. The two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't make trade that way — I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," said the other.

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere — steady, honest, capable, and pious, manages my whole farm like a clock. I am very sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt, and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience."

"Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep," said the trader. "Well, haven't you a boy or girl that you could throw in with Tom?"

"Hum!—none that I could well spare."

Just then the door opened, and a small boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room.

"Hulloa, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up, now!"

The child scampered with all his little strength after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he.

The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing."

The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs, common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to music.

"Bravo" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

"Fling in that chap and I'll settle the business."

At this moment the door was pushed gently open, and a young woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her to identify her as its mother.

"Well, Eliza ?" said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, sir," said she; and the boy bounded towards her, showing his spoils.

"Well, take him away then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"Well you'll let me have the boy," said the trader; you must own I've come down pretty handsomely for him."

"What on earth can you want with the child ?" said Shelby.

"Why I've got a friend that's going into this branch of the business—wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market."

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby thoughtfully; "the fact is, I am a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir."

"Lord bless you, yes; These creatures are not like white folks, you know; they get over

things, only manage right," said Haley; "Well, what do you say?"

"Well, call up this evening, between six and seven, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader bowed himself out of the apartment.

Now it had so happened that, in approaching the door Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know that a trader was making offers to her master for somebody.

She would have stopped at the door to listen, as she came out; but her mistress just then called and she was obliged to hasten away.

Still she thought she heard the trader make an offer for her boy—could she be mistaken? Her heart swelled and throbbed, and she involuntarily strained him so tight that the little fellow looked up into her face in astonishment.

"Why, Eliza, child! what ails you?" said her mistress.

"Omissis, missis!" said Eliza, "there has been a trader talking with master in the parlour! I heard him."

"Well, silly child, suppose there has!"

"O missis! *do* you suppose master would sell my Harry?" and the poor creature threw herself into a chair and sobbed convulsively.

"Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never means to sell any of his servants, so long as they behave well."

"Well, but, missis, *you* would never give your consent --to—to—"

"Nonsense, child! to be sure I shouldn't. What do you talk so for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold."

Reassured by her mistress's confident tone, Eliza proceeded with her toilet, laughing at her own fears as she proceeded.

Mrs. Shelby, being entirely ignorant of her husband's embarrassments, and knowing only the general kindliness of his temper, had been quite sincere in the entire incredulity with which she had met Eliza's suspicions. In fact, she dismissed the matter from her mind without a second thought, and being occupied, in preparations for an evening visit, it passed out of her thoughts entirely.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZA had been brought up by her mistress from girlhood as a petted and indulged favourite. She had been married to a bright and talented

young mulatto man, who was a slave on a neighbouring estate, and who bore the name of George Harris.

This young man had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging-factory, where his adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had invented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which displayed much mechanical genius.

He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners and was a general favourite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all these superior qualifications were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded tyrannical master.

His master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He would soon put a stop to it. Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were astounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

George was taken home, and put to the meanest drudgery of the farm.

It was during the happy period of his employment in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. During that period, being much trusted and favoured by his employer, he had free liberty to come and go at discretion.

Eliza was a happy woman up to the time that her husband was rudely torn from his kind employer, and brought under the iron sway of his legal owner.

The manufacturer visited Mr. Harris, George's master, a week or two after George had been taken away, and tried every possible inducement to lead him to restore him to his former employment.

"You needn't trouble yourself to talk any longer," said he doggedly; "I know my own business, sir."

And so fell George's last hope. There was nothing before him but a life of toil and drudgery.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Shelby had gone on her visit, and Eliza stood in the verandah, rather dejectedly looking after the retreating carriage, when a

hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile lighted up her fine eyes.

"George is it you? How you frightened me! well, I am so glad you have come! Missis has gone to spend the afternoon; so come into my little room, and we'll have the time all to ourselves."

Saying this, she drew him into a neat little apartment opening on the verandah, where she generally sat at her sewing within call of her mistress.

"How glad I am!—why don't you smile?—and look at Harry—how he grows!" The boy stood shyly regarding his father through his curls, holding close to the skirts of his mother's dress. "Isn't he beautiful" said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him.

"I wish he had never been born!" said George bitterly; "I wish I had never been born myself!"

Surprised and frightened, Eliza sat down, leaned her head on her husband's shoulder and burst into tears.

"O George; how can you?"

"Yes, Eliza, it is all misery, misery! My life is bitter as warmwood; the very life is burning out of me. I am a poor, miserable. forlorn

drudge; I shall only drag you down with me, that's all. What's the use of living? I wish I was dead!

"Well, it is dreadful," said Eliza; "but, after all, Mr. Harris is your master, you know."

"My master! and who made him my master? That's what I think of; what right has he to me? I am a man as much as he is; I know more about business than he does; I am a better manager than he is. What right has he to make a dray-horse of me? He says he'll bring me down and humble me, and he puts me to just the hardest, meanest and dirtiest work on purpose."

"O George—George—you frighten me! Why, I never heard you talk so; I am afraid you'll do something dreadful."

"I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have some time to read and learn out of work hours; but the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on.

I have been kicked, and cuffed, and sworn at, and at the best only let alone; and what do I owe? I've paid for all my keep a hundred times over. I *won't* bear it—no, I *won't*!" he said, clenching his hand with a fierce frown.

Eliza trembled and was silent. She had never seen her husband in this mood before.

She looked nervously out on the verandah, where her boy, tired of the grave conversation, had retired, and where he was riding triumphantly up and down on Mr. Shelby's walking stick. She would have spoken to tell her husband her fears but checked herself.

"No, no, he has enough to bear, poor fellow!" she thought. "No I won't tell him; besides it is not true; missis never deceives us."

"So, Eliza, my girl" said the husband, mournfully, "bear up now, and good-bye; for I am going."

"Going, George! — going where?"

"To Canada," said he "and when I am there I'll buy you—that's all the hope that's left us. You have a kind master who won't refuse to sell you. I'll buy you and the boy—God helping me. I will!"

"Oh, dreadful! If you should be taken!"

"I won't be taken, Eliza—I'll *die* first! I'll be free, or I'll die!"

"You won't kill yourself!"

"No need of that: they will kill me fast enough. They will never get me down the river alive. I've got some preparations made, and there are those that will help me; and in the course of a week or so, I shall be among the

missing. Pray for me, Eliza; perhaps the good Lord will hear *you*."

"Oh, pray yourself, George and go trusting in Him, then you won't do anything wicked."

"Well now, *good-bye*," said George, holding Eliza's hands, and gazing into her eyes without moving. They stood silent, then there were last words, and sobs, aud bitter weeping; and the husband and wife were parted.

CHAPTER IV.

THE cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close to his master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruit and vegetables, flourished under careful tending.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her old man's supper."

On a rough bench on the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes

and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavouring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Master George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realise the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Aunt Chloe, I am getting mighty hungry," said George. "Isn't that cake almost done? They wanted me to come to supper in the house, but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you knew your old aunty would keep the best for you."

"Now for the cake," said Master George.

Soon, Master George had arrived at that stage when he could not another morsel.

"Here you Mose, Pete," he said, breaking off liberal bits and throwing it at them; "you want some, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes."

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney corner; while Aunt Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth anh her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

Presently the boys emerged from under the table, and began a vigorous kissing of the baby.

"Well, now I hope you have done" said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude box of a trundlebed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete' get into that; for we are going to have the meeting."

"Oh, mother, we don't want to sleep. We want to sit up for the meeting—meetings are so curious. We like them."

"Yes, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let them sit up." said Master George, decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe, seemed highly delighted to push

the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, may be, it will do them some good."

The room was soon filled with a motely assemblage, from the old grey-headed patriarch of eighty to the young girl and lad of fifteen. A few of the worshippers belonged to families hard by, who had got permission to attend.

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters in the neighbourhood. He was looked up to with great erspect, as a sort of minister among them. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity the childlike earnestness of his prayer.

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite other-wise passed in the halls of the master.

The trader and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dinning-room at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who also counted them.

"All fair," said the trader; "and now for signing these bills."

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them like a man that

hurries over some disagreeable business and then pushed them over with the money.

Haley produced, from a well-worn valise, a parchment, which after looking over it a moment, he, handed to Mr. Shelby, who took it with a gesture of suppressed eagerness.

"Well, now the thing is *done*!" said the trader getting up.

"It's *done*!" said Mr. Shelby, in a musing tone; and fetching a long breath, he repeated, "*It's done*!"

He then allowed the trader to depart and he too himself to a solitary cigar.

CHAPTER V

It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night and Eliza wrapped the shawl close round her child, as perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck. A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage; and Eliza stopping, tapped lightly at the window-pane.

The prayer-meeting at Uncle Tom's had been protracted to a very late hour; and as Uncle Tom had indulged himself in a few lengthy solos afterwards, the consequence was that, although

it was now between twelve and one o'clock, he and his worthy wife were not yet asleep.

"Good Lord! what is that?" said Aunt Chloe, starting up, and hastily drawing the curtain. "My sakes alive, if it is not Lizy! Get on your clothes, old man, quick! I'm going to open the door."

And, suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the candle, which Tom had hastily lighted, fell on the haggard face and dark eyes of the fugitive.

"Lord bless you! I am scared to look at you Lizy! Are you so sick, or what has come over you?"

"I am running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child. Master sold him!"

"Sold him!" said Eliza firmly. "I crept into the closet by mistress's door to-night, and I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry and you, Uncle Tom, both to a trader, and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

Tom had stood during this speech with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated

himself, on his old chair, and sank his head down upon his knees.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "Oh, it does not seem as if it was true. What has he done that master should sell him?"

"He has not done anything—it is not for that. Master does not want to sell, and missis—she is always good. I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her it was no use—that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him—and that if he did not pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all; the man was driving them so hard.

"Well, old man!" said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go too? There's time for you; be off with Lizy—you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly around, and said;

"No, no; I am not going. Let Eliza go—it is her right. Master always found me on the spot—he always will I never have broken trust.

Master is not to blame, Chloe; and he'll take care of you and the poor—"

Here he turned to the rough trundle-bed full of little woolly heads, and broke fairly down. He leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse, and loud, shook the chair, and great tears fell through fingers on the floor.

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing-place, and he told me to-day that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I am going to try and find Canada."

A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and, clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away.

CHAPTER VI.

It is impossible to conceive a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck and gradually slept!

She had often been with her mistress, to visit some connexions, in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that she could only hope in God.

She was many miles past any neighbourhood where she was personally known. She stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters.

Eliza stood for a moment, contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy, stopped, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said,

"Is not there a ferry or boat that takes people over to B——y, now?" she said.

"No indeed!" said the woman; "the boat has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said:

"There's a man here who is going over with some truck this evening; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you had better sit down and wait. That is a sweet little fellow, "added the woman, offering Harry a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he is not used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, showing a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. The thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

There was great excitement in Shelby's house as soon as Eliza's flight was discovered. Haley who had bought the child was furious with rage.

Two of Shelby's men, Sam and Andy, were ordered to accompany Haley in pursuit, on horse back.

It was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened

by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet, to her, scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind, they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out and lifted up their hands as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another cake; stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upwards again! Her shoes were gone—her stockings out from her feet while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"You are a brave girl, now, whoever you are!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O Mr. Symmes, save me - do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what is this?" said the man. "Why, if it is not Shelby's girl!"

"My child!—this boy - he has sold him! There is his master," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy."

"So I have," said the man, as she roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "Besides you are a right brave girl. I like grit wherever I see it!"

When they had gained the top of the Bank, the man paused.

"I would be glad to do something for you," said he; "but then there's nowhere I could take you. The best I can do is to tell you to go *there*", said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go there; they're kind folks. There is no danger, they'll help you—they are up to all that sort of thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No occasion, no occasion in the world," said the man. "What I've done is of no account."

"And, oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, girl! What do you take a fellow for? Of course not," said the man. "Come now, go along like a sensible girl, as you are. You have earned your liberty, and you shall have it."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away.

CHAPTER VII

THE light of the cheerful fire shone on the rug and carpet of a cosy parlour, and glittered on the sides of the tea-cups and well-brightened tea-pot, as Senator Bird was drawing off his boots, preparatory to inserting his feet in a pair of new handsome slippers, which his wife had been working for him while away on his senatorial tour. Mrs. Bird, looking the very picture of delight, was superintending the arrangements of the table.

"There has been a law passed fobridding people to help off the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear," said the Senator.

"And what is the Law? It does not forbid us to shelter these poor creatures a night, does it? and to give them something comfortable to eat, and a few old clothes, and send them quickly about their business?"

"Why, yes, my dear; that would be aiding and abetting, you know."

At this juncture, old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished "Missis would come into the kitchen"; and our senator, tolerably relieved, seating himself in the arm-chair, began to read the papers.

After a moment his wife's voice was heard at the door in a quick earnest tone:

"John! John! I do wish you would come here a moment".

He laid down his paper and went into the kitchen, and started, quite amazed at the sight that presented itself—a young and tender woman, with garments torn and frozen, with one shoe gone, and the stocking torn away from the cut and bleeding foot, was laid back in a deadly swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face. He drew his breath short and stood in silence. His wife and their only coloured domestic, old Aunt Dinah, were busily engaged in restorative measures.

while old Cudjoe had got the boy on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings and chaffing his little cold feet.

"Sure now, if she is not a sight to behold" said old Dinah compassionately.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Bird compassionately, as the woman slowly unclosed her large dark eyes and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying. "Oh, my Harry! Have they got him?"

The boy, at this, jumped from Cudjoe's knee, and running to her side, put up his arms.

"Oh he's here!" she exclaimed. "O ma'am" she said wildly to Mrs. Bird, "do protect us! Don't let them get him!"

"Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman," said Mrs. Bird encouragingly. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you!" said the woman covering her face and sobbing; while the little boy, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap.

A temporary bed was provided for her on the settee near the fire; and, after a short time, she fell into a heavy slumber, with the child, who seemed no less weary, soundly sleeping on her arm; for the mother resisted, with nervous

anxiety, the kindest attempts to take him from her; and even in sleep her arm encircled him with an unrelaxing clasp, as if she could not even then be beguiled of her vigilant hold.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went back to the parlour.

After some time Dinah looked in to say that the woman was awake, and wanted to see missis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went into the kitchen, followed by the two eldest boys.

The woman was now sitting up on the settee by the fire. She was looking steadily into the blaze, with a calm, heart-broken expression, very different from her former agitated wildness.

She lifted her dark eyes and fixed them on Mrs. Bird with such a forlorn and imploring expression that the tears came into the little woman's eyes.

"You need not be afraid of anything; we are friends here, poor woman! Tell me where you came from, and what you want," said she.

"I came from Kentucky," said the woman.

"When?" said Mr. Bird.

"To-night."

"How did you come?"

"I crossed on the ice."

"Crossed on the ice?" said every one present.

"Yes," said the woman slowly, "I did. God

helping me I crossed the ice: for they were behind me—and there was no other way!"

"Lord, missis," said Cudjoe, "the ice is all in broken-up blocks, swinging and tottering up and down in the water!"

"I know it was—I know it!" said she wildly: "but I did it! The Lord helped me. Nobody knows how much the Lord can help them, till they try," said the woman with a flashing eye.

"Were you a slave?" said Mr. Bird.

"Yes, sir! I belonged to a man in Kentucky."

"Was he unkind to you?"

"No, sir; he was a good master."

"And was your mistress unkind to you?"

"No, sir—no! my mistress was always good to me."

"What could induce to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?"

The woman looked up at Mrs. Bird with a keen, scrutinizing glance, and it did not escape her that she was dressed in deep mourning.

"Ma'am" she said suddenly, "have you ever lost a child?"

The question was unexpected, and it was a thrust on a new wound; for it was only a month

since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

Mr. Bird turned round and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird burst into tears; but recovering her voice she said:

"Why do you ask that? I have lost a little one".

"Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another—left them buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He was my comfort and pride, day and night. They were going to take him away from me—to *sell* him. I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me the man that brought him and some of master's folks—and they were coming down right behind me and I heard them. I jumped right on to the ice, and how I got across I don't know; but, first I knew, a man was helping me up the bank".

The woman did not sob nor weep. She had gone to a place where tears are dry; but every one around her was in some way, showing signs of hearty sympathy.

"And where do you mean to go, my poor woman?" said Mrs. Bird.

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was.

Is it very far off, is Canada?" said she, looking up, with a simple, confiding air to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Poor thing! said Mrs. Bird involuntarily.

"Is it a very great way off?" said the woman earnestly.

"Much farther than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird; "but we will try to think what can be done for you. Here, Dinah, make her up a bed in your own room, close by the kitchen, and I'll think what to do for her in the morning. Meanwhile, never fear, poor woman. Put your trust in God. He will protect you!"

Mrs. Bird and her husband re-entered the parlour. She sat still in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room. At length, striding up to his wife, he said:

"I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here, this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent early to-morrow morning. They'll have to be got off to night."

"To-night! How is it possible?—where to?"

"Well I know pretty well where to," said the senator, with a reflective air.

"You see," he continued, "there's my old client, Van Trompe, who has come over from

Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek, here, back in the woods, where nobody goes, unless they go on purpose; and it is a place that is not found in a hurry. There she would be safe enough.

"Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be about twelve o'clock, and I'll take her over."

It was full late in the night when the carriage with Eliza and her child inside it, stood at the door of a large farmhouse. It took no inconsiderable perseverance to arouse the inmates; but at last the respectable proprietor appeared, and undid the door.

"Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave-catchers?" said the senator explicitly.

"I rather think I am," said honest John Van Trompe, with some considerable emphasis.

"I thought so," said the senator.

Weary, jaded, and spiritless, Eliza dragged herself up to the door, with her child lying, in a heavy sleep, on her arm. The rough man held the candle to her face, and uttering a kind of compassionate grunt, opened the door of a small bedroom adjoining to the large kitchen where

they were standing, and motioned her to go in. He took down a candle, and lighting it, set it upon the table, and then addressed himself to Eliza.

"Now, I say, girl, you need not be a bit afraid, let who will come here. I am up to all that sort of thing," said he, pointing to two or three rifles over the mantelpiece; "and most people that know me know that it would not be healthy to try to get anybody out of my house when I am against it. So *now* you just go to sleep now, as quiet as if your mother was rocking you," said he, as he shut the door.

The senator, in a few words, briefly explained Eliza's history.

John was soon seen guiding the senator's carriage towards the road. When they parted, the senator put into his hand a ten-dollar bill.

"It's for her," he said briefly.

"Ay, ay!" said John, with equal conciseness.

They shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER VIII

THE February morning looked grey and drizzling through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. It looked on downcast faces, the images of mournful hearts.

Tom sat with his Testament open on his knee, and his head leaning upon his hand. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little rude trundle-bed.

Tom got up and walked silently to look at his children.

"It's the last time," he said.

Aunt Chloe did not answer. She sat down to the table, and lifted up her voice and wept.

"I suppose we must be resigned; but, O Lord! If I only know where you are going, or how they will serve you! Missis says she'll try and redeem you, in a year or two; but Lord! nobody ever comes up that goes down there! They kill them! I've heard them tell how they work them up on the plantations.

"There'll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is here."

"Well," said Aunt Chloe, "I suppose there will be; but the Lord lets dreadful things happen,

sometimes. I don't seem to get any comfort that way."

"It does not comfort me," continued she, "But there is no use talking: I'll just get you one good breakfast, because nobody knows when you'll get another."

The simple morning meal now smoked on the table, for Mrs. Shelby had excused Aunt Chloe's attendance at the great house that morning. The poor soul had expended all her little energies on this farewell feast.

"There!" said Aunt Chloe, "now I have done. I hope—now to eat something. This is my nicest chicken. There, boys, you shall have some, poor, creatures!"

The boys needed no second invitation, and went in with great zeal for the eatables; and it was well they did so, as otherwise there would have been very little performed to any purpose by the party.

The boys having eaten everything there was on the breakfast table began now to take some thought of the case; and seeing their mother crying, and their father looking very sad, began to whimper and put their hands to their eyes.

Just then, Mrs. Shelby entered. Aunt Chloe set a chair for her in a manner decidedly gruff

and crusty. She did not seem to notice either the action or the manner. She looked pale and anxious.

"Tom," she said, "I come to—" and stopping suddenly, and regarding the silent group, she sat down in the chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief, began to sob.

"Lord, now, missis, don't—don't!" said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company.

"My good fellow," said Mrs. Shelby, "I can't give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money, it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep trace of you, and bring you back as soon as I can command the money; and, till then, trust in God!"

Here the boys called out that Master Haley was coming, and then an unceremonious kick pushed open the door.

"Come" he said, "you nigger, you are ready? Servant, ma'am!" said he taking off his hat, as he saw Mrs. Shelby.

Tom rose up meekly to follow his new master, and raised up his heavy box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms

to go with him to the wagon, and the children, still crying, trailed on behind.

Mrs. Shelby, walking up to the trader, detained him for a few moments, talking with him in an earnest manner; and while she was thus talking, the whole family party proceeded to a wagon that stood ready harnessed at the door. A crowd of all the old and young hands on the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head servant and a Christian teacher, by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women.

"Get in!' said Haley to Tom, as he strode through the crowd of servants, who looked at him with lowering brows.

Tom got in, and Haley, drawing out from under the wagon-seat a heavy pair of shackles, made them fast round each ankle.

A smothered groan of indignation ran through the whole circle, and Mrs. Shelby spoke from the verandah: –

"Mr. Haley, I assure you that precaution is entirely unnecessary."

"Don't know, ma'am. I've lost one five

hundred dollars from this your place, and I can't afford to run any more risks."

"What else could she expect from him?" said Aunt Chloe indignantly.

"I am sorry," said Tom, "that Master George is away."

George had gone to spend two or three days with a companion on a neighbouring estate, and, having departed, early in the morning before Tom's misfortune had been made public, had left without hearing of it.

"Give my love to Master George," he said earnestly.

Haley whipped up the horse, and, with a steady, mournful look fixed to the last on the old place. Tom was whirled away.

CHAPTER IX.

A QUIET scene now rises before us. In a large, roomy, neatly-painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust, sat our old friend Eliza.

By her side sat Rachel Halliday with a bright tin pan in her lap into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty.

"And so you still think going to Canada, Eliza?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza, firmly. "I must go onward. I dare not stop."

"You know you can stay here as long as you please," said Rachel.

"Oh, thank you," said Eliza, "but"—he pointed to Harry—"I can't sleep during nights; I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man coming into the yard," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child," said Rachel, wiping her eyes; "but you must not feel so. The Lord has ordered it so that never has a fugitive been stolen from our village. I trust yours will not be the first.'

Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drabcoat and pantaloons, and a broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

"Any news father?" said Rachel.

"Peter Stebbins told me that they should be along to-night, with *friends*," said Simeon significantly.

"Indeed!" said Rachel, looking thoughtfully, and glancing at Eliza.

"Did you say thy name was Harris?" said Simeon to Eliza.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered "Yes"; her fears,

ever upper-most suggested that possibly there might be advertisements out for her.

"Mother!" said Simeon, standing in the porch, and calling Rachel out.

"What do you want, father?" said Rachel.

"This child's husband is the settlement, and will be here to-night," said Simeon.

"Now you don't say that, father?" said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

"It's really true. Peter was down yesterday, with the wagon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men, one said his name was George Harris; and from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He's a bright, likely, fellow, too."

That night Eliza slept soundly. She dreamed of a beautiful country—a land, it seemed to her, of rest, green shores, pleasant islands, and beautiful glittering water. She saw her boy playing, a free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her; his tears falling on her face—and she awoke! It was no dream. Her child lay calmly sleeping by her side; a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her husband was sobbing by her pillow.

The next morning was a cheerful one at the Quaker's house. "Mother" was up betimes, and was surrounded by busy girls and boys; and when George and Eliza and little Harry came out, they met with such a hearty, rejoicing welcome, no wonder it seemed to them like a dream.

At last, they were all seated at breakfast.

It was the first time that ever George had sat down on equal terms at any white man's table; and he sat down, at first, with some constraint and awkwardness; but they all went off like fog in the genial morning rays of this simple, overflowing kindness.

"Father, what if you should get found out again?" said Simeon Second, as he buttered his cake.

"I should pay my fine," said Simeon quietly.

"But what if they put you in prison?"

"Couldn't you and mother manage the farm?" said Simeon smiling.

"I hope, my good sir, that you are not exposed to any difficulty on our account," said George anxiously.

"Fear nothing, George. If we would not meet trouble for a good cause, we were not worthy of our name."

"But, for *me*," said George, "I could not bear it."

"Fear not then, friend George; it is not for thee, but for God and man, we do it," said Simeon. "And now, you must lie by quietly this day; and to-night, at ten o'clock. Phineas Fletcher will carry you onward to the next stand—you and the rest of your company. The pursuers are hard after you, we must not delay."

"If that is the case, why wait till evening?" said George.

"You are safe here by daylight, for every one in the settlement is a Friend, and all are watching. Moreover, it is safer to travel by night."

CHAPTER X.

THE slanting light of the setting sun quivers on the sealike expanse of Mississippi as the heavily-laden steam-boat marches onward.

We must look some time among its crowded decks before we shall find again our humble friend Tom. High on the upper deck, in a little nook among the every-where predominant cotton-bales, at last we may find him.

Partly from the confidence inspired by Mr. Shelby's representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley. For some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honour, being permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat.

Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter, between five and six years of age, together with a lady, Miss Ophelia, St. Clare's cousin, who seemed to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl—for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze; nor was she one that once seen could be easily forgotten.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal before he ventured on any overtures toward acquaintance ship. He knew an abundance of simple acts to propitiate and invite the approaches of the little people, and he resolved to play his part right skilfully.

The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in every thing going on, and it was not easy to tame her. For a while, she would perch like a canary-bird on some box or packages near Tom, and take from him, with a kind of grave graciousness, the little articles he offered. But at last they got on quite confidential terms.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom at last, when he thought matters were ripe to push an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little children used to call me Uncle Tom, away back there in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because you see, I like you", said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know," Miss Eva.

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know to whom."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day".

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to

take in wood, and Eva, hearing her father's voice, bounded nimbly away. Tom rose up, and went forward to offer his service in wooding, and soon was busy among the hands.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing place; the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water. Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

Tom was standing just under her on the lower deck as she fell. He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms and swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more, and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin.

It was a sultry, close day, the next day, as the steamer drew near to New Orleans. On the lower deck sat our friend Tom, with his arms folded, and anxiously, from time to time, turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat.

There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise, exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton, while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva's father. He was listening with a good humoured, negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

"All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black morocco, complete!" he said, when Haley had finished. "Well, now, my good fellow, what's to be paid out for this business? How much are you going to cheat me, now? Out with it."

"Well," said Haley, "if I should say thirteen hundred dollars for that fellow; I should not but just save myself."

"Poor fellow!" said the young man, "but I suppose you would let me have him for that, out of a particular regard for me?"

"Papa, do buy him? It's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva softly, getting up on package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough. I want him."

"What for, pussy? Are you going to use him for a rattle-box, or a rocking-horse, or what?"

"I want to make him happy."

"An original reason, certainly."

Here the trader handed up a certificate, signed by Mr. Shelby, which the young man took with the tips of his long fingers and glanced over carelessly.

"A gentlemanly hand," he said, "and well spelt, too. There, count your money, old boy!" he added, as he handed the roll to the trader.

"All right," said Haley, his face beaming with delight; and, pulling out an old inkhorn, he proceeded to fill out a bill of sale, which, in a few moments, he handed to the young man.

"Come Eva," the young man said; and taking the hand of his daughter, he stepped across the boat, and, carelessly, putting the tip of his finger under Tom's chin, said good-humou-

redly, "Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master."

Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily, "God bless you, master!"

And now, the distant domes and spires of New Orleans rose to view.

The boat began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee.

And there ensued the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and, marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

Just as she had begun to work herself into a real distress about the absence of her cousin, he came up with his usually careless motion and giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said:

"Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready?"

"I've been ready, waiting nearly an hour," said Miss Ophelia; "I began to be really concerned about you."

"Well, the carriage is waiting and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a decent and Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. Here," he added to a driver who stood behind him, "take these things."

"Where's Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, he's on the outside, pussy, I'm going to take Tom up to mother for a peace-offering, to make up for that drunken fellow that upset the carriage."

"Oh, Tom will make a splendid driver, I know!" said Eva; "he'll never get drunk."

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style.

Eva flew like a bird through porch and parlour, to a little boudoir opening on the verandah.

A tall, dark-eyed, sallow woman half rose from a coach on which she was reclining.

"Mamma!" said Eva, in a sort of rapture, throwing herself on her neck, and embracing her over and over again.

"That'll do - take care, child—don't you make my head ache!" said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, and then presented to her his cousin. Marie lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of some curiosity and received her with languid politeness.

"Here, Tom," said St. Clare, beckoning.

Tom entered the room.

"See here, Marie," said St. Clare to his wife. "I've brought you a coach man at last, to order. Open your eyes now, and look at him. Now, don't say I never think about you when I'm gone."

Marie opened her eyes, and fixed them on Tom, without rising.

"I know he'll get drunk," she said.

"No, he is warranted a pious and sober article."

"well, I hope he may turn out well," said the lady; "it's more than I expect, though."

* * * * * * * * *

A few days after Miss Ophelia had arrived, St. Clare said to his wife. "And now Marie, your golden days are dawning. Here is our practical, business-like New England cousin, who will take the whole budget of cares off your shoulders, and

give you time to refresh yourself, and grow young and hand-some. The ceremony of delivering the keys had better come off forthwith."

"I'm sure she's welcome," said Marie leaning her head languidly on her hand. "I think she'll find one thing if she does; and that is, that it's we mistresses that are the slaves, down here."

"Oh, certainly' she will discover that, and a world of wholesome truths besides, no doubt!" said St. Clare.

"Talk about our keeping slaves, as if we did it for our *convenience*," said Marie "I'm sure, if we consulted *that* we might let them all go at once."

"I think you slave holders have an awful responsibility upon you," said Miss Ophelia. "I wouldn't have it for a thousand words. You ought to educate your slaves, and treat them like reasonable creatures—like immortal creatures, that you've got to stand before the bar of God with. That's my mind," said the good lady, breaking suddenly out with a tide of zeal that had been gaining strength in her mind all the morning.

A gay laugh from the court rang through the silken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare stepped out, and lifting up the curtain, laughed too.

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming to the railing. There sat Tom, on a little mossy seat in the court, every one of his buttonhcles stock full of cape jessamines; and Eva, gaily laughing, was hanging a wreath of roses round his neck; and then she sat down on his knee like a chip-sparrow, still laughing.

"Oh, Tom, you look so funny!"

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. He lifted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a half-deprecating, apologetic air.

In Tom's external situation, at this time, there was, as the world says, nothing to complain of. Little Eva's fancy for him had led her to petition her father that he might be her special attendant, whenever she needed the escort of a servant, in her walks or rides; and Tom had general orders to let everything else go, and attend to Miss Eva whenever she wanted him.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a gentle bustle at the Quaker's house, as the afternoon drew to a close. Rachel Halliday moved quietly to and fro, collecting from her household stores such needments as could be arranged in the smallest compass for the wanderers who were to go forth that night. The afternoon shadows stretched eastward, and the round red sun stood thoughtfully on the horizon, and his beams shown yellow and calm into the little bedroom where George and his wife were sitting. He was sitting with his child on his knee, and his wife's hand in his. Both looked thoughtful and serious, and traces of tears were on their cheeks.

At this moment, voices were heard in the outer apartment, in earnest conversation, and very soon a rap was heard at the door. Eliza started and opened it.

Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher.

"Our friend Phineas has discovered something of importance to the interest of thee and thy party, George," said Simeon; "It were well for thee to hear it."

"That I have," said Phineas; "and it shows the use of a man's always sleeping with one ear open, in certain places, as I have always said. Last night I stopped at a little lone tavern back on the road. I slept, for an hour or two, for I was pretty well tired; but when I came to myself a little, I found that there were some men in the room, sitting round a table, drinking and talking; and I thought. I would just see what they were up to, specially as I heard them say something about the Quakers. 'So,' says one, 'they are up in the Quaker settlement, no doubt,' says he. Then I listened with both ears, and I found that they were talking about this very party. So I lay and heard them lay off all their plans. This young man, they said, was to be sent back to Kentucky, to his master, who was going to make an example of him, to keep all niggers from running away; and his wife, two of them were going to run down to New Orleans to sell on their own account, and they calculated to get sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars for her; and the child, they said, was going to a trader who had bought him; and then there was the boy Jim, and his mother, they were to go back to their masters in Kentucky. They've got a right notion of the track we are going to-night; and they'll

be down after us, six or eight strong. So, now, what's to be done?"

"Who are these two men that are after us?" said George.

"They are Marks and Tom Loker" said Phineas.

Simeon looked profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown her arms around her husband and was looking up to him. George stood with clenched hands and glowing eyes.

"What *shall* we do George?" said Eliza faintly.

"I know what I shall do," said George, as he stepped into the little room and began examining his pistols.

"Ay, ay," said Phineas, nodding his head to Simeon; "you see, Simeon how it will work."

"I see." said Simeon. "I pray it come not to that."

"I don't want to involve any one with or for me," said George. "If you will lend me your vehicle and direct me, I will drive alone to the next stand. Jim is a giant in strength and brave as death and despair, and so am I."

"Ah, well, friend," said Phineas, "but you'll need a driver, for all that. You are quite

welcome to do all the fighting, you know a thing or two about the road that you don't.

"But I don't want to involve you," said George.

"Involve," said Phineas, with a curious and keen expression of face. "When you do involve me, please let me know."

"Well," said George, "isn't it best that we hasten our flight?"

"I got up at four o'clock, and came on with all speed, full two or three hours ahead of them, if they start at the time they planned. It isn't safe to start till dark, at any rate; for there are some evil persons in the village ahead that might be disposed to meddle with us, if they saw our wagon, and that would delay us more than the waiting; but in two hours I think we may venture. I will go over to Michael Cross, and engage him to come behind on his swift nag, and keep a bright look-out on the road, and warn us if any company of men come on. Michael keeps a horse that can soon get ahead of most other horses; and he could shoot ahead, and let us know, if there were any danger. I am going out now to warn Jim and the other woman to be in readiness, and to see about the horses. We have a pretty fair start, and stand a good chance to

get to the stand before they can come up with us. So, have good courage, friend George; this is not the first ugly scrape that I have been in with thy people," said Phineas, as he closed the door.

A little while after supper, a large covered wagon drew up before the door; the night was clear starlight, and Phineas jumped briskly down from his seat to arrange his passengers. George walked out of the door, with his child on one arm and his wife on the other. His step was firm, his face settle and resolute. Rachel and Simeon came out after them.

"You get out a moment," said Phineas to those inside, "and let me fix the back of the wagon, there, for the womenfolks and the boy."

"Here are the two buffaloes," said Rachel. "Make the seats as comfortable as may be; it's hard riding all night."

Jim came out first, and carefully assisted his old mother, who clung to his arm and looked anxiously about, as if she expected the pursuer every moment.

"Jim, are your pistols all in order?" said George, in a low, firm voice.

"Yes, indeed," said Jim.

"And you have no doubt what you shall do if they come?"

"I rather think I have not" said Jim, throwing open his broad chest, and taking a deep breath. "Do you think I'll let them get mother again?"

During this brief colloquy, Eliza had been taking her leave of her kind friend, Rachel, and was handed into the carriage by Simeon, and creeping into the back part with her boy, sat down among the buffalo-skins. The old woman was next handed in and seated, and George and Jim placed on a rough board seat in front of them and Phineas mounted in front.

"Farewell, my friend", said Simeon, from without.

"God bless you!" answered all from within.

And the wagon drove off, rattling and jolting over the frozen road.

About three o'clock George's ear caught the hasty and decided click of a horse's hoof coming behind them at some distance, and he jogged Phineas by the elbow. Phineas pulled up his horses and listened.

"That must be Michael," he said. "I think I know the sound of his gallop; and rose up and stretched his head anxiously back over the road.

A man riding in hot haste was now dimly described at the top of a distant hill.

"There he is, I do believe!" said Phineas, George and Jim both sprang out of the wagon, before they knew what they were doing. All stood intensely silent, with their faces turned towards the expected messenger. On he came. Now he went down into a valley, where they could not see him; but they heard the sharp, hasty, tramp rising nearer and nearer; at last they saw him emerge on the top of an eminence, within hail.

"Yes, that's Michael!" said Phineas; and raising his voice," Halloa, there, Michael!"

"Phineas! is that thee?

"Yes; what news?—they coming?"

"Right on behind, eight or ten of them, hot with brandy, swearing and foaming like so many wolves!"

And just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping horsemen towards them.

"In with you—quick boys, *in*!" said Phineas, "If you must fight, wait till I get you a piece ahead". And, with the world, both jumped in, and Phineas lashed the horses to a run, the horseman keeping close beside them. The wagon rattled, jumped, almost flew over the frozen

ground; but plainer, and still plainer, came the noice of pursing horesemen behind.

The pursuers gained on them fast; the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting-days; and it was to gain this point he had been racing his horses.

"Now for it!" said he, suddenly checking his horses, and springing from his seat to the ground.

"Out with you, in a twinkling, every one, and up into these rocks with me. Michael you tie your horse to the wagon, and drive ahead to Amariah's and get him and his boys to come back and talk to these fellows."

In a twinkling they were all out of the carriage.

"There," said Phineas, catching up Harry, "you each of you see to the women; and run, *now*, if you ever *did*, run."

They need no exhortation quicker than we can say it the whole party were over the fence, making with all speed for the rocks, while Michael, throwing himself from his horse, and fastening the bridle to the wagon, began driving it rapidly away.

"Come ahead", said Phineas, as they reached the rocks, and saw, in the mingled starlight and dawn, the traces of a rude, but plainly marked footpath leading up among them; this is one of our old hunting dens. Come up."

Phineas went before, springing up the rocks like a goat, with the boy in his arms. Jim came second bearing his strembling old mother over his shoulder, and George and Eliza brought up rear. The party of horsemen came up to the fence, and, with mingled shouts and oaths, were dismounting to prepare to follow them. A few moments' scrambling brought them to the top of the ledge; the path then passed between a narrow defile, where only one could walk at a time, till suddenly they came to a rift or chasm more than a yard in breadth, and beyond which lay a pile of rocks, separate from the rest of the ledge, standing full thirty feet high, with its sides steep and prependicular as those of a castle. Phineas easily leaped the chasm, and set down the boy

on a smooth, flat platform of crisp white moss that covered the top of the rock.

"Over with you!" he called; "spring now, once for your lives!" said he as one after another sprang across. Several fragments of loose stone formed a kind of breast-work, which sheltered their position from the observation of those below.

"Well, here we all are," said Phineas peeping over the stone breast-work to watch the assailants, who were coming tumultuously up under the rocks. Let them get us if they can. Whoever comes here has to walk single file between those two rocks, in fair range of your pistols, boys, do you see?"

"I do see," said George; "and now, as this matter is ours, let us take all the risk, and do all the fighting."

"You are quite welcome to do the fighting, George," said Phineas, "but I may have the fun of looking on, I suppose."

The party beneath, now more apparent in the light of the dawn, consisted of Tom Loker and Marks, with two constables, and a posse consisting of such rowdies at the last tavern as could be engaged by a little brandy to go and help the fun of trapping a set of niggers.

George now appeared on the top of a rock above them, and, speaking in a calm, clear voice, said:

"Gentlemen, who are you down there, and what do you want?"

"We want a party of runaway niggers," said Tom Loker. "One George Harris, and Eliza Harris and their son and Jim Selden, and an old woman. We have got the officers here, and a warrant to take them; and we're going to have them too. Do you hear? Are not you George Harris, that belongs to Mr. Harris, Shelby county, Kentucky?"

"I am George Harris. A Mr. Harris of Kentucky did call me his property. But now I am a freeman, standing on God's free soil; and my wife and my child I claim as mine. Jim and his mother are here. We have arms to defend ourselves, and we mean to do it. You can come up if you like; but the first one of you that comes within the range of our bullets is a dead man, and the next; and so on till the last.

"Oh come! come!" said a short, puffy man, stepping forward. "Young man, this is not the kind of talk at all for you. You see we are officers of justice. We have got the law on our side, and the power; so you had better give up

peacefully you see; for you'll certainly have to give up at last."

"I know very well that you have got the law on your side and the power," said George bitterly. But you have not got us. We don't own your laws; we don't own your country; we stand here as free, under God's sky as you are; and by the great God that made us we'll fight for our liberty till we die!"

George stood out in fair sight, on the top of the rock, as he made his declaration of independence.

The attitude eye, voice, and manner of the speaker, for a moment struck the party below to silence. Marks was the only one who remained wholly untouched. He was deliberately cocking his pistol, and in the momentary silence that followed George's speech, he fired at him.

"Yes see, you get just as much for him dead as alive in Kentucky," he said coolly, as he wiped his pistol on his coat-sleeve.

George sprang forward—Eliza uttered a shriek—the ball had passed close to his hair, had nearly grazed the cheek of his wife, and struck in the tree above.

"It's nothing, Eliza," said George quickly.

"You had better keep out of sight, with your speechifying," said Phineas; "they are mean scamps."

"Now, Jim," said George," look that your pistols are all right, and watch that pass with me. The first man that shows himself I fire at; you take the second, and so on. It won't do, you know, to waste two shots on one."

"But what if you don't hit?"

"I *shall* hit," said George coolly.

"Good now; there is stuff in that fellow," muttered Phineas between his teeth.

The party below, after Marks had fired, stood, for a moment, rather undecided.

"I think you must have hit one of them," said one of the men. "I heard a squeal!"

"I am going right up for one," said Tom. "I never was afraid of niggers, and I am not going to be now. Who goes after?" he said, springing up the rocks.

George heard the words distinctly. He drew up his pistol, examined it, pointed it towards that point in the defile where the first man would appear.

One of the most courageous of the party followed Tom, and the way being thus made, the whole party began pushing up the rock the

hinder-most pushing the front ones faster than they would have gone themselves. On they came, and in a moment the burly form of Tom appeared in sight; almost at the verge of the chasm.

George fired - the shot entered Tom's side; but with a yell like that of a mad bull, he was leaping right across the chasm into the party.

"Friend," said Phineas, suddenly stepping to the front, and meeting him with a push from his long arms, "you are not wanted here."

Down he fell into the chasm, crackling down among trees, bushes, logs, loose stones, till he lay, bruised and groaning, thirty feet below. The fall might have killed him, had it not been broken and moderated by his clothes catching in the branches of a large tree.

"Lord, help us! they are perfect devils!" said Marks, heading the retreat down the rocks with much more of a will than he had joined the ascent, while all the party came tumbling precipitately after him.

"I say, fellows," said Marks, "you just go round and pick up Tom, there, while I run and get on to my horse, to go back for help"; and, without minding the hootings and jeers of his company, Marks was as good as his word, and was soon seen galloping away.

"Was ever such a sneaking vermin?" said one of the men. "To come on his business, and clear out and leave us this way!"

"Well, we must pick up that fellow", said another.

"Curse me if I much care whether he is dead or alive,"

The men, led by the groans of Tom, scrambled and crawled through stumps, logs, and bushes, to where that hero lay groaning and swearing, with alternate vehemence.

"You keep it agoing pretty loud, Tom," said one "Are you much hurt?"

"Don't know. Get me up, can't you? Blast that infernal Quacker! If it had not been for him, I would have pitched some of them down here, to see how they liked it."

With much labour and groaning, the fallen hero was assisted to rise; and, with one holding him up under each shoulder, they got him as far as the horses.

"If you could only get me a mile back to that tavern! Give me a handkerchief or something, to stuff into this place, and stop this infernal bleeding."

George looked over the rocks, and saw them trying to lift the burly form of Tom into the

saddle. After two or three ineffectual attempts, he reeled and fell heavily to the ground.

"On my word, they are leaving him, I do believe," said Phineas.

It was true; for after some appearance of irresolution and consultation, the whole party got on their horses and rode away. When they were quite out of sight, Phineas began to bestir himself.

"Well, we must go down and walk a piece," he said. "I told Michael to go foward and bring help, and he along back here with the wagon; but we shall have to walk a piece along:the road. I reckon, to meet them. The Lord grant he be along soon! It's early in the day; there won't be much travel afoot yet awhile; we are not much more than two miles from our stopping place. If the road had not been so rough last night, we could have outrun them entirely."

As the party neared the fence, they discovered in the distance, along the road, their own wagon coming back, accompanied by some men on horse-back

"Well, now, there's :Michael, and Stephen, and Amariah," exclaimed Phineas joyfully. "Now we are made—as safe as if we had got there."

"Well, do stop, then," said Eliza," and do

something for that poor man; he's groaning dreadfully."

"It would be no more than Christian," said George; "let's take him up and carry him on."

"And doctor him up among the Quakers!" said Phineas; "pretty well, that; Well, I don't care if we do. Here, let us have a look at him"; and Phineas, who, in the course of his hunting and backwoods life, had acquired some rude experience of surgery, kneeled down by the wounded man, and began a careful examination of his condition.

"Marks," said Tom feebly, "is that you, Marks?"

"No; I reckon not friend," said Phineas. "Much Marks cares for you if his own skin is safe! He is off, long ago."

"I believe I am done for," said Tom. "The cursed sneaking dog, to leave me to die alone! My poor old mother always told me it would be so."

"Just hear the poor creature! He has got a mummy now," said the old negress. "I can't help pitying him."

"Softly, softly; don't you snap and snarl, friend," said Phineas, as Tom winced and pushed his head away. "You have no chance, unless

stop the bleeding." And Phineas busied himself with making some off hand surgical arrangements with his own pocket-handkerchief, and such as could be mustered by the company.

"You pushed me down there," said Tom faintly.

"Well, if I had not, you would have pushed us down, you see," said Phineas, as he stopped to apply his bandage. "There, there—let me fix this bandage. We mean well to you; we bear no malice. You shall be taken to a house where they'll nurse you first rate—as well as your own mother could."

Tom groaned, and shut his eyes, and the gigantic fellow really looked piteous in his helplessness.

The other party now came up. The seats were taken out of the wagon. The buffaloskins were spread all along one side, and four men, with great difficulty, lifted the heavy form of Tom into it. Before he was got in, he fainted entirely. The old negress, in the abundance of her compassion, sat down on the bottom, and took his head in her lap Eliza, George, and Jim bestowed themselves, as well as they could, in the remaining space, and the whole party set forward.

A ride of about an hour brought the party to a neat farmhouse, where the weary travellers were received to an abundant breakfast. Tom Loker was soon carefully deposited in a much cleaner and softer bed than he had ever been in the habit of occupying. His wound was carefully dressed and bandaged, and he lay languidly opening and shutting his eyes on the white window-curtains and gently-gliding figures of his sick-room, like a weary child. And here, for the present we shall take our leave of one party.

CHAPTER XII.

If our readers will accompany us up to a little loft over the stable, they may perhaps, learn a little of Tom's affairs. It was a decent room, containing a bed, a chair, and a small, rough stand, where lay Tom's Bible and hymn book; and where he sits, at present, with his slate before him, intent on something that seems to cost him a great deal of anxious thought.

While he was working, and breathing very hard in his earnestness, Eva alighted, like a bird, on the round of his chair behind him, and peeped over his shoulder.

"O Uncle Tom! what funny things you *are* making there!"

"I am trying to write to my poor old woman, Miss Eva, and my little children", said Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes; "but somehow, I am afraid I shall not make it out."

"I wish I could help you, Tom! I have learnt to write some. Last year I could make all the letters, but I am afraid I have forgotten.

So Eva put her little golden head close to his, and the two commenced a grave and anxious discussion, and, with a deal of consulting and advising over every word, the composition began to look quite like writing.

"Yes, Uncle, Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing delightedly on it. "How pleased your wife will be, and the poor little children Oh, it is a shame you ever had to go away from them! I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some time."

"Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together," said Tom. "I am expecting she will. Young Master George, said he would come for me; and he gave me this dollar as a sign"; and

Tom drew from under his clothes the precious dollar.

"Oh, he will certainly come, then!" said Eva "I am so glad!"

"And I wanted to send a letter, you know, to let them know where I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off, because she felt so dreadful, poor soul!"

"I say, Tom!" said St. Clare's voice coming in at the door at this moment.

Tom and Eva both started.

"What's here?" said St. Clare, coming up and looking at the slate.

"Oh, it's Tom's letter. I am helping him to write it," said Eva; is not it nice?"

"I would not discourage either of you," said St. Clare, "but I rather think, Tom you had better get me to write your letter for you. I will do it when I come home from my ride."

Tom's letter was written in due form for him that evening, and safely lodged in the post-office.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE passes, with us all, a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom, till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear, and though often yearning for what lay beyond, still was he never positively and consciously miserable.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat, in an arbour, at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open upon her knee.

"Where do you suppose New Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds! They look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them, far, far off——it's all gold! Uncle Tom, I am going there".

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright Tom; *I'm going before long*".

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust, and Tom thought how often he had noticed, within six months, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

The colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a hasty call from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva—Eva!—why, child, the dew is falling; you must not be out there!"

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was old, and skilled in the tactics of nursing.

She had noted the slight, dry cough, the daily brightening cheek; nor could the lustre of the eye and the airy buoyancy born of fever deceive her.

She tried to communicate her fears to St. Clare.

"Don't be croaking, cousin—I hate it!" he would say, "don't you see that the child is only growing? Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"Oh, nonsense—it is not anything! She has taken a little cold, perhaps."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day. He kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home every few days some recipe or strengthening mixture—"not" he said, "that the child *needed* it, but that it would not do her any harm."

But, Eva gradually began to fail rapidly. St. Clare was at last willing to call in medical advice, a thing from which he had always shrunk, because it was the admission of an unwelcome truth.

But for a day or two Eva was so unwell as to be confined to the house, and the doctor was called.

In a week or two there was a great improvement of symptoms. Eva's step was again in the garden, in the balconies; she played and laughed again: and her father, in a transport, declared that they should soon have her as hearty as anybody. Miss Ophelia and the physician alone felt no encouragement from this illusive truce. There was one other heart, too, that felt the

same certainty, and that was the little heart of Eva.

Her heart yearned with sad tenderness for all that she was to leave behind—her father most; for Eva, though she never distinctly thought so, had an instinctive perception that she was more in his heart than my other.

One day Eva came tripping up the verandah steps to her father. It was late in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun formed a kind of glory behind her, as she came forward in her white dress. with her golden hair and glowing cheeks, her eyes unnaturally bright with the slow fever that burned in her veins.

Her father folded her suddenly in his arms.

"Eva, dear you are better nowadays, are you not?"

"Pappa," said Eva, with sudden firmness. "I have had things I wanted to say to you a great while. I want to say them now, before I get weaker."

St. Clare trembled as Eva seated herself in his lap. She laid her head on his bosom, und said:

"It's all no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming that I am going to leave you. I am going. and never to come

back!" and Eva sobbed.

"Oh, now, my dear little Eva" said St. Clare, trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully, "you've got nervous and low-spirited; you must not indulge in such gloomy thoughts. See here, I've bought a statue for you."

"No, papa," said Eva, putting it gently away, "don't deceive yourself! I am *not* any better—I know it perfectly well; and I am going before long I am not nervous—I am not low-spirited. If it were not for you, papa, and my friends, I should be perfectly happy. I want to go—I long to go!"

"Why, dear child, what has made your poor little heart so sad? You have had everything to make you happy that could be given you!"

I had rather be in heaven, though—only for my friends' sake I would be willing to live. There are a great many things here that make me sad, that seem dreadful to me. I had rather be there; but I don't want to leave you—it almost breaks my heart!"

"What makes you sad, and seems dreadful, Eva?"

"Oh, things that are done, and done all the time. I feel sad for our poor people; they love

me dearly, and they are all good and kind to me. I wish, papa, they were all *free*."

"Why Eva, child, don't you think they are well enough off now?"

"Oh, but papa, if anything should happen to you, what would become of them? There are very few men like you, papa. What horried things people do, and can do!" and Eva shuddered.

"My dear child, you are too sensitive. I'm sorry I ever let you hear such stories."

"Oh, that's what troubles me, papa! You want me to live so happy, and never to have any pain, never suffer anything, not even hear a sad story, when other poor creatures have nothing but pain and sorrow all their lives; it seems selfish. I have thought and thought about them. Papa, is not there any way to have all slaves made free?"

"That is a difficult question, dearest. There is no doubt that this way is a very bad one, a great man people think so; I do myself. I heartily wish that there was not a slave in the land; but then I don't know what is to be done about it."

"Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble, and kind, and you always have a way of

saying things that is so pleasant; could not you go all round and try to persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake, I would do it if I could."

"When you are dead, Eva!" said St. Clare passionately. "Oh, child, don't talk to me so! You are all I have on earth."

"Papa, these poor creatures love their children as much as you do me. Oh, do something for them! There is poor Mammy loves her children; I have seen her cry when she talked about them. And Tom loves his children; and it is dreadful, papa, that such things are happening all the time!"

"There, there, darling," said St. Clare soothingly, "only don't distress yourself, and don't talk of dying; and I will do anything you wish."

"And promise me, dear father, that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as—" She stopped, and said in a hesitating tone: "I am gone!"

"Yes, dear, I will do anything in the world—anything you could ask me to."

"Dear papa," said the child, laying her burning cheek against his, "how I wish we could go together!"

"Where, dearest?" said St. Clare.

"To our Saviour's home; it is so sweet and peaceful there—it is all so loving there."

St. Clare drew her closer to him, but was silent.

He then rocked her in his arms, and sang to her till she was asleep.

* * * * *

The deceitful strength which had bouyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away.

Uncle Tom was always in Eva's room. The child suffered from restlessness, and Tom would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer verandah, ready to rouse at every call.

Nothing could save the life of dear little Eva. Before many more days had passed, she died.

* * * * *

St. Clare was almost brokenhearted at the loss of his dear child. Tom did all he could to comfort him; and his master loved him as no master ever loved his servant.

Some days after Eva's death St. Clare had turned into a cafe to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an affray arose between two gentlemen in the room. St. Clare made an effort to separate them, and in this he received a fatal

stab on his side. He was immediately taken home. But he soon breathed his last.

Mrs. Clare decided to sell the place and the servants. Tom who had was one of those who were sold. Tom was bought by one Simon Legree, who owned a cotton plantation on the Red River. This Legree was one of the worst types of slave proprietors.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart.

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer *Pirate*, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red River.

Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterised him to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth

suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows:

"Stand up!"

Tom stood up.

"Take off that stock!" and as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it in his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which, previous to this, he had been ransacking, and taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom's hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes:

"You go there, and put these on."

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"Take off your boots," said Mr. Legree.

Tom did so.

"There," said the former, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves, "put these on."

In Tom's hurried exchange he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets.

He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Tom's Methodist hymn-book, which, in his hurry he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

"Humph! pious, to be sure! So, what is your name, you belong to the Church, eh?"

"Yes, master" said Tom firmly.

"Well, I'll soon have *that* out of you. I have none of your bawling, praying, singing niggers in my place; so remember. Now, mind yourself," he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his grey eye, directed at Tom, "*I am* your Church now! You understand—you have got to be as *I* say."

Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline one of his new slaves, was sitting, chained to another woman.

"Well, my dear," he said," chucking her under the chin, "keep up your spirits."

The involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion with which the girl regarded him did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"None of your shines, girl! You have got to keep a pleasant face when I speak to you, do you hear? And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!" he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, "don't you carry that sort of face! You have got to look chipper, I tell you!"

"I say, all of you", he said, retreating a pace or two back, "look at me—look at me—look me right in the eye! *straight* now!" said he stamping his foot at every pause.

As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring, greenish-grey eye of Simon.

"Now," said he, doubling his great heavy first into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, "do you see this fist? Heft it!" he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand.

The woman indirectly drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected faces. Meanwhile Simon turned on his heel, and marched up to the bar of the boat for a dram.

The boat moved on—freighted with its weight of sorrow—up the red, muddy, turbid current, through the abrupt, tortuous windings of the Red River; and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep red clay banks, as they glided by in

dreary sameness. At last the boat stopped at a small town, and Legree with his party disembarked.

CHAPTER XV.

Trailing wearily behind a rude wagon, and over a rudder road, Tom and his associates faced onward.

In the wagon was seated Simon Legree; and the two women, still fettered together, were stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it; and the whole company were seeking Legree's plantation, which lay a good distance off.

It was a wild, forsaken road, winding through dreary pine-barrens.

Simon rode on, occasionally pulling away at a flask of spirit, which he kept in his pocket.

At length the enclosures of the plantation rose to view. The place had that ragged, forlorn appearance which is always produced by the evidence that the care of the former owner has left to go to utter decay.

The wagon rolled up a weedy gravel-walk, under a noble avenue of China trees.

The house had been large and handsome. It was built in a manner common in the South, a wide verandah of two storeys running round every part of the house, into which every outer door opened, the lower tier being supported by brick pillars.

But the place looked desolate and uncomfortable.

Bits of board, straw, old decayed barrels and boxes, garnished the ground in all directions; and three or four ferocious-looking dogs, roused by the sound of the wagon wheels, came tearing out and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions, by the efforts of the ragged servants who came after them.

"You see what you would get!" said Legree, caressing the dogs with grim satisfaction, and turning to Tom and his companions, "You see what you would get if you try to run off. These dogs have been raised to track niggers; and they would just as soon chew one of you up as eat their supper. So mind yourself! How now, Sambo!" he said to a ragged fellow, without any brim to his hat, who was officious in his attentions. "How have things been going?"

"First rate master."

"Quimbo," said Legree to another, who was

making zealous demonstrations to attract his attention. You minded what I told you?"

"Guess I did, did not I?"

These two coloured men were the principal hands on the plantation. Legree had trained them in savageness and brutality as systematically as he had his bulldogs; and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities.

"Here, you Sambo;" said Legree, "take these boys down to the quarters."

"Come, mistress," he said to Emmeline, "you go in here with me."

A dark wild face was seen, for a moment, to glance at the window of the house; and, as Legree opened the door, a female voice said something in a quick imperative tone. Tom, who was looking, with anxious interest, after Emmeline, as she went in, noticed this, and heard Legree answer angrily, "You may hold your tongue! I'll do as I please for all of you!"

Tom heard no more; for he was soon following Sambo to the quarters. The quarters was a little sort of street of rude shanties, in a row, in a part of the plantation far off from the house. They had a forlorn, brutal, forsaken air. Tom's heart sank when he saw them. He had been

comforting himself with the thought of a cottage, rude, indeed, but one which he might make neat and quiet, and where he might have a shelf for his Bible, and a place to be alone out of his labouring hours. He looked into several; they were mere rude shells, destitute of any species of furniture except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread confusedly over the floor, which was merely the bare ground, trodden hard by the tramping of innumerable feet.

"Which of these will be mine?" said he to Sambo submissively.

"I don't know, turn in here, I suppose" said Sambo; "I expect that's room for another. There is a pretty smart heap of niggers; now; sure I don't know what I am to do with more,"

CHAPTER XVI.

It took but a short time to familiarise Tom with all that was to be hoped or feared in his new way of life. He was expert and efficient workman in whatever he undertook; and was both from habit and principle prompt and faithful. He saw enough of abuse and misery to make him sick and weary; but he determined to

toil on with religious patience, committing himself to Him that judgeth righteously, not without hope that some way of escape might yet be opened to him.

Legree took silent note of Tom's availability. He rated him as a first-class hand; and yet he felt a secret dislike to him—the native antipathy of bad to good. He saw plainly that when, as was often the case, his violence and brutality fell on the helpless, Tom took notice of it. Tom in various ways manifested a tenderness of feeling, a commiseration for his fellow-sufferers strange and new to them, which was watched with a jealous eye by Legree. He had purchased Tom with a view of eventually making him a sort of overseer, with whom he might at times entrust his affairs in short absences; and, in his view, the first, second, and third requisites for that place was *hardness*. Legree made up his mind that, as Tom was not hard to his hand, he would harden him forthwith; and some few weeks after Tom had been on the place he determined to commence the process.

One morning, when the hands were mustered for the field, Tom noticed with surprise a newcomer among them, whose appearance excited his attention. It was a woman, tall and slender-

ly formed, with remarkably delicate hands and feet, and dressed in neat and respectable garments. By the appearance of her face, she might have been between thirty five and forty; and it was a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten—one of those that at a glance seem to convey to us an idea of a wild, painful, and romantic history.

Where she came from or who she was, Tom did not know. The first he did know, she was walking by his side, erect and proud, in the dim grey of the dawn. To the gang, however, she was known; for there was much looking and turning of heads, and a smothered yet, apparent exultation among the miserable, ragged, half-starved creatures by whom she was surrounded.

Tom had lived among refined people, and he felt intuitively, from her air and bearing, that she belonged to that class; but how or why she could be fallen to those degrading circumstances he could not tell.

Tom was soon busy at his work; but, as the woman was at no great distance from him, he often glanced an eye to her, at her work. He saw at a glance that a native adroitness and handiness made the task to her an easier one than it proved to many. She picked very fast and very

clean, and with an air of scorn, as if she despised both the work and the disgrace and humiliation of the circumstances in which she was placed.

In the course of the day, Tom was working with the mulatio woman who had been bought in the same lot with himself. She was evidently in a condition of great suffering, and Tom often heard her praying, as she wavered and trembled, and seemed about to fall down. Tom silently, as he came near to her, transferred several handfuls of cotton from his own sack to hers.

"Oh don't, don't!" said the woman, looking surprised; "it'll get you in trouble."

Just then Sambo came up. He seemed to have a special spite against this woman? and flourishing his whip, said in brutal, guttural tones, "What is it you, Luce—fooling, eh?" and, with a word, kicking the woman with his heavy cowhide shoe, he struck Tom across the face with his whip.

Tom silently resumed his task; but the woman, at the last point of exhaustion, fainted.

"I'll bring her to!" said the driver, with a brutal grin. "I'll give her something better than camphire!" and, taking a pin from his coat sleeve, he buried it into the head in her flesh. The woman groaned and half rose. "Get up, you

beast, and work, will you, or I'll show you a trick more!"

The woman seemed stimulated, for a few moments, to an unnatural strength, and worked with desperate eagerness.

"See that you keep to that," said the men. "or you'll wish you are dead to-night' I reckon!"

"That I do now!" Tom heard her say; and again he heard her say, "O Lord' why don't you help us?"

At the risk of all that he might suffer, Tom came forward again' and put all the cotton in his sack into the woman's.

"Oh, you must't! you do not know what they'll do to you!" said the woman.

"I can bear it," said Tom, "better than you" and he was at his place agan. It passed in a moment.

Suddenly the stranger woman whom we have described, and who had, in the course of her work, come near enough to hear Tom's last words, raised her heavy black eyes, and fixed them for a second on him; then, taking a quantity of cotton from her basket, she placed it in his.

"You know nothing about this place," she said, "or you would not have done that. When you have been here a month, you'll be done

helping anybody; you'll find it hard enough to take care of your own skin."

But the action of the woman had been seen by the driver across the field; and flourishing his whip, he came up to her.

"What! what!" he said to the woman, with an air of triumph, "You a-fooling. Go along! mind, yourself, or you will catch it!"

A glance like sheet-lightning suddenly flashed from those black eyes; and facing, with quivering lip and dilated nostrils, she drew herself up, and fixed a glance, blazing with rage and scorn, on the driver.

"Dog!" she said, "touch *me*, if you dare! I have power enough yet to have you torn by the dogs, burnt alive, cut to inches! I have only to say the word!"

"What are you here for, then?" said the man, evidently cowed, and sullenly retreating a step or two. "Did not mean any harm, Miss Cassy!"

"Keep your distance, then!" said the woman. And, in truth, the man seemed greatly inclined to attend to something at the other end of the field, and started off in quick time.

The woman suddenly turned to her work, and laboured with a dispatch that was perfectly astonishing to Tom. She seemed to work by

magic. Before the day was through her basket was filled, crowded down, and piled, and she had several times put largely into Tom's. Long after dusk, the whole weary train, with their baskets on their heads, defiled up to the building appropriate to the storing and weighing the cotton. Legree was there, busily conversing with the two drivers.

Slowly the weary, dispirited creatures wound their way into the room, and, with crouching reluctance, presented their baskets to be weighed.

Legree noted on a slate, on the side of which was pasted a list of names, the amount.

Tom's basket was weighed and approved; and he looked with an anxious glance for the success of the woman he had befriended.

Tottering with weakness, she came forward and delivered her basket. It was full weight, as Legree well perceived; but, affecting anger, he said:

"What you lazy beast! short again! Stand aside; you'll catch it pretty soon!"

The woman gave a groan of utter despair, and sat down on a board.

The person who had been called Miss Cassy now came forward, and, with a haughty, negligent air, delivered her basket. As she delivered it,

Legree looked in her eyes with a sneering yet inquiring glance.

She fixed her black eyes steadily on him, her lips moved slightly, and she said something in French. What it was, no one knew; but Legree's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression as she spoke. He half raised his hand, as if to strike—a gesture which she regarded with fierce disdain, as she turned and walked away.

"And now," said Legree, "come here, you Tom. You see, I told you I did not buy you just for the common work. I mean to promote you, and make a driver of you; and tonight you may just as well begin to get your hand in. Now, you just take this girl and flog her; you have seen enough of it to know how."

"I beg master's pardon," said Tom; "I hope master won't set me at that. It is what I am not used to—never did—and can't do."

You will learn a pretty smart chance of things you never did know, before I have done with you!" said Legree, taking up a cowhide and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There!" he said, as he stopped to rest! "now will you tell me you can't do it?

"Yes, master," said Tom, putting up his hand to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I am willing to work night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this thing I can't feel it right to do; and, master I *never* shall do it— *never*!"

Legree looked stupefied and confounded; but at last burst forth:—

"What! you tell *me* you don't think it *right* to do what I tell you! What has any of you cursed cattle to do with thinking what's right? May be, you think you are a gentleman, Master Tom, to be telling your master what's right, and what is not! So you pretend it is wrong to flog the girl!"

"I think so, master," said Tom. "The poor creature is sick and feeble; It would be down right cruel, and it is what I never will do, nor begin to. Master, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but as to my raising my hand against anyone here, I never shall— I'll die first!"

Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion.

"Well, here is a pious dog let down among us sinners. Am I not your master? Did not I pay, down twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is in your old cursed black shell? Are you not mine now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot. "Tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and, looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed:-

"No! no! no! My soul is not yours, master! You have not bought it—you can't buy it! It has been bought and paid for by One that is able to keep it. No matter No mater; you can't harm me!"

'.I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer. "We'll see! Here, Sambo! Quimbe! give this dog such a breaking in as he won't get over this month!"

The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of the powers of darkness. The poorwoman screamed with apprehension, and all rose as by a general impulse, as they dragged him unresisting from the place.

* * * * * * *

It was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone. in an old forsaken room of the ginhouse, among pieces of broken machinery. piles of damaged cotton, and other rubbish which had there accumulated.

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with myriads of mosquitoes, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning—thirst—a torture beyond all others—filled up the uttermost measure of physical anguish.

"O good Lord! Do look down—give me the victory—give me the victory over all!" prayed poor Tom, in his anguish.

A footstep entered the room behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

"Who's there? Oh, for the Lord's mercy, please give me some water!"

The woman Cassy—for it was she—set down her lantern, and, pouring water from a bottle, raised his head, and gave him drink. Another and another cup was drained, with feverish eagerness.

"Drink all you want," she said; "I knew how it would be. It is not the first time I have been out in the night, carrying water to such as you,"

"Thank you, missis," said Tom, when he had done drinking.

"Don't call me missis! I am a miserable slave, like yourself—a lower one than you can ever be!" she said bitterly. "But now," said she, going to the door, and dragging in a small palliasse, over which she had spread linen cloths wet with cold water, "try, my poor fellow, to roll yourself on to this."

Stiff with wounds and bruises, Tom was a long time in accomplishing this movement, but when done, he felt a sensible relief from the cooling application to his wounds.

The woman, whom long practice with the victims of the brutality had made familiar with many healing arts, went on to make many applications to Tom's wounds, by means of which he was soon somewhat relieved.

"Now, said the woman, when she had raised his head on a roll of damaged cotton, which served for a pillow, "that is the best I can do for you."

Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting down on the floor, drew up her knees, and, embracing them with her arms, looked fixedly before her, with a bitter and painful expression of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and long

wavy streams of black hair fell around her singular and melancholy face.

"It is no use, my poor fellow!" she broke out at last; it is of no use, this you have been trying to do. You were a brave fellow—you had the right on your side; but it is all in vain and out of the question for you to struggle. You are in the devil's hands and you must give up."

"O Lord! O Lord!" he groaned, "how can I give up."

"There is no use in calling on the Lord; He never hears," said the woman steadily. "There is not any God, I believe, or, if there is, He has taken sides against us."

"You see," continued the woman, "*you* don't know anything about it. I do. I have been in this place five years, body and soul, under this man's foot; and I hate him. Here you are, on a lone plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps. There is no law here, of God or man, that can do you or any one of us the least good: and this man—there is no earthly thing that he is too good to do. I could make anyone's hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should tell what I have seen and been knowing here, and it s no use resisting!"

Tom folded his hands; all was darkness and horror.

"O Jesus! Lord Jesus! have you quite forgotten us poor creatures?" burst forth at last. "Help, Lord; I perish!"

The woman sternly continued:

"And what are these miserable low dogs you work with, that you should suffer on their account? Every one of them would turn against you the first time they got a chance. They are all of them as low and cruel to each other as they can be; there is no use in your suffering to keep from hurting them."

"Poor creatures!" said Tom, "what made them cruel? And if I give out I shall got used to it, and grow, little by little, just like them! No, no, missis! I have lost everything wife and children, and home, and a kind master; and he would have set me free, if he had only lived a week longer. I have lost everything in *this* world, and it is clean gone for ever—and now I *can't* lose heaven, too! No, I can't get to be wicked, besides all!"

CHAPTER XVII.

A WHILE we must leave Tom in the hands of his persecutors, while we turn to pursue the fortunes of George and his wife, whom we left in friendly hands in a farmhouse on the roadside.

Tom Loker we left groaning and tousling in a most immaculately clean Quaker bed, under the motherly supervision of Aunt Dorcas, who found him to the full as tractable a patient as a sick bison.

Dorcas removed a comforter from the bed, straightened the clothes again, and tucked them in till Tom looked something like a chrysalis, remarking, as she did so:

"I wish, friend, you would leave off cursing and swearing and think upon your ways."

"What should I think of *them* for? Last thing ever I want to think of—hang it all!" said Tom. And Tom flounced over, untucking and disarranging everything in a manner srightful to behold.

"That fellow and girl are here, I suppose?" said he sullenly, after a pause.

"They are so," said Dorcas.

"They had better be off up the lake," said Tom; "the quicker the better."

Probably they will do so." said Aunt Dorcas, knitting peacefully.

"And hark you" said Tom; "we have got correspondents in Sandusky that watch the boats for us. I don't care if I tell now. I hope they *will* get away, just to spite Marks—the cursed puppy!

"I tell you, granny, if you bottle a fellow up too tight, I shall split," continued Tom. "But about the girl—tell them to dress her up some way so as to alter her. Her description is out in Sandusky.

"We will attend to that matter," said Dorcas, with characteristic composure.

As Tom had informed them that their party would be looked for in Sandusky, it was thought prudent to divide them. Jim, with his old mother, was forwarded separately; and a night or two after, George and Eliza, with their child, were driven privately into Sandusky, and lodged beneath an hospitable roof, preparatory to taking their last passage on the lake.

Their night was now far spent, and the morning star of liberty rose fair before them.

George was pensively leaning his head on his hand, watching his wife as she was adapting to her slender and pretty form the articles of man's attire, in which it was deemed safest she should make her escape.

"Now for it," said she, as she stood before the glass and shook down her silky abundance of black curly hair. "I say, George, it is almost a pity, is not it? she said, as she held up some of it playfully. "Pity it has all got to come off?"

George smiled sadly, and made no answer.

Eliza turned to the glass, and the scissors glittered as one long lock after another was detached from her head.

"There, now, that'll do." she said, taking up a hair brush; "now for a few fancy touches."

"There, am I not a pretty young fellow?" she said, turning round to her husband, laughing and blushing at the same time.

"You always will be pretty, do what you will," said George.

"What does make you so sober?" said Eliza, kneeling on one knee and laying her hand on his. "We are only within twentyfour hours of Canada, they say. Only a day and a night on the lake, and then—oh, then!"

"O Eliza!" said George, drawing her towards him; "that is it! Now my fate is all narrowing down to a point. To come so near to be almost, in sight, and then lose all I should never live under it, Eliza."

"Don't fear," said his wife hopefully. "The good Lord would not have brought us so far if He did not mean to carry us through. I seem to feel him with us, George."

"I will believe you, Eliza," said George, rising suddenly up. "I will believe. Come. let us be off. Well, indeed," said he, holding her off at arm's length and looking admiringly at her," "you are a pretty fellow. The crop of little, short curls is quite becoming. Put on your cap. So – a little to one side. I never saw you look quite so pretty. But it is almost time for the carriage; I wonder if Mrs. Smyth has got Harry rigged?"

The door opened, and a respectable, middle-aged woman entered, leading little Harry, dressed in a girl's clothes.

"What a pretty girl he makes!" said Eliza, turning him round. "We call him Harriet, you see; does not the name come nicely?"

The child stood gravely regarding his mother in her new and strange attire, observing paro-

found silence and occasionally drawing deep sighs, and peeping at her form under his dark curls.

"Does Harry know mamma?" said Eliza, stretching her hand towards him.

The child clung shyly to the woman.

"Come, Eliza, why do you try to coax him, when you know that he has got to be kept away from you?"

"I know it is foolish," said Eliza; "yet I can't bear to have him turn away from me. But come—where is my clock? Here—how is it men put on cloaks, George?"

"You must wear it so," said her husband, throwing it over his shoulders.

"So, then," said Eliza, imitating the motion; "and I must stamp, and take long steps, and try to look saucy."

"Don't exert yourself," said George. "There is, now and then, a modest young man; and I think it would be easier for you to act that character."

"And these gloves! Mercy upon us!" said Eliza, "Why my hands are lost in them."

"I advice you to keep them on pretty strictly," said George. "Your little slender paw might bring us all out. Now, Mrs. Smyth, you

are to go under our charge, and be our aunty, you mind."

"I have heard," said Mrs. Smyth, "that there have been men down, warning all the packet captains against a man and woman, with a little boy."

"They have!" said George. "Well, if we see any such people, we can tell them."

A hack now drove to the door, and the friendly family who had received the fugitives crowded around them with farewell greetings.

The disguises the party had assumed were in accordance with the hints of Tom Loker. Mrs. Smyth, a respectable woman from the settlement of Canada, whither they were fleeing, being fortunately about crossing the lake to return thither, had consented to appear as the aunt of little Harry; and, in order to attach him to her, he had been allowed to remain, the last two days under her sole charge; and an extra amount of petting, joined to an indefinite amount of seed-cakes and candy, had cemented a very close attachment on the part of the young gentleman.

The hack drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they appeared, walked up the plank into the boat, Eliza gallantly giving her arm to Mrs. Smyth, and George attending to their baggage.

George was standing at the captain's office, settling for his party, when he overheard two men talking by his side.

"I have watched every one that came on board," said one, "and I know they are not on this boat.."

The voice was that of the clerk of the boat. The speaker whom he addressed was our sometime friend Marks, who, with that valuable perseverence which characterised him, had come on to Sandusky, seeking whom he might devour.

"You would scarcely know the woman from a white one," said Marks. "The man is a very light mulatto. He has a brand in one of his hands."

The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little; but he turned coolly around, fixed an unconcerned glance on the face of the speaker, and walked leisurley toward another part of the boat, where Eliza stood waiting for him.

Mrs. Smyth, with little Harry, sought the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, where the dark beauty of the supposed little girl drew many flattering comments from the passengers

George had the satisfaction, as the bell rang out its farewell peal, to see Marks walk down the

plank to the shore; and drew a long sigh of relief when the boat had put a returnless distance between them.

It was a superb bay. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced rippling and sparkling in the sunlight. A fresh breez blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

The boat swept on. Hours heeted; and at last clear and full rose the blessed English shores—shores charmed by a mighty spell;with one touch to dissolve every incentation of slavery' no matter in what language pronounced, or by what national power confirmed.

George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay, trembling on his arm. The bell rang—the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The little company were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with this wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God!

The little party were soon guided by Mrs. Smyth to the hospitable abode of a good missionary, whom Christian Charity has placed here as a shepherd to the outcast and wandering, who are constantly finding an asylum on this shore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Long before Tom's wounds were healed, Legree insisted that he should be put to the regular fieldwork, and then came day after day of pain and weariness by every kind of injustice and indignity that the ill-will of a mean and malicious mind could devise.

One evening he was sitting in utter dejection and prostration by a few decaying brands, where his coarse supper was baking. He put a few bits of brushwood on the fire, and strove to raise the light, and then drew his worn Bible from his pocket. There were all the marked passages which had thrilled his soul so often. Had the world lost its power, or could the failing eye and weary sense no longer answer to the touch of that mighty inspiration? Heavily sighing, he put it in his pocket. A coarse laugh roused him; he looked up—Legree was standing opposite to him.

"Well, old boy," he said, "you find your religion don't work, it seems! I thought I should get that through your wool at last!"

The cruel taunt was more than hunger, and cold, and nakedness. Tom was silent.

"You were a fool," said Legree; "for I meant to do well by you when I bought you. You might have been better off than Sambo, or Quimbo either, and had easy times. Heave that old pack of trash in the fire, and join my church!"

"The Lord forbid!" said Tom fervently.

"You see the Lord is not going to help you; if He had been, He would not have let *me* get you! Ye had better hold to me; I am somebody and can do something!"

"No, Master" said Tom, "I'll hold on. The Lord may help me or not help; but I'll hold to Him, and believe Him to the last!"

"The more fool you!," said Legree, spitting scornfully at him and spurning him with his foot. "Never mind, I'll chase you down yet" and bring you under, you'll see!" and Legree turned away.

Tom sat, like one stunned, at the fire. Suddenly everything around him seemed to fade, and a vision rose before him of One crowned with thorns, buffeted and bleeding. Tom gazed in

awe and wonder at the majestic patience of the face; the deep pathetic eyes thrilled him to his inmost heart; his soul woke, as with floods of emotion, he stretched out his hands and fell upon his knees—when gradually the vision changed, the sharp thorns became rays of glory, and in splendour inconceivable he saw that same face bending compassionately towards him, and a voice said, "He that overcometh shall sit down with Me on My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father on His throne."

How long Tom lay there he knew not.

From this time an inviolable sphere of peace encompassed the lowly heart of the oppressed one—an ever-present Saviour hallowed it as a temple. So short now seemed the remaining voyage of life—so near, so vivid, seemed eternal blessedness—that life's utter-most woes fell from him unharming.

All noticed the change in his appearance. Cheerfulness and alertness seemed to return to him, and a quietness which no insult or injury could ruffle seemed to posses him.

CHAPTER XIX

THE garret of the house that Legree occupied was a great desolate space, dusty, hung with cobwebs, and littered with cast off lumber. Some few years before, a negro woman who had incurred Legree's displeasure was comfined there for several weeks. What passed there we do not say – the negroes used to whisper darkly to each other– but it was known that the body of the unfortunate creature was one day taken down from there, and buried; and after that it was said that oaths and cursings, and the sound of violent blows, used to ring through that old garret, and mingled with wailings and groans of despair.

Gradually the staircase that led to the garret, and even the passage-way to the staircase, were avoided by every one in the house. It had suddenly occured to Cassy to make use of the superstitious excitability which was so great in Legree for the purpose of her liberation, and that of her fellow-sufferor, Emmeline.

The sleeping room of Cassy was directly under the garret. One day without consulting Legree, she suddenly took it upon her, to change

all the furniture of the room to one at some considerable distance.

"Hallo, you Cass!" said Legree; "what is in the wind now?"

"Nothing; only I choose to have another room," said Cassy doggedly.

"And what for, pray?" said Legree.

"I would like to get some sleep, now and then."

"Sleep! Well, what hinders your sleeping?"

"I could tell, I suppose, if you want to hear," said Cassy dryly.

"Speak out, you minx!" said Legree.

"O, nothing! I suppose it would not disturb *you*! Only groans, and people scuffing and rolling round on the garret-floor half the night, from twelve to morning!"

"People up garret!" said Legree uneasily, but forcing a laugh. "Who are they, Cassy?"

"To be sure, Simon, who are they? I would like to have *you* tell me. You don't know, I suppose."

With an oath, Legree struck at her with his riding-whip, but she glided to one side, and passed through the door.

Cassy perceived that her shaft had struck home; and from that hour she never ceased to continue the train of influences she had begun.

In a knot-hole in the garret she had inserted the neck of an old bottle in such a manner, that, when there was the least wind, most doleful and lugubrious wailing sounds proceeded from it, which, in a high wind, would increase to a perfect shriek, such as to credulous and superstitious ears might easily seem to be that of horror and despair.

These sounds were from time to time heard by the servants and revived in full force the memory of the ghost legend. A superstitious creeping horror seemed to fill the house; and though no one dared to breathe it to Legree, he found himself encompassed by it as by an atmosphere.

A night or two after this, Legree was sitting in the old sitting-room, by the side of a flickering wood fire, that threw uncertain glances round the room. It was a stormy, windy night. Legree had been casting up accounts, and reading newspapers for some hours.

Cassy sat looking intently at him in the shadow of the corner. There was that strange

light in her eyes that always impressed Legree with uneasiness

"Those noises were nothing but rats and the wind" said Legree. "Come, speak out, woman – don't you think so?"

"Can rats walk downstairs and come walking through the entry, and open a door when you have looked it and set a chair against it?" said Cassy; "and come walk, walk, walking right up to your bed, and put out their hand so?"

Cassy kept her glittering eyes fixed on Legree as she spoke, and he started at her like a man in the nightmare, till, when she finished by laying her hand, icy cold, on his, he sprang back with on oath.

,'Woman! what do you mean? Nobody did!"

"Oh, no –of course not. Did I say they did!" said Cassy, with a smile of chilling derision.

"But did have you really seen? Come, Cass, what is it now speak out!"

"You may sleep there yourself," said Cassy, "If you want to know."

"Did it come from the garret, Cassy?"

"*It*—What?" said Cassy,

"Why, what you told of."

"I didn't tell you anything," said Cassy, with dogged sullenness.

Legree walked up and down the room uneasily.

"I'll have this thing examined. I'll look into it this very night. I'll take my pistols —"

"Do," said Cassy; "sleep in that room. I'd like to see you doing it. Fire your pistols—do!"

Legree stamped his foot and swore violently.

"Don't swear," said Cassy "Nobody knows who may be hearing you. Hark! What was that?"

"What?" said Legree, starting.

A heavy old Dutch clock, that stood in the corner of the room, began and slowly struck twelve.

For some reason or other Legree neither spoke nor moved; a vague hurror fell on him: while Cassy, with a kneen, sneering glitter in her eyes, stood looking at him, counting the strokes.

"Twelve o'clock; well, *now* we'll see," said she, turning and opening the door into the passage way, and standing as if listening.

"Hark! What is that?" said she, raising her finger.

"It is only the wind," said Legree. "Don't you hear how cursedly it blows?"

"Simon, come here," said Cassy, in a whisper, laying her hand on his and leading him

to the foot of the stairs; "do you know what *that* is? Hark!"

A wild shriek came pealing down the stairway. It came from the garret. Legree's knees knocked together; his face grew white with fear.

"Had not you better get your pistols?" said Cassy, with a sneer that froze Legree's blood. "It is time this thing was looked into, you know. I would like to have you go up now; *they are at it.*"

"I won't go!" said Legree, with an oath.

"Why not? There is not any such thing as ghosts, you know! Come!" and Cassy flitted up the winding stairway, laughing, and looking back after him. "Come on."

"I believe you *are* the devil!" said Legree, "Come back, you hag—come back, Cass! You shall not go!"

But Cassy laughed wildly, and led on. He heard her open the entry doors that led to the garret. A wild gust of wind swept down, extinguishing the candle he held in his hand, and with it the fearful, unearthly screams; they seemed to be shrieked in his very ear.

Legree led frantically into the parlour, whither, in a few moments he was followed by Cassy, pale, firm, cold as an avenging spirit, and with that same fearful light in her eye.

"I hope you are satisfied," said she.

"Blast you, Cass! said Legree.

"What for?" said Cassy. "I only went up and shut the doors. *What's the matter with that garret*, Simon, do you suppose?" said she.

"None of your business!" said Legree.

"Oh, it is not? Well," said Cassy, "at any rate, I am glad *I* don't sleep under it."

Anticipating the rising of the wind that very evening, Cassy had been up and opened the garret-window. Of course the moment the doors were opened the wind had drafted down, and extinguished the light.

This may serve as a specimen of the game that Cassy played with Legree, until he would sooner have put his head into a lion's mouth than to have explored that garret. Meanwhile, in the night, when everybody else was asleep, Cassy slowly and carefully accumulated there a stock of provisions sufficient to afford subsistence for some time; she transferred, article by article, a greater part of her own and Emmeline's wardrobe. All things being arranged, they only waited for a fitting opportunity to put their plan in execution.

CHAPTER XX.

LEGREE had been absent on a ride to a neighbouring farm. For many days Cassy had been unusually gracious and accommodating in her humours; and Legree and she had been, apparently, on the best of terms. At present, we may behold her and Emmeline in the room of the latter, busy in sorting and arranging two small bundles.

"There, these will be large enough," said Cassy. Now put on your bonnet, and let us start; it is just about the right time."

"Why, they can see us yet," said Emmeline.

"I mean they shall," said Cassy, cooly. "Don't you know that they must have their chase after us, at any rate? The way of the thing is to be just this:—We will steal out of the back door, and run down by the quarters. Sambo or Quimbo will be sure to see us. They will give chase, and we will get into the swamp; then, they can't follow us any farther till they go up and give the alarm, and turn out the dogs, and so on; and while they are blundering round, and tumbling over each other, you and I will just slip along to the creek that runs at the back of the house, and wade along in it till we get opposite

the back door. That will put the dogs all at fault; for scent won't lie in the water. Every one will run out of the house to look after us, and then we will whip in at the back door, and up into the garret, where I have got a nice bed made up in one of the great boxes. We must stay in that garret a good while; for I tell you, he will raise heaven and earth after us. He will muster some of those old overseers on the other plantations, and have a great hunt; and they will go over every inch of ground in that swamp. He makes it his boast that nobody ever got away from him. So let him hunt at his leisure."

"Cassy, how well you have planned it!" said Emmeline. "Whoever would have thought of it but you?"

There was neither pleasure nor exaltation in Cassy's eyes, only a despairing firmness.

'Come," she said, reaching her hand to Emmeline.

The two fugitives glided noiselessly from the house, and flitted, through the gathering shadows of evening, along by the quarters. As Cassy expected, when quite near the verge of the swamps that encircled the plantation, they heard a voice calling to them to stop. It was not Sambo, however, but Legree, who was pursuing

them with violent execrations. They plunged into a part of the labyrinth of swamp, so deep and dark that it was hopeless for Legree to think of following them without assistance.

"Well," said he, chucking brutally, "at any rate, they have got themselves into a trap now."

"Hulloa, there! Sambo! Quimbo! All hands!" called Legree, coming to the quarters when the men and women were just returning from work. "There are two runaways in the swamps. I will give five dollars to any nigger who catch them. Turn out the dogs! Turn out Tiger, and Fury and the rest!"

The sensation produced by this news was immediate. Many of the men sprang forward officiously to offer their services. Some ran one way, and some another. Some were for getting flambeaux of pineknots. Some were uncoupling the dogs, whose hoarse, savage bay added not a little to the animation of the scene.

The whole band, with the glare of blazing torches, and whoop, and shout, and savage yell of man and beast, proceeded down the swame, followed at some distance by every servant in the house. The establishment was, of a consequence, wholly deserted when Cassy and Emmeline glided into it the back way. The whooping and shouts of

their pursuers were still filling the air; and, looking from the sitting-room windows, Cassy and Emmeline could see the troop, with their flambeaux, just dispersing themselves along the edge of the swamp.

"See there!" said Emmeline, pointing to Cassy; "the hunt is begun! Look how those lights dance about! Hark! the dogs! Don't you hear? Oh, for pity's sake, do let us hide ourselves! Quick!"

When Emmeline reached the garret, she found an immense box, in which some heavy pieces of furniture had once been bought, turned on its side, so that the opening faced the wall, or rather the eaves.

"There," said Cassy, as she fixed a lamp on a small hook, which she had driven into the side of the box for that purpose; "this is to be our home for the present. How do you like it?"

"Are you sure they won't come and search the garret?"

"I would like to see Simon Legree doing that," said Cassy. "No, indeed; he will be too glad to keep away. As to the servants, they would any of them stand and be shot sooner than show their faces here."

About midnight Legree returned from the hunt cursing his ill-luck, and vowing dire vengeance on the morrow, went to bed.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WELL" said Cassy, the next day, from the garret, as she reconnoitred through the knot-hole, "the hunt is going to begin again to-day!"

Three or four mounted horsemen were curveting about on the space in front of the house; and one or two leshes of strange dogs were struggling with the negroes who held them, baying and barking at each other. The men were, two of them, overseers of plantations in the vicinity; and others were some of Legree's associates at the tavern-bar of a neighbouring city, who had come for the interest of the sport. A more hard-favoured set, perhaps, could not be imagined Legree was serving brandy profusely round among them, as also among the negroes who had been detailed from the various plantations for this service; for it was an object to make every service of this kind among the negroes as much of a holiday as possible.

* * * * *

The hunt was long, animated, and thorough, but unsuccessful.

"Now Quimbo," said Legree, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room, "you just go and walk that Tom up here, right away! The old curse is at the bottom of this whole matter; and I'll have it out of his old black hide; or I'll know the reason why!"

Sambo and Quimbo both, though hating each other, were joined in one mind by a no less cordial hatred of Tom. Quimbo, therefore, departed with a will to execute his orders.

Tom heard the message with a forewarning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives, escape, and the place of their present concealment. He knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet death, rather than betray the helpless.

He set his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

"Ay," ay! said the giant, as he dragged him along "you will catch it, now! I'll be bound, No

sneaking out, now! Tell you you'll get it, and no mistake! See how you'll look, now, helping master's niggers to run away! See what you'll get!"

The savage words none of them reached that ear; a higher voice there was saying, "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do" Nerve and bone of that poor man's body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God; and he felt the strength of a thousand souls in one. As he passed along the trees and bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole scene of his degradation seemed to whirl by him, as the landscape by the rushing car. His soul throbbed; his home was in sight; and the hour of release seemed at hand.

"Well, Tom" said Legree, walking up and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage "do you know I have made up my mind to KILL you?"

"It is very likely, master," said Tom calmly.

"I *have*," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "*done—just—that—thing*, Tom, unless you tell me what you know about these girls!"

Tom stood silent.

"Do you hear?" said Legree, stamping, with a roar like that of an incensed lion. "Speak!"

"I *have got nothing to tell, master,* said Tom, with a Slow firm, deliberate utterance.

"Do you dare to tell me, you don't *know?*" said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" thundred Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, master; but I can't tell anything. I *can die*!"

Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice, "Hark you Tom! you think because I have let you off before, I don't mean what I say; but this time I have *made up my mind,* and counted the cost. You have always stood it out against me; now, I'll *conquer you or kill you*—one or the other! I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take them one by one till you give up!"

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, "Master, if you were sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save you. I would *give* you my heart's blood; and if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I would give them freely as the Lord gave

His for me. Oh, master, don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than it will me! Do the worst you can, my troubles will be over soon; but if you don't repent, yours won't *never* end!"

Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence that the tick of the old clock could be heard.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute, relenting thrill, and the spirit of evil came back with sevenfold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

* * * *

Scence of blood and cruelty are shocktng to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear.

"He is almost gone, master," said Sambo, touched, in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Pay away till he gives up! Give it to him!" shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses!"

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "You poor miserable creature!" he said, "there is not any more you can do! I for-

give you with all my soul! and he fainted entirely away.

"I believe, my soul, he is done for finally," said Legree, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth is shut up at last—that is one comfort!"

Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul—that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning?

Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious prayers had struck upon the hearts of the embruted blacks who had been instruments of cruelty upon him; and the instant Legree withdrew they took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life—as if *that* were any favour to him!

"Certain, we have been doing a dreadful wicked thing!" said Sambo; "I hope master will have to account for it, and not we."

They washed his wounds—they provided a rude bed of some refuse cotton for him to lie on; and one of them stealing up to the house, begged a drink of brandy of Legree, pretending that he was tried, and wanted it for himself. He brought it back, and poured it down Tom's throat.

"O Tom!" said Quimbo, "we have been awful wicked to you!"

"I forgive you, with all my heart!" said Tom faintly.

"O Tom! do tell us who is *Jesus*, anyhow!" said Sambo; "Jesus, that has been standing by you so all this night! Who is He?"

The word roused the failing, fainting spirit. He poured forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—His life, His death, His everlasting presence and power to save.

They wept - both the savage men,

CHAPTER XXII.

Two days after, a young man drove a light wagon up through the avenue of China trees, and throwing the reins hastily on the horses' necks, sprang out and inquired for the owner of the place.

It was George Shelby.

After some months of unsuccessful search, by the merest accident George fell in with a man in New Orleans who happened to be possessed of the desired information; and, with his money in his pocket, our hero took steamboat for Red

River, resolving to find out and repurchase his old friend.

He was soon introduced into the house where he found Legree in the sitting-room.

Legree received the stranger with a kind of surly hospitality.

"I understand," said the young man, "that you bought, in New Orleans, a boy named Tom. He used to be on my father's place, and I came to see if I could not buy him back.

Legree's brow grew dark; and he broke out passionately:—

"Yes, I did buy such a fellow, The most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! Set up my niggers to run away, got off two girls worth eight hundred or a thousand dollars a-piece. He owned to that, and, when I did him tell me where they were, he said he knew, but he would not tell; and stood to it, though I gave him the the most cursed flogging I ever gave nigger yet. I believe he is trying to die; but I don't know as he'll make it out."

"Where is he?" said George impetuously. "Let me see him." The cheeks of the young man were crimson, and his eyes flashed fire! but he prudently said nothing as yet.

"He is in that shed," said a little fellow, who stood holding George's horses.

Legree kicked the boy and swore at him; but George, without saying another word, turned and strode to the spot.

Tom had been lying two days since the fatal night not suffering, for every nerve of suffering was blunted and destroyed. He lay, for the most part, in a quiet stupor; for the laws of a powerful and well-knit: frame would not at once release the imprisoned spirit.

When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

"Is it possible?—is it possible?" said he kneeling down by him. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He moved his head gently, and said.—

"Bless the Lord! it is—it is—it's all I wanted! They haven't forgotten me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

"You shall not die! You most not die, nor think of it! I have come to buy you, and take you home," said George, with impetuous vehemence.

"O Master George, you are too late. The Lord has bought me and is going to take me home—and I long to go. Heaven is better than Kentuck."

"Oh, don't die! It'll kill me!—It'll break my heart to think what you have suffered—and lying in this old shed, here! Poor, poor fellow!"

"Don't call me poor fellow!" said Tom solemnly. "I *have* been poor fellow, but that is all past and gone now. I am right in the door, going into glory O Master George! *Heaven has come*! I have got the victory!"

George was awe struck at the force, the power with which these broken sentences were uttered. He sat gazing in silence.

Tom grasped his hand and continued—"You must not, now, tell Chloe, poor soul! how you found me; it would be so dreadful to her. Only tell her you found me going into glory; and that I could not stay for any one. And tell her the Lord stood by me every where, and always, and made everything light and easy. And oh, the poor children, and the baby—my old heart has been almost broken for them time and again. Tell them all to follow me—follow me! Give my love to master, and dear good missis, and

everybody in the place! O Master George, what a thing it is to be Christian!"

At this moment the sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man gave way. A sudden sinking fell upon him; he closed his eyes.

George sat fixed with solemn awe. It seemed to him that the place was holy; and as he closed the lifeless eyes, and rose up from the dead, only one thought possessed him—that expressed by his simple old friend. "What a thing is to be a Christian!"

He turned Legree was standing sullenly behind him.

Something in that dying scene had checked the natural fierceness of youthful passion. The presence of the man was simply loathsome to George; and he felt only an impulse to get away from him with as few words as possible.

Fixing his keen dark eyes on Legree, he simply said, pointing to the dead. "You have got all you ever can of him. What shall I pay you for the body? I will take it way, and bury it decently."

"I don't sell dead niggers," said Legree doggedly. "You are welcome to bury him where and when you like."

"Boys," said George, in an authoritative tone to two or three negroes who were looking at the body," help me to lift him up, and carry him to my wagon, and get a spade."

One of them ran for a spade; the other two assisted George to carry the body to the wagon.

George neither spoke to nor looked at Legree, who did not countermand his orders, but stood whistling with an air of forced unconcern. He sulkily followed them to where the wagon stood at the door.

George spread his cloak in a wagon, and had the body carefully disposed in it, moving the seat so as to give it room.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees; there they made the grave.

"Shall we take of the cloak, master?" said the negroes, when the grave was ready.

"No, no; bury it with him. It is all I can give you now, poor Tom, and you shall have it."

They laid him in; and the men shovelled away silently. They banked it up, and laid green turf over it.

"You may go, boys," said George, slipping a quarter into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

"If young master would please buy us—" said one.

"We had served him so faithful! said the other.

"Hard times here' master! said the first. "Do, master, buy us please!

"I can't—I can't said George, with difficulty, motioning them off; "it's impossible."

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

"Witness, eternal God!" said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend," oh, witness that, from his hour, I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land,"

There is no monument to mark that last resting-place of our friend. He needs none. His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up immortal, to appear with Him when He shall appear in His glory!

CHAPTER XXIII.

GEORGE Harris and Eliza had now been five years free. George had found constant occupation in the shop of a worthy machinist, where he had been earning a competent support for his

family, which in the meantime, had been increased by the addition of another daughter.

Little Harry, a fine bright boy, had been put to a good school, and was making rapid proficiency in knowledge.

The scene now changes to a small, neat tenement, in the outskirts of Montreal; the time, evening. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth; a tea-table, covered with a snowy cloth, stands prepared for the evening meal. In one corner of the room was a table covered with o green cloth, where was an open writing desk, pens, paper, and over it a shelf of well selected books.

This was George's study. The same zeal for self-improvement which led him to steal the much coveted arts of reading and writing, amid all the toils and discouragements of his early life, still led him to devote all his leisure-time to self cultivation.

At this present time he is seated at the table, making notes from a volume of the family library he has been reading.

"Come George," says Eliza, "you have been gone all day. Do put down that book and let us talk while I am getting tea—do!,,

And little Eliza seconds the effort by toddling up to her father, and trying to pull the book

out of his hand, and instal herself on his knee as a substitute.

"Oh, you little witch!" says George, yielding, as, in such circumstances, man always must.

"That's right, said Eliza, as she begins to cut a loaf of bread. A little older she looks, her form a little fuller; her hair more matronly than of yore; but evidently contended and happy as woman needs be.

"Harry, my boy, how did you come on in that sum to-day?" says George, as he laid his hand on his hand on his son's head.

Harry has lost his long curls; but he can never lose those eyes and eyelashes, and that fine, bold brow, that flushes with triumph, as he answers' "I did it, every bit of it, *myself*, father; and *nobody* helped me."

"That's right.' . says his father;: "depend on yourself, my son. You have a better chance than ever your poor father had."

CHAPTER XXIV.

GEORGE SHELBY had written to his mother merely a line, starting the day that she might expect him home. Of the death scene of his old friend he had not the heart to write. He had tried several times, and only succeeded in half chocking himself; and invariably finished by tearing up the paper, wiping his eyes, and rushing somewhere to get quiet.

There was a pleased bustle all through the Shelby mansion that day in expectation of the arrival of young Master George.

Mrs. Shelby was seated in her comfortable parlour, where a cheerful fire was dispelling the chill of the late autumn evening. A supper-table glittering with plate and cut-glass was set out, over whose arrangements our former friend, old Chloe, was presiding.

The ratteling of wheels was now heard.

"Master George! said Aunt Chloe, starting to the window.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the entry door, and was folded in the arms of her son. Aunt Chloe stood anxiously straining her eyes out into the darkness.

"O *poor* Aunt Chloe! said George, stopping compassionately, and taking her hard, black

hand between both his. I would have given all my fortune to have brought him with me, but he has gone to a better country."

There was a passionate exclamation from Mrs. Shelby but Aunt Chloe said nothing.

The party entered the supper-room. The money which Chloe had saved and of which she was so proud was lying on the table.

"Then," said she, gathering it up, and holding it with a trembling hand to her mistress, "I don't want to see nor hear of it again. Just as I knew it would be—sold and murdered on the old plantations!"

Chloe turned, and was walking proudly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her softy, and took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down by her.

"My poor, good Chloe!" said she.

Chloe learned her head on her mistress's shoulder, and sobbed out: "O missis, excuse me, my heart is broken—that is all!"

There was a silence for some time, and all wept together. At last George, sitting down beside the mourner, took her hand and, with simple pathns, repeated the triumphant scene of her husband's death and his last messages of love.

About a month after this, one morning, all the servants of the Shelby estate were convened together in the great hall that ran through the house, to hear a few words from their young master.

To the surprise of all, he appeared among them with a bundle of papers in his hand, containing a certificate of freedom to everyone on the place, which he read successively, and presented, amid the sobs, and tears and shouts of all present.

Many, however, pressed around him, earnestly begging him not to send them away; and, with anxious faces, tendering back their free papers.

"We don't want to be freer,than we are. We have had all we wanted. We don't want to leave the old place, and master and miss, and the rest!"

"My good friends," said George, as soon as he could get a silence, "there' ll be no need for you to leave me. The place wants as many hands to work as it did before. We need the same about the house that we did before. But you are now free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work, such as we shall agree on. The advantage is that in case of my getting in debt or dying—things that might happen - you

cannot now be taken up and sold. I expect to carry on the estate, and to teach you what, perhaps, it will take you some time to learn—how to use the rights I give you as free men and women. I expect you to be good, and willing to learn; and I trust in God that I shall be faithful, and willing to teach. And now, my friends look up, and thank God for the blessing of freedom."

An aged, patriarchal negro, who had grown grey and blind on the estate, now rose, and, lifting his trembling hand, said, "Let us give thanks unto the Lord!" As all kneeled by one consent, a more touching and hearty Te Deum never ascended to heaven, though borne on the peal of organ, bell, and cannon, than came from that honest old heart.

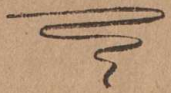
On rising, another struck up a Methodist hymn, of which the burden was;

> The year of jubilee is come;
>
> Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

"One thing more," said George, as he stopped, the congratulations of the throng. "You'll all remember our good old Uncle Tom?"

George here gave a short narration of the scene of his death, and of his loving farewell to all on the place, and added:—

"It was on his grave, my friends, that I resolved before God, that I would never own another slave while it was possible to free him; that nobody, through me, should ever run the risk of being parted from home and friends, and dying on lonely plantation, as he died. So, when yon rejoice in your freedom, think that you owe it to that good old soul, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom every time you see UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; and left it be a memorial to put you all in mind to follow in his steps, and be as honest, and faithful, and Christian as he was".



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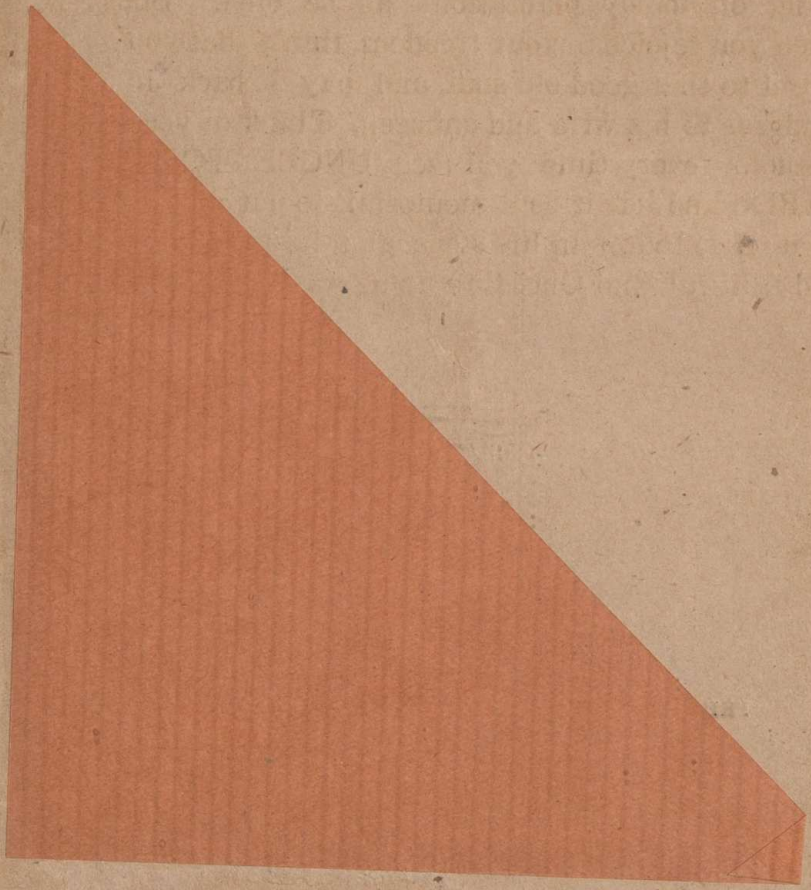

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

BY

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe

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