UNCLE TOM'S CABIN or Life among the Lowly By Harriet Beecher Stowe VOLUME I CHAPTER I In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P----, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness. For convenience sake, we have said, hitherto, two gentlemen. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speakin g, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped ga yly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors, attache d to it,--which , in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of fl ourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray's Grammar,* and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to b e graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe. * Englis h Grammar (1795), by Lindley Murray (1745-1826), the most authoritative American grammarian of his day. His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air o f the house keeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circu mstances. As we before stated, 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, holdi ng up a gla ss of wine between his eye and the light. "Why , the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere,--steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock." "You mean honest, as niggers go," said Hale y, helping himself t o a glass of brandy. "No; I mean, really, Tom is a good , steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really did get it. I've trusted him, since then, with everything I have,--money, house, horses,-- and let him co me and go rou nd the co untry; and I always found him true and squa re in everything." "Some folks don't believe there is pious niggers Shelby," said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, "but I do. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans--'t w as as good as a meeti n, now, re ally, to h ear that critter pray; and he was quite gentl e and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeyable thing in a nig ger, when it's the genuine articl e, and no mistake." "Well, Tom's got the real article, if ever a fellow had," rejoined the other. "Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. 'Tom,' says I to him, 'I trust you, because I t h ink you're a C hrist ian--I kno w you wouldn't cheat.' Tom comes back, s ure enough; I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him--Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada?' 'Ah, master trusted me, and I couldn't,'--they told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must sa y. You ou ght to let him cover the whole balance of th e 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,--just a little, you know, to swear by, as 't were," said the tr ader, jocul a rly ; "and, t hen, I'm ready to do anything in reason to 'b lige friends; but this yer, you see, is a leetle too hard on a fellow--a leetle too hard." The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy. "Well, then, Haley, how will yo u trade?" said Mr. Shel by , after a n uneasy interval of silence. "Well, haven't y ou a boy or gal that you could throw in with Tom?" "Hum!--none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting w ith any of m y h ands, th at's a fact." Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hu ng in glossy c urls abo ut his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay rob e of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully m ade and nea tly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his m aster . "Hulloa, Jim Crow!" said Mr . Shelb y, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards h im, "pick that up, now!" The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize, while his master laughed . "Come here, Jim Crow," s aid he . The chi ld came up, and t he master p atted t he 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 negroe s, in a ri ch, clea r voice, ac companying his si nging with man y comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music. "Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange. "Now, Jim, walk like ol d U ncle C udjoe, when he has the rhe umatism," said h is master. I stantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master's stick in his hand, he hobble d about the ro om, his childi sh face drawn i nto a do leful puck er, and spitt ing from right to le ft, in imitation of an old man. Both gentlemen laughed uproariously. "Now, Jim," said his master, "show us how old Elder Robbins leads the ps alm." The bo y drew h is chub by face down to a formidable length, a nd commen ced toning a psalm tune through his nose, with imperturbable gravity. "Hurrah! bravo! what a young 'un!" said Haley; "that chap's a case, I'll promise. Tell you w hat," sa id he, suddenly clap ping his hand on Mr. Shel by's shou lder, "fling i n that chap, and I'll settle the business--I will. Come, now, if that ain't doing the thing up about the rightest!" At this moment, the door was pushed gently o pen, an d a young qu adroon woman, apparently ab out twent y-five, enter ed the room. There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother. There was the same rich, full, dark eye, with its lo ng lash es; the s ame rip ples of silky black hair. Th e brown of her complexion gave way o n the cheek to a perceptible flus h, which deepened as she saw the gaze of the stran ge man fixed upon her in bold and undisguised admirat ion. Her dress was of t he neat est pos sible fit, and set of f to advan tage her fin el y moulded s hape;--a delicately f ormed hand and a trim foot and ankle were items of appearance that did not escape the quick eye of the trad er, well used to run up at a glance the points of a fin e female article. "Wel l, E liza?" said h er master, as she st opped and looked hesitatingly at him. "I was loo king for Harry, please, sir;" and the boy bo u nded to ward her , showing his spoils, which he had g athered in t he skirt o f his robe. " Well, take him away then," said Mr. Shelby; and has tily she withdrew, carryin g the child on her arm. "By Jupiter," sai d the t rader, turning to him in admir ation, " there's an articl e, now! You might mak e you r fortune on that ar gal in O rleans, any day . I've seen over a thou sand, in my day, paid down for gals not a bit handso mer." "I d on't want to make my fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby, dryly; and, s eeking the conversatio n, he uncorke d a bottle of fresh wi ne, and asked his companion's o pinion of it. "Capital, sir ,--first c hop!" s aid the trader; then turning, and sla pping his hand famili arly on S s shoulder, he added-- "C ome, how will you trade about the gal?--what sh a ll I say for her- -what'll you ta ke?" " Mr. Haley, s he is not to be sold ," said S helby. "My wife woul t part with her r for her w eight in gold." " Ay, ay! women always say s uch thin gs, caus e they ha'nt no sort of calculation. Ju st sh ow ' em how many watc kets, one's weight in gold would bu 'll let me h ave the b oy, though," s y, and that alters the ca se, I reckon. " "I tell yo u, Haley, this mus t not be spoken of; I sa y no, and I mean n o," said S helby, decidedly. "Well, got a frie nd that 's going into t aid the trader; " you must o wn I've c ome down pretty handsomely for him." "What on earth ca n yo u wa nt with th e child?" said Shelby. "Why, I've h ' uns , that c an pay for han his yer branch o f the business--wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market. F ancy article s entirely --sell for a co mical, musical conc dsome 'uns. It sets off one of yer great places--a real handsome boy to open door, wait, a nd tend. Th ey fe tch a good s um; and t his little de vil is such rom h is m other, ern, he's just the ar ticle!' "I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully; "th e fact is, sir , I'm a humane ma n, and I h ate to take the b oy f "O, you d o?--L a! yes--somet hing of that ar natur. I understand, perfectly. I t is m ight y onple asant gett ing on with women, al'ays h ates these yer screechin,' screamin' times. They are mighty onpleasant; but, as I ma nage s bu s iness, I ge nerally avoi ds 'em, sir t if you g et t he girl off for a day, or a week, or so; then the thing's done quietly,--a ll over before she c omes home . Your wife might get ear-ring s, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with her." "I'm afraid not." "Lor bless ye, yes! T hese critters ain't like wh ite folks know; th ey gets over things, only ma nage rig ht. Now , they s ay," said Haley, assuming a c andid and co nfidential air, "that th o' trade is h ardeni ng to t he feel ings; b ut I never found i t so. Fact is, I never coul d do things up the way some f ellers age t he business. I've seen 'em as would p ull a wo man's chi ld ou t of he r arms, a nd set him up to sell, and she s creec n' lik e mad all the time;- -very b ad polic y--damages t he article--makes 'em q uite unfit for s ervice sometimes. I knew a r eal handsome gal once, in Orlean s, as wa s entire ly ruined by this sort o' handlin g. The fellow that was trading for her didn' t w ant h er baby ; and she w as one of your real high s ort, when her blood w as up. I tell yo u, she squeezed up he r chil d in h er arms , and t alked, a nd went on real awful. I t kinder makes my blood run cold to think o f 't; and when they carr ied off t he child, and loc ked he r up, s he jest went r avin' m ad, and die d in a week. C lear waste, sir, of a tho usand d ollars, just fo r want of man ageme nt,--the re's where ' t is. It's always best to do the humane thing, sir; that' s been m y experience." And the trader leaned back in his c hair, and folded his arm, with an air of virtuous decision, ap parently considering himself a seco nd Wi lberfo rce. T he sub ject ap peared to interest the gen tlema n deep ly; for while M r. Shelby was thoughtful ly peeling a n oran ge, Hal ey bro ke out afresh, with beco ming diffidence, but as if act ually driven by the forc e of truth to say a few wo rds more. "It don't l ook we ll, now, for a f eller to be pra isin' himself; b ecause it's the tr uth. I believe I'm reckone d t o bring in ab out the finest drove s of nig gers th at is b rought in,--at least, I've been told s o ; if I have onc e, I reckon I have a hund red times,--all i n good case, -fat and likely, and I lose as few as any man in the business. And I lays it all to my manage ment, sir; and humanity, sir, I ma y say, is the great pillar of my managem ent." Mr. Sh elby d id not know what to say, and so he said, "Indeed!" "Now, I've been laughed at fo r my noti ons, sir, and I've been talked to. They an't pop 'lar, and they an't comm on; b ut I stuck to 'em, sir; I've stuck to 'em, and realized well on 'em; yes, sir, they have pai d the ir passage, I may say," and the trade r l aug hed at his joke. The re was something so piq uant and original in t hese elucidations of hum anity , that Mr. She lby could not help laug hing in c om pany. Perhaps you laug h too, dea r reader; b ut you kn ow hu mani ty comes out in a variety of strange form s no w-a -days, and the re is n o end to th e odd things that hum ane people w ill say a nd do. Mr. Shelby's l augh enc oura ged t he trader to p roceed. "It's strange, n ow, b ut I nev his int o peo ple's heads. Now, there was Tom L oker, my old p artner, down in Natchez; he was a c leve r fell ow, Tom was, only the very devil wit h nigg ers ,--on principle 't was, you se e, for a better hear ted feller never broke bread; 't was hi s sys tem, sir. I used to tal k to Tom. 'Wh y, Tom,' I used to s ay, 'when your gals tak es o n an d cr y, what's the u se o' crackin' on' em o ver t he head, and knockin' on 'em roun d? It's ridiculo us, ' says I, 'and don't do no s ort o' go od. Why, I don't see no harm in their cryin',' s ays I; 'it's na tur,' says I, 'an d if natur can't blow off one w ay, it will another. B esides, Tom,' says I, 'i t jest sp iles your gals; they g et sic kly, and down in the mouth ; and sometimes they gets u gly,- -pa rticular yallow gals do,--and it's the devil and all getti n' on 'em broke in. Now,' says I, 'why c an't you kinde r coa x 'em up, and speak in alo ng, g oes a heap further than all your jawin' and crackin'; and it pays bette r,' says I, 'dep end on 't.' But Tom co uldn't get the h ang on ' t; and he spil ed s o m any f or me, that I h ad to break off with hi m , t hough h e was a good-h earted fellow, and as fair a business hand as is goin' ." "And do you fin d your ways of manag ing do the bus iness b etter than Tom's?" sa id Mr. Shelby. "Why, yes, sir, I ma y say so. You see, wh en I an y wa ys can, I takes a l eetle care about the onpleasant parts, like selling young un s and that,--get the gals out of the way-- out of sight, o ut of mi nd, you know,--and w hen it's clean done, a nd can't be h elped, they naturally g ets us ed to it. 'Tan't, you kno w, as if it was white folks, that's brought up in the way of 'spectin' to k eep their chil dren and wives, and a ll that. Nigger s, you k now, that's fetched u p properly, ha'n't no kind of 'spec tations of no kind; so all th ese t hin gs comes easi er." "I'm afraid mine are not properly brought up, then," said Mr. Shelby. "S'p ose not; you K entucky folks spile yo ur niggers. You mean well by 'em, but 'tan dness, arter all. Now, a nig ger, yo u see, what's g ot to be hacked and tumbled round the world, and sold to Tom, and Dick, and t he Lo rd knows wh o, 'tan't no kindness t o be givin' on him n otions and expectati ons, and bringin' o n 't no real kin ell, for the rough and tumbl e co me s all the harder on him arter. Now, I venture to say, your niggers would be quite chop-fallen in a pla ce w here some of your plantation negg ers would be singing and whooping like all po ssessed. Eve ry man, you him up too w know, Mr. Shelby, na turally th inks well of his own ways; and I think I treat niggers ju st about as w ell as it's eve r worth while to treat 'em." "It's a h appy th ing to be satisfied," s aid Mr. Shelby, with a slight shrug , and some percepti ble feelings of a disagreeabl e nature. "Well," said Hale y, after they had both silently p icked the ir nuts for a season, "what do you say? " "I'll th ink the matter over, a nd talk with my w ife," said Mr. S helby. "Meantime, H aley, if you want the matte r carried on in the q uiet way you speak of, you'd best not let your business in this n eighborhood be known. It will get out among my boys, and it will not be a particularly quiet business g etting away any o f my fellows, if they know it, I'll prom ise yo u." "O! certainly, by all means, mum! of course. But I'll tell you. I'm in a devil of a hurry, and s hall want to know, as soon as possible, what I may depend on," s aid he, rising and put ting on his over coat. "Well, call u p this evening, betwee n six and seven, a nd you shall h ave my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader bowed himself out of the apartment . "I'd like t o have been able to kick the fellow d own the steps," said he to himself, as he saw the doo r fairly closed, "with hi s impudent assurance; but he knows how much he has me at advantage. If anybody had ever said to me that I should sell Tom down south to one of those ra scally traders, I should have sa id, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he sho uld do this thing?' And now it must come, for aught I see. And El iza's child, too! I know that I shall have some fuss with wife about that; and, for that matter, about Tom, too. So much for being in debt,--heigh o! The fel low sees his advantage, and means to pus h it." Perhaps the milde st form of the system of slaver y is to be s een in the State of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those periodic seasons of hurry and pressu re that are called fo r in the bu siness of more southern districts, mak es the task of the negro a mor e healthf ul and reasonable one; while the master, content with a more gradual style of acquisition, has not those temptations to hardh eartedness which always overcome frail human nature when the prospect of sud den and r apid gain is weighed i n the balance, with no heavier coun terpoise than the interests of the helpless and unprotected. Whoever visits some estates there, and witnesses the good-humored indulgence of s ome masters and mistresses, and the affectionate loyalty of some sla ves, might be te mpted to dream the oft-fabled p o etic legend of a patriarchal institution, and all that; but over and above the scene there b roods a portentous shadow--the shadow of law. So long as the law cons iders all these human beings, with beating hearts and livi ng affections, only as so many things bel onging to a master,--so long as the failure, or misfortune, or imprudence, or death of the k indest owner, may cause them any day to exchange a life of kind protection a nd indulgence for one of hopeless misery and toil,--so long it is impossible to make anything beautiful or d esirable in the best regulated administration of slavery. Mr. Shelby was a fair average kind o f man, goo d-natured and kindly, and disposed to easy indulgence of those around h im, and there had never been a lack of anything which might contribute to the physical comfort of the negroes on his estate. He had, however, speculated largely and quite loosely; had involved himself deepl y, and his notes to a large amount had come into the hands of Haley; and t his small piece of information is the key to the preceding conversation. Now, it had so happened tha t, in approaching the door, Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know that a tra der was making offers to her master for somebody. She would gladly have stopped at the d oor to listen, as she came out; but her mistress just then calling, 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 th e little fellow looked up into her face in astonishment. "Eliza, girl, what ails you today?" said he r mistress, when Eliza had upset t he wash-pitcher, knocke d down the wor kstand, and finally was abstractedly offering her mistress a long nightgown in p lace of the silk dress she had ordered her to bring from the wardrobe. Eliza started. "O, miss is!" she said, rais ing her eyes; then, bursting into tears, she sat down in a chair, and began sobbing. "Why, Eliza child, what ails you?" said her mistress. "O! missis, missis," said Eliza, "there's been a trader talking with master in the parlor! I heard him." "Well, sill y child , suppose the re has ." "O, missis, do you suppose mas'r would sell my Harry?" And the p oor creature threw herself into a chair, and sobbed convulsively. "Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never deals with those southern traders, and never mean s to sell any of h is servants, as long as they behave well. Why, you silly child, who do you thin k would want to buy your Harry? Do you think all the world are set on him as you ar e, you goosie? Come, cheer up, and hook my dress. There now, put my back hair up i n that pretty braid you learnt the other day, and don't go listening at doors any more." "Well, but, missis, you never would give your consent--to--to--" "Nonsense, child! to be sure, I should n't. What do you talk so for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold. Bu t reall y, Eliza, you are getting altogether too proud of that little fellow. A man can't put his nose into the door, but you think he must be coming to buy him." Reassured by her mistress' confident tone, Eliza proceeded nimbly and adroitly with her toilet, laughing at her own fea rs, as she proceeded. Mrs. Shelby was a woman of high class, both intellectually and morally. To that natural magnanimity and generosity of mind which one often marks as characteristic of the women of Kentucky, she added high moral and religious sensibility and princip le, carri ed out with great energy and ability into practical results. Her husband, who made no professions to an y particular religious character, nevertheless reverenced and respected the consiste ncy of hers, and stood, perhaps, a little in awe of her opinion. Certain it was t hat he ga ve her unlimited scope in all her benevolent efforts for the comfort, instruction, and improvement of h er servants, though he never took any decided part in them himself. In fact, if not exa ctly a believer in the doctrine of the efficiency of the extra good works of s aints, he re ally seemed somehow or other to fancy that his wife had piety and benevolence enough for two--to indulge a shadowy expectation of getting into heaven through her superabundance of qualities to which he made no particular pretension. The heaviest load o n his mind , after his conversation with the trader, lay in the foreseen necessity of breaking to his wife the arran gement contemplated,--meeting the importunities and opposition which he knew he sh ould have reason to encounter. Mrs. Shelby, being entirely ignorant of h er husban d's embarrassments, and knowing only the general kindliness of his temper, had been quite sincere i n 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 occupi ed in pre parations for an evening visit, it passed out of her th ough ts entirely. CHAPTER II The Mother Eliza had been brought up by her mistress, from girlhood, as a petted and indulg ed favorite. The traveller in the south must often have remarked that p eculiar a ir of refinement, that softness of voice and man ner, whic h seems in ma n y cases t o be a particular gift to the quadroon and mulatto women. These natural graces in the quad roon are often united with beauty of the most dazzling kind, and in al most ev ery case with a personal appearanc e prep ossessin g an d agreea ble. E liza, such as we have described her, is not a fancy sketch, but taken from remembrance, as we saw her, ye ars ago, in Kentucky. Safe under the protecting care of her mistres s, Eliza had reached maturity without t hose tempt ations w hich make be auty so fat al an inh eritance to a slave. She had been married to a bright and talented young mulatto man, who wa s a slave on a neighboring estate, and bore the name of George H arris. Th is young man had been hired out by hi s mas ter to wo rk in a baggin g fac tory, where h is adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had in vented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which, consideri ng the e ducation and circu mstanc es of the inven tor, displ ayed quite as muc h mec hanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin.* * A machine of this description was really the invention of a y oung colored man in Kentucky. [Mrs. Stowe's note.] He was pos sessed of a handsom e per son an d pleasin g man ners, and was a gener al fav orite i n the fa ctory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all the se qualifications were subject to the control of a vulga r, narrow -minded, ty rannical master. This sa me ge ntleman, havin g heard of th e fame of Geo rge's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chattel had been ab out. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who cong ratulated him on po ssessi ng so va luable a slave. He w as waite d up on ove r the fac tory, shown the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so to feel an un easy con sciousnes s of inf eriority. What b usiness h ad hi s slave t o be marchi ng roun d the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon p digging, and " see if h e'd step a bout s o smart." Acco rdingly, t he m anufactu rer a nd all hands c oncerned were astounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced h ed the manufa cturer, "isn't this rather sudden ?" "Wh at if it is? --isn 't the m an m ine?" "We wo uld be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation." "No object at all, sir. I don't need t some time to read and learn out of work ho urs; bu t the more he sees I can do, the m ore h e loa ds o n. He s ays that th ough I do n't say anything, he sees I've got the devil t in a way that he won't like, or I'm m istaken !" "O d ear! w hat shall we do ?" said Eliza, mour nfull y. "It was on ly yes terday," said George, "as I was busy lo p so near the horse that the creature was fr ighten ed. I asked hi m to s top, as pleasa nt as I cou ld,--h e just kept ri ght on. I begged him again, and then med and kicked and ran to his father , and t old him that I was fig hting him. He came in a r age, and s aid he 'd tea ch me w ho was my master; and he t ht whip me till he was tired;--and he d id do i t! If I d on't make him r emem ber it, so me tim e!" an d the br ow of the y oung m an grew dark, and his eye s man my master? That's what I want t o know !" he said. "Well," s aid Eli za, mour nfully, "I al ways thou ght th at I mus t obey my master a se; they have brought you up like a chi ld, fed you, c lothe d you, in dulged you, an d taug ht you , so t hat y ou hav e a goo d education; th and sworn at, and at the best only let a lone; a n d wh at do I o we? I've paid fo r all m y ke epin g a hu ndred times o ver. I w mbled, and was silent. She had never se en her husba nd in t his mo od be fore ; and her ge ntle sys tem of or little Carlo, that you gave me," added G eorge; "the creature has been about all the comfort that I 've h ad. He has s lept wi th me how I felt. Well, the other day I was just f eeding him with a few old scraps I picked up by the kitchen door, and Mas'r came along, and said I was fe eding him up at his expense, and that he couldn't afford to have every nigger keeping his dog, and ordered me to tie a stone to his neck and throw him in the pond." "O, George, you didn't do it!" "Do it? not I!--but he did. Mas'r and Tom pelted the po or drowning creature with stones. Poor thing! he looked at me so mournful, as if he wondered why I didn't save him. I had to ta ke a flogging because I wouldn't do it myself. I don't care. Mas'r will find out that I'm one that whipping wo n't tam e. My day will come yet, if he don't look out." "What are you going to do? O, George, don't do anything wicked; if you only trust in God , and try to do right, he'll deliver you." "I an't a Christian like you, Eliza; my heart's full of bitterness; I can't trust in Go d. Why does he let things be so?" "O, George, we must have faith. Mistress says that when all things go wrong to us, we must bel ieve tha t God is doing th e very best." "That's easy to say for people that are sitting on their s ofas a der. I wish I could be good; but my heart bur ns, and ca n't be rec onciled, an yhow. You couldn't in my place,--you can't now, if I tell you all I've got to s been saying that he was a fool to let me mar ry off t he place ; that he h ates Mr. She lby an d all his tribe, because they are proud, a nd ho won't let me come here any more, and that I sh all take a wife a nd settle d own on his place . At first he only scolded and grumbled these cabin with her, or he would sell me down river. " "Wh y- -but you were married to me, b y the minister, as much as if you'd been a w hite m country for that; I can't hold you for my wife, if he cho oses to part us. That's why I wish I'd never seen you,--why I wish I'd never been born; it w ould ha een born. All this may happen to him yet!" "O, b ut mas ter is so kind!" "Yes, but who knows?--he may die--and then he may be sold to nobody knows who. What pleasure is i ugh your soul for every good and pleasant t hing y our c hild is or h as; it will make him wo rth too much for you to keep." The words smote heavily on Eliza's heart; t low, she turned pale and gasped for brea th. Sh e loo ked nervou sly out on the verandah, wh ere the boy, tired of the grave conversation, had retired, and where he was r ell her husband her fears, but checke d hers elf. " No, no,--he has enough to bear, poor fellow! " she tho ught. "No, I w on't tell him; besides, it an't true; Mis d good-by, for I'm going." "Going, Geor ge! G oing where?" "To Canada," sa id he, straightenin g him self up; "and when I'm there, I' you. I'll buy you and the boy;-- God h elpin g me, I will!" "O, dreadful! if yo u should be taken?" "I won't be t aken, Eliza; I'll die first! I'll hey never will get me down the riv er ali ve!" "O, George, for my sake, d o be car eful! Don't d o anything wicked; d on't lay hands on yours refully, prudently; pray G od to help you." "Well, the n, Eliza, hea r my pla n. Mas'r took it into his head to send me right by he to tell you what I hav e. It w ould please him, if he thought it would aggra vate 'She lby's folks, ' as he calls 'em. I'm going h there are those th at will help me; and, in the co urse of a week or s o, I shall be a mong t he missing, some day. Pray for me, El hen you won't do anything wicked." "Well, now , good- by," said Geo rge, holdin g Eliza's h ands, and gazing into her eyes, without m ng as those may make whose hope to meet again is as the spid er's web,--a nd the husb and and wife were parted. CHAPTE adjoinin g to "the house ," as the negr o par excelle nce designates hi s mast er's dwelling. In front it had a neat ga bles, flourished under careful ten ding. The whole front of it w as co vered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native multif H ere, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such a s marig olds , petun ias, four-o'clocks, found an indulgent corner in whi the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and A unt Chloe, who presi ded over its preparation as head cook, has l me out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper"; therefore, d oubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presid deration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable in timations o f "something good." A round, black, shining fa of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched ciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be. A co ok she c rn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain i calculate d to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, do dgers, m d compo unders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merrimen attain to her el evation. The arrival of company at the house, the arra nging of come to her th an a pile of travelling trunks launched on the veran dah, for t king into the b ake-pan; in which congenial operation we sha ll leave h a snowy spread; and by the side of it was a piece of carpeti ng, of so ly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it l ay, and th oss ible, sac red from the m arauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. d of much hum bler pr etensi ons, and evidently designed fo r use. T he wall o eral Washingto n, draw n and colored in a manner which would certainly e corner, a co uple of woolly -headed boys, with gli stenin g black e baby, which, as is usual ly the case, con sisted i n getting ng violently cheer ed, as s ometh ing decid edly clev er. A tabl loth, displaying cups and s aucer s of a deci dedly br illiant pa Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be t he hero of our s made ma n, of a full glossy black, and a face who se truly African th much kindliness and benevolenc e. Ther e was som ething a bout his y. He was very busily intent at this moment on a sl ate lying b efore hi m, on wh hich operatio n he was overlooked by youn g Mas'r George, a smart, bright bo t that way, Uncle Tom,--not that way," said he, briskl y, as U ncle Tom "La sake s, now, does it?" said Uncle To m, looking with a respectfu l, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled q's and g's innumerable f or his ed ification; and then, taking the pencil in his big, hea vy fingers , he patientl y recommenced. "How easy white folks al'us does things!" said nt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a gr iddle w ith a scra p of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "T he can write, now! and read, too! and then to c ome out h ere evenings a nd read his lessons to us,--it's mighty interestin'!" "But, Aunt m getting mighty hungry," said George. "Isn't that cake in the skillet almost done?" "Mos e done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and pee rowning beautiful--a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some c ake, t' other day, jes to larn her, she said. 'O, go way, Missis,' sa hurts my feelin's, now, to see good vittles spilt dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side--no shape at all; no more t han my shoe; go way!" And with this final expression of contempt eenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being eviden point of t he entertai nment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper departme nt. "Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Po Au he way Chloe, I' ping in,--"b id I; 'it really for Sally's gr tly the central erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master bega ut a stop to it. He'd take him back, and put him to hoeing and is intention of taking him home. "But, Mr. Harris," remonstrat o hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to." "But, sir, ," interposed one of the workmen, rather unluckily. "O yes! mp!" George had stood like one transfixed, at hearing his d sent streams of fire through his veins. He breathed short, a low tone, "Give way, George; go with him for the present. termination to keep the power he possessed over his victi row, were part of a natural language that could not be repre and married his wife. During that period,--being much trust y in match-making, felt pleased to unite her handsome favo ul hair with orange-blossoms, and threw over it the bridal v er mistress' indulgence and liberality. For a year or two Eliz m she mourned with a grief so intense as to call for gentle r ittle Harry, however, she had gradually become tranquillize up to the time that her husband was rudely torn from his ki when, as he hoped, the heat of the occasion had passed awa know my own business, sir." "I did not presume to interfere winking and whispering, the day I took him out of the factory hing before him but a life of toil and drudgery, rendered more to is to hang him. No; there is another use that a man can be r the retreating carriage, when a hand was laid on her shoulde d the afternoon; so come into my little room, and we'll have th l of her mistress. "How glad I am!--why don't you smile?--and I tiful?" said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him. "I wish sband's shoulder, and burst into tears. "There now, Eliza, it's to orge! George! how can you talk so? What dreadful thing has hap , he gazed intently on his glorious dark eyes, and passed his han wish I'd never seen you, nor you me!" "O, George, how can you!" " rudge; I shall only drag you down with me, that's all. What's the us ear George, that is really wicked! I know how you feel about losing y ting her; "haven't I been patient? Did I say a word when he came and y earnings,--and they all say I worked well." "Well, it is dreadful," said t right has he to me? I'm a man as much as he is. I'm a better man than hand,--and I've learned it all myself, and no thanks to him,--I've learne ries to do it; he says he'll bring me down and humble me, and he puts m nder at your feelings, at all; but oh, do be careful--do, do--for my sake--fo , he takes. I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have in me, and he means to bring it out; and one of these days it will come ou ading stones into a cart, that young Mas'r Tom stood there, slashing his whi he turned on me, and began striking me. I held his hand, and then he screa ied me to a tree, and cut switches for young master, and told him that he mig s burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made thi nd mistress, or I couldn't be a Christian." "There is some sense in it, in your ca at is some reason why they should claim you. But I have been kicked and cuffed on't bear it. No, I won't!" he said, clenching his hand with a fierce frown. Eliza tre ethics seemed to bend like a reed in the surges of such passions. "You know po nights, and followed me around days, and kind o' looked at me as if he understood him up at his expense, and that he couldn't afford to have every nigger keeping his or drowning creature with stones. Poor thing! he looked at me so mournful, as if he day will come yet, if he don't look out." "What are you going to do? O, George, don't d. Why does he let things be so?" "O, George, we must have faith. Mistress says that nd riding in their carriages; but let 'em be where I am, I guess it would come some ha say. You don't know the whole yet." "What can be coming now?" "Well, lately Mas'r ha ld their heads up above him, and that I've got proud notions from you; and he says he things; but yesterday he told me that I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a an!" said Eliza, simply. "Don't you know a slave can't be married? There is no law in this ve been better for us both,--it would have been better for this poor child if he had never b t that he is handsome, and smart, and bright? I tell you, Eliza, that a sword will pierce thro he vision of the trader came before her eyes, and, as if some one had struck her a deadly b iding triumphantly up and down on Mr. Shelby's walking-stick. She would have spoken to t sis never deceives us." "So, Eliza, my girl," said the husband, mournfully, "bear up, now; an ll buy you; that's all the hope that's left us. You have a kind master, that won't refuse to sell be free, or I'll die!" "You won't kill yourself!" "No need of that. They will kill me, fast enough; t elf, or anybody else! You are tempted too much--too much; but don't--go you must--but go ca re, with a note to Mr. Symmes, that lives a mile past. I believe he expected I should come here ome quite resigned, you understand, as if all was over. I've got some preparations made,--and iza; perhaps the good Lord will hear you." "O, pray yourself, George, and go trusting in him; t oving. They stood silent; then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping,--such parti R IV An Evening in Uncle Tom's Cabin The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close rden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegeta lora rose, which, entwisting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. ch to unfold their splendors, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe's heart. Let us enter eft to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and co ing with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consi ce is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-cons ertainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken or turkey or duck in the ba t was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing and roasting, to a degree that was uffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practise t, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more wel hen she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs. Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is loo er till we finish our picture of the cottage. In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatly with me considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chloe took her stand, as being decided e whole corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, so far as p In fact, that corner was the drawing-room of the establishment. In the other corner was a be ver the fireplace was adorned with some very brilliant scriptural prints, and a portrait of Gen have astonished that hero, if ever he happened to meet with its like. On a rough bench in th yes and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down,--each successive failure bei e, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a c ttern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, tory, we must daguerreotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully- features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united wi whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicit ich he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in w y of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor. "No laboriously brought up the tail of his g the wrong side out; "that makes a q, you see." l, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled q's and g's innumerable f , he patientl y recommenced. "How easy white folks al'us does things!" said p of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "T ere evenings a nd read his lessons to us,--it's mighty interestin'!" "But, Aunt almost done?" "Mos e done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and pee ake, t' other day, jes to larn her, she said. 'O, go way, Missis,'