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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XII.—(*Concluded.*)

The deceived Mother—Raisin' Niggers—A hard bargain—The bereaved Mother—Heart Agonies—The Suicide—"Wo makes the Trader?"

One day, when the boat lay-to for awhile, at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings. After a time he saw Haley returning, with an alert step, in company with a coloured woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rang, the machinery whizzed, the engine groaned, and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent under-tone.

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow, and that she answered rapidly, and with great emphasis.

"I don't believe it; I won't believe it!" he heard her say. "You're just a foolin' with me."

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man drawing out a paper; "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you—so now!"

"I don't believe mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman with increased agitation.

"You can ask any of these yer, here that can read writing. Make the thing as a man thinks was passing by, 'jis read this yer, won't you? This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 'tis."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"He told me, that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the hotel where my husband works; that's what mas'r told me, his own self, and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; "he has done it, and no mistake."

"Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

"Going to take it easy after all!" said the trader. "Gal's got grit, I see."

The woman looked calm as the boat went on; and a beautiful, soft, summer breeze passed, like a compassionate spirit, over her head—the gentle breeze that never inquires, whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chattering, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very forward in his limbs. Never for a moment still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

"That's a fine chap!" said a man, suddenly stopping opposite to her, with his hands in his pockets. "How old is he?"

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had it in a baby's general depository: to wit, his mouth.

"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled and walked on. When he had got to the other side of the boat he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

"The stranger produced a match and lighted a cigar, saying as he did so—

"Decentish kind o'ench you've got round there, stranger."

"Why, I reckon she is tol'able fair," said Haley, blowing the smoke out of his mouth.

"Taking her down south?" said the man.

Haley nodded and smoked on.

"Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'm filling out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook, and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She's got the right fingers for that; I tested at 'em. Sell well, either way!" and Haley resumed his cigar.

"They won't want the young un on a plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him first chance I find," said Haley, lighting another cigar.

"S'pose you'd be selling him to'able cheap?" said the stranger, approaching the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Haley; "he's a pretty smart young'un—straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a brick!"

"Very true; but then there's all the bother and expense of raisin'."

"Nonsense!" said Haley; "they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going; they an't a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all round in a month."

"I've got a good place for raisin', and I thought of takin' in a little more stock," said the man. "One cook lost a young un last week—got drowned in the wash-tub, while she was a hangin' out clothes; and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to raisin' this yer."

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence; neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the man resumed—

"You wouldn't think of wantin' more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you *must* get him off yer hand anyhow?"

Haley shook his head and spit impressively.

"That ar boy's worth a heap, noways," he said, and began his smoking again.

"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I *could* raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's uncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars six months hence; and, in a year or two, he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot; so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"O stranger! that's ridiculous altogether," said the man.

"Now!" said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I will do," said Haley, spitting again, with renewed decision, "I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man, after an interval.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair; we get there about Thursday morning. It's a pleasant fair—get him off quietly, and no screaming—happens beautiful—I like to do everything quietly—I hates all kind of agitation and flurry—had passed from the stateroom of course—the trader's, he reminded the reader.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading her cloak in it; and then she sprang to the side of the boat, in hopes that among the various hotel-waiters that thronged the wharf she might see her husband. In this hope she presently turned to the deck-hands, and, stretching far over them, strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time!" said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to move herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there—the child was gone!

"Why, why—where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you couldn't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the ninth laxly, which he had completely overcome every human weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts, to make our whole northern community as callous as he was. The woman looked at him, and gurgling spasms of inarticulate agony, over her head—the gentle breeze that never inquires, whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chattering, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

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"Oh, don't mas'r, don't!" said the woman, with a voice like one that is smothering.

"You're a smart wench, Lucy," he persisted. "I mean to do well by you, and get you a nice place down the river; and you'll soon get another husband, such as likely as you—"

"Oh mas'r, if you *only* won't talk to me now," said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish, that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

The trader walked up and down for a time, and occasionally stopped and looked at her.

"Takes it hard, rather," he soliloquized; "but quiet tho'. Let her sweat a while—she'll come right by and by."

Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalize, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain minister of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in the transaction a different light. The trade; a trade which is the vital support of an institution which an American divine assures us is *no evils but such as are inseparable from all other relations in society of domestic life.* But Tom, as we see, being a poor ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him, for what seemed to him the *wrongs* of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, breathing creature, yet treated *a thing* which American state law coolly classes with the bundles, and bales, and boxes, among which she is lying.

Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the pleased h. "could not feel.

Night came on—night calm, unmoved, and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand, from that distant sky. One after another the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples of the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard over and anon a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature. O, Oh, what shall do! O my God! Lord, help! help! Silence.

At midnight Tom waked with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head—the woman's place was vacant! He got up and looked about him in alarm. The poor bleeding heart was still at last and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs you see not! Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom, he bears your sorrows and sins. Have you, like him, in patience, and labour in love; for, sure as he is God, "the year of his redeemed *shall* come."

The trader waked up bright and early, and came out to see his chattels. It was now his turn to look about in perplexity.

"Where alive is that gal?" he said to Tom.

Tom, who had learned the wisdom of keeping counsel, did not feel called on to state his observation and suspicions, but said he did not know.

"She surely couldn't have got off in the night at any of the landings, for I was awake and on the look-out whenever the boat stopped. I never trust these yer things to other folks."

This speech was addressed to Tom quite confidentially, as if it was something that would be answer specially interesting to him. Tom made no answer.

The trader searched the boat from stem to stern, among boxes, bales, and barrels, around the machinery, by the chimneys, in vain.

"Now, I say, Tom, be fair about this yer," he said, when, after a fruitless search, he came where Tom was standing. "You know something about it, I guess. Don't tell me—I know you do. I saw the gal stretched out here about ten o'clock, and again at twelve, and again between one and two; and then at four, she was gone, and you was a sleeping, right stretched the time. Now, you know something—you can't help it."

"Well, mas'r" said Tom, "towards morning something brushed by me, like a tender half wind; and then I hearin a great splash, and then I clean woke up, and the gal was gone. I know no'th."

"Well, I swan it was not shocked nor amazed; he seemed as if he did it before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of Death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen Death many times—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him—and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarassed his property operations very unfairly; and as he only swore, that he would be even with him, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that, if things went on in this way, he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a State which *never will* give up a fugitive—not even at the demand of the whole glorious Union. The trader, therefore, had to content himself down with his little account-book, and put down the missing body and soul under the head of *losses*.

"He's a shocking creature, isn't he, this trader?—so unfeeling! It's dreadful, really!"

"Oh, but nobody thinks anything of these traders. They are universally despised—never received into any decent society."

• Dr. Joel Parker, of Philadelphia.

But who, sir, makes the trader? Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man, who supports the institution of which the trader is the inevitable result, or the poor trader himself? You make the public sentiment that calls for his trade, that debauches and depraves him, till he looks no human in it; and in what are you better than he?

Are you educated and he ignorant, you high and he low, you refined and he coarse, you talented and he stupid? Is your place in the day of a future judgment these very considerations may make it more tolerable for him than for you.

In contemplating these little incidents of lawful trade, we must beg the world not to think, that American legislators are entirely destitute of humanity, as might perhaps be unfairly inferred from the general tone of their laws in our national body to protect and perpetuate this species of traffic.

Who does not know, how our great men are outdoing themselves in declaiming against the *foreign* slave-trade! There are a perfect host of Clarksons and Wilberforces risen up among us on that subject, most edifying to hear and behold. Trading negroes from Africa, dear reader, is so horrid! It is not to be thought of! But trading them from Kentucky—that's quite another thing!

CLIMATE AND HEALTH IN AUSTRALIA.

It is no wonder that there are conflicting accounts of a region where everything in nature is so wildly different from what we are accustomed to elsewhere; where most of the quadrupeds come into this breathing world not half made up, and grow the rank in no outside peculiarities, where swans are black, and the eagles white; where the jay laughs like a jackass, the magpie breathes like an Æolian harp, and other birds flutter about, cracking whips, grinding knives, and ringing chimes of bells; where the cuckoo's note startles the dull ear at night, and the owl's boding screech mocks the light of day; where the mole and the platypus lay eggs, and, when they are hatched, suckle their young; where the native pig eats roots and dwells like maccaroni; where the bees are without sting, many of the most beautiful flowers without smell, and most of trees without shade, shedding their bark instead of leaves; where the earth winds are hot, the south winds are cold, and the east wind healthy; where the mountain-tops are warm, the valleys cool, and the rivers dwindle as they run, current and steady from about fifteen to thirty feet in diameter; they carry up the dust and fine sand to an immense height, and look like dirty lines, four, or more, miles in length—sometimes they ascend and gracefully descend to the earth, when they look like falling towers; as soon as the upper ends of the columns near the earth, the rotatory motion ceases, the dust falls to the ground, and the pillars vanish into thin air. Occasionally, a whirlwind will spring up, in a moment, carry a cloud of dust into mid-air, and then suddenly cease.

In the mountain ravines, the climate is almost British, the thermometer rarely ranging above 85, and never above 90 degrees. In the winter, frosty nights and snow-storms are common, but the frost and snow generally disappear in the warm sun. In these districts, colds and rheumatic affections are occasional, as with us. So completely do the meteoric phenomena depend upon the elevation of the country, that while sitting on one of these mountains in South Australia, enjoying the balmy breeze, with the thermometer at 81 degrees, behold beneath him the city of Adelaide, the surrounding country, sweltering in the dust of a scorching wind, with the thermometer at 107 degrees in the shade. In the mountain districts, a greater quantity of rain falls than in the plains; the air is elastic and bracing, and so clear, that remote objects look sharp and crisp, and the forests in the distance seem painted on the horizon. On the plains, there is little humidity in the atmosphere, but when it rains, it rains, however, and not uncommon, and are not so innoxious as the colonists suppose. Thunderstorms are not very unfrequent, and sometimes their violence is terrific—tearing down trees, breaking down the windows of houses, carrying away portions of the building, and filling the air with dust and sand. The deep black heavens are in the meantime torn by lightning in every direction, the rain falls down in floods, and the earth is shaken with bursts of thunder. These phenomena last from one hour to thirty-six, and are instantly succeeded by calm and sunshine. Hail storms, too, occasionally occur, and, more rarely, columns of water walk among the hills, and when they burst, inundate the country for miles around.

That such climatic changes should be without effect upon the human frame, is incredible; but as yet the conflicting statements are so numerous, and the statistical returns so limited and inaccurate, that the subject is involved in considerable obscurity. Mr. Lancelotte, a gentleman of a cool disposition, conceives himself to be entitled to some credit; and this may be accorded, the rather that his enquiries were not made with a view to publishing, but, likewise from motives of self-preservation, as he was himself in bad health. That the climate requires the counteracting cares of civilization, is obvious from the condition of the natives. The population of the Australian black is delicate in the extreme. He shoots up to manhood like a reed; withers while yet in youth; at thirty, is in the decline of life; and at forty, in old age. The white colonists are differently situated; yet it is necessary for them to consider and prepare for the peculiarities of the climate. When they arrive in Australia, they perhaps find the unaccustomed abundance of the light, the brightness of the daylight, and the constant sunshine, monotonous and wearisome. But this feeling speedily goes off, and their bodies become so inured to the high temperature, that they can bear with ease, from cold than heat. But if they have been accustomed at home to enjoy our cold moist winters and springs, and feel lassitude in summer, they will find their acclimation more difficult, if not impossible; extreme dryness and heat, the main characteristics of the atmosphere, being unfavorable alike to man and plants that flourish in a temperate climate. The dryness of the atmosphere checks

In winter, the thermometer rarely ranges lower than 46 degrees Fahrenheit, and ice is rarely or never seen; but in summer, in the latitude of Sydney and Melbourne, the mercury frequently indicates 90 or 100 degrees, or even more. The variations in the temperature are sudden and extraordinary. At noon, it is frequently higher by 20 degrees than in the morning or evening; and the average heat of one day is greater by 15 degrees than that of the next. This difference is frequently caused by the mere change of wind. The north wind is always dry, and often violent; in winter, moderately warm, in summer, intensely hot, raising the thermometer in the shade sometimes to 120 degrees, drying up grass and fruit, and filling the air with so dense a cloud of sand and dust, that the sun is obscured, and Milton's idea of darkness visible realized. Sometimes this wind crushes upwards, sometimes downwards, sometimes horizontally, sometimes in circles. Occasionally it travels so slowly, that its movement is scarcely perceptible; and then the earth, exposed to the unobscured rays of the sun, and the scorching but almost motionless wind, becomes so hot, that a thermometer, over another sunk just below the surface, stood at 151 degrees! During this season, a heavy haze lightning sweeps through the atmosphere at night.

During the prevalence of such winds, nearly all weakly persons suffer from lassitude and depression; but those, who continue to feel no, seeming to feel nothing disagreeable but the dust. They begin in the latter part of November, and recur at intervals till the end of February. When these are over, there comes a beneficent wind from the south, bathing but unsuccessfully with the austral blasts, and obscuring the light of the sun with the clouds of dust, earth, and sand. When night recommences, the atmosphere is almost imposing, scene presents itself; a distinctly defined perpendicular wall of dust, which I can only liken to a mighty battlement, dividing the universe, extends east-ward and westward to the horizon, and reaches into the heavens, beyond the limits of vision, recedes from view.

All these, however, are like accidental circumstances interrupting the harmony of nature. During the greater part of the year, the country is refreshed, morning and evening, by the exhilarating breezes of the Pacific. On the eastern coast, these delightful breezes occur daily during summer, and at Melbourne and Adelaide, for about 230 days in the year. "I noticed, the perpendicular whirlwinds were of common occurrence during the prevalence of southerly winds. These spiral currents are usually from about fifteen to thirty feet in diameter; they carry up the dust and fine sand to an immense height, and look like dirty lines, four, or more, miles in length—sometimes they ascend and gracefully descend to the earth, when they look like falling towers; as soon as the upper ends of the columns near the earth, the rotatory motion ceases, the dust falls to the ground, and the pillars vanish into thin air. Occasionally, a whirlwind will spring up, in a moment, carry a cloud of dust into mid-air, and then suddenly cease."

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• *Australia as it is: its Settlements, Farms, and Gold-fields.* By T. Lancelotte, Esq. Illustrated by Sketches of the Australian Colonies. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1852.