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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. IX.

In which it appears that a Senator is but a Man.—Mrs. Bird.—The Discomfited Senator.—An Unexpected Appearance.—The Senator and the Man.—Eliza's Story and its Effects.—Questions and Replies.—Heads and Hearts.—A Senator in a Fix.—An Ohio Railroad.—The Senator's Journey.—John Van Trompe.

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, ever and anon mingling admonitory remarks to a number of frolicsome juveniles, who were effervescing in all those modes of untold gambol and mischief that have astonished mothers ever since the flood.

"Tom, let the door-knob alone—there's a man! Mary! Mary! don't pull the cat's tail—poor Pussy! Jim, you musn't climb on that table—no, no! You don't know, my dear, what a surprise it is to us all to see you here to-night," said she, at last, when she found a space to say something to her husband.

"Yes, yes, I thought I'd just make a run down, spend the night, and have a little comfort at home. I'm tired to death, and my head aches!"

Mrs. Bird cast a glance at a camphor-bottle, which stood in the half-open closet, and appeared to meditate an approach to it, but her husband interposed.

"No, no, Mary, no doctoring! a cup of your good hot tea, and some of our good home living, is what I want. It's a tiresome busines, this legislating!"

And the senator smiled, as if he rather liked the idea of considering himself a sacrifice to his country.

"Well," said his wife, after the business of the tea-table was getting very slack, "and what have they been doing in the Senate?"

Now, it was a very unusual thing for gentle little Mrs. Bird ever to trouble her head with what was going on in the house of the State, very wisely considering, that she had enough to do to mind her own. Mr. Bird, therefore, opened his eyes in surprise, and said,—

"Not very much of importance."

"Well; but is it true, that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor coloured folks that come along? I heard they were talking of some such law, but I didn't think any Christian legislature would pass it!"

"Why, Mary, you are getting to be a politician all at once."

"No, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fip for all your politics, generally, but I think this is something downright cruel and unchristian. I hope, my dear, no such law has been passed."

"There has been a law passed forbidding people to help off the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear; so much of that thing has been done by these reckless Abolitionists, that our brethren in Kentucky are very strongly excited, and it seems necessary, and no more than Christian and kind, that something should be done by our State to quiet the excitement."

"And what is the law? It don't forbid us to shelter these poor creatures a night, does it? and give 'em something comfortable to eat, and a few old clothes, and send them quietly about their business?"

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

Mrs. Bird was a timid, blushing little woman, of about four feet in height, and with mild blue eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, and the gentlest, sweetest voice in the world; as for courage, a moderate-sized cock-turkey had been known to put her to rout at the very first gobble, and a stout house-dog of moderate capacity would bring her into subjection, merely by a show of his teeth. Her husband and children were her entire world, and in these she ruled more by entreaty and persuasion than by command or argument. There was only one thing that was capable of arousing her, and that provocation came in on the side of her unusually gentle and sympathetic nature; anything in the shape of cruelty would throw her into a passion, which was more alarming and inexplicable in proportion to the general softnesss of her nature. Generally the most indulgent and easy to be entreated of all mothers, still her boys had a very reverent remembrance of a most vehement chastisement she once bestowed on them, because she found them, leagued with several graceless boys of the neighbourhood, stoning a defenceless kitten.

"I'll tell you what," Master Bill used to say, "I was scared that time. Mother came at me so that I thought she was crazy, and I was whipped and tumbled off to bed, without any supper, before I could get over wondering what had come about; and, after that, I heard mother outside the door, which made me feel worse than all the rest. I'll tell you what," he'd say, "we boys never stoned another kitten!"

On the present occasion Mrs. Bird rose quickly, with very red cheeks, which quite improved her general appearance, and walked up to her husband with quite a resolute air, and said, in a determined tone,—

"Now, John, I want to know, if you think such a law as that is right and Christian!"

"You won't shoot me now, Mary, if I say I do!"

"I never could have thought it of you, John! You didn't vote for it?"

"Even so, my fair politician."

"You ought to be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It's a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I'll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I *shall* have a chance, I do! Things have got to a pretty pass, if a woman can't give a warm supper and a bed to poor, starving creatures, just because they are slaves, and have been abused and oppressed all their lives, poor things!"

"But, Mary, just listen to me. Your feelings are all quite right, dear, and interesting, and I love you for them; but then, dear, we mustn't suffer our feelings to run away with our judgment. You must consider, its not a matter of private feeling; there are great public interests involved; there is such a state of public agitation rising, that we must put aside our private feelings."

"Now, John, I don't know anything about politics, but I can read my Bible; and there I see that I must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the desolate; and that Bible I mean to follow."

"But in cases where your doing so would involve a great public evil"—

"Obeying God never brings on public evils. I know it can't. It's always safest, all round, to *do as He* bids us."

"Now, listen to me, Mary, and I can state to you a very clear argument, to show"—

"Oh, nonsense, John! you can talk all night, but you wouldn't do it. I put it to you, John, would *you* now turn away a poor, shivering, hungry creature from your door, because he was a runaway? *Would* you now?"

Now, if the truth must be told, our senator had the misfortune to be a man who had a particular humane and accessible nature, and turning away anybody that was in trouble never had been his forte; and what was worse for him in this particular pinch of the argument was, that his wife knew it, and, of course, was making an assault on rather an indefensible point. So he had recourse to the usual means of gaining time for such cases made and provided; he said, "ahem," and coughed several times, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and began to wipe his glasses. Mrs. Bird, seeing the defenceless condition of the enemy's territory, had no more conscience than to push her advantage.

"I should like to see you doing that, John—I really should! Turning a woman out of doors in a snow-storm, for instance, or may be you'd take her up and put her in gaol, wouldn't you? You would make a great hand at that!"

"Of course, it would be a very painful duty," began Mr. Bird in a moderate tone.

"Duty, John! don't use that word! You know it isn't a duty—it can't be a duty! If folks want to keep their slaves from running away, let 'em treat 'em well—that's my doctrine. If I have slaves (as I hope I never shall have) I'd risk their wanting to run away from me, or you either, John. I tell you, folks don't run away, when they are happy; and when they do run, poor creatures! they suffer enough with cold, and hunger, and fear, without everybody's turning against them; and, law or no law, I never will, so help me God!"

"Mary! Mary, my dear, let me reason with you."

"I hate reasoning, John—especially reasoning on such subjects. There's a way you political folks have of coming round and round a plain right thing; and you don't believe in it yourselves when it comes to practice. I know *you* well enough, John. You don't believe it's right, any more than I do! and you wouldn't do it any sooner than I."

At this critical 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, looked after his little wife with a whimsical mixture of amusement and vexation, and, 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'd 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 slender 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, yet none could help feeling its mournful and pathetic beauty, while its stony sharpness, its cold, fixed, deathly aspect, struck a solemn chill over him. 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 chafing his little cold feet.

"Sure, now, if she ain't a sight to behold!" said old Dinah, compassionately, "'Pears like 'twas the heat that made her faint. She was tol'able peart when she cum in, and asked, if she couldn't warm herself here a spell; and I was just a askin' her where she cum from, and she fainted right down. Never done much hard work, guess, by the looks of her hands."

"Poor creature;" said Mrs Bird, compassionately, as the woman slowly unclosd 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? he's here!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, ma'am!" said she, 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.

With many gentle and womanly offices, which none knew better how to render than Mrs. Bird, the poor woman was in time rendered more calm. A temporary bed was provided for her on the settle, 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 had gone back to the parlour, where, strange as it may appear, no reference was made on either side to the proceding conversation; but Mrs. Bird busied herself with her knitting work, and Mr. Bird pretended to be reading the paper.

"I wonder who and what she is!" said Mr. Bird at last, as he laid it down.

"When she wakes up and feels a little rested, we will see," said Mrs. Bird.

"I say, wife!" said Mr. Bird, after musing in silence over his newspaper.

"Well, dear!"

"She couldn't wear one of your gowns, could she, by any letting down, or such matter? She seem to be rather larger than you are."

A quite perceptible smile glimmered on Mrs. Bird's face, as she answered, "We'll see."

Another pause, and Mr. Bird again broke out—

"I say, wife!"

"Well! What now!"

"Why, there's that old bombazin cloak that you keep on purpose to put over me, when I take my afternoon's nap; you might as well give her that—she needs clothes."

At this instant 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 smaller fry having by this time been safely disposed of in bed.

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

"Did you want me?" said Mrs. Bird, in gentle tones. "I hope you feel better now, poor woman!"

A long-drawn, shivering sigh, was the only answer; but she lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on her with such a forlorn and imploring expression that the tears came into the little woman's eyes.

"You needn't 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, taking up the interrogatory.

"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 on the ice; for they were behind me—right behind—and there was no other way!"

"Law, missis," said Cudjoe, "the ice is all in broken-up blocks, a swinging and a tottering up and down in the water?"

"I know it was—I know it!" said she wildly; "but I did it! I wouldn't have thought I could—I didn't think I should get over, but I didn't care! I could but die, if I didn't. The Lord helped me; nobody knows how much the Lord can help 'em, 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 you 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 'em 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; and, ma'am, they were going to take him away from me—to *sell* him—sell him down south, ma'am, to go all alone—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life! I couldn't stand it, ma'am. I knew I never should be good for anything if they did; and when I knew the papers were signed, and he was sold, I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me—the man that bought him, and some of mas'r's folks—and they were coming down right behind me, and I heard 'em. 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 characteristic of themselves, showing signs of hearty sympathy.

The two little boys, after a desperate rummaging in their pockets, in search of those pocket-handkerchiefs which mothers know are never to be found there, had thrown themselves disconsolately into the skirts of their mother's gown, where they were sobbing, and wiping their eyes and noses, to their heart's content; Mrs. Bird had her face fairly hidden in her pocket-handkerchief; and old Dinah, with tears streaming down her black, honest face, was ejaculating, "Lord, have mercy on us!" with all the fervour of a camp-meeting; while old Cudjoe, rubbing his eyes very hard with his cuffs, and making a most uncommon variety of wry faces, occasionally responded in the same key, with great fervour. Our senator was a statesman, and of course could not be expected to cry, like other mortals; and so he turned his back to the company, and looked out of the window and seemed particularly busy in clearing his throat and wiping his spectacle-glasses, occasionally blowing his nose in a manner that was calculated to excite suspicion, had any one been in a state to observe critically.

"How came you to tell me, you had a kind master?" he suddenly exclaimed, gulping down very resolutely some kind of rising in his throat, and turning suddenly round upon the woman.

"Because he *was* a kind master—I'll say that of him, any way; and my mistress was kind; but they couldn't help themselves. They were owing money; and there was some way, I can't tell how, that a man had hold on them, and they were obliged to give him his will. I listened, and heard him telling mistress that, and she begging and pleading for me, and he told her he couldn't help himself, and that the papers were all drawn; and then it was I took him and left my home, and came away. I knew 'twas no use in my trying to live, if they did it; for't 'pears like this child is all I have."

"Have you no husband?"

"Yes, but he belongs to another man. His master is real hard to him, and won't let him come to see me, hardly ever; and he's grown harder and harder upon us, and he threatens to sell him down south. It's like, I'll never see *him* again!"

The quiet tone in which the woman pronounced these words might have led a superficial observer to think that she was entirely apathetic; but there was a calm, settled depth of anguish in her large, dark, eye, that spoke of something far otherwise.

"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, to Canada?" said she, looking up, with a simple, confiding air, to Mrs, Bird's face.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Bird, involuntarily.

"Is't a very great way off, I think?" said the woman, earnestly.

"Much further than you think, poor child!" said Mrs Bird: "but we will try to think wha 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."

(For Haszard's Gazette.)

SEVENTH REPORT

OF THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ASSOCIATION IN CONNECTION WITH THE LONDON JEWS' SOCIETY.

Your Committee, in presenting their Seventh Report, endeavour to glean from the Records of the London Society such facts and appeals as may appear to them best calculated to excite and sustain your interest in their operations. We have a well-grounded confidence that this mission to the Jews finds a ready sympathy in every Christian bosom; and although far removed from the countries in which the Jews are strangers and sojourners, your interest in the prophecies and reverence for the revealed will of God will ever make this mission dear to you.

Your Committee have to speak of a people who stand in the nearest relation to us and the Author of our Salvation. We have to speak of those who have been witnesses for God and His truth in all ages, and whose future welfare is bound up with the welfare of the whole human race in a far-extending scheme of revealed purposes.

We have to record the annual progress of the London Society in its many and continued endeavours to reach the scattered children of Israel. This Society stretches out her hands to the ends of the earth, and aims to send her missionaries wherever the wandering Jew is to be found. It furnishes to all the pure word of God; it distributes suitable Tracts; it establishes Missions and Schools; it proclaims from Mount Zion, the Gospel, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; and seeks, with all Christian love and faithfulness, and by all available means, to ameliorate the condition, and elevate the character of this wonderful people.

The Society has now entered upon its 46th year. During the past year, its receipts, from all sources, for general purposes, was nearly £31,000 sterling:—the sum contributed by Auxiliaries forms a large item in this amount, and includes the sum of £41 15s. 8d. sterling, remitted from this Island by our Association. Thus this Society lives in the affections of the Christians of England, and in a time of unusual activity and increased expenditure for Missions, it has not been neglected. Nevertheless, the sum subscribed is far too small for the effectual working of the Society; and the Christians of England are in the Report urged to increase their subscriptions, so that more Missionaries may be sent forth.

It is pleasing to consider the high calling of our beloved country. To England—to Protestant, Bible-loving England—is committed the great work of sending forth the Heralds of the Cross, of preaching the Gospel to all the world, and especially to seek out the neglected outcasts of Israel. Once foremost in persecution of the Jew, it now behoves her, in a spirit of meekness, to requite and undo her centuries of wrong, and to show her sympathy for the injuries so cruelly inflicted upon the weak and the unoffending, and by all possible means to make them partakers with her of the blessed hope of everlasting life.

It is *this* work that the London Society has undertaken in all faithfulness, and it at present for this purpose occupies 32 stations, in Europe, Asia and Africa; and employs 96 Agents, of whom 21 are Clergymen,—the remaining 75 are lay Missionaries, Schoolmasters, and Colporteurs—except at Jerusalem, where Dr. Macgowan and 3 Assistants conduct the affairs of the Hospital, and one is engaged as Superintendent of the School of Industry. Nine of the Clergymen, and fifty of the Agents employed, are converted Jews.

One of the means employed during the past year with great success, has been the dissemination of the Scriptures, especially the Old Testament, in their own honored and venerable language. Before the establishment of this Society, a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures cost £5 sterling; now a large copy can be purchased for 12s., and a small copy for 4s. 6d. These copies in all parts of the world are eagerly received and diligently read. The Jew has been heretofore led away from the plain teaching of the Scriptures, and has been involved in the intricate mazes of the Talmud; but the hold of this false teaching is loosening from the public mind, and here and there the awakened and emancipated Jew, receiving the truth of God, confesses that the once despised Jesus is truly the Messiah.

Your Committee will now endeavour to place under your notice some interesting facts connected with the progress of the Missions.

In London great activity prevails, and since the last Report, 36 Israelites have been baptized at the Jews' Chapel, making a total of 592 since the commencement of the Mission. The Rev. Mr. Ewald is assisted by two lay readers, and from house to house the Gospel has been preached. Mr. Whitehead, one of the lay readers, has visited 1200 families—the poorest and lowest of the thousands of Israel, crowded together in the alleys and courts of that great city, and although ignorant of the Bible and their own religion, they are bigoted and opposed to Christian teaching.

Your Committee now direct your attention to Jerusalem. The Church on Mount Zion now numbers in its varying congregation 100 baptized Israelites. There are 17 Jews under instruction, but only one has been as yet baptized, your Missionaries being desirous to test the sincerity of their profession and the purity of their motives.

For some time this Mission has yielded small fruit for the labour bestowed; it is hoped that a new and happier era is now opening. The Mission has the benefit of the Bishop of Jerusalem's superintendence; and the appointment of another Missionary is hailed with much satisfaction. The House of Industry and the Hospital have each been of great service,—the former in educating and training enquirers to industrial pursuits, the latter in dispensing the blessings of English skill and medicine for the cure of the many diseases that afflict this people; more than 8000 patients were relieved in 1851.

To proceed further East, we notice the Mission lately opened in Bagdad, by Mr. Stern. Tyranny, violence, and revenge are the elements among which an Eastern Jew moves, and the debasing effects of continued oppression are painfully evident. One day, the Missionary went to see a merchant who had lately arrived from Constantinople, and with whom he had already conversed on the subject of Christianity. After some remarks, he said "There are persons to whom these doctrines of yours are peculiarly fascinating. I knew a young learned Jew at Constantinople, who visited Mr. Schauffler, the Missionary, and at last was received into his house preparatory to baptism. By holding out splendid prospects to this young man, I enticed him away, and he accompanied me on my journey to this place. In the desert, he was taken ill with cholera, and died; but in that short illness, he told me several times that he died a Christian; and only the impossibility of procuring a Minister, prevented his being baptized. So you see," he concluded, "although I got him from the Missionary, and even buried his body in a Jewish cemetery, on the day of resurrection, he will surely be found on *your* side."

But it is in Europe that the work seems to prosper most; and as time will not permit us to narrate at any length the many facts recorded, we have selected the two following anecdotes, and then shall gladly avail ourselves of the concluding remarks in the Report of the Parent Society. How instructive is the following, and who can say how many Jews might tell a similar tale—we extract from a Missionary Journal: "Visited Mr. M., a respectable Jew from the Duchy of Posen. He appeared delighted to see me, and after we were seated related to me the following curious history:—"Twenty years ago," he said, "whilst travelling in England, he had heard of Jesus Christ the Messiah, and had read many tracts and pamphlets on the subject, which at the moment made a deep impression on his mind. He afterwards returned to his native country, where he stayed about 12 years, during which time his thoughts were much upon Jesus of Nazareth, and nothing could drive those thoughts away. He was at length so unhappy, that he resolved to leave wife and family, and, returning to England, there follow out his convictions. I went there," he continued, "but, alas! Satan prevented my carrying out my good resolutions. I was so closely watched by my friends and relatives, that no opportunity was afforded me, and I performed my usual rounds of ceremonies; but whenever I entered the synagogue, or opened the prayer book, the *bruised Jesus*, with the crown of thorns on his head, seemed to be before me, warning me to flee from the wrath to come. I felt truly miserable, and once more resolved to return to my native country and to the bosom of my family. I left England in November last; but whilst walking on the deck of one of the Rhine steamers, a gentleman of the name of Reichardt, Missionary of the London Society, who was on his way to Jerusalem, came up to me and addressed me on the one thing needful. We afterwards went down into the cabin, and conversed about eight hours, during which time I could scarcely refrain from giving vent to my feelings. The impression that conversation has made upon me, I can scarcely describe. I was now in Germany, but in the most distressed state of mind. I could neither join the cold and heartless state of Judaism, nor could I enjoy the lifeless sermons of German neologians; my soul was in great trouble, and my conscience continually accusing me. And what comfort and relief could Poland and my bigoted relatives afford me? I therefore at once stopped short on my journey, and returned to Christian England. I now attend regularly every Sunday a Christian place of worship, and diligently read the writings of Dr. M'Caul, and others, as well as the New and