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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XII.

Select Incident of Lawful Trade.—Diverse Reflection.—Executor's Sale.—The Slave-Market—Aunt Hagar and her child.—The Ohio Steamboat.—The Decrees of Providence.—The two Ministers.—Mr. Haley's Specific.—

"In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

Mr. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each for a time absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing—seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands, and organs of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects: it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case, till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that, whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands as long as he behaved well: and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by "niggers" whom he had favoured; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: "We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come: wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for He hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up somehow a strange sort of power over the minds of poor simple fellows like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative, half aloud, by way of calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:—

"Executors' Sale.—Negroes!—Agreeably to order of Court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes:—Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

"Samuel Morris,
"Thomas Flint, } Executors."

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to. "Ye see I am going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom; it'll make it sociable and pleasant like—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington first and foremost, and then I'll clap you into jail, while I does the business."

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the *naive*, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail, by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow!—not having very much else to be proud of; if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he perhaps would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington—the one in a tavern, the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns, waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son Albert, a bright looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

"Don't be fear'd, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men. "I spoke to Mas'r Thomas 'bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot both together."

"Dey needn't call me worn out yet," said she, lifting her shaking hands. "I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour—I'm wuth a buying, if I do come cheap; tell 'em dat ar—you *tell* 'em," she added, earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open, and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles; and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

"He an't gwine to be sold widout me!" said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; "he and I goes in a lot together; I's rail strong yet, mas'r, and can do heaps o' work—heaps on it, mas'r."

"On plantations?" said Haley with a contemptuous glance. "Likely story!" and as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, ready for action.

"What think of 'em?" said a man who had been following Haley's examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

"Wal," said Haley, spitting, "I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy."

"They want to sell the boy and the old woman together," said the man.

"Find it a tight pull; why, she's an old rack o' bones—not worth her salt."

"You wouldn't then?" said the man.

"Anybody'd be a fool 'twoud. She's half blind, crooked with the rheumatis, and foolish to boot."

"Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses ther's a sight more wear in 'em than a body'd think," said the man reflectively.

"No go 'tall," said Haley; "wouldn't take her for a present—fact: I've *seen*, now."

"Wal, 'tis kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son—her heart seems so sot on him; s'pose they fling her in cheap."

"Them that's got money to spend that ar way, it's all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand; wouldn't be bothered with her no way—not if they'd give her to me," said Haley.

"She'll take on desp't," saidthe man.

"Nat'lly, she will," said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience; and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to your mammy, Albert—close—dey'll put us up togedder," she said.

"O mammy, I'm fear'd they won't," said the boy.

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said the old creature vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

"Come, now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer; "be up, and show your springs, now."

"Put us two togedder, togedder—do please, mas'r," said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off," said the man gruffly, pushing her hands away; "you come last. Now, darkey, spring," and, with the word, he pushed the boy towards the block, while a deep heavy groan rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and, dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face raised an instant competition, and half-a-dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids—now here, now there—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block towards his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands towards him.

"Buy me, too, mas'r; for de Lord's sake!—buy me—I shall die, if you don't!"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley. "No!" and he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creatur was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

"Couldn't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

"What good will it do?" said she, sobbing pasionately.

"Mother! mother! don't! don't!" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master."

"I don't care—I don't care. O Albert! O my boy! you's my last baby. Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley, dryly.

"Don't do no good for her to go on that ar way."

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and bartly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and as they led her off to her new master's waggon, strove to comfort her.

"Now!" said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented as the boat moved on by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he, or his agent, had stored for him in various points alongshore.

The *La Belle Riviere*, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gaily down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering overhead; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentleman, walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant, and rejoicing! all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

"Boys," said Haley, coming up briskly, "I hope you keep up good heart and are cheerful. Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff upper lip, boys; do well by me, and I'll do well by you."

The boys addressed responded the invariable "Yes, mas'r," for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it's to be owned, they did not look particularly cheerful. They had their various little prejudices in favour of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time; and though "they that wasted them required of them mirth," it was not instantly forthcoming.

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee, "and she don't know a word about this, poor girl."

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I *could* see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It *was* rather natural; and the tears that fell as he spoke came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And overhead, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

"O, mamma!" said a boy, who had just come up from below; "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there."

"Poor creatures!" said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother.

"And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!" said another lady.

"Oh, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door, sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. "I've been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off, than they would be to be free."

"In some respects some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered. "The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections—the separating of families, for example."

"That *is* a bad thing, certainly," said the other lady, holding up a baby's dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings; "but then I fancy, it don't occur often."

"Oh, it does," said the first lady, eagerly; "I've lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I've seen enough to make one's heart sick. Suppose, ma'am, your two children there should be taken from you and sold?"

"We can't reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them, if you say so," answered the first lady, warmly. "I was born and brought up among them. I know they *do* feel, just as keenly—even more so,—perhaps—as we do."

The lady said "Indeed!" yawned, and looked out at the cabin window, and finally repeated for a finale, the remark with which she had begun—"After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free."

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin-door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the Scripture says."

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall man, standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go a-head and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence: won't we, squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, and intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man: "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing, an't it, stranger!" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on't," said Haley. I couldn't have said as much myself; I han't no larnin. I took up the trade just to make a living; if 'tan't right, I calculated to 'pent on't in time ye know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye!" said the tall man, "See what 'tis, now, to know Scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cussed be'—what's his name!—and 'twould all have come right." And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broken in, and repeated the words, "'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "*that* is Scripture, as much "Cursed be Canaan' '!"

"Wal' it seems quite *as* plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up where the slave-gang sat and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandize, before enumerated, "John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft—the every day told—of heart-strings rent and broken—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs to be told: every day is telling it—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though He be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatutes? Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child! and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife for ever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, an't there? 'Cussed be Canaan, don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar an't the worst on't," said John; "mebbe it won't go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o' these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer: it's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts—a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily as before. Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed no her way.

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

The Royal Children.—The education of the royal children, observes a contemporary, being a matter in which all must feel interested, a few details of the manner in which the day of the royal scholars is divided may perhaps be entertaining to our readers. A primary regard is paid to moral and religious duties. They rise early, breakfast at eight, and dine at two. Their various occupations are allotted out with almost military exactness. One hour finds them engaged in the study of the ancient—another of the modern authors, their acquaintanceship with languages being first founded on a thorough knowledge of their grammatical construction, and afterwards familiarised and perfected by conversation. Next they are trained in those military exercises which give dignity and bearing. Another hour is agreably filled up with the lighter accomplishments of music and dancing. Again the happy little party assemble in the riding-school, where they may be seen deeply interested in the various evolutions of the *menage*. Thence—while drawing and the further exercise of music and the lighter accomplishments call off the attention of their sisters—the young princes proceed to busily engage themselves in a carpenter's shop, fitted up expressly for them, at the wish of the royal consort, with a turning lathe and other tools essential to a perfect knowledge of the craft. They thus early become, not only theoretically, but practically acquainted with the useful arts of life. A small laboratory is occasionally brought into requisition, at the instance also of their royal father, and the minds of the children are thus led up from a contemplation of the curiosities of chemical science, and the wonders of nature to an inquiry into their causes. This done, the young carpenters and students throw down their saws and axes, unbucle their philosophy and shoulder their miniature percussion guns—which they handle with the dexterity of practised sportsmen—for a shooting stroll through the royal gardens. The evening meal, the preparation for the morning's lessons, and brief religious instruction, close the day.

(*From the London Watchman.*)

The Jews.—A remarkable change is in progress among the Jews in almost every country. Rabbinism, which has enslaved the minds of that people for so many ages, is rapidly losing its influence. Multitudes are throwing aside the Mishna and the Talmud, and betaking themselves to the study of Moses and the Prophets. Among the Jews in London there is, at the present time, a great demand for copies of the Old Testament. The subject of their restoration to Palestine and the nature of the promises on which the expectation is founded, are extensively engaging their attention. In examining into these matters they have obtained considerable assistance from a continental Rabbi, who has lately arrived among them, and exhibited a manuscript in which he has endeavoured to prove from Scripture, that the time has come when the Jews must set about making preparations for returning to the land of their fathers. The said manuscript has been printed in Hebrew and English, and a society has been formed to further the movement proposed by the learned Rabbi.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Sir,—Lord Mount-Edgcumbe has written a very alarming letter. No wonder. He lives near one of our great arsenals, and knows its weakness, and he has no wish to see a French admiral or general in his home. Mr. Ewart, on the other hand, has written a very tranquillizing letter, which is not surprising, as he has been living in the society of the scientific and learned men of Paris, who cannot desire war. Had he associated with the naval and military men, I suspect he would have come to a different conclusion. Mr. Ewart, I am glad to see, approves an effective system of defence. All experienced and right-thinking men will agree with him. Lord J. Russell has announced, that it is not the intention of the Government to further increase the army or navy. I am sorry for it. I am told, that we cannot bring into the field more than 20,000 regular troops of all arms, after leaving garrisons in places that must be defended. That is a very small force for the protection of the country, even when supported by 80,000 militia. The Government, however, seem satisfied. I therefore conclude, they have no fear of a sudden attack, and the 80,000 militia, if well-officered and well commanded, and kept longer in the field, will no doubt become effective in time. As to the navy, I am in hopes the 5,000 seamen and 1,000 marines voted will enable the Admiralty to produce an efficient Channel fleet, and, as the Committee have made their report on manning the navy, it is to be hoped, some plan will be fixed upon to enable the Queen to call out the seamen wanted in any emergency. The country looks up to the navy as its surest defence, and I have no doubt it will do its duty; but it cannot do impossibilities. The attacking party at the beginning of a war has always the advantage, because it can call in all its ships from foreign stations without our knowledge, and concentrate them where it pleases, and steam greatly facilitates such an operation. In 1840 this was done. France disagreed with the allied Powers on the affairs of Syria, a rupture was expected, a French fleet, superior to ours, was collected at Toulon, and no less than 20 ships-of-war, of different sizes—eight being large frigates—were assembled at Martinique and Guadaloupe, to face which we had a half-manned British frigate. This can be done again, and there is our danger.

I remain, your obdt. Servt.,
Charles Napier.

Sir Charles Wood, at a public dinner at Halifax, England, gave a hint, the first that has been given, of the intentions of the government with respect to the extension of the franchise. He said, he did not hold that there exists any peculiar test of virtue in the rental of a £10 house, but some such criterion was necessary for the purposes of registration. Nevertheless, the government is prepared to extend the frachise so as to embrace the most intelligent of the classes now excluded by reason of not paying rent to that amount. This is an important hint, coming as it does from one of the most cautious members of the government, and would indicate, that some definite plan is decided on by the cabinet.

A company has been advertised for constructing an Atlantic and Pacific junction canal through the Isthmus of Darien at a cost of £15,000,000 sterling. This route, it appears, has never been actually surveyed, but some superficial observations have been made, which lead to the assumption that if the levels should prove such as they are supposed to be, a canal capable of passing the largest vessels without locks might be excavated for the sum specified.

The Bros. Rothschilds have contracted for a loan of fifty million francs to Piedmont, and another of fifteen millions to Tuscany.

Mrs. Howard a Countess.—The Emperor Napoleon has made his old mistress a countess: and has also given to that title a local habitation and a name, by the purchase of a village and appanage in connection with it, for a sum amounting to nearly £30,000. Mrs. Howard will in future bear the title of Countess of Beauregard, of which village, pleasantly situated in the neighbourhood of Versailles, her ladyship is now the proprietress.

New Arctic Expeditions.—Commander Inglefield, who commanded the Isabel, screw steam vessel, last year during her enterprising search up Smith's Sound, where he discovered a great expanse of water, has received a letter appointing him to the command of the Phœnix screw steam sloop at Deptford, which had been taken up from Woolwich to that dockyard to be prepared for a voyage to the Arctic regions. The Phœnix screw steam sloop was built at Chatham in 1832, of 800 tons burden, and she was amongst the earliest Government steamers fitted with a screw propeller and ocillating engines, by John Penn and Son, of 260-horse horse power. She can stow 210 tons of coal, and has good accommodation on board for the comfort of the crew, with ample room for a large supply of stores. When brought down to Woolwich, in the course of next week, she will have her boilers put on board, and be made ready to leave in the first week of May next for the arctic regions. It is not yet decided, but it