under Mrs. Stowe

PICTURES AND STORIES FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

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THIS LITTLE WORK

IS DESIGNED TO ADAPT

MRS. STOWE'S TOUCHING NARRATIVE

TO THE UNDERSTANDINGS OF THE YOUNGEST READERS

AND TO FOSTER IN THEIR HEARTS

A GENEROUS SYMPATHY FOR THE

WRONGED NEGRO RACE OF AMERICA.

The purpose of the Editor of this little Work, has been to adapt it for the juvenile family circle. The verses have accordingly been written by the Authoress for the capacity of the youngest readers, and have been printed in a large bold type. The prose parts of the book, which are well suited for being read aloud in the family circle, are printed in a smaller type, and it is presumed that in these our younger friends will claim the assistance of their older brothers or sisters, or appeal to the ready aid of their mamma.

JANUARY, 1853.

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Pictures and Stories from Uncle Tom's Cabin

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UNCLE TOM'S
PICTURE BOOK.

THE SALE OF LITTLE HARRY.

Come read my book good boys and girls
That live on freedom's ground,
With pleasant homes, and parents dear,
And blithesome playmates round;
And you will learn a woeful tale,
Which a good woman told,
About the poor black negro race,
How they are bought and sold.

Within our own America
Where these bad deeds are done,
A father and a mother lived
Who had a little son;
As slaves, they worked for two rich men,
Whose fields were fair and wide—
But Harry was their only joy,
They had no child beside.

Now Harry's hair was thick with curls
And softly bright his eyes,
And he could play such funny tricks
And look so wondrous wise,

THE SALE OF LITTLE HARRY.

Oh children dear, 'twas sad to hear,
That for the trader's gold,
To that hard-hearted evil man
Her own sweet boy was sold.

That all about the rich man's house
Were pleased to see him play,
Till a wicked trader buying slaves
Came there one winter day.

The trader and the rich man sat
Together, at their wine,
When in poor simple Harry slipped
In hopes of something fine.
He shewed them how the dandy danced,
And how old Cudjoe walked,
Till loud they laughed and gave him grapes,
And then in whispers talked.

The young child knew not what they said,
But at the open door
Eliza, his poor mother, stood,
With heart all sick and sore.
Oh children dear, 'twas sad to hear,
That for the trader's gold,
To that hard-hearted evil man
Her own sweet boy was sold.

And he would take him far away,
To where the cotton grew,
And sell him for a slave to men
More hard and wicked too.
She knew that none would heed his woe,
His want, or sickness there,
Nor ever would she see his face,
Or hear his evening prayer.

So when the house was all asleep,
And when the stars were bright,
She took her Harry in her arms,
And fled through that cold night:—
Away through bitter frost and snow
Did that poor mother flee;
And how she fared, and what befell,
Read on, and you shall see.

Before setting out, Eliza took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote hastily the following note to her kind mistress, who had tried in vain to save little Harry from being sold:—

"Oh missus! dear missus! don't think me ungrateful; don't think hard of me. I am going to try to save my boy; you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied firmly round her waist; and so fond is a mother's remembrance, that even in the terrors of that hour she did not forget to put up in the little package one or two of his favourite toys.

On the bed lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face. "Poor boy! poor fellow!" said Eliza, "they have sold you, but your mother will save you yet."

It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but after some effort he sat up, and began playing with his wooden bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed with his little coat and cap.

His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry," she said; "mustn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him."

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening the door, she glided noiselessly out.

It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with terror, he clung round her neck.

At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but after they had gone a considerable way, poor Harry said, as he found himself sinking to sleep—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep now, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep.

When morning came, as poor Harry complained of hunger and thirst, she sat down behind a large rock, which hid them from the road, and gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat, and when putting his arms round her neck he tried to force some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry, darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on—on—till we come to the river." And she hurried again into the road and proceeded on her journey.

When the trader came to take away Harry, he was in a great rage, because neither the boy nor his mother could be found. The master who sold him was also very angry, and ordered two of his negroes, called Andy and Sam, to bring out two of the swiftest horses, and help the trader to pursue Eliza, and take Harry from her. Andy and Sam did not like that work, but being slaves, they dare not disobey. However, they did what they could

From the river's bank to the floating ice
She took a sudden bound,
And the great block swayed beneath her feet
With a dull and heavy sound.

So over the roaring rushing flood,
From block to block she sprang,
And ever her cry for God's good help
Above the waters rang.

And God did hear that mother's cry,
For never an ice-block sank;
While the cruel trader and his men
Stood wondering on the bank.

A good man saw on the further side,
And gave her his helping hand;
So poor Eliza, with her boy,
Stood safe upon the land.

A blessing on that good man's arm,
On his house, and field, and store;
May he never want a friendly hand
To help him to the shore!

A blessing on all that make such haste,
Whatever their hands can do!
For they that succour the sore distressed,
Our Lord will help them too.

When the two negroes saw Eliza's escape, they began to laugh and cheer; on which the trader chased them with his horsewhip, cursing and swearing as usual. But he could not get over the river, and went in very bad temper to spend that night at the little inn, determined to get a boat, if possible, and catch Harry in the morning. The man who had helped Eliza up the river's bank, showed her a pretty white house at some distance, where a kind gentleman and his wife lived. The dark night had fallen, the tea-cups were on the table, and the fires were bright in kitchen and parlour, when the poor mother, all wet and weary, her feet cut by the sharp ice (for she had lost her shoes in the river), walked in, with Harry still in her arms. Before she could ask for shelter, she dropped down fainting on the

floor. The good people of the house thought she was dead, and raised a terrible alarm. Mr. and Mrs. Bird ran into the kitchen to see what had happened. They were good, kind people, and great in that place, for Mr. Bird was a member of the American Parliament. He kept slaves himself, and tried to think it was no sin. He had even been trying that very night, in conversation with his wife, to defend a law lately passed, which forbade any one to give shelter to poor runaway slaves. But Mrs. Bird would listen to no defence of such a law, and said, "It is a shameful, wicked, and abominable law, and I'll break it for one the first time I have a chance, and I hope I shall have a chance too. I know nothing 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. No, no, John, said she, you may talk all night, but you would not do what you say. 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, Mr. Bird was a very kind man, and could not in his heart give a very decided reply to his wife; and it was just at this moment that poor Eliza and little Harry came to his door. As we said, Mr. and Mrs. Bird ran to the kitchen to see what had happened. They found poor Eliza just recovering from her faint. She stared wildly round her for a moment, and then sprang to her feet, saying, "Oh! my Harry! have you got him?" The boy at this ran to her, and put his arms round her neck. "Oh! he's here, he's here!" she exclaimed. And then she cried wildly to Mrs. Bird, "O, ma'am, do protect us, don't let them get him!"

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

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

With many gentle and womanly offices which no one knew better how to render than Mrs. Bird, the poor woman was rendered more calm. A temporary bed was provided for her near the fire; and after a short time, Eliza, faint and weary with her long journey, fell into a heavy slumber, with little Harry soundly sleeping on her arm.

"I wonder who and what she is," said Mr. Bird, when he had gone back to the parlour with his wife.

"When she wakes and feels a little rested, we shall see," said Mrs. Bird, who began to busy herself with her knitting.

Mr. Bird took up a newspaper, and pretended to be reading it, but it was not long before he turned to his wife and said, "I say, wife, couldn't she wear one of your gowns; and there's that old cloak that you keep on purpose to put over me when I take my afternoon's nap, you might give her that; she needs clothes.

Mrs. Bird simply replied, "We'll see;" but a quiet smile passed over her face as she remembered the conversation they had had together that very night before Eliza and little Harry came to their door.

After an hour or two, Eliza awoke, and Mr. and Mrs. Bird again went to the kitchen. As they entered, poor Eliza lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on Mrs. Bird, with such a forlorn and imploring expression, that the tears came into the kind-hearted woman's eyes.

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

"I came from Kentucky," said poor Eliza.

"And what induced you to run away?" said Mrs. Bird.

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

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

The question was unexpected, and it was a thrust on a new wound; for it was only a month since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

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

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

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

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

"Yes," said poor Eliza, slowly. "I did, God helping me. I crossed on the ice, for they were behind me—right behind—and there was no other way!"

All around were affected to tears by Eliza's story.

and searched everywhere for his wife and child, to take them with him to Canada, which you know belongs to England. Oh what a happy meeting that was between George, Eliza, and little Harry.

But they could not remain long with the kind Quakers. Their cruel pursuers had found out where they were hid, so they had all to set out again together. This time they were guided by the brave-hearted Phineas Ffetcher, and hoped to reach Canada in safety. But their pursuers overtook them, and they had to run to the rocks to defend themselves, as the verses will tell.

THE DEFENCE.

See Harry's poor father, with pistol in hand,
How bravely he takes on the steep rock his stand,
Over rivers, and forests, and towns he has passed,
And found his Eliza and Harry at last.

The kind Quaker folks that wear drab, brown, and gray,
To the wanderers gave shelter and bread on their way,
Their warm clothes were given them, their waggon was lent,
And the strong-armed Phineas along with them went.

Their hope was to journey to Canada's shore,
Where the trader or master could reach them no more;
For the English flag floats there, o'er land and o'er sea,
And they knew in its shadow the negro was free.

But far is their way through the slave-dealing land,
And now on their track comes the trader's fierce band;
So for refuge and rest to the rocks they have run,
And the father will fight for his wife and his son.

He fires on the first up the steep rock that springs,
But the trader comes on, shouting all wicked things,
Till Phineas right over the crag flings him clear,
Saying, "Friend, in my mind thou hast no business here."

Then off go the traders to find them more men,
And off go the friends in their waggon again;
But don't you wish well to the good man for life,
Who would fight for his freedom, his child, and his wife?

THE DEFENCE.

But far is their way through the slave-dealing land,
And now on their track comes the trader's fierce band
So for refuge and rest to the rocks they have run,
And the father will fight for his wife and his son.

ARRIVAL IN THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

No man can buy or sell them,
No trader chase them more,
The land of freedom has been gained,
The good Canadian shore.

cabin or cottage hard by the rich man's house; it was built of logs cut from great trees; there was a garden in front, with beautiful flowers and strawberries in it; and climbing plants, so common in our country, twined along the walls. Tom had also a wife as black as himself; her name was Chloe, and she cooked for the Shelbys. You will remember how late she kept the trader's dinner when he wanted to pursue Eliza. They had two little sons, with very black faces and curly heads, and a little black baby just beginning to walk. Tom and his family were very happy in that cabin; the poor negroes used to gather there to hear Tom sing hymns and pray, for, as I said, he was a pious man, and the slaves had no other church to go to, for many people in America will not let negroes worship God with them. Mr. Shelby's son, a very clever boy, who had gained many prizes at school, liked Tom too, and used to come to teach him to read and write in the evenings, and Tom had great hopes of being able to read the Bible at last. As Chloe was a cook she always contrived to have ready something very nice for Mr. George when he came to teach her goodman, and George would stand with one eye on Tom's copy, and another on the cake she prepared, while the boys and the baby played about them.

But all these pleasant days came to an end. Mr. Shelby lost his money, and got in debt to a man who dealt in slaves; for that debt he sold little Harry to him, and the rest of it was paid with poor Tom. Think what sad news that was for the cabin!

TOM AND HIS WIFE HAVE HEARD THAT HE IS SOLD.

The work of the winter day is o'er,
But Tom and his wife are weeping sore
Beside the hearth, where you can't forget
How the cakes were baked, and the copy set.

Oh, never again will Tom be taught!
From his master, by wicked trader bought;
And he will carry poor Tom next day,
From children, and wife, and home away.

His home—It was low of roof and wall,
But there had been room and love for all,
The peace that waits on contented days,
The voice of prayer and the hymn of praise.

And Tom himself, he is black of skin,
But, children, his soul is fair within,
His life is good and his heart is brave,
And yet they have sold him as a slave.

TOM AND HIS WIFE HAVE HEARD THAT
HE IS SOLD.

The fire-light shows on the lowly bed,
Each dusky face, and each curly head
Of his little children, sound asleep;
Oh well may their poor tired mother weep!

another woman, Mas'r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old. So, now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, thar's my own good boy—you will, now, won't ye?"

"Yes, I will, Uncle Tom," said George, seriously.

"And be careful of yer speaking, Mas'r George. Young boys, when they come to your age, is wilful, sometimes—it's natur they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes you'll be, never lets fall no words that isn't respectful to thar parents. Ye an't offended, Mas'r George?"

"No indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice."

"I's older, ye know," said Tom, stroking the boy's fine curly head with his large, strong hand, but speaking in a voice as tender as a woman's—"and I sees all that's bound up in you. O, Mas'r George, you has everything—larnin', privileges, readin', writin'—and you'll grow up to be a great, learned, good man, and all the people on the place, and your mother and father, 'll be so proud on ye! Be a good mas'r, like yer father; and be a Christian, like yer mother. Remember yer Creator in the days o' yer youth, Mas'r George. And now, Goodbye, Mas'r George," said Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. "God Almighty bless you!" Away George went, and Tom looked, till the clatter of his horse's heels died away, the last sound or sight of his home.

When the trader was disappointed in catching Harry, he put handcuffs on poor Tom to prevent his escape, and took him away in a waggon to a town, where he bought more slaves—children from their mothers, and husbands from their wives—some of them as black as Tom, and some nearly white, like Harry and his mother. Then he put them all on board of a steamboat going down the great river Mississippi. You will see on the map that it is one of the largest rivers in America. There are many towns on its banks, and steamboats go from one to another carrying goods and passengers; and the trader seeing that Tom was quiet and peaceable, took off the handcuffs, and allowed him to go about the steamboat helping the sailors, for Tom would help anybody. There were many people on board besides the negroes, and among them a rich gentleman called Mr. St. Clair. He was returning home from a visit to his relations, who lived in New England, and had with him his little daughter Eva, and his cousin Miss Feely. Eva had long yellow curls, and a fair, pretty face; better than that, she had the fear of God and the love of all goodness in her heart. Always cheerful, meek, and kindly, everybody loved Eva St. clair, especially her father, for she was his only daughter. Tom saw her play about the steamboat, for they were days and nights on the voyage. Eva used to come close and look at him, when he sat thinking of Chloe and the children. The little one was shy, notwithstanding all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her. But at last Tom and she got on quite confidential terms.

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

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

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

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

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her father was much rejoiced, and Eva took such a liking for Tom, that she would not rest till the rich Mr. St. Clair had bought him from the trader; and the girl hoped that she would one day get her father coaxed to set him free. From that day Tom and Eva were great friends. The steamer

brought them safely to New Orleans. The trader took all his slaves away to sell them in that town; and Tom was taken to Mr. St. Clair's fine house, where you see him and Eva. You may also see the doings of little Topsy, a poor negro child, whom Mr. St Clair bought, and made a present of to his cousin, Miss Feely.

EVA PUTTING A WREATH OF FLOWERS ROUND TOM'S NECK.

Poor Tom is far from his cottage now,
From his own good wife, and children three,
Where coffee, and rice, and cedars grow,
By a wide old river like the sea.

And he has a master rich and kind,
With all that his heart can well desire,
But homeward still goes the negro's mind,
To the curly heads by his cottage fire.

He the gentle Eva's life did save,
When over the great ship's side she fell,
And brought her up from the drowning wave,—
So Eva had grown to love him well.

She will read to Tom for hours on hours,
And sit with him on the grass all day;
You see she is wreathing pretty flowers,
About his neck, in her pleasant play.

Different in colour and in years
Are the negro man and that fair child's face;
But a likeness in God's sight appears,
For both are the children of his grace.

TOPSY AT THE LOOKING GLASS.

See little Topsy at the glass quite gay,
Her mistress has forgot the keys to-day,
So she has rummaged every drawer, and dressed
Herself out in Miss Feely's very best.

Mark where she stands! the shawl of gorgeous red
Wound like a Turk's great turban round her head;
A finer shawl far trailing on the floor,
Just shews her bare black elbows, and no more.

With what an air she flaunts the ivory fan,
And tries to step as stately as she can,
Mincing fine words to her own shadow, "Dear!
How very ungenteel the folks are here!"

But while that shadow only Topsy sees,
Back comes the careful lady for her keys,
And finds her in the grandeur all arrayed—
Poor Topsy will be punished, I'm afraid.

Now it is wrong, as every reader knows,
To rummage people's drawers, and wear their
clothes;
But Topsy is a negro child, you see,
Who never learned to read like you and me.

A child whom bad men from her mother sold,
Whom a harsh mistress used to cuff and scold,
Whom no one taught or cared for all her days,
No wonder that the girl had naughty ways.

TOPSY AT THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Mark where she stands! the shawl of gorgeous red
Wound like a Turk's great turban round her head,
A finer shawl for trailing on the floor,
Just shows her bare black elbows, and no more.

TOPSY BRINGING FLOWERS TO EVA.

"Oh mother dear, let Topsy stay,"
Says Eva in her gentle mood,
"She brought such pretty flowers to-day,
Indeed she's trying to be good."

For in her happier days of health
She read and prized her Bible true,
Above this poor world's pride or wealth,
And loved her blessed Saviour too.

And she like him was kind to all,
And pity on poor Topsy had,
Because the rest would scold and call
Her names, for being black and bad.

So Eva strove to make her good,
And told her, of all tales the best,
How Christ came down to shed his blood,
That sinners might be saved and blest.

Poor Topsy tried to understand—
None ever taught her so before—
And brought the sweet flowers in her hand,—
The negro girl could do no more.

But Eva's proud mamma comes in
With scornful look and frown severe,
She cries, "begone, you nasty thing!
In all the world what brings you here?"

"Oh mother dear, let Topsy stay,"
Says Eva in her gentle mood,
"She brought such pretty flowers to-day,
Indeed she's trying to be good."

"I'm going fast, where there will be
No difference, but in sins forgiven,
And mother it might chance that we
Would bring poor Topsy flowers in heaven."

THE DEATH OF EVA.

There is peace on Eva's wasted brow,
And a soft light in her eye;
But her father's heart grows hopeless now,
For he knows that she must die.

Yet the thought is kind and the trust is true,
As she takes him by the hand,—
"Dear father I will look for you
In the light of God's own land.

"Oh let them cut the long, long curls
That flow about my head,
And let our poor kind negroes come
For a moment round my bed.

"They have smoothed and stroked it many a day
In their kindly sport, and care,
And it may be they will think of me
When they see that curling hair."

The negroes loved her, young and old,
With a fond and deep regard,
For Eva's look was never sour,
And her words were never hard.

And her old nurse by the bedside stood,
Sore sobbing in her woe,
That so many sinners here should stay,
And the good and young should go.

"Dear nurse," said Eva, "I go home
To the happiest home of all;
Where never an evil thing will come,
And never a tear will fall.

And I will hope each one to see,
That blessed home within;
Where Christ himself will set us free
From the bonds of death and sin."

Oh, swift and sad were the tears that fell,
As her gifts among them passed,
And Tom, he got the first fair curl,
And Topsy got the last.

But first and last alike were given,
With some words of love and prayer;
And it may be, hearts were helped to heaven,
By the links of that soft hair.

When Eva was dead and buried, Tom missed her sore, but he knew it was the will of God, and tried to comfort his master. Mr. St. Clair intended to set him free for Eva's sake. He was a kind man, but given to delay, and one day a wicked man stabbed him in a coffee-house, when he was trying to settle a quarrel. Mrs. St. Clair was a proud, hard-hearted woman, who cared for nobody but herself. She sold all the negroes, and Tom among them, to a cruel cotton planter, called Legree, and you shall see how he behaved.

LEGREE STRIKING TOM.

Tom's good wife Chloe, far at home,
And his boys so blythe and black,
Are all working hard, in hopes to win
The dollars, to buy him back.

And George, who taught him long ago,
  Has many a pleasant plan,
To pay his price, and set him free,
  When he comes to be a man.

But little does that wicked man,
  In his angry madness, know,
That God himself will take account
  Of each cruel word and blow.

And children dear, who see him here,
  At night and morning pray,
That you may never have aught like this
  Laid up for the judgment day!

By the time all these things happened, George Shelby had grown up; but when he came to buy back Tom, the pious, kindly negro, had been so ill-treated by that cruel planter, because he tried to save the other slaves from his evil temper, that he lay dying in an old shed; and there was no law to punish the wicked planter, because Tom was black.

When George entered the shed where Tom lay, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

"Is it possible?" said he, kneeling down by him. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He smiled, and said—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
  Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Tears fell from the young man's eyes as he bent over his poor friend.

"O, dear Uncle Tom! do wake—do speak once more! Look up. Here's Mas'r George—your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?"

"Mas'r George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice—"Mas'r George!" He looked bewildered.

Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

"Bless the Lord! it is—it is—it's all I wanted! They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

He began to draw his breath with long, deep aspirations; and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and with a smile he fell asleep.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees; there they made a grave for poor Tom.

"Shall we take off the cloak, mas'r?" said the negroes, when the grave was ready.

"No, no; bury it with him. It's all I can give you now, poor Tom, and you shall have it."

They laid him in; and the men shovelled away silently. They banked it up, and laid green turf over it.

"You may go, boys," said George, slipping a quarter dollar into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

"If young mas'r would please buy us," said one.

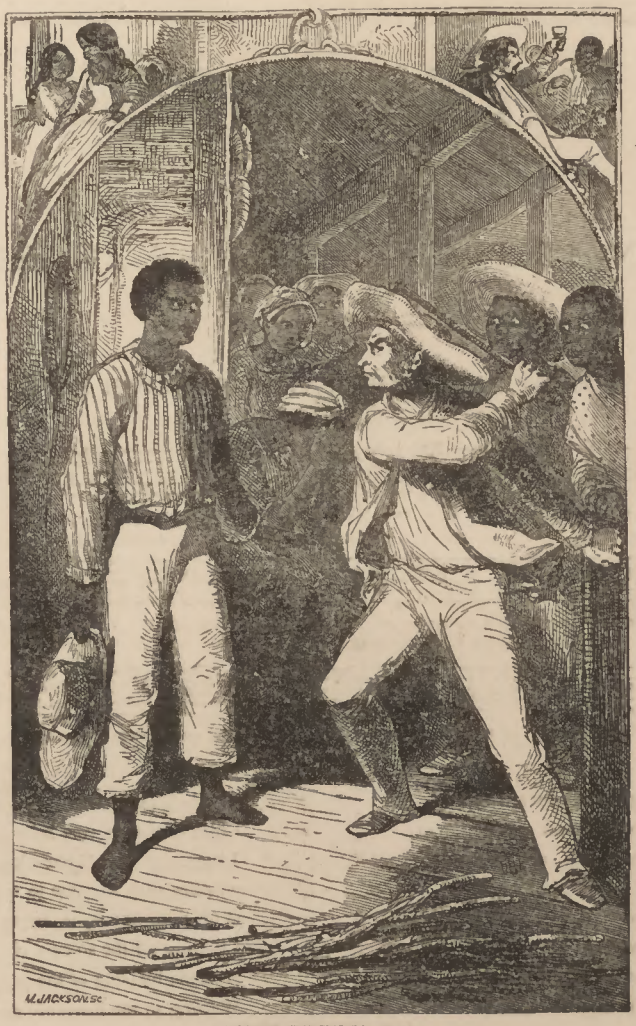
"We'd serve him so faithful!" said the other. "Do, mas'r, buy us, please!"

"I can't—I can't," said George, with difficulty, motioning them off; "it's impossible!"

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

"Witness, eternal God," said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend—"O, witness that, from this hour, I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"

There is no monument to mark the last resting-place of poor Tom. He needs none. His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up immortal, to appear with Him when He shall appear in his glory.



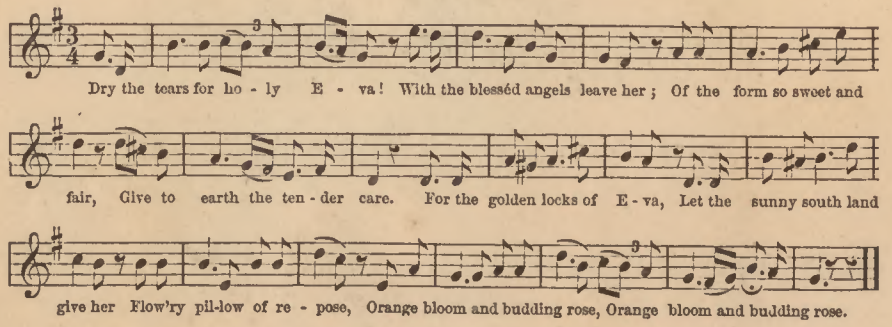
LEGREE STRIKING TOM.

But little does that wicked man,
In his angry madness, know,
That God himself will take account
Of each cruel word and blow.

LITTLE EVA SONG.

UNCLE TOM'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WORDS BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. . . . . MUSIC BY MANUEL EMILIO.



All is light and peace with Eva;
There the darkness cometh never;
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.
Weep no more for happy Eva;
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her,
Care, and pain, and weariness,
Lost in love so measureless!

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master's knee,
"Suffer such to come to me."
O for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessing of the poor,
Wafting to the heavenly shore.

THE END.

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