UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

4844

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

...LAM HIGH SCHOOL
...NAKULAM.

Simplified and abridged
by
JESS COLACO

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MUNAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
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MUNAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....

FOREWORD

THERE are no slaves now, thank God, anywhere in the world. But the poor are still with us. If the seed of love and understanding for the suffering poor is sowed in the hearts of the young boys and girls who read this book, the author, Harriet Beecher Stowe, will rest content in her grave. We are told that she spent sleepless nights worrying about the poor ill-treated slaves in whose defence she wrote UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

In this abridged and simplified version of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, most of the difficult words in the original have been avoided and those that had to be used for the sake of the story have been explained in a Glossary. The book has been simplified with the help of about two thousand words which boys and girls in the Secondary and Higher Secondary Schools are expected to be familiar with, according to the Revised Syllabus of the Madras Education Department.

The story has been told in a simple and easy style so that students will have no difficulty in understanding the text.

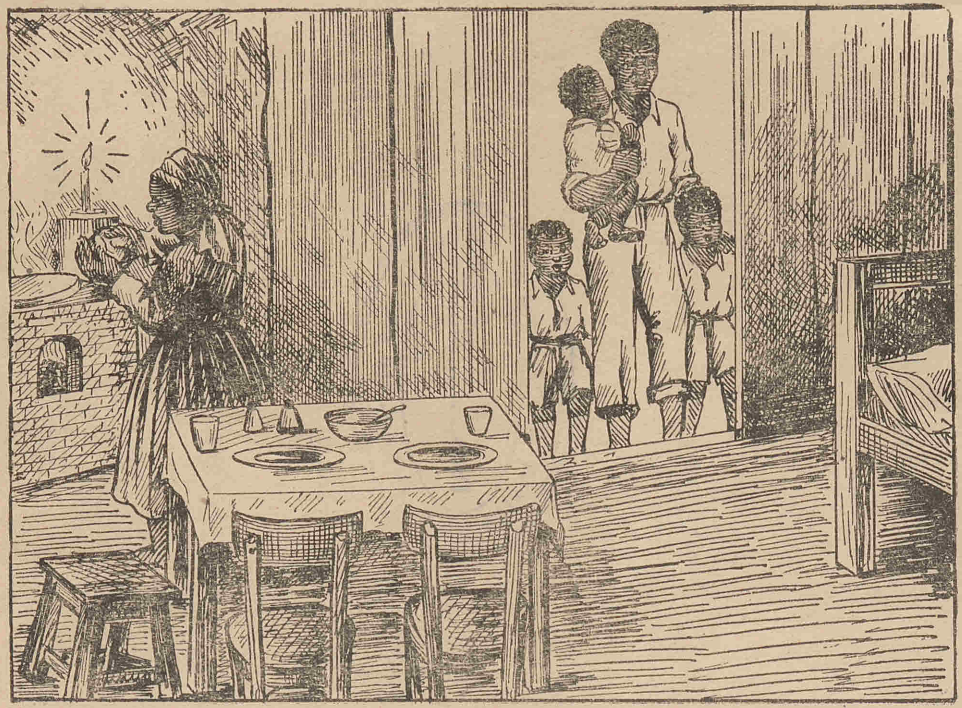
Madras,
Christmas Day, 1960.

JESS COLACO.

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MUNAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....
ERNAKULAM.



UNCLE TOM, AUNT CHLOE AND THEIR CHILDREN

KUNAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date
ERNAKULAM

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

CHAPTER I

HOME SWEET HOME

THE cottage stood in a neat little garden where pretty flowers bloomed all round the year. A rose-tree grew in front of the cottage and climbed all over the walls. The beautiful roses served to hide the rough logs with which the small house was built, and their sweet smell filled the air.

Uncle Tom lived in this humble house or cabin, as it was called. Small though it was, Tom and his wife Chloe were happy in this place, because it was their own sweet home. With their three children they lived a poor but contented life, for they knew they had a good and kind master.

Tom was a negro slave. So were his wife and children. Tom was a good and honest man who had worked for his master for many years. He was a trusted and loyal servant and everybody held him in great regard. He was popularly known as Uncle Tom.

Aunt Chloe was head cook in the house of Mr. and Mrs Shelby. She was a wonderful cook and took great pride in her work. Mrs. Shelby knew her worth and was very happy to have such a good cook. Every evening, after dinner was served in the big house, Aunt Chloe would hurry down to her own smalll cabin to look after her husband and children.

Uncle Tom's cabin was always clean and tidy. In one corner was the bed while an old table stood in the other. A clean cloth was spread over the table and the cups and plates were set for the evening's supper. Aunt Chloe was standing near the fire where she seemed to be baking a cake with one hand and frying some meat with the other—expert cook that she was!

George Shelby, a bright boy of thirteen, was giving Uncle Tom his evening lesson at the table. The young boy could not understand why Uncle Tom had not learned to read and write and was determined to teach him before he grew much older. Tom was very slow to learn but extremely willing to do anything to please "the young master", as George was called.

The tempting smell of cooking was, however, too much for the healthy appetite of "the young master" and he called out,

"Aunt Chloe, I'm very hungry. Isn't that cake ready?"

"Nearly ready, Master George," said Aunt Chloe, "Now, you just take off those books from the table and sit down with my old man. Just you wait and see what I'll put on your plates."

George began eating his tasty supper and forgetting all his manners, he said, with his mouth full,

"Do you know, Aunt Chloe, they wanted me to have dinner at my house, but I *knew* what I would get here."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, putting some more hot meat on his plate.

"Now for the cake," said George taking up a big knife ready to cut it. Aunt Chloe put a

really good cake on the table and began admiring it.

"Isn't it lovely, Master George? Can anyone else make a better cake?"

"You're the best cook in the world, Aunt Chloe," declared George who ate so well that he might have been the best eater.

When supper was over, Tom began playing with his children. He took the baby, Polly, in his arms while his sons Mose and Pete rolled on the floor at his feet. Polly pulled her father's nose and then his hair and laughed at him. Tom set her on his broad shoulder and danced round the room while the boys tried to catch them. George joined in the general fun waving his handkerchief at the baby. Soon, they were all playing the game of teaching the baby the art of walking. The baby would take one step and then fall. Every time she fell, the boys encouraged her by clapping their hands, and Polly, thinking that she was expected to do so, kept on falling all the time. Aunt Chloe looked with affection on all her loved ones and her face shone with happiness.

Mr. Shelby was a wealthy man who owned many slaves. He was kind and fair in his treatment of them and his wife was a very good and generous soul. The negroes were happy to work for them and really loved their master and mistress.

But the shadow of *fear* was always hanging over the slaves.

The slaves knew that in the eye of the law, they were not human beings but *things*. These *things* could be sold by their master when he liked. These *things* could be beaten, or starved or killed

and nobody would ask *why*. Such was the law in some parts of North America in those days, more than a hundred years ago.

EXERCISES

1. Describe in your words Uncle Tom's cabin.
2. Describe Uncle Tom's character.
3. How many children did Tom have? What were their names?
4. Describe in your own words the scene after supper.
5. Who was George Shelby?

COMPREHENSION

1. Explain in simple words the difference between
   (a) A citizen and a subject.
   (b) A servant and a slave.
   (c) A worker and an employer.
2. There are no slaves in America now. Who abolished or removed slavery?
3. Write a few lines about slavery. Remember that some slaves were happy with their masters and some did not want to leave them even when they were set free.

CHAPTER II

GEORGE AND ELIZA

ON one of his trips to New Orleans, Mr. Shelby had bought a pretty slave girl, called Eliza. He had presented her as a gift to his wife who brought up Eliza almost like a daughter. Eliza was trained

to be a lady's maid but her kind and good mistress taught her to read and write and sew. When she grew up into a beautiful young woman, she married a slave, named George. They had the sad experience of losing two children but when little Harry was born and grew to be a healthy little boy, no happier family could be found in Kentucky.

The practice of buying and selling slaves was altogether a sad business. In the State of Kentucky most slave-owners did not ill-treat their slaves. But there were exceptions. Eliza's husband, George, belonged to a hard-hearted cruel man called Harris. Harris had hired out his slave to work in a factory. The wages of the slave went into the pocket of the master. George was a clever mechanic and worked hard. He even invented a small machine to help in the efficient working of the factory. George soon found favour with his employer, but sad to say, his master disapproved of this slave who was more clever than he was. One day, Harris went up to the factory, demanded the pay due to his slave and told the employer that he was taking George back to do farm work.

"But, Mr. Harris," said the employer, "this is a bit sudden."

"What if it is? This man is *mine*."

Harris treated George cruelly. He made him do the hardest and dirtiest work. He insulted him without any reason and beat him whenever he got a chance. The young man could bear it no longer.

One evening, he went to see his wife. She had a little room for herself where she could sew or read or play with her little son. When Eliza saw George, she greeted him happily, saying,

"I am so happy you are come, George—but why don't you smile? Look at Harry. How beautifully he grows!"

"I wish he was never born!" said George with bitterness, "I wish *I* was never born!"

Eliza was surprised and frightened. She burst into tears.

"O George! how can you say that?"

"Eliza, if you only knew! it's all misery and nothing but misery! What's is the use of living? I wish I was dead!"

"Dear George, you must not say that. I know you have a hard master. But what can we slaves do? After all, he is your master, you know."

"My master? Who made that man my master? What right has he? I'm as much a man as he is. I'm a better man than he is."

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" said Eliza, sadly.

"I *won't* bear it—I tell you, I *won't*!" declared George, with anger in his face and heart.

Eliza, his wife, trembled and was silent. She had never before seen her husband look so terrible. After a long silence, George continued,

"Master says he won't let me come here any more. He won't even allow me to see you, my wife. That is why I wish I had never seen you—why I wish I was never born—it would have been better if this poor child had never been born. All this will happen to him when he grows up—so Eliza, my dear girl, I have made up my mind to go away."

"Go away?" cried Eliza, "where are you going, George?"

"I'm running away to Canada. There, I shall be a *free* man. In Canada, there are no slaves. When I reach Canada I shall work and save money and buy you and our son. You have a kind master and he won't refuse to sell you to me. So try and bear up till we meet again."

"O George, please don't run away. They'll catch you," said Eliza.

"I won't be caught, Eliza—I'll *die* first!"

"O George, for my sake, please be careful!"

"Listen to my plan, Eliza. I have already made some preparations for my escape. In a week's time, I shall quietly run away. Pray for me, Eliza."

"You too must pray, George," said his wife, wiping her tears.

"Then, *good-bye*," said George, holding Eliza's hands and looking into her beautiful eyes for a long time. He kissed his son and putting his arms round his wife for the last time, he turned and went away.

EXERCISES

1. Who was Eliza?
2. Why did Mr. Harris take George away from the factory?
3. What did Eliza say as soon as she saw George?
4. What was George's reply?
5. Relate in your own words what made George decide to run away.

COMPREHENSION

1. There were good slave-owners and bad. Tell in your own words the difference between Eliza's mistress and George's master.

2. Complete the following sentences :—
   (a) In the State of Kentucky most slave-owners did not —— —— ——
   (b) "My master! Who made that —— my ——? What —— has he?"
   (c) "I'm running away to Canada. There I shall be a —— man."

Chapter III

MOTHER AND SON

"By the by, Arthur, who is that fellow Haley whom you brought in for dinner to-day?" asked Mrs. Shelby, brushing her hair before the mirror.

"Haley? Oh, he is a business friend of mine," replied Mr. Shelby who was reading the paper before going to bed.

"Is he a negro trader?" asked Mrs. Shelby and then observing that her husband was avoiding her eyes, she continued,

"Eliza came in here, a moment ago, crying and worrying. She said that she heard you talking to this Haley and that Haley made an offer for her boy."

"Did she say that?" said Mr. Shelby who continued to read the paper though he was holding it upside down. "I shall have to tell her," he thought to himself.

"Of course, I told Eliza that she was a little fool and that you would never sell any of our people," said Mrs. Shelby, as she continued brushing her hair.

"Well, Emily," said her husband putting down the paper, "I am very sorry to tell you that I am forced to sell some of the slaves. I am badly in need of money. As a matter of fact I've agreed to sell Tom."

"What! our Tom? our good Tom? But he has been your servant from the time that you were a baby—so you have always told me. How can you do such a thing? Why, next you'll sell Harry, Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby who was angry with her husband.

"Well, Emily, that is what I have done. I have sold both Tom and Harry. I am very sorry—indeed I am! I know how you feel about it. I didn't want to tell you about it, just now. But I had no choice, Emily. I had to sell them or face ruin!"

Mr. Shelby then told his wife that his business affairs were in a very bad way. He had borrowed money on all sides and he was now in the hands of Haley. Haley had offered a good sum of money for Tom, and unwilling though Shelby was to part with Tom, he had agreed to sell the slave. He went on to tell his wife how Haley had happened to see little Harry and taken a great fancy to the pretty little fellow. The price that he offered was so tempting and just enough to pay off the rest of his debts that Mr. Shelby was persuaded to sell Eliza's only child. Mrs. Shelby was torn between sympathy for her husband and sorrow for poor Tom and Eliza.

Now, Eliza, when she had wished her mistress good-night, had not gone back to her own room. She had suspected something and had hidden

herself in the room next to the Shelbys'. She heard every word and her worst fears had come true. Softly she left the room and went and stood by the bed where her son was sleeping. She looked at him with love as he lay there, with his curls over his face, his mouth open, a little fat hand thrown out over the sheet and smiling in his sleep.

"My poor son!" said Eliza, "they have sold you but your mother will save you."

Quickly she set about putting together a few of the boy's clothes which she tied in a large handkerchief round her waist. She woke up the child and telling him to be quiet, she dressed him. When Harry saw his mother also dressing at that part of the night, he asked,

"Where are we going, mother?"

"Don't talk loudly, Harry, or they will hear us. A bad, bad man is coming to-morrow to take little Harry away; but mother won't let him carry Harry away. We'll both run away, so the ugly man can't catch you." Saying this, she carried him in her arms and slipped out of the room. A few minutes brought them to Uncle Tom's cottage and Eliza stopped and tapped on the window.

"Good God! what's that?" said Aunt Chloe, getting up from bed and opening the door. Seeing Eliza there, she asked in great surprise,

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm running away, Aunt Chloe. I am carrying off my child. Master has sold him."

"Sold him?" said Tom and Chloe, together. "Yes, sold him!" said Eliza firmly. "I heard master himself telling mistress that he has sold my Harry and you, Uncle Tom. I came to warn

you. The trader is coming to take possession to-morrow."

Tom said not a word. He just stood there with his eyes wide open as if he could not believe Eliza.

"God have mercy on us!" said Aunt Chloe, "it can't be true. What wrong has Tom done, for his master to sell him?"

"Oh, no, it is not that," replied Eliza, "master did not really want to sell—I heard him telling mistress—but he wanted money urgently. Master said he did feel sorry."

"Well, Tom," said Chloe after a moment's thought, "why don't you also go? The new master may kill you with hard work and starve you to death. Come, hurry up, I'll put your things together."

Tom slowly looked up with sorrow written large on his face.

"No, no, I'm not going. Master has always trusted me and I have never been false to him. Master will find me here when he wants me. Master needs the money he'll get by selling me and I am not running away." So spoke this noble-hearted slave who thought of his master before himself. He looked at the three little children in the bed and wept. Great big tears fell from the man's eyes, but bravely he told his wife,

"Master will take care of you and the children, when I'm gone."

"And now," said Eliza, "please send word to my husband why I had to go away. Tell him, I shall try and go to Canada. You must give my love to him and—and," here, her voice broke

down, "if I never see him again in this world, tell him, we shall meet in heaven!"

It was a cold winter night and snow lay on the ground. Holding the child close in her arms, Eliza walked the whole night through, mile after weary mile. She was a young woman herself and not familiar with the road but her love for her child was so great that she was determined to save him, come what may. Her plan of escape was to cross the River Ohio. The child slept, waking up only once to ask,

"Mother, must I keep awake?"

"No, my darling, you sleep."

"But, mother, if I sleep, won't the bad man come and catch me?"

"No, my son, I won't let him."

"You're *sure*, mother?"

"Yes, I'm *sure*!"

When the sun rose in the East, Eliza was still on her feet but in order not to give suspicion, she tried to walk in a slow and steady manner. She did not want people to think that she was running away. She put the boy on the ground and taking out one of the few apples that she had the thought to bring with her, she rolled it some yards before them. The boy ran after it and with this game she and the boy covered many a half-mile.

When night came she entered the small inn by the side of the River Ohio. One look at the river told her that she could not hope to cross it. The river was full of huge pieces of ice which were heaped one upon another. The ice was broken in many places and floating about. No boat would dare to go on the river with all the dangers of the ice.

There was nothing she could do but wait. She put the child to sleep in a small room. For her, there was no sleep: she stood by the window looking at the river.

EXERCISES

1. Give briefly the conversation between Mr. Shelby and his wife.
2. Why was Mr. Shelby forced to sell Tom?
3. Where was Eliza when Mr. Shelby was talking to his wife?
4. What did Eliza do when she came back to her room?
5. What did Tom say when his wife told him to run away?

COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Mrs. Shelby get angry with her husband?
2. When Eliza knew that her son was sold, she ran away. Do you think she was right in doing so?
3. When Tom knew that he was sold, he refused to run away. What reason did he give Chloe?

CHAPTER IV

THE SLAVE HUNT

MRS. SHELBY had rung for her maid but Eliza had not made her appearance. When Andy, the coloured boy, brought in Mr. Shelby's shaving-water, Mrs. Shelby said,

"Andy, go and tell Eliza that I have rung for her three times," and to herself she added, "poor thing, how shall I tell her about Harry!"

Andy soon returned with his eyes wide open and announced,

"Eliza is not in her room! Her things are all over the room. I think she has run away!"

Mr. Shelby stopped shaving, turned to his wife and said,

"She must have suspected and gone away."

His wife who was secretly relieved to hear that Eliza had gone, said in the goodness of her heart,

"Thank God!"

"Wife, you talk like a fool! What will Haley think of me? He knew I did not want to sell the child and now he'll say I told them to run away."

Great was the confusion that morning. When the other slaves came to know the truth, they were much excited. When Haley came in, he was told the bad news. This put him in a proper temper as he had already paid the money to Mr. Shelby. The latter, who felt that his honour was affected promised to help with men and horses to go after the missing slaves. He invited Haley to breakfast and ordered Andy to tell Sam to get the horses ready.

Andy went out and told Sam to get Bill and Jerry, the horses, ready to follow Eliza. Sam who was waiting for a chance to show his master what a clever man he was, thought that this was his opportunity.

"See if I don't catch that Eliza now. Master will see what Sam can do."

"Ah! but, Sam," warned Andy, "Mistress does not want her to be caught."

"How do you know that?" asked Sam, not believing Andy.

"I heard her say so myself this morning when I took in master's shaving-water. You be careful, it's always best to stand on *her* side of the fence."

Sam brought up the two horses at a run. Bill and Jerry came to a sudden stop close to Haley's horse, which got a fright.

"Scared, are you?" said Sam to Haley's horse, "I'll fix you now." Bending down, he picked up one of the beech-nuts which lay scattered on the ground. He pretended to pat the frightened horse and lifting up the saddle a little bit he slipped in the sharp little nut. Mischief was dancing in the eyes of Sam. He knew that if anyone sat on the horse, the sharp little nut would cut into the flesh of the horse and the rider would not know it.

At that moment, Mrs. Shelby called Sam and told him,

"Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley and show him the road. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week; don't ride the horses too fast."

"Yes, yes, ma'am," said Sam who understood her meaning at once. He exchanged a glance with Andy who tried very hard not to smile, as Mr. Haley was just coming out of the house. Several cups of good coffee had put him into a better temper and he jumped into the saddle. The horse, feeling a sudden sharp pain in its back, threw off its master and ran away. Bill and Jerry whom Andy let loose that very instant, also followed the run-away horse.

Then was there much running of horses and negroes, the latter pretending to catch the former but really driving them further. Haley Stamped

his feet and cursed and swore at the delay. It was twelve o'clock when Sam, at last, drove up the horses. At that moment, Mrs. Shelby appeared and with great courtesy pressed Haley to stay for dinner. She said that the cook would serve dinner immediately. But that is exactly what the cook would not do. Aunt Chloe sent up the dinner as late as she could.

It was two o'clock when Haley finally sat on his horse. There were two roads leading to the river, one new and the other, the old rough road. Thinking that Eliza would take the lonely road, Haley rode in that direction while Sam and Andy exchanged smiles behind his back. After an hour, Haley discovered that the road was closed and he had to turn back. Sam, with an innocent air said, "Didn't I tell you it was closed, master? You wouldn't believe me."

With all these delays, it was only half an hour after Eliza had put Harry to sleep, that the three slave hunters rode up to the inn. Sam was the first to catch sight of Eliza who was standing at the window. At that very moment he managed to have his hat blown off and he shouted loudly in an attempt to catch it. Eliza was immediately warned. She drew back, snatched up her child and dashed out of her room through a side door to the river. She flew rather than walked over the ground.

Haley's eyes fell on her and jumping down from his horse, he ran after her like a dog after a deer. Without stopping to think of the danger, the young woman with her son pressed to her heart, just leaped into the river. The ice broke under her feet while Haley, Sam and Andy looked on her in

wonder at her courage. It was a courage born of despair. With wild cries, she leaped and jumped from one piece of ice to another. One false step and she would have gone down to the icy depths. Slipping and falling, blindly she went forward; her shoes were gone, her stockings torn; while the sharp bits of ice drew blood from her feet. Eliza saw nothing and felt nothing. She knew only one thing—that she must save her son. As in a dream she struggled till she reached the other shore and a man who was there, helped her up the bank.

"You're a brave girl!" said the man.

"O, sir, please save me, do hide me! They've sold my son," cried Eliza. "I am trying to save him; there's the man who bought my child," she pointed to the Kentucky shore.

The man who thought of his own little son at home, told Eliza of a house to which she could go, where she was sure to receive shelter and help.

"God bless you! sir," said Eliza, as she walked rapidly away.

Haley stood helplessly on the other shore. Turning to Sam, he said,

"I'm sure that woman has seven devils in her. She jumped on that ice like a wild cat."

As there was nothing more that they could do, Sam and Andy left Haley and went back. On hearing their account of the day's happenings Mrs. Shelby rewarded them with a good dinner.

EXERCISES

1. What did Andy tell his mistress?
2. What mischief did Sam play with Haley's horse?

3. Who were the different persons who tried to delay Haley?
4. How did Sam warn Eliza?
5. Describe how Eliza crossed the River Ohio.

COMPREHENSION

Are the following statements *false* or *true?*

1. Mr. Shelby was happy that Eliza had left his house.
2. Andy told Sam to run and catch Eliza.
3. Sam did his best to catch Eliza.
4. Mrs. Shelby invited Haley to dinner so that he might eat well and so would be able to catch Eliza.
5. Eliza was safe but Harry was drowned in the river.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE TOM IS SOLD

THE dawn broke and Uncle Tom knew it was his last day in the cabin. Going up to the three little children who were fast asleep still, all in one little bed in the corner, he looked at them and wept.

"It is for the last time," he said.

And Chloe could not say anything for she was weeping all the while. She was sure that Tom would never come back. She had heard that the slaves who were made to work in the cotton plantations, often died. They were killed with too much work and too little food.

"There's no use in talking," said Chloe, "I'll give you one good breakfast before you go. Nobody knows when you'll get another," and tears ran down the poor woman's cheeks.



TOM LOOKED AT THE THREE LITTLE CHILDREN IN BED AND WEPT

Mrs. Shelby had very kindly excused her from work on that day. Chloe killed her best chicken and cooked it exactly as Tom liked it. She set out on the table all the nicest things she had to eat in the house. The two boys, not understanding anything else, shouted in joy to see such a grand breakfast. Aunt Chloe gave them a slap each on the face, saying,

"Do you know this is the *last* breakfast your father will ever have?"

The boys now looked at the sad face of their father and at the face of their mother down which the tears were flowing like tiny rivers, and all cried together. Tom took the baby on his knee and played with her, knowing that he might never see her again.

Soon, Mrs. Shelby entered the cottage and sat down, for she could not let Tom go away without a last word.

"Tom, I have come to tell you," she began, but seeing the sad faces looking at her, she broke down and began crying herself. Tom and Chloe and the children wept with her and at that moment all the differences between the rich and the poor seemed wiped out. One honest tear of sympathy was worth all the words that the rich could say to the poor slaves. Wiping her tears, Mrs. Shelby said,

"My good Tom, there's no use in my giving you anything because your new master will soon take it away from you. But, I give you my word before God that I will keep track of you and I will bring you back as soon as I can command the money—so help me, God!"

The boys called out that " the new master " was coming. Mr. Haley kicked the door open, saying,

" Come on, you nigger, not ready yet ? "

Tom cast one last look at his cabin. Taking up his box in which his loving wife had put all his clothes, he followed his new master to an old cart that was waiting to take him away. All the slaves of Mr. Shelby had gathered there to wish farewell to Uncle Tom. As head servant he had shown great kindness to the other servants who were really sad to see him go. As for Mr. Shelby, he had ridden away on his horse as he could not bear to see his faithful slave taken away.

Aunt Chloe stood with the baby in her arms and the two boys began crying loudly. Tom was put into the cart and Haley chained his feet together.

" I'm sorry," said Tom, " that Master George is not here. Give my love to him."

George Shelby had gone to stay with some friends. He happened to return that very morning. As soon as he heard about Tom being sold, he climbed on his horse and rode after them.

Haley had stopped the cart and gone into a shop. At that time George came up, sprang into the cart and put his arms round dear Uncle Tom.

" It is such a *shame* to sell you," he cried, " if I was a man, I would not let you go."

Uncle Tom told George how happy he was to see him. The young boy wanted 'to knock Haley down' but Tom explained to him that it was no use. George then whispered mysteriously into his ear,

" Look, Uncle Tom. *I've brought you my silver dollar!* "

"Oh, I can't take it, Master George," said Tom, quite moved at the boy's generosity.

"But you shall take it!" declared George, "look, I have made a hole in it and put a string through. You can hang it round your neck. Please keep it under your clothes so that the old fellow cannot take it away from you."

George tied his precious dollar round his old servant's neck and said,

"Every time you see this, remember I'll come down and bring you back to us. I'll worry father till he buys you back."

"And now, Master George," said Tom, "you must be a good boy. Remember to obey your parents always. Please don't get into any foolish habits as some boys do. I tell you, Master George, God may give you many things twice but He gives a mother only *once*. Remember to love your dear and good mother all the days of your life—won't you, my dear boy?"

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

"You must grow up to be a real gentleman, Master George."

"I'll be *real* good, Uncle Tom," promised the young boy. "Well, good-bye Uncle Tom—I'll bring you back some day!"

"Good-bye, Master George," said Tom, "God bless you!" He looked at the young boy with great love as he climbed on his horse and rode back.

Tom put his hand over his heart and there was a warm spot where those young hands had placed the precious dollar.

EXERCISES

1. What were Tom's first words on his last day in the cabin?
2. What did Aunt Chloe do that morning?
3. What did Mrs. Shelby say to Tom?
4. What did George Shelby say to Uncle Tom?
5. What advice did Uncle Tom give George?

COMPREHENSION

1. In India, we have *paise* and rupees. In America, they have cents and dollars.
   (a) How many cents make a dollar?
   (b) How many rupees make a dollar in these days?
2. What is the difference between the two slaves, George and Tom? Explain in your own words.

Chapter VI

HAPPY MEETING

In a bright, cheerful home, Eliza sat in a chair, her eyes bent on some fine sewing. By her side was Rachel Halliday. Rachel had a soft, beautiful face with a pair of large, brown eyes which spoke of a large and loving heart. This good woman was one who always gave help to those in trouble. She and her husband Simeon often gave protection to slaves who had escaped from cruel slave-owners. They belonged to an organisation of friends who quietly took these slaves from one village to another till they reached Canada. They had friends even in Canada who would look after

the negroes till they were able to have homes of their own.

"Are you still thinking of going to Canada, Eliza?" asked Rachel.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza, "I must go forward. I am never safe in this country. Last night I dreamed that they took my Harry away!" She looked with anxious affection at her son who was playing about.

Rachel's husband came in and in answer to her question "Any news?" he replied that there was good news indeed. Gently they told Eliza that a man who answered to the description of her husband had come to the village. They expected him to come to their house that very night. Poor Eliza who had suffered so much trembled with joy.

When her husband did come that night, Eliza thought it was all a dream. She had given up hopes of ever seeing him again, but his arms were round her now and her tears flowed freely. They were united once again.

Their kind friends planned for them to leave that village the following night. They had heard that Haley had engaged some fellows to hunt down these poor slaves. In fact, the report said that these fellows had already traced the slaves to the village.

That night a cart drove up to the door. Fletcher, a friend of the Halliday, was to take George and his wife to the next town. George took his gun with him, declaring that he would shoot anyone who tried to catch them. His gentle friends begged him not to be hasty with the gun but he replied,

"I will not go and attack an innocent man. But I shall not be idle when they want to take my wife and sell her to another man. No, sir, I shall defend my wife and son with my own life—it is my right!"

They had gone a good distance, but about three o'clock they heard the sound of horses and knew that their enemies were following them. Fletcher drove the cart faster while George caught up his gun. Poor Eliza held her child close to her heart and prayed. They were so near to freedom and would God allow them to be caught *now?*

The sun was just coming up in the East. Closer and closer come the horsemen. Any moment they would be upon the slaves. Fletcher who knew that road very well had a plan in mind. Faster and faster went the cart and then suddenly stopped before a huge and high pile of rocks. Telling the others to get out of the cart and follow him, he took little Harry in his arms and went up the rocks with as much ease as a goat. At one point the path was so narrow that only one man at a time could walk across it. The path came to a sudden end and there was a gap more than a yard wide. Without any hesitation Fletcher jumped across this gap and he was safe on the other side. Encouraging and helping George and his wife, he pulled them behind a wall of big black rocks where they were as safe as in a fort.

"Well, here we are," said Fletcher, "let them come up here and take us."

The seven or eight men down below were now arguing what they were to do next, when George

appeared from the top of a rock and spoke in a calm, clear voice,

"Gentlemen, who are you and what do you want?"

"We want a pair of niggers," said one of the party, Tom Loker, by name. "One, George and his wife and their son—they've run away from their masters and—"

"I am George and no man can call himself my master. And my wife and child are *mine*. You can come up if you like; but here's my gun and the first one who comes up is a dead man and the next and the next, till the last one."

In reply, one of the men down below raised his gun and shot at George but he was not hurt. The boldest of the men, Tom Loker, now began climbing up the narrow path and reached the gap when George shot and wounded him. Even then the wounded man was about to jump across when Fletcher pushed him down.

The rest of the men were now afraid and after some more talk, they went away to get more help. They had left their wounded friend behind, but the slaves picked him up and put him in their own cart and took him with them to the next town. There they were received by friends who welcomed not only the negroes but also the wounded man. Tom Loker was nursed back to health by these friends.

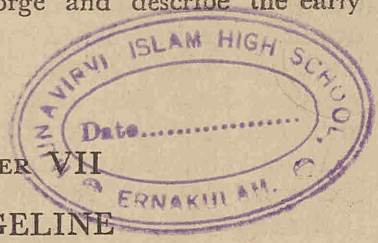
EXERCISES

1. Describe Rachel Halliday.
2. What news did Simeon bring?
3. Describe the place of hiding.

4. What did Tom Loker say to George?
5. What was George's reply?

COMPREHENSION

1. Tell in your own words about the good work done by the Hallidays.
2. Imagine you are George and describe the early morning adventure.



CHAPTER VII

EVANGELINE

ST. CLARE was a young, handsome and wealthy gentleman. His wife, Marie, was the daughter of a very rich man. She was very beautiful and liked to dress in grand and costly clothes. She lived a lazy life and she had a number of slaves who did all the work. She was neither kind nor fair to these servants. She was a selfish woman. Her character was such that she was jealous of her own child and accused her husband of loving the child more than herself!

St. Clare had named his daughter Evangeline. He wanted her to grow up to be like his own mother whom he had loved very much. Eva was a sweet and pretty girl who loved her father, her mother and even her servants. She was a good child who did not wish to hurt any person. Everyone loved her in return.

Sad to say, Marie St. Clare had no time or health to look after her only child. She always

complained of some illness or other and demanded that everyone in the house should look after her.

Whether Marie's diseases were real or not, it was a fact that little Eva was a very weak child who required great care. Her father was worried about her and had taken her for a holiday to his uncle's house. He had asked his cousin Ophelia to come back with him. Ophelia, a good, honest and hard-working lady had agreed to look after the house and take special care of little Eva.

In the ship sailing down the river were St. Clare, Eva and Ophelia, returning to New Orleans. In the same ship in a dirty room, far below, was Uncle Tom. Haley had put him there with many other slaves whom he had bought. He was taking them to a slave-market where he hoped to get a good price for them.

Like a ray of sunlight little Eva was to be seen all over the ship. She sometimes wandered into the dark place where Tom sat with the other slaves. Tom would look at the golden hair and blue eyes of the girl and long to talk to her. He loved little children and Eva was the prettiest child he had ever seen. One day, he asked her,

"What's your name, little one?"

"Evangeline," replied the girl, "but everybody calls me Eva. What's your name?"

"My name is Tom; the little children in Kentucky called me Uncle Tom."

"I also will call you Uncle Tom, because I like you. Where are you going, Uncle Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No, because I am going to be sold and don't know who'll buy me."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly. "I shall ask him at once."

A little while later, the ship had stopped to take in some wood. Eva, who was standing at the edge of the boat, suddenly fell into the water. Tom who saw this immediately jumped into the water and saved the child. Her father took her in his arms and went to his room.

The next day, the ship was drawing near New Orleans. Tom could see St. Clare talking to Haley. Eva was standing near her father and the next moment, she climbed on a box close by and put her arms round her father's neck.

"Please buy him, Papa!" she whispered, "it's no matter what you pay. I want him."

"Why do you want him, my dear?"

"I want to make him happy."

"A fine reason, indeed!" laughed her father. "There, count your money, Haley."

Haley counted his money and was glad to have made a good profit. Taking the hand of his daughter, St. Clare walked up to Tom.

"Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master."

Tom looked up into the gay, handsome face and gratefully, he said,

"God bless you, master!"

"Well, I hope He will. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've been always used to horses," said Tom.

"Well, then, I'll put you in charge of the carriage," said St. Clare.

"You'll be very happy with us, Uncle Tom. Papa is very good to everybody," declared Eva.

"Papa thanks you for your good opinion!" laughed St. Clare, as he walked away.

The ship reached New Orleans and a carriage took them to St. Clare's house. It was a very large and grand house. The garden had the most beautiful flowers. The furniture in the rooms was the best that money could buy. Eva was delighted to be back home and went from room to room, jumping with joy. She kissed her mother and then ran and kissed the slaves too, who worshipped the loving little child.

Tom looked round and knew that in this house, he would be happy—that is, as happy as a slave could be. However, he could not but think of his wife and children from whom he was separated.

EXERCISES

1. Give a brief description of Marie St. Clare.
2. What kind of child was Eva?
3. When Eva fell into the river, what did Tom do?
4. Why did St. Clare buy Tom?
5. What job did St. Clare give Tom?

COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Tom not know where he was going?
2. Eva begged her father to buy Tom. What was the reason she gave?
3. When St. Clare bought Tom, what did Eva tell Tom?

Chapter VIII

TOM AND EVA

Eva had taken a great fancy to Tom. She was always in his company and laughed and played with him. Tom was so gentle with her that St. Clare knew that his child was in safe hands. Eva, small though she was, felt great pity for the poor, black slaves. She could not understand why the negroes were not treated like equals. In her own way she tried to be kind and sweet to all the slaves in her house.

One day, Marie St. Clare dressed herself in silks and gold and diamonds. It was Sunday and she was going to church. It was not clear whether she had dressed so grandly to please God or the people who came to church! She called for Eva but Eva was talking to Mammy, an old slave.

"Dear Mammy," said Eva, "I know your poor head is aching."

"Yes, Miss Eva," said Mammy, "my head always aches these days." The truth was that Mammy was not allowed to sleep at nights. Marie who always thought only of herself made Mammy keep awake, every night, in order to watch over her. Marie said that a slave had no right to sleep every night! It was the sweet little Eva who understood and felt very much for the old slave.

"Mammy, here's my smelling-bottle for you," went on Eva, "you keep it and smell it now and then. Your headache will go."

"Take your gold smelling-bottle? No, no!" said Mammy.

"Why not? You need it and I don't. Mamma always uses it for her headaches. Come, you must take it to please me." Putting her precious smelling-bottle in the hand of the old slave, Eva ran to join her mother.

"Where were you, Eva?" asked Marie.

"Oh, Mamma, I just stopped to give Mammy my smelling-bottle. She has a terrible headache, poor thing!"

"Eva!" said the proud Marie, "you gave your gold smelling-bottle to a *servant*! Go back at once and take it back. What is wrong with you?" and Marie stamped her foot in anger.

"I say, Marie, let it be," said St. Clare, at this moment, "what *wrong* has the child done?"

Is it a wonder that all the slaves looked upon Eva as a little saint!

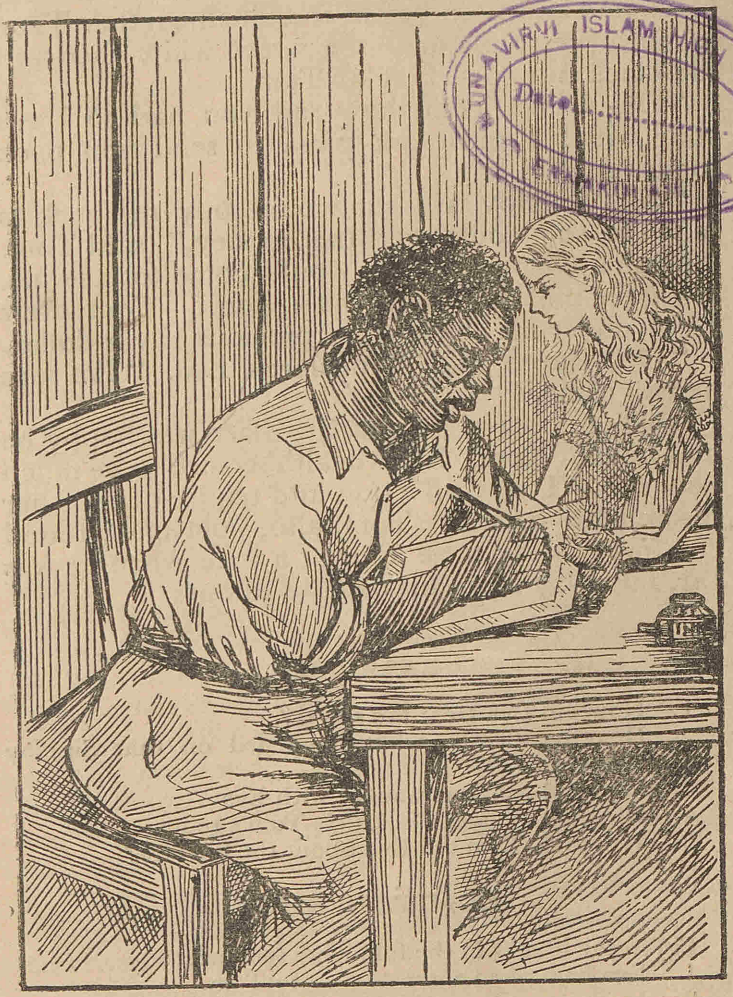
One day Tom was sitting in his room. It was a small but clean room and contained a bed, a chair and a table. Tom was bent over this table trying to write something. George Shelby's lessons had all been forgotten and he was struggling with the pen over the paper.

Eva came in and looked over his shoulder and laughed.

"O Uncle Tom! what are those funny things on the paper?"

"O Miss Eva! I'm trying to write to my wife and the little children," said Tom, wiping away a tear, "but I have forgotten all the letters."

"Let me help you, Uncle Tom, I can write a little," said Eva.


ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date

EVA HELPING TOM TO WRITE A LETTER

She put her little golden head close to the big black one and both began to write the letter. They made a pretty picture—the sweet white face and the black but good face of Tom.

"Oh, Uncle Tom, how sad you had to leave your wife! I must ask papa to send you back some time."

"Mrs. Shelby said she would buy me back as soon as she could get the money," said Tom. "Master George said he would come to take me. He gave me this dollar as a sign." Tom drew from under his clothes the precious silver dollar.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" declared Eva, "I'm sure he will come."

Two years went by and St. Clare was happy he had bought Tom. Eva's health seemed to be much better and Tom's affection and tender care of her pleased his master. Tom, also, poor man, found comfort in dear little Eva at a time when he was far, far away from his own loved ones.

EXERCISES

1. How did Eva treat the slaves?
2. Describe briefly what happened on that Sunday morning.
3. Why did Marie get angry with Eva?
4. Describe the scene in Uncle Tom's room.
5. What did Tom tell Eva about the Shelbys?

COMPREHENSION

Fill in the blanks in the following sentences:

1. Eva had taken a great———to Tom.
2. It was not clear whether she had dressed so grandly to please———or the———who came to church!

3. Marie said that a slave had no———to sleep every ———!
4. Is it a wonder that all the slaves looked upon Eva as a little———!
5. "Oh, I'm so———!" declared Eva, "I'm sure he will————."

Chapter IX

TOPSY

Miss Ophelia had taken up her duties in right earnest. She took charge of the house and looked after the cleaning, the cooking and the control of the servants. Now, Miss Ophelia was one of those efficient ladies who did all her work herself and did not want even a single servant. She was shocked to find so many servants in her cousin's house and further shocked to know that they were slaves. She certainly did not approve of slaves!

One morning, when Miss Ophelia was busy, St. Clare called out,

"Come down, cousin. I want to show you something."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia coming down the stairs.

"Look what I bought this morning," said St. Clare. He pushed forward a little negro girl about nine years old.

She was a real little black girl. Her bright shining eyes were black and round like marbles. Her mouth which was half open showed a set of pure

white teeth. Her curly black hair was combed into many little tails which stood out from her head. She wore an old, dirty dress.

"Why have you brought this thing here?" demanded Miss Ophelia who stared at the little girl, as if she were the daughter of the devil himself.

"For you to educate and train her," replied St. Clare. "Topsy, let us see you dance and sing."

At once Topsy began to sing in a loud, clear voice and she danced and jumped about in such a funny way that everybody laughed. St. Clare told Miss Ophelia in private, that he had bought Topsy out of pity. Her previous owner used to beat her every day. He was sure that Miss Ophelia would be kind to the little slave. Speaking again to the child, he said,

"Topsy, this is your new mistress."

"Yes, master," said Topsy.

"Now, remember you must be good."

"Yes, master," said Topsy.

The first thing Miss Ophelia did was to give Topsy a good bath. Next, she gave her clean clothes to wear. Only then did she begin to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Don't know, miss," said Topsy.

"Don't know how old you are? "Didn't your mother tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had no mother," said Topsy, in her own kind of English.

"Never had a mother? What do you mean, Topsy? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" said Topsy.

"Don't talk like that!" scolded Miss Ophelia.

NAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL

"Tell me at once, where you were born and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," repeated Topsy, "never had no father, no mother, no no one!"

Miss Ophelia who was angry so far, now came to think that the child was telling the truth, as she knew it. She understood that like many other negro children, Topsy must have been sold as a baby.

"Have you ever heard about God, Topsy?" asked Miss Ophelia, kindly.

The child could only stare at her mistress; she had never heard of God.

"Do you know who made you?" continued Miss Ophelia.

"Nobody made me," came the quick reply and then she added. "I growed myself!"

This was too much for Miss Ophelia, who stopped her questions.

Miss Ophelia began to train Topsy. She met with no success at all. Topsy was a born thief and liar. She would steal anything if she got a chance. Several times Miss Ophelia caught the naughty girl in the very act of stealing but there was no use in trying to correct her. Even if the stolen thing was in her hands at the moment, Topsy would swear that she had never seen it in her life!

There was only one person who had a good influence over Topsy. Eva felt very sorry for the little black girl. In her child's mind she knew that she herself had everything that she wanted, while Topsy had nothing. One day Eva spoke to her very sweetly.

"Poor Topsy!" she said, "if you want anything please ask me. I'll give you whatever you want. But don't steal, Topsy"

The little black girl looked at the little white one and for the first time in her sad life, found that here was a real friend.

"I love you, Topsy," continued Eva, "and I want you to be good."

"Oh, Miss Eva, nobody ever loved me before," said Topsy, crying, "but *now* I'll try to be good. I'll try and try!"

EXERCISES

1. Who was Topsy?
2. Relate in simple words the talk between Miss Ophelia and Topsy.
3. Write five sentences giving Topsy's character.
4. Who had a good influence over Topsy?
5. What did Eva tell Topsy?

COMPREHENSION

Write out the following in indirect speech:

1. "Look what I bought this morning," said St. Clare.
2. "How old are you, Topsy?" asked Miss Ophelia.
   "Don't know, miss," said Topsy.
3. "Never had a mother? What do you mean, Topsy? Where were you born?" asked Miss Ophelia.
   "Never was born!" said Topsy.
4. "Have you ever heard about God, Topsy?" asked Miss Ophelia, kindly.
5. "I love you, Topsy," continued Eva, "and I want you to be good."

Chapter X

THE VALLEY OF DEATH

In a garden by the lake, late one evening, sat Eva with Tom by her side. The sun was about to set and the beautiful red and gold rays of the sun were reflected in the waters of the lake.

"Uncle Tom, where is Heaven?" asked Eva.

"Oh, up there in the clouds, Miss Eva," said Tom.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva solemnly, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?" asked Tom.

"To Heaven," replied Eva.

Tom felt as if his heart would break. Tom had found that within the last six months, Eva had become thin. She had a cough that many medicines could not cure. St. Clare had brought his family to this house by the lake because the summer was too hot in the city. Eva did not seem to get well at all. Her mother thought too much of her own sweet self and did not observe the sad change in her child. Her father and aunt were really worried about Eva. Miss Ophelia kept a watch on her all the time. Even now, they heard her voice.

"Eva—Eva! please don't sit out there. Why, the dew is falling!"

Tom took Eva in, at once.

Marie St. Clare once brought a box full of jewels to show Eva.

"Look, Eva," she said, "these are the jewels I will give you when you become a young lady. I

wore them when I went to my first dance—everybody said I looked so pretty!"

Eva took out a diamond chain from the box and asked her mother,

"Are these diamonds worth a great deal of money, Mamma?"

"To be sure they are. They are worth a small fortune."

"I wish I could sell them," said Eva.

"Sell them! Why?" said her mother.

"With that money, I would buy a big place. I would take all our slaves there and set them free. I would pay teachers to teach them to read and write."

"Why, Eva! you want to be a headmistress!" laughed her mother.

"Mamma," said Eva sadly, "you know it is wrong to make slaves of others. We must set them free."

Eva knew in her heart of hearts that she did not have long to live. One day, she spoke to her father about this and requested him to set all the slaves free. He, poor man, thought only of what Eva had said about her death and tried to cheer her up. He loved his daughter very much and could not think of living, if she died.

"O my darling," he said, "don't talk of dying. I will do anything you wish."

"Promise me, dear father," begged Eva, "that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as I am gone!"

"Yes, dearest, but don't talk of going away," said St. Clare who became very, very sad.

Eva's condition became worse day by day. One day she asked her aunt to cut off some of her curls and then asked her father to call all the slaves to

her room. Eva lay on her pillow looking pale and tired. Her cheeks looked pink because of the fever that was burning within her. Her large eyes looked with love on the servants who had all gathered round her bed. There was a deep silence. After some time, Eva spoke,

"My dear friends, I am going to leave you——." Here, everyone present began crying. "But, you must remember that I love each one of you. You must be good Christians and pray every day. You must lead a good life and one day, I shall meet you all in Heaven." Once again the slaves burst into tears.

"Now, every one of you has been kind to me," went on Eva, "I shall give each one of you a curl of my hair. When you look at it, you shall remember me and remember that I loved you and that I'm waiting for you in Heaven."

So spoke this wise and loving little soul.

Turning to Tom, Eva said,

"Here, Uncle Tom, I have kept a beautiful curl for you. I'm sure to meet you in Heaven because you're so good."

All the slaves left the room but Topsy was still there.

"Oh Miss Eva, I *know* I'm a bad girl, but won't you give *me* one, too?"

"Oh yes! Of course, I will. There, every time you look at that, think that I love you and want you to be a good girl."

"O Miss Eva, I *am* trying," said Topsy earnestly, "but O God, it is so *hard* to be good!"

After this, Eva went down in health and she did not have many more days to live. Her father

simply refused to think of her death. He loved her more than words could say. But everyone knew the end was near. Like a faithful dog, Tom slept at the door of Eva's room. He knew that any day she might go.

One night, Miss Ophelia was watching by Eva's bed. At midnight she found a change in Eva and she told Tom to bring the doctor, at once She asked St. Clare to come to the room. He rushed to his darling daughter's bedside and bent over her. No word passed between Miss Ophelia and St. Clare—they knew it was the end.

When the doctor came, Marie, also entered the room. The doctor came and did nothing, for he knew that nothing could be done.

The father bent over the dying child and cried out, in despair,

"Oh, if she would speak *one* word to me before ——!"

He put his lips close to her ear and said softly, "Eva, darling! Do you know me?"

The large blue eyes opened.

"Dear papa!" said the child. She could speak no more—a wave of great pain passed over that beautiful face St. Clare could not bear it; his heart was breaking.

Holding Tom's hand, he cried, "O Tom, this is killing me!" Tom held his master's hands in his own while the tears ran down his dark cheeks. And in that awful moment of Death, which is called the Great Leveller, master and slave became one.

Both looked at Eva. A peaceful smile had come over her face. Eva had gone to Heaven.

EXERCISES

1. What did Eva tell Tom by the lake-side?
2. What did Eva wish to do with the diamond chain?
3. For what reason did Eva have her curls cut?
4. What was Eva's dying advice to the servants?
5. What were Eva's last words?

COMPREHENSION

Write a short paragraph on the following subjects :—

1. The scene by the lake
2. Eva's last gift to the slaves.



CHAPTER XI

TRAGEDY

ST. CLARE found the whole world a dark and sad place. When Eva died he felt as if the sun had set, never to rise again. They went back to the city and St. Clare often thought of Eva's request. He came to think that perhaps slavery was wrong.

One of the first things he did was to prepare the papers to set Tom free That would take a little time more and he told Tom, one day,

" Well, Tom, I'm going to make you a free man. So have your trunk packed and be ready to go home to your wife and children."

Week after week passed by, but St Clare's sorrow increased. Tom was always by his side and St. Clare found a little comfort in his company because he knew that Eva had really loved Tom

Tom also, seemed to understand his master's deep but silent sorrow. St. Clare was in his room, one day, when Tom entered softly.

"O Tom, the whole world is empty—absolutely empty!" The cry came straight from St. Clare's heart. The slave held his master's hand and with tears in his own eyes, said,

"I know it, master—I know it."

Marie who did not care for her child when she was living, made a great show of weeping when Eva died. So selfish was she that she did not think for a moment that the child's father missed her. Marie thought that she was the only person in the world with *feelings!*

Miss Ophelia did not speak much but she had really loved the dear little Eva and for her sake, she resolved to be sincerely kind to Topsy.

Just after Eva had died, Topsy had stolen into the room with a single beautiful rose-bud. She had put it in the hands of her dead friend and stood looking at her. She seemed to realize that Eva was gone for ever, and throwing herself on the ground, she had cried as if her heart would break.

Miss Ophelia thought that perhaps Topsy could be brought to the right path, more by love and understanding than by mere punishment. She asked St. Clare to give her full charge of Topsy. He too agreed that there might be some good in Topsy, if she was properly treated and gave the little negro girl to Miss Ophelia. Wonder of wonders, Topsy did grow up into a good little girl. When Miss Ophelia returned to her own home, after some time, she took the little negro girl with her. She brought her up almost like a daughter. In

course of time Topsy grew up into a fine young woman.

One evening, after tea, St. Clare sat down, deep in thought. These sad days, his mother often came to his mind. That evening, she seemed to be present in the room. Eva was always in his heart and that evening he thought and spoke of "Death".

He walked up and down the room for some time and not knowing what to do with himself, he said to Miss Ophelia,

"I'll go down the street for a few moments and hear the news."

He took up his hat and went out. Tom followed him to the gate and asked if he should come with him.

"No, Tom," said St. Clare. "I shall be back in an hour."

In an hour, some men entered the house carrying a dying man.

St Clare had gone into a restaurant and was reading the evening paper. As he was reading, two men who were both drunk, began a fight. St. Clare put down his paper and went up to take away the knife from the hand of one of the men, when he himself was wounded in the side.

When the doctor came, he told them that there was no hope. St. Clare had lost a lot a blood and the end was near. Tom was kneeling by his side and St. Clare felt sorry that he had not yet set him free—and now, it was too late! He put his hand in Tom's and once again the black hand held the white, equal, in the presence of Death.

A few minutes passed, a look of great peace fell on his face and St. Clare died, saying,

"I'm going HOME!"

The son had gone home to his mother and daughter.

* * * *

When St. Clare died, the slaves knew that they would be sold and God alone knew what their fate would be. Marie had decided to go back to her father's house. As always, the selfish woman had no feeling for anyone except herself.

Hearing that the good and faithful Tom was to be sold, Miss Ophelia asked Marie to set him free. She reminded Marie that it was the dying wish of little Eva. St. Clare himself had already started the business of giving Tom his freedom and Marie ought to respect her dead husband's wishes. Marie refused to give Tom his liberty.

Miss Ophelia was very sorry for Tom. She wrote to Mrs. Shelby in Kentucky and explained about Tom. She hoped that his former master would hurry up and buy Tom back, before he was sold to anyone else.

The very next day, poor Tom was sent down to the slave-market. A cruel brute of a man, called Legree bought Tom. He took Tom to his cotton plantation. Poor unlucky Tom! It did look as if Chloe's words would come true: "The new master may kill you with hard work and starve you to death."

EXERCISES

1. Describe in your own words St. Clare's sorrow for Eva.
2. Relate how St. Clare told Tom that he would set him free.

KAVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....

3. What did St. Clare do with Topsy?
4. Describe briefly St. Clare's death.
5. Why did Miss Ophelia write to Mrs. Shelby?

COMPREHENSION

1- Describe briefly Marie's character. Give some examples of her selfish nature. Read up the previous chapters also.
2. In the same way, also write a paragraph on St. Clare's character. (*Write in as simple words as you can.*)

Chapter XII

THE SLAVE AND THE MASTER

Tom's new master was the worst any slave could get. He had a cotton plantation and owned hundreds of slaves. He made them work from early morn till late in the evening. They did not have enough to eat and were given small huts to live in. In each hut several slaves were put together. Tom was shocked to see the conditions under which he had to live. Even if he died, who would care? Not Legree, certainly.

Legree was one of those men who had no heart and no pity at all for the poor and the suffering. He was a rich man and his only aim was to make more money. The more he made the slaves work, the more rich he became. If a slave did not work hard, the slave was beaten and starved and if he died, Legree did not care. He cared more for the dogs which he kept to catch those slaves who ran away.

Legree lived in an old house which was full of dirt and disorder. He had no morals at all and got drunk every evening. Together with Tom, he had bought a pretty girl of fifteen, called Emmeline. She was not a full negro and had been brought up by a kind mistress. She was educated and taught to love and fear God and she did not know that there were wicked men on this fair earth. Legree bought her for his own evil purposes.

Legree had two negroes named Sambo and Quimbo. They were strong and big fellows, almost like giants. They were in charge of the slaves, as Legree could not manage so many slaves by himself. Strange to say, these fellows were a degree more cruel than Legree, to the slaves who were their own kind. Legree wanted to put Tom too, in charge of the slaves because he knew that Tom had experience. Tom did not like Legree to ill-treat the slaves and Legree grew angry with Tom. Who was Tom to disapprove of Legree?

Every morning a long line of slaves would go to the cotton fields. No one could absent himself; the old and the sick also, had to go. One morning, Tom found a strange woman in the crowd. She had good looks and wore clean clothes. She was about forty years old. All the other slaves seemed to know who she was but she neither cared to mix with them nor talk to them. She did her work cleverly and quickly.

At Tom's side was a poor old woman who was not at all well. She did not have strength even to stand up but still she was forced to do work. Tom silently took a lot of cotton from his basket and put it in poor Lucy's basket. Just then Sambo

came up. He gave one kick to the woman and struck Tom in the face with his whip. Lucy fell down but struggled to her feet and later on, Tom again put some more cotton in her basket. The strange woman had seen all this and when she found an opportunity she put some of her own cotton into Tom's basket.

Evening came and Legree was there to weigh each one's basket. Those who had not picked enough cotton would get a terrible beating. Sambo whispered to Legree that Tom was giving a lot of trouble. Legree, who did not like Tom one bit, was ready to believe any charge against him—true or false.

Slowly, the weary slaves came in and each one put down his or her basket to be weighed. Tom's basket was weighed and passed. Poor old Lucy's basket was weighed and passed and—Legree could see it was full weight but he shouted in anger,

"What you lazy beast! short again! You'll get it now!"

Turning to Tom, he said,

"Take this woman and beat her. I want you to learn how to whip niggers."

"I beg master's pardon," said Tom, "but that is what I cannot do."

Legree got up and gave Tom several blows on his face and said,

"Now tell me you cannot do it!"

"Yes, master," said Tom as he wiped the blood from his face, "I'm willing to work night and day for you but I will not do wrong to anyone. Master,

kill me, if you like, but I cannot beat anyone—I'll die first!"

Legree felt that this was going too far, specially as the other slaves were listening. He decided to teach Tom a lesson he would remember.

"Sambo! Quimbo!" he called, "take this dog and give him such a beating that he won't forget all his life!"

The two slave-drivers were too willing to obey their master, cruel men that they were.

* * * *

It was midnight. Tom lay on the ground in great pain. He was half-dead. His body was covered with blood. He suffered from a burning thirst.

He saw the light of a small lamp and a woman entered the room Tom cried out,

"For the love of God, please give me a drop of water!"

It was the strange woman whom he had seen for the first time in the field, that morning. She put down her lamp, poured out some water from a jug into a glass and held it to Tom's dry lips. The fever of thirst was upon him—he drank one more cup and then another.

She put some medicine on Tom's wounds and made him roll himself up in cool wet pieces of cloth which she had brought with her.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom.

"Don't call me ma'am'. I am a miserable slave like you I am worse than you. I have been with Legree for five years—five years of hell!"



CASSY HELD THE GLASS TO TOM'S DRY LIPS

She sat down by Tom's side and told him the long, sad story of her life. Her name was Cassy and she had been brought up in a good home. Her mother was a slave, but her father had promised to set the children free. She was sent to a good school and was taught the fine arts. When she was fourteen, her father died suddenly. He had not yet set her free.

She was sold to a good young man and they fell in love with each other. She had two children, a boy and a girl whom she loved with all her heart. This man fell into debt and a wicked man offered to buy her and the children. Her misery began from that day. Her children were sold and she never saw them again. She herself was sold from one man to another till she was bought by the wretch Legree.

Tom even forgot his present pain when Cassy told him of her sad past. Tom's heart filled with pity for this woman for whom there was no escape from Legree. Truly did she call that place a hell!

She kept some water by Tom's side and went out as quietly as she had come.

* * * *

In front of a fire, in his room, Legree was drinking till long past midnight. The door opened and Sambo entered, holding out something in a paper.

"What's that?" asked Legree.

"Something that a nigger keeps on his body so that he won't feel the pain when we beat him. That Tom, there, had it tied round his neck with a black string."

Legree took the paper. He felt a strange, terrible fear. He opened the paper and there fell out a silver dollar and a long shining curl of hair, which suddenly coiled round Legree's finger like a little snake!

He became mad with fear and cried out,

"Where did this thing come from? Take it away! burn it up! burn it up!"

He pulled it off his finger and dropped the hair into the fire. Picking up the silver dollar, he threw it out through the window.

Like all wicked and cruel men, the wretch, Legree, was a victim of strange fears.

VIDYA VIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL ERNAKULAM.

EXERCISES

1. Describe in simple words, the life of a slave on the plantation.
2. Who were Sambo and Quimbo?
3. How did Tom help Lucy?
4. What was Tom's reply when Legree told him to whip Lucy?
5. What did Legree do with the curl of hair?

COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Tom wish to help Lucy?
2. When Tom was lying in pain, Cassy came to see him. What help did she give him?
3. Who gave the silver dollar and the curl of hair to Tom?
4. Ask your Teacher to explain to you the meaning of the word 'superstition.' It will help you to understand Legree's character.

Chapter XIII

LIBERTY

While Tom was suffering at the hands of his cruel master, that brave couple, George and Eliza had better luck. The kind family which took them in, also nursed Tom Loker back to health and strength. When he became well, Loker decided to give up his bad ways. He resolved to be a hunter of animals instead of a slave-hunter.

In gratitude for having saved his life, he gave useful advice to George and Eliza. He told them that people down at the lake were watching every boat. The husband and wife would be safe only if they changed their names and clothes.

George and Eliza were to cross Lake Erie and go to the wonderful land of Canada. No person could be a slave in Canada. All men, women and children were as free as God made them, whether they were white, black or yellow. In Canada, George had the right to call the pretty Eliza, *his wife;* the right to protect and educate *his son;* the right to have *his own home;* the right to practise *his own religion.* In short, George had the right to live *his own life.*

On the day that they were to cross the lake, Eliza stood before the mirror, dressed like a man. She looked like a thin but very good-looking young man. She combed out her long curly black hair and looked at it for the last time. Taking up the scissors, she cut off her curls, one by one. Taking up a brush, she brushed back her hair as a man does.

Turning round to her husband she laughed and said,

"There, am I not a pretty young fellow, now?"

"You are always pretty, Eliza," said her husband.

The door opened and a lady called Mrs. Smyth brought in little Harry dressed as a girl. Mrs. Smyth was a native of Canada. She had consented to act as Harry's aunt while they were crossing over to Canada. The little boy who was dressed as a girl stared for a long time at his mother who was dressed as a man! He could not understand all these changes, but the poor child had seen and heard so many strange things, that he no longer wondered.

Eliza and George thanked the friendly family with whom they had been staying and got into a carriage. They arrived at the lake and went into the ship. George went to the ship's office to pay for the tickets. There he saw one of the fellows who had been sent by Haley to catch them. He was talking to the ship's clerk.

"I have made certain that they are not on this boat—I have watched everyone carefully," George heard the clerk say. The slave-catcher replied,

"Yes, it is easy to recognize the man—he has that slave's mark burnt on his right hand."

The hand with which George was taking the tickets trembled a little. He soon gained control of himself and calmly he walked down the ship to join his young friend, who happened to be Eliza. Mrs. Smyth went to her own room where all the ladies admired *the pretty little girl* with her!

The ship's bell rang out its farewell and it was with a beating heart that George saw the slave-catcher leaving the boat.

Slowly the ship approached the shores of freedom. The eyes of the young man filled with tears of joy at the thought of liberty. Canada was to him very Heaven. The boat stopped; they collected their luggage and went down. The ship sailed on its way. Husband and wife turned to each other, kissed their child and fell on their knees to thank God!

Mrs. Smyth took them to the house of a friend. He offered to look after them till George could find a job and have a home of their own. Never again would they be called *slaves!*

EXERCISES

1. What advice did Tom Loker give to George and Eliza?
2. What was Eliza doing before the mirror?
3. Who was Mrs. Smyth?
4. Why did Harry stare at his own mother?
5. What did Harry and Eliza do as soon as they reached Canada?

COMPREHENSION

1. Where did we last meet Tom Loker?
2. In Canada, George will be a free man. Give a few examples of his rights.
3. Look up Canada in a map. Many Indians go to Canada for higher studies.

Chapter XIV

ESCAPE

During these days of suffering Tom often thought of his wife and dear children. So many years had gone by! He had no news at all from home. He wondered what had happened to Miss Ophelia's letter to Mrs. Shelby. He hoped that Mrs Shelby would remember her promise and buy him back. Where was "the young master"? Had all of them forgotten him? In his despair Tom prayed to God. Mrs. Shelby had taught him to be a good Christian and his only comfort now was the Bible. He could not read much but what did that matter? He knew the Holy Book almost by heart.

It was between one and two o'clock at night. In the calm, still moonlight Tom saw Cassy outside his hut. When he went out, Cassy told him that Legree was fast asleep. She had kept the back door open and an axe was ready there Tom must go up and kill Legree—he would do all the slaves a great favour. Tom was shocked at her idea! He refused to kill a man, even though that man was his greatest enemy.

Looking at Cassy, Tom saw that she had become almost mad with her hate for Legree. She even spoke of going up herself and murdering Legree. Tom suggested that she could try and escape. Cassy told him that there was no way of escape—Legree would immediately send his dogs after her and hunt her down. Tom went on speaking to her, trying to calm the poor lost soul and suddenly, like a flash, a plan came to her mind. It was such

a simple plan—it was strange she had not thought of it before! She told Tom that she would try and escape and Tom said,

"May God help you!"

* * * *

At the top of the house in which Legree lived, there was a small, dark room which no one occupied. Nobody even went near it because the servants told each other terrible stories about it. Some years before, Legree had locked up a negro woman up there and in that room she had died and her body had been brought down to be buried. After that, the servants swore that they heard cries and frightful noises coming from that dark, old room. Legree came to hear of this and so angry was he, that he declared he would lock up in that very room the next negro whom he caught spreading such tales!

Now, Cassy's room was just below that room. One day, she asked the servants to move her furniture to another room. When Legree asked her for the reason, she said that she could not get any sleep at night. Fixing a long look on Legree, she said that she could hear *people* moving about and crying, up in the room. She could see the fear in Legree's eyes.

Cassy next went to work on a plan of escape. She knew she had put fear into the soul of that wretch and that he would never set his foot in that room or even go anywhere near it. Unseen by anyone, Cassy went up to that room. In a hole in the wall, she put the neck of an old bottle in the direction of the wind. It acted like a whistle.

When the wind blew, a thin, long, sharp, crying sound could be heard by the servants who were sure that there was a ghost in that room. Horror and fear crept about the house and Legree also felt afraid. The man after all, was a coward.

Cassy told the young girl Emmeline that she would save her from the wicked Legree and night after night they took up some of their clothes. They also took care to collect and keep there enough food to last them for some days.

Late one evening, Cassy and Emmeline, each with a small bundle, stole out by the back door. They had almost reached the boundary of the plantation when Legree saw them. Shouting to all the slaves to follow him, he called out all his dogs and ran after the two poor women. By now it was dark and Cassy and Emmeline jumped into a stream. The dogs lost their scent in the water and could not follow them. This stream ran by the side of the house and very cleverly the two slaves walked back up the stream till they came to the back door, once again. There was not a single person in the house—everyone was out, running after Cassy and Emmeline! These two quietly ran up the stairs and hid themselves in the dark, old room. Cassy was absolutely sure that no one would ever come there to search for them—least of all, Legree!

Late at night Legree returned. The next morning he gathered some more people and went out in search of the two slaves. At last, he gave it up. He had a feeling that Tom knew where the escaped slaves had gone. He sent for Tom. When Tom came, he caught hold of his neck and shouted,

"Do you know I've made up my mind to KILL you?"

"Perhaps, master," said Tom, calmly.

"I have! Certainly I have; Tell me, at once, what you know about those two women."

Tom stood silent.

"Do you hear me?" Legree roared like a lion. "Tell me, at once!"

"I have nothing to tell," said Tom, softly.

"Do you dare tell me, you *don't know?*"

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" Legree struck him hard. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, master; but I can't tell anything. *I can die!*"

Legree grew wild with anger. He gave Tom a sudden blow which laid him low on the ground.

* * * *

Legree was determined to kill Tom. That night was a scene of blood and cruelty. It was the last act in the tragedy. Sambo and Quimbo both whipped Tom while Legree stood watching.

"He's almost gone, master," said Sambo.

"Go on! whip him till he gives up! Give it to him! Give it to him! I'll take every drop of his blood."

Tom fell unconscious and knowing that it was useless to beat him any more, Legree said,

"Yes, he is gone! Well, his mouth is shut up, at last!"

Yet Tom was not quite gone.

NAVAJIVAN ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....
ERNAKULAM.

EXERCISES

1. What did Cassy tell Tom one night?
2. Why were the servants afraid of the dark, old room?
3. Why did Cassy ask the servants to move her furniture to another room?
4. What were the things that Cassy and Emmeline took up to the dark, old room?
5. Relate in your own words how Cassy and Emmeline escaped and returned to the house.

COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Cassy set about putting fear into everybody's heart?
2. Why did Legree turn his anger on Tom? Was it fair?

CHAPTER XV

THE YOUNG MASTER

Two days later, a young man drove up to the house in a small carriage, sprang out and asked for Legree.

Miss Ophelia's letter to Mrs. Shelby had been lost in the post-office for some time. When at last it did reach her, Mr. Shelby was very ill. After some time, he died Mrs. Shelby and her son, who had by now become quite a young man, were very busy settling all the affairs of their property. They wrote to New Orleans for information about Tom but no one knew to whom he had been sold. After a long time, quite by accident, George heard about Legree.

The young man went up to Legree and said,

"I hear that in New Orleans you bought a man called Tom. He was our old servant and I would like to buy him back."

"Yes, I bought such a man and I am sorry for it. He taught my niggers to run away. I gave him such a beating—he almost died."

"Where is he?" asked George, at once. "Let me see him."

Tom lay on his bed of pain. He was a strong man and could not die easily. When George entered the hut, his heart turned sick. Was he too late? When he saw his old friend in that miserable condition, he fell on his knees on the ground saying,

"Uncle Tom, my dear friend! poor Uncle Tom!"

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

"Dear Uncle Tom! please speak once more! Here's Master George—your own little Master George!"

Something in the familiar voice made Tom open his eyes.

"Master George? Thank God! They did not forget me! Now I shall die content!"

"You shan't die! you must not die! I've come to buy you and take you home," said George, with great love.

"O Master George! you're too late! God has bought me and I am going to Heaven!"

"Oh, don't die! It'll break my heart!" cried the young man.

Tom requested George not to tell Chloe about the state in which he found him. He sent his love

to his children and to all the people in the dear old place. The joy of meeting his young master had given some strength to the dying man, but now he closed his eyes and Death stood in the door. With a last smile, Tom, the brave, honest, faithful negro, fell asleep.

George rose from the place of the dead and going up to Legree he asked,

"What shall I pay you for the body? I would like to bury it."

"I don't sell dead niggers," said Legree coldly, "you can take him where and when you like."

Some of the negroes were standing and looking at the dead man. To them, George said,

"Help me to lift him up and carry him to my carriage. One of you go and get me a spade."

One of them ran for a spade and two others helped George to take the body to the carriage. George spread his own coat and laid the body in it. He drove the carriage to a spot just outside the plantation. There, under the trees, the two negroes dug the grave.

"Shall we take off the coat, master?" asked one of the negroes.

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

They put Tom in the grave and then filled it up. Over the grave they kept green grass which would soon grow and cover the place where Tom was enjoying his last rest on earth.

When the negroes had gone, George went on his knees by the grave of his dead friend and said,

"Witness, Eternal God! I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"

* * * *

The night after Tom died, Cassy and Emmeline quietly walked out of the house. Some of the negroes who saw them never suspected the truth but were sure that these two figures were ghosts! Since Tom had died, the slaves were more afraid of ghosts than ever before. Moreover, how could Cassy and Emmeline who had escaped from the house now come out from it? They were certainly ghosts!

Cassy's plan had succeeded.

Cassy was dressed as a rich lady and Emmeline as her servant, so that no one could recognize them. It happened that they were on the same ship by which George Shelby was returning to New Orleans.

Knowing that George was a good man, Cassy told him the truth about herself. George promised to help her in every way. They used to have long talks with each other and it came out that Cassy was really the mother of Eliza!

Cassy who heard that George and Eliza had escaped to Canada, followed them to that place. Cassy was at last united with her daughter.

After some years, George, Eliza and Cassy decided to go to Africa and settle down there. They knew that Africa was their mother country

and they were proud to go there. They found happiness in their own country and in helping their own people.

AVIRVI ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date

EXERCISES

1. What happened to Miss Ophelia's letter?
2. What did George ask Legree as soon as he met him?
3. Repeat George's first words to Uncle Tom.
4. Where was Uncle Tom buried?
5. Who was Cassy? How was she related to little Harry?

COMPREHENSION

Fill in the blanks in the following sentences :—

1. "He was our old——and I would like to——him back."
2. "Dear Uncle Tom! please——once more!"
3. They knew that Africa was their mother country and they————to go there.

CHAPTER XVI

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

GEORGE SHELBY could find no words to write about Uncle Tom to his mother. It was too sad a tale to be told in a letter. He merely wrote to say that he would return on a certain day.

On that day, everybody was waiting for the young master to come home. Mrs. Shelby was sitting by the fire and Aunt Chloe was setting the supper-table. Aunt Chloe was wearing a new dress and on her face was a happy look.

"Did Master George write anything about Tom?" asked Chloe.

"No, Chloe. He said he would give all the news when he came home," replied Mrs. Shelby.

"Just like master George! He always wanted to tell everything himself," said Chloe, who never suspected the truth.

Mrs. Shelby smiled.

"My husband won't recognize his own children—they're so big now. Polly is a big girl now—she was a baby when they took him away. I remember how her father used to laugh because every time she tried to walk, she would fall!" Chloe thought of the old days when all of them were happy, together.

The noise of wheels was heard and Mrs. Shelby went to the door and Aunt Chloe ran to the window. George entered and kissed his mother. Aunt Chloe stood and looked out at the dark night waiting for . . . .someone who would never come again.

George took her hard black hand in both his and said,

"O *poor* Aunt Chloe! I'd have given all my fortune to have brought him back with me; but he's gone to a better country."

Aunt Chloe said nothing. She turned and walked sadly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her, took one of her hands, made her sit in a chair and sat down by her.

"My poor, good Chloe!" said she.

At this, Chloe burst into tears.

"O ma'am, my heart is broken—that's all! Just as I knew it would be—sold and murdered on that plantation!"

And mistress and servant cried together for the dear, good man whom they would never see again. After some time, George described Tom's last moments and gave his last messages of love. He did not tell Chloe the whole sad truth about Tom's death.

A month after this, all the negroes on the Shelby estate were asked to come to the hall where George wished to speak to them. George came with a bundle of papers in his hand. He had decided to set at liberty all his slaves. One by one, he called them by name and gave to each his paper of freedom.

This came as a great surprise to everyone. Some of the slaves even begged him not to send them away and wanted to give back their papers of freedom.

"My good friends," said George, "there is no need for you to leave us. If you like, all of you can stay, but you are free men and free women, now. I shall pay you wages for your work, such as we shall agree on."

There was joy on every face.

"One more thing," went on George, "you all remember our good old Uncle Tom? It was on his grave that I resolved, before God, to set free every slave, whom I owned. So, remember Uncle Tom and be kind to his wife and children. Think of your freedom every time you see UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

EXERCISES

1. Why was Aunt Chloe wearing a new dress?
2. Why did Aunt Chloe run to the window?

3. What did George tell Aunt Chloe?
4. What did Mrs. Shelby say to Aunt Chloe?
5. What did George Shelby do a month after he returned home?

COMPREHENSION

1. Describe in your own words the scene when George came in and broke the sad news to Aunt Chloe.
2. Summarize George's speech to the slaves whom he had set free.
3. Write ten sentences on " Why I like to be Free."

GLOSSARY OF NEW WORDS

[The meanings given are relevant to the text.]

Beech-nuts: small, sharp triangular nuts of the beech.

Bible: The book which contains the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, besides many other great truths.

Cabin: Small house.

Christian: Followers of Jesus Christ who taught that one must love even one's enemy.

Coil: Went round, twisted.

Curl: Lock of hair. Ladies like to have curls in their hair.

Darling: Dearest or most loved person.

Dawn: The time when the sun begins to rise.

Dollar: American money in coin or paper. Hundred cents make a dollar.

Farewell: Good-bye ; to take leave of ; fare-you-well.

Handsome: Good-looking.

Maid: Any young girl ; here, a girl who helps a lady to dress and takes care of her clothes.

Negro: Member of the African race.

Pat: Strike gently with hand.

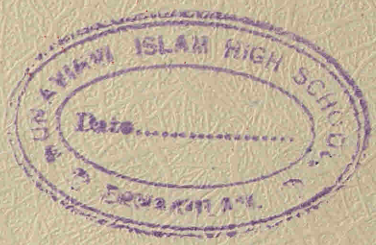
Plantation: Estate on which cotton, tobacco etc. are grown. (In former years slaves worked there.)

Pride: Vanity ; to have a high or grand opinion of one self.

Slap: To give a blow with the palm of one's hand.

Tiny: Very small.

4844


ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date.....




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Date.....
ERNAKULAM.