

Mrs. Frazer was going to give lady Mary a description of the Canadian porcupine, Campbell, the footman, came up to say, that her papa wanted to see her, to show her something; and so as she was detained for some time, I am afraid my readers will not hear in this chapter what it was that Mrs. Frazer told her about the porcupine; or, what the Governor had to show his little daughter.

(To be continued.)



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

MORE GLIMPSES OF UNCLE TOM'S HISTORY.



AMONG the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl,—for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze,—nor was she one that, once

seen, could be easily forgotten.

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

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

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle P'm, way back thar in Kentuck."

"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.