

ble of separating it from the milk; and will, in addition, quote largely from other works, so that Mrs. Stowe's statements will not be given to you altogether unsupported.

LAIRD.—A varra guid move, Doctor; I thoct muckle o' *Uncle Tom*, but couldna read the *Key*, tho' I tried mony a time. Besides, as you read an' comment, we'll, in duty bound, be obleeged to listen to ye, which will save us a muckle deal o' trouble.

MAJOR.—I agree with the Laird, and whenever you get "ower" tiresome, we will just take a sleep till you conclude.

DOCTOR.—Well, then, I'll begin, but I warn you that it will take several *sederunts* before my task will be drawn to a conclusion, for I intend to enter into my subject fully.

LAIRD AND MAJOR.—Go on, Doctor, go on.

DOCTOR.—The first part of the *Key* is devoted to the characters that animated the novel, and these she proves to be fictitious, only as regards their names. For instance, in the first chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we encountered Haley, the negro trader, who, we are told by Mrs. Stowe, is the type of his class, which includes the kidnapper, negro-catcher, and whipper, &c.

Mrs. Stowe relates as follows, her first personal observation of this species of the human race:—

"Several years ago, while one morning employed in the duties of the nursery, a colored woman was announced. She was ushered into the nursery, and the author thought, on first survey, that a more surly, unpromising face she had never seen. The woman was thoroughly black, thick set, firmly built, and with strongly-marked African features. Those who have been accustomed to read the expressions of the African face know what a peculiar effect is produced by a lowering, desponding expression upon its dark features. It is like the shadow of a thunder cloud. Unlike her race generally, the woman did not smile when smiled upon, nor utter any pleasant remark in reply to such as were addressed to her. The youngest pet of the nursery, a boy about three years old, walked up, and laid his little hand on her knee, and seemed astonished not to meet the quick smile which the negro almost always has in reserve for the little child. The writer thought her very cross and disagreeable, and, after a few moments silence, asked, with perhaps a little impatience, "Do you want anything of me to-day?"

"Here are some papers," said the woman, pushing them towards her, "perhaps you would read them."

The first paper opened was a letter from a negro-trader in Kentucky, stating concisely that he had waited about as long as he could for her child; that he wanted to start for the South, and must get it off his hands; that, if she would send him two hundred dollars before the end of the week, she should have it; if not, that he would set it up at auction, at the court-house door, on Saturday. He added, also, that he might have got more than

that for the child, but that he was willing to let her have it cheap.

"What sort of a man is this?" said the author to the woman, when she had done reading the letter.

"Dunno, ma'am: great Christian, I know,—member of the Methodist church, anyhow."

The expression of sullen irony with which this was said was a thing to be remembered.

"And how old is this child?" said the author to her.

The woman looked at the little boy who had been standing at her knee, with an expressive glance, and said, "She will be three years old this summer."

"On further enquiry into the history of the woman, it appeared that she had been set free by the will of her owner; that the child was legally entitled to freedom, but had been seized on by the heirs of the estate. She was poor and friendless, without money to maintain a suit, and the heirs, of course, threw the child into the hands of the trader. The necessary sum, it may be added, was all raised in the small neighborhood which then surrounded the Lane Theological Seminary, and the child was redeemed."

The following letter is given as a specimen of the correspondence which occasionally passes between these gentlemen, whose vocation so admirably promotes and extends the institution of slavery. Mrs. Stowe has extracted it from the *National Era*, a Philadelphia newspaper, it is stated to be "a copy taken verbatim from the original, found among the papers of the person to whom it was addressed, at the time of his arrest and conviction, for passing a variety of counterfeit bank-notes."

Poolsville, Montgomery Co., Md.,

March 24, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I arrived home in safety with Louisa, John having been rescued from me, out of a two-story window, at twelve o'clock at night. I offered a reward of fifty dollars, and have him here safe in jail. The persons who took him brought him to Fredericktown jail. I wish you to write to no person in this state but myself. Kephart and myself are determined to go the whole hog for any negro you can find, and you must give me the earliest information, as soon as you do find any. Enclosed you will receive a handbill, and I can make a good bargain, if you can find them. I will in all cases, as soon as a negro runs off, send you a handbill immediately, so that you may be on the look-out. Please tell the constable to go on with the sale of John's property; and, when the money is made, I will send on an order to you for it. Please attend to this for me; likewise write to me, and inform me of any negro you think has run away,—no matter where you think he has come from, nor how far,—and I will try and find out his master. Let me know where you think he is from, with all particular marks, and if I don't find his master, *Joc's dead!*

Write to me about the crooked-fingered negro, and let me know which hand and which finger, color, &c.; likewise any mark the fellow has who says he got away from the negro-buyer, with his