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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including text, boxes, baskets, each containing one separate responsibility which she is trying, binding up, packing or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
CHAP. XV. (Continued)
The vanquished Trunk—A New Orleans Mansion—Mr. Adolph—Master's Welcome Home—Tom Inducted Coachman—A Martyr.

There is Miss Ophelia sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet-bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some separate responsibility which she is trying, binding up, packing or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

"Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things! Of course you have!—children never do: there's the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue hand-bag with your best bonnet—that's two; then the India-rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle-box is four; and my hand-box, five; and my collar-box, six; and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade! Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella with my shade: there now."

"Why, aunt, you are only going up home—what is the use?"

"To keep it nice, my child; people must take care of their things if they ever mean to have anything. And now, Eva, is your thing-bag up?"

"Really, aunt, I don't know."

"Well, never said; I'll look your box over. This is a general, as the sequel of the things in, and sprang upon the lid; still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

"Get up here, Eva!" said Miss Ophelia, courageously; "what has been done can be done again. This trunk has got to be shut and locked, here are no two ways about it."

"And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hump snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

"Now, we're ready. Where's your papa? I think it time this baggage was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa."

"Oh, yes, he's down the cabin, and the gentleman's cabin, eating an orange."

"He can't know how near we are coming," said aunt; "hadn't you better run and speak to him?"

"Papa never is in a hurry about anything," said Eva; "and we haven't come to the landing. Do step to the guard's cabin. Look there, our house, up that street!"

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and waymarks, by which she recognized her native city.

"Yes, you, dear; very fine," said Miss Ophelia. "But mercy on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?"

And now ensued the usual turmoil of landing—waters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

"Shall I take your trunk, ma'am?" "Shall I take your baggage?" "Let me lend you your baggage, ma'am?" "Shall I carry out those yer, miss?" "I'll carry out those yer, miss!" "I'll carry out those yer, miss!"

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southern principle, and not walk out under all that load. They'll take you for a waiting-maid; give them to this fellow; he'll put them down as if they were eggs, now."

"Miss Ophelia looked despairingly at her cousin took all her treasures from her, and rejoiced to find herself once more in a carriage with them in a state of preservation.

"Where's Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, he's on the outside, pussy. I'm going to take Tom up to mother for a peace-offering, to make up for that drunken fellow that upset the carriage."

"Oh, Tom will make a splendid driver, I know," said Eva; "he'll never get drunk."

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashion—a square building enclosing a court-yard into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. The court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous idleness.

Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of Oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this again was surrounded by a deep border of green velvet, while a carriage drove enclosed the whole. Two large orange trees, now fragrant with blossoms, threw a delicious shade; and, ranged in a circle round upon the turf, were marble vases of arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the tropics. Huge pomegranate trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-colored flowers, dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars, geraniums, luxuriant rose-bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbena, all united their bloom and fragrance, while here and there a myrtle also, with its strange, odorous leaves, and looking like some hoary old enchanter, sitting in weirdly fantastic attitudes, more garrulous bloom and fragrance around it.

The galleries that surrounded the court were festooned with a certain of some kind of Moorish stuff, and could be drawn down at pleasure to exclude the beams of the sun. On the whole the appearance of the place was luxurious and romantic.

As the carriage drove in, Eva seemed like a bird ready to burst from an eagle, with the wild eagerness of her delight.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful, lovely! My own dear, darling home!" she said to Miss Ophelia.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Miss Ophelia, as she alighted; "though it looks rather old and heathenish to me."

Tom got down from the carriage, and looked about with an air of calm, still enjoyment. The negro, it must be remembered, is an exotic of the tropics, and his heart is a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws out the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race.

St. Clare, who was in his habit a poetical voluptuary, called as Miss Ophelia made her remark on his premises, and, turning to Tom, who was standing looking round, his beaming black face perfectly radiant with admiration, he said—

"Tom, my boy, this seems to suit you."

"Yes, ma'am, it looks about the right thing," said Tom.

All this passed in a moment, while trunks were being hustled off, hackman paid, and while a crowd of all ages and sizes—men, women, and children—came running through the galleries, both above and below, to see ma'am come in. Foremost among them was a highly-dressed young man, evidently a very distinguished personage, attired in superb costumes of the mode, and gracefully waving a scented cambric handkerchief in his hand.

This personage had been exerting himself, with great alacrity, in driving all the flock of domestics to the other end of the verandah.

"Back! all of you. I am ashamed of you," he said, in a tone of authority. "Who dare you intrude on master's domestic relations, in the first hour of his return?"

All looked abashed at this elegant speech, delivered with quite an air, and stood huddled together at a respectful distance, except two stout porters, who came up and began conveying away the baggage.

Owing to Mr. Adolph's systematic arrangements, when St. Clare turned round from paying the hackman, there was nobody in view but Mr. Adolph himself, conspicuous in satin vest, gold-guard-chain, and white pants, and bowing with incredible grace and suavity.

"Ah, Adolph, is it you?" said his master, offering his hand to him; "how are you, boy?" while Adolph bowed forth, with great fluency an extemporaneous speech, which he had been preparing, with great care, for a fortnight before.

"Well, well," said St. Clare, passing on, with his usual air of negligent drollery, "that's very well got up, Adolph. See that the baggage is in a minute; and, as saying, he led Miss Ophelia to a large carriage that stood on the verandah."

While this had been passing, Eva had flown like a bird through the porch and parlor, to a little boudoir opening like a window on the verandah. A tall, slender, middle-aged woman, half rose St. Clare's coach on which she was waiting.

"Shanna!" said Eva, in a tone of surprise, throwing herself on her knees, and embracing her over and over again.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, child, don't you make any more noise, said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, embraced his wife in true, orthodox, husbandly fashion, and then presented to her cousin, Marie, lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of surprise, and received her with languid politeness. A crowd of servants now pressed to the entry door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman, of very respectable appearance, stood foremost, in a tremor of expectation and joy at the door.

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"Oh, my dear, my dear, child, don't you make any more noise, said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

"You're subject to the sick-headache, ma'am!" said Miss Ophelia, suddenly rising from the depths of the large arm-chair, where she had sat quietly, taking an inventory of the furniture, and calculating its expense.

"Yes, I'm a perfect martyr to it," said the lady.

"Juniper-berry tea is good for sick-headache," said Miss Ophelia; "at least, Augustine, Deacon Abraham Perry's wife used to say so; and she was a great nurse."

"I'll have the first juniper-berry that get ripe in our garden by the lake brought in for that especial purpose," said St. Clare, gravely pulling the bell as he did so; "meanwhile, cousin, you must be wanting to retire to your apartment, and refresh yourself a little after your journey. Dolph," he added, "tell Mammy to get her things ready. Tell her to get her things ready."

"Well!" said Miss Ophelia, "you southern children can do something that I couldn't."

"What now, pray?" said St. Clare.

"Well, I want to be kind to everybody, and I wouldn't have anything hurt; but as to kissing—"

"Niggers," said St. Clare, "that you're not up to; eh?"

"Yes, that's it. How can she?"

St. Clare laughed as he went into the passage.

"Hullo here, what's to pay out here! Here you all—Mammy, Jimmy, Polly, Sukey—glad to see ma'am!" he said as he went shaking hands from one to another. "Look out for the babies!" he added, as he stumbled over a sooty little urethra, who was crawling upon all-fours.

"If I stop upon anybody, let 'em mention it."

There was an abundance of laughing and blessing ma'am, as St. Clare distributed small pieces of change among them.

"Come, now, take yourselves off, like good boys and girls," he said; and the whole assemblage, dark and light, disappeared through a door into a large verandah, followed by Eva, who carried a large satchel, which she had been filling with apples, nuts, candy, ribbons, lace, and toys of every description, during her whole boarder's journey.

As St. Clare turned to go back, his eye fell upon Tom, who was standing uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other, while Adolph stood negligently leaning against the banisters, examining Tom through an opera-glass, with an air that would have done credit to any dandy living.

"Puh! you puppy," said his master, striking down the opera-glass; "is that the way you treat your company? Seems to me, Dolph," he added, laying his finger on the elegant figured satin vest that Adolph was sporting, "seems to me that's my vest."

"Oh! master, this vest all stained with wine!—of course, a gentleman in master's standing never wears a vest like this. I understood I was to take it. It does for a poor nigger feller like me."

And Adolph tossed his head, and passed his fingers through his scented hair with a grace.

"So, that's it, is it?" said St. Clare, carelessly. "I'm going to show this Tom to his mistress, and then you take him to the kitchen; and mind, you don't put on any of your airs to him. He's worth two such puppies as you."

"Master always will have his joke," said Adolph, laughing. "I'm delighted to see ma'am in such spirits."

"Here, Tom," said St. Clare, beckoning.

Tom, who looked the room, he looked fully on the velvet carpets, and the before-mentioned splendours of mirrors, pictures, statues, and curtains, and like the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, there was no more spirit in him. He looked afraid even to set his feet down.

"So, here, Marie," said St. Clare to his wife, "I've brought you a present, at last, to order. I tell you he's a regular black and white, and sobriety, and will drive you like a funeral, if you want. Open your eyes, now, and look at him. Now, don't say, I never think about you when I'm gone."

Marie opened her eyes, and fixed them on Tom, who was standing in the doorway.

"No, he'll get drunk," she said.

"No, no, he's warranted a pious and sober article."

"Well, I hope he may turn out well," said the lady; "it's more than I expect, though."

"Dolph," said St. Clare, "show Tom down stairs, and tell yourself," he added, "remember what I told you."

Adolph tripped gracefully forward, and Tom, with lumbering tread, went after.

"He's a perfect beehemoth!" said Marie.

"Come, now, Marie," said St. Clare, seating himself on a stool beside her sofa, "be gracious, and say something pretty to a fellow."

"You've been gone a fortnight beyond the limit, and the lady, pointing.

"Well, you know I wrote you the reason."

"Such a short, cold letter!" said the lady.

"Dear me! the mail was just going, and it had to be that or nothing."

"That's just the way always," said the lady; "always something to make your journey long, and letters short."

"So, here, now," he added, drawing an elegant velvet case out of his pocket, and opening it, "here's a present I got for you in New York. It was a daguerrotype, clear and soft as an engraving, representing Eva and her father sitting; and his hand."

Marie looked at it with a dissatisfied air.

"What made you sit in such an awkward position?" she said.

"Well, the position may be a matter of opinion; but what do you think of the likeness?"

"If you don't think anything of my opinion in that, I suppose you won't be in a hurry," said the lady, shutting the daguerrotype.

"Hang the woman!" said St. Clare, mentally; but aloud he added, "Come, now, Marie, what do you think of the likeness? Don't be merciful, now."

"It's very inconsiderate of you, St. Clare," said Marie; "to let me go on looking at things. You know I've been giving all day with the sick-headache; and there's been such a rumble made over since you came, I'm sure."

"You're subject to the sick-headache, ma'am!" said Miss Ophelia, suddenly rising from the depths of the large arm-chair, where she had sat quietly, taking an inventory of the furniture, and calculating its expense.

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