

"Now, Quimbo," said Legree, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room, "you jest go and walk that Tom up here, right away!"

Tom heard the message with a forewarning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment;—he knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet death, rather than betray the helpless.

"Well, Tom!" said Legree, walking up, and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage, "do you know I've made up my mind to KILL you?"

"It's very likely, Mas'r," said Tom, calmly.

"I have," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "*done—just—that—thing*, Tom, unless you'll tell me what you know about these yer gals!"

Tom stood silent.

"*I han't nothing to tell, Mas'r,*" said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

"Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know anything!"

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

"You've always stood it out agin' me: now, I'll *conquer ye, or I'll kill ye!* one or t' other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em, one by one, till ye give up!"

. . . . .

"He's most gone, Mas'r," said Sambo, touched, in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Pay away, till he gives up! Give it to him! give it to him!" shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses!"

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "Ye poor miserable critter!" he said, "there an't no more ye can do! I forgive ye, with all my soul!" and he fainted entirely away.

"I b'lieve, my soul, he's done for, finally," said Legree, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth's shut up, at last,—that's one comfort!"