UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

THE ORIGINAL GEORGE HARRIS.

LEWIS GEORGE CLARKE, NOW A FARMER IN CANADA—OUTLINE STORY OF HIS LIFE—HIS ESCAPE FROM KENTUCKY—RETURN FOR HIS BROTHER, AND SECOND ESCAPE—VERBATIM CONVERSATION IN MRS. STOWE'S NOVEL—CLARKE IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE FIELD—THE TWO ORIGINALS OF UNCLE TOM—ELIZA HARRIS'S PASSAGE OF THE OHIO—EMMELINE—OTHER CHARACTERS—LATER DAYS OF GEORGE HARRIS.

DETROIT, July 5.—The story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published in 1852, and found its way into nearly every household of the country, creating a sensation which has scarcely subsided even at this day, 18 years afterward. Reasons which tended to this result were numerous; among them may be noted the violence with which its assertions were met by the slaveholders and their sympathisers; the affecting incidents with which it abounded, and which its readers undoubtedly to be founded on fact; and not the least, perhaps, the vivid presentations of the story on the mimic stage. Among literary efforts which have been followed by marvelous popularity and far-reaching results "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is entitled to take first rank. It is as great a work in both these respects as the celebrated Junius letter, which overthrew the *ancien régime*, and which acted as a firebrand thrust into the combustible elements that exploded in the French Revolution. It had a greater moral influence than Tom Paine's writings before our Revolution, or even than the pamphlets of Defoe, which made the Duke of Marlborough the idol of the popular jesty in popular opinion, and initiated that system of outside political statecraft which Sir Robert Peel declared to be "the marshaling of the consciences of a nation to overawe its political action."

THE PROMINENT CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

There was never such a *furore* known in the theatrical history of the country as that which was created by dramatized "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In New-York the old National Theater of Chatham-st. put the play upon its stage, and ran it nightly for more than a year, with "Little Cordelia Howard" as *Eva*. As a place of entertainment, the National had not ranked first class, by any means. It had been patronized by the audiences which have since transferred their patronage to the Bowery. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not wholly to their liking; but as fast as they vacated their seats respectable people filled them, until it became quite fashionable to attend the "Great Moral Drama" at the National, and the best citizens were to be found in the audiences, who crowded it to suffocation for months before the play was withdrawn. When the withdrawal was finally announced, the audiences fell away, and Col. Purdy, the manager, having enriched himself in his year of "Uncle Tom," retired and gave his theater over to the uses of commerce. Elsie experienced at a New-York theater the same experience of theaters everywhere at the North. Everybody was weeping over the book, or contributing a tear to the pathos of the play, except the sympathizers of slavery.

The prominent characters of the work are Uncle Tom, the pious negro martyred at last; Little Eva, the angelic friend of Uncle Tom; George Harris, the defiant runaway; the mischievous Topsy; Emmeline, the fugitive from Ohio on the broken ice with her child; Legree, the brutal planter, and Emmeline, the beautiful slave whom he would make his victim. There were also the St. Clairs, the Shelbys, the Marks, the Lokers, and sundry other minor characters. I have read the book and seen the play many times; so you may imagine my surprise, when one day, a few months since, a friend came to my office in Detroit, and said that he had been over the river to Windsor, where the Canadian farmers of Essex County were holding a fair, and had found among the exhibitors one Lewis Clarke, who was the original of the character of George Harris in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I dispatched a messenger to Windsor next day to seek out this George Harris, and say to him that I wished to see him in Detroit. The messenger reported that he had visited the groups of colored people in the assembly, and could get no traces of him. At last he went among the lighter-colored visitors, gathered in the grandstand, to hear the premiums read. About every alternate premium was awarded to Lewis Clarke. Among his products were to be found the most exaggerated cucumbers, overgrown cabbages, and pretentious potatoes. He was in fact the only exhibitor worthy the name, and as such was the hero of the day. My messenger found him out and submitted my proposition for an interview. It was readily agreed to, and the meeting was brought about a few months ago. George Harris in real life in Detroit in March, 1876, was not the George Harris of the stage from 1852 afterward. The theaters always selected their best looking youth, and made a handsome mulatto of him. George Harris in life, March 1876, is old, his hair streaked with white, and wearing a heavy, gray and grizzly beard. His complexion is not the lemon-colored complexion which the stage George Harris wears. His brow is as high as that of most men of his age; his lower face dark, like the sunburnt face of any man who tills the earth for a livelihood. His eyes are black, and his features regular. He is not a negro with a mixture of white blood in his veins; he is a white man with a tinge of Africa in his blood. In his speech and manner there is no trace of African characteristics. He is a gentleman, and submitted my proposition for an interview. It was readily agreed to, and the meeting was brought about a few months ago. George Harris in real life in Detroit in March, 1876, was not the George Harris of the stage from 1852 afterward. The theaters always selected their best looking youth, and made a handsome mulatto of him. George Harris in life, March 1876, is old, his hair streaked with white, and wearing a heavy, gray and grizzly beard. His complexion is not the lemon-colored complexion which the stage George Harris wears. His brow is as high as that of most men of his age; his lower face dark, like the sunburnt face of any man who tills the earth for a livelihood. His eyes are black, and his features regular. He is not a negro with a mixture of white blood in his veins; he is a white man with a tinge of Africa in his blood. In his speech and manner there is no trace of African characteristics. He is a gentleman, and his features, in his complexion, or his hair. He says, "than" for "there," and "whar" for "where;" that is a custom he brought from Kentucky. There is none of the boisterous, quickly-ignited laughter of the negro about him and there is none of the subservience commonly shown by the black-skinned man to the white man. He treats everybody with respect, but "he calls no man master." The story of his escape and certain incidents thereof, as portrayed both by the book and in the play, represent him as brave, determined, and defiant. The book, the play, and the reality all correspond in this regard. From what I have seen of him, I can easily understand that he might have been what a Kentuckian would have called, in slave times, a "mighty troublesome nigger." If I had been a slaveholder in those days I should not have cared to own him. I spent several hours with Lewis Clarke, talking over the story of his life, and questioned him particularly in relation to the matter he is given in the novel, and his acquaintance with the other prominent characters. Those who are under 30 years of age this A. D. 1876, were but children when the "Uncle Tom" excitement was at its high, and to them the book is a tradition rather than a recollection. Believing that these and those who have participated in the excitement of 1852 will be interested in the story of the original George Harris, I have recorded it, and give it to the public, as follows:

LEWIS GEORGE CLARKE.

Lewis George Clarke was born in Madison County, Kentucky, seven miles from Richmond, on the plantation of his grandfather, Samuel Campbell, in 1815. His grandmother was a half white slave, and his mother a quadroon. His father was a Scotchman, who married the quadroon daughter of Samuel Campbell on condition that he made her free. He kept his word, but he died too such will could be found, and she and her children, of whom Lewis was one, were retained in bondage as the property of the heirs. Lewis fell to the portion of William Campbell. The days of the "patriarchal institution" are ended. I therefore, in this letter all mention or the experience of my subject in slavery, what he saw and heard and suffered—except such incidents as may be useful in illustrating the reality of the characters of Uncle Tom's Cabin. He met with his full share of the peculiar benefits of the aforesaid "institution" at the hands of his master. He was a common with his class, he enjoyed the bludgeon and the rawhide and as the varying fortunes of his owners made it necessary, he was mortgaged to secure a debt or given in payment of a claim. In such a career he passed 24 years of his life, when he became the property of "Young Tom Kennedy" of Garrard County. He hired himself to his master at $12 a month. He peddled grass seed, cut wood, and engaged in such other pursuits as he could profitably undertake. One day this master died, and in settlement of the estate Lewis was ordered sold by the administrators, and was put upon the block. There was the usual crowd in attendance, and some of the men who had been readily sold before Lewis was put up. When his mounted the stand all bidding was at an end. Experienced traders did not care to handle such property, as it had been allowed too much latitude by its late master, and was, in the language of the trade, "a spoilt nigger." He left the block still unsold, and went to Young Kennedy's estate." But the business had to be settled, and not long after the auction Wm. A. Bridges, one of the administrators, notified Lewis that he must be present at Lancaster Court-House the next Monday, to complete the settlement of the estate. James Letcher's house-girl had overheard a conversation between Bridges and a pair of traders from Mississippi, named Chinneway and Lawless, who were in that neighborhood to get a drove to take down to their plantation. In this conversation Lewis, Jim, Steve, and Mase, were bartered for and the contract closed, the property to be delivered at Lancaster Court-House, on Monday. Lewis still had the pass which had been given him as a seed-peddler, to protect him from the patrol, and when the girl repeated to him the story of his sale and destination, he determined, assisted by this pass, to make a strike for freedom. He had always determined never to submit to a flogging and have his wounds bathed with salt and water, as was often done by way of adding to the severity of the punishment; and he had also determined never to be chained to a drove to go "down the river." The latter clause was now uppermost in. My interview with Clarke lasted for eight hours, and the picture that I transcribe would lose not only its minute detail, but is likewise robbed of the earnestness of the speaker's manner, and the ready language which often rose to eloquence. The mere record of his assertion that he had determined never to submit to this chastisement, nor go down the river with a drove, is a very tame statement of facts which he uttered in the vehement of declaration, and a straightening up as if to the conflict, as though the danger was not yet past. There are some ideal traits and incidents in his life, as portrayed by Mrs. Stowe, necessary to the continuity of the story; but in all that concerns his determination and intelligence, Lewis Clarke is a type. Resolved to effect his escape, he mounted his pony equipped as for a tour at seed selling, and started, on a pleasant Saturday, in August, 1841, to visit the country north of the Ohio. He met with some difficulty at the hands of inquisitive parties encountered on the road who knew Mr. Campbell's pass, but, after, he had little trouble in making his way. Upon the Monday when he was expected to make his appearance at Lancaster Court-House, Ky., he saw the noonday sun directly over his head as he crossed the river into Ohio, at Aberdeen. The novel sensation he experienced when he found himself on free soil was a new experience to one by those who have never been captive. Everything was new and wonderful. He trembled with his overpowering emotion, and could factually feel his hair rise upon his head. With that unfaltering intent never to be taken alive, but to kill or be killed before capture, he continued on his way to Canada, and reached his destination after many days.

Lewis had been preceded, by a year's time, by a brother named Milton, and in Canada he inquired among his numerous predecessors from the happy land of bondage for this stray brother. In a short time he gained intelligence that Milton was at Oberlin, Ohio, and straightway he started on his return to the "land of the free," via Detroit, to find him, and did so without difficulty. While at Oberlin he lived in the family of John M. Eels, President of the Oberlin Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, and worked as a laborer. Mrs. Eels, a daughter of Judge Stone, of Massachusetts, had, in her capacity of guide-boards and maps, which he could now consult. In July, 1843, he started on his trip through Ohio to pay a visit to Canada. He was accompanied by Milton, and, at station-master on the Ohio River, at Ripley, made a rough map of the Kentucky roads for his guidance, and with this in his pocket he rowed across the stream, and stepped upon the Kentucky shore. At a short distance from the water was a log, upon which he sunk trembling. His strength was gone, and he sat for a few moments crying like an infant. Conflicting emotions overwhelmed him, but their strength was soon spent, and in all the dangerous and thrilling scenes he passed through afterward, he declares that he never felt a doubt nor fear. Cyrus was at Lexington, and thither Lewis made his pertinacious way. He was recognized on the road, but escaped slowly, and painfully. His brother was pleased to see him, but was not surprised, as Lewis had promised, when he left, to return for him in a year, if he escaped himself. He lay concealed in the wash-house of the place for one week, and then, on a moonlit Saturday evening, he and Cyrus and Milton, and Lewis's wife and child, on the Monday following gained the Ohio shore a few miles below Ripley. Nothing could exceed the delight of Cyrus to find himself north of this dividing line between Freedom and Slavery. He drank from the brooks his first taste of water from free soil; he loitered in the forest to gather the wild flowers in their beauty; he sat in the woods; he would lie down and roll on the earth because it grew free grass, shouting with glee, and announcing to his sedate brother, who would hurry him beyond the danger not yet passed, that "it's a game horse that can roll clear over." In five weeks from the time that Lewis Clarke left Detroit he returned to Detroit with Cyrus. This is the whole outline story of the life of the original George Harris, shorn of the interesting details of his sufferings and his wrongs.

THE INTERVIEW OF GEORGE HARRIS AND THE KENTUCKIAN.

Readers of the book, or those who have witnessed the play, will remember the interview of Mr. Shelby with George Harris, and the Kentuckian who recognized him at the tavern, and who is named as "the manufacturer, Mr. Wilson." It is to be said of this incident, that the language of the interview is preserved from the book in all the essential particulars. Excepting the exclamations and words sometimes used by the careful Mr. Wilson, there is not a superfluous syllable to rob the conversation of its dramatic force. It is to be further said of this incident that while the plays preserve the language of the book, the book preserves the language of the men as perfectly as memory could do it. The conversation occurred a few months afterward by one of the parties who had taken part therein, George Harris himself. Mr. Clarke declares that it is, practically, a verbatim transcript. It is introduced into the story as follows:

"George was sitting in the tavern, when he was interrupted by the approach of a small one-horse buggy to the inn. It had a genteel appearance, and a well dressed, gentlemanly man sat on the seat, with a colored servant driving.

The whole party examined the new comers with the interest with which a set of loafers in a rainy day, usually examine every new comer. He was a very tall white man, in a gentleman's dress, and a broad-brimmed hat, of close curling hair, also of glossy blackness. His well formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon in his appearance, and in respect, and even fear, they all stood back to his waiter where to place his trunk, bowed to the company, and with his hat in his hand walked up leisurely to the bar and gave in his name as Henry Butler, Oaklands, Shelby County.

"Mr. Wilson, who was standing near Mr. Wilson, from the time of the entrance of the stranger, had regarded him with an air of disturbed and uneasy curiosity. He seemed to himself to have met and been acquainted with him somewhere, but he could not recollect. Every few moments, he would come and look at the stranger, as if he would assure himself of his identity, and then suddenly withdraw them as the bright, dark eyes of the stranger met his with such unconcerned coolness. At last a sudden recollection seemed to flash upon him for he stared at the stranger with such an air of astonishment and alarm, that he walked up to him.

"Just then a negro girl entered and announced that Mary's room was ready.

"Jim, see to the trunks," said the gentleman negligently; then addressing Mr. Wilson he added, "I should like a few minutes conversation with you on business, if you please, sir, in my room."

When all was done, and the servants departed, the young man deliberately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, faced about, and folding his arms on his bosom, looked Mr. Wilson full in the face.

"George!" at last he ejaculated.

"Yes, George," said the young man.

"Well, George, I'spose you're running away—leaving your lawful master, George—(I don't wonder at it)—at the same time, I'm sorry you do it, George, decidedly—I think I must say that, George—it's my duty to tell you so."

"Why are you sorry, Sir?" said George, calmly.

"Why, to see you, as it were, set in opposition to the laws of your country."

"Of country?" said George, with a strong and bitter emphasis; "what country have I but the grave?"

"Why, George, so—so—it won't do; this way of talking is wicked—unscriptural. You see, George, you know, now, that I have always been your friend; and talked to you, and tried to pray for your good. Now, here, it seems to me, you are running an awful risk. You can't hope to carry it out. If you're taken, it will be worse with you than ever; they'll only abuse you, and half kill you, and sell you down the river."

"Let them!" said George; "I do not care a rush, Sir—he!" he threw open his overcoat and showed two pistols and a bowie-knife. "There!" he said, "I'm ready for 'em! Down South I never will go. No! If it comes to that, I can earn myself at least six feet of free soil—the right to be buried in a free grave! Mister Wilson, I'm free!

"Why, George, this state of mind is awful; it's getting really desperate, George. I'm concerned. Going to break the laws of your country?"

"My country, again! Mr. Wilson, you have a country; but what can you mean by it? I've no idea that the laws of slaveholders? What laws are there for us? We don't make them—we don't consent to them—we have nothing to do with them; all they do for us is to crush us and to keep us down. Haven't I heard your laws? Haven't I seen them? Haven't I felt them all my life? Haven't I seen your governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed? Can's a fellow think, that hears such things? Can't he put this and that together and see what it comes to?"

"Why, George, I must tell you, you know, as a friend, you'd better not be meddling with such subjects. They're bad, George, very bad for boys in your condition—very," and Mr. Wilson sat down to a table and began nervously chewing the handle of his umbrella.

"Why, Mr. Wilson, you know me well," said George, coming up and sitting himself deliberately in front of him; "look at me, and tell me what I'm to do. Here you, every way, just as much a man as you are! Look at my face, look at my hands—look at my body," and the young man drew himself up proudly, "why am I not as much a man as anybody. Well, Mr. Wilson, hear what I am to tell you. I had a father, who, they say, was a gentleman—who didn't think enough of me to keep me from being sold with his dogs and horses, to satisfy the estate, when he died. I saw my mother put up at sheriff's sale with her seven children. They were sold off relentlessly to the highest bidder. I was the youngest. She came and kneeled down before old Mas'r and begged him to buy her with me that she might have at least one child with her, and he kicked her away with his heavy boot. I saw him do it; and the last I had heard my poor mother scream was when I was tied to the horse's neck to be carried off to his plantation.

"Well, then?"

"My master traded with one of the men for my oldest sister. [This was Cornelia Campbell, the quadroon mentioned in the novel.] She was a good, pious girl—a member of the Baptist Church—and as handsome as my poor mother had been. She was well brought up, and had good manners. At first, I was glad she was bought, for I had one friend near me. I knew she was very fond of me. But I have stood at the door and heard her whipped when he wanted to, as if every blow would take my life out of her heart. I could do anything to help her; and she was whipped, Sir, for wanting to live a decent Christian life, such as your laws give no slave girl a right to live; and at last I saw her chained with a trader's gang to be sent to market in Orleans—and there for nothing else but that, Sir. Do you call these the laws of my country? Sir, I haven't any country any more than I have any father, but I'm going to have one. I don't want anything of your country, except to be let alone—to go peaceably out of it. When I get to Canada, where the laws will own and protect me, that shall be my country, and its laws I will obey. But if any man tries to stop me, let him take care, for I am desperate. I'll fight for my liberty to the last breath I draw. Can you say your fathers did it; if it was right for them, is it right for me?"

This speech, delivered partly while sitting at the table, and partly walking up and down the room—delivered with tears and flashing eyes and trembling accents, with the occasional clinking of the pistols upon the cold body to which it was addressed, who had pulled out a linen cambric yellow pocket-handkerchief, and was mopping up his face with great energy.

"Blast 'em all!" he suddenly broke out, "haven't I always said so, the infernal old coward? I hope I shall see you, George, now. Well! go ahead George; but be careful, my boy. Don't let them get you back, George, unless—well—you'd better not shoot, I reckon; at least, I wouldn't fall anybody you know." * * And now, George, how long are you going to travel in this way? Not far, so long, I hope. It's well carried on, but you'll be caught. Have you any money, George?" asked the old man.

George drew himself up and smiled disdainfully.

The old gentleman eyed him from head to foot, with a sort of innocent wonder.

"George, something has brought you out, wonderfully. You hold up your head and speak and move like another man," said Mr. Wilson.

"Because I'm a *freeman!*" said George proudly. "Yes, Sir, I've said Mas'r for the last time to any man, *I'm free!*"

"Why, George, you mustn't say such words. You must be taken."

"All men are free and equal in the grave if it comes to that, Mr. Wilson," said George. * * * * * "Well, my good Sir," continued George, after a few moments' silence," I saw you leaver me; I thought I had just been talking to you, but perhaps you thought it was better not to meet me. I leave early to-morrow morning, before daylight. By to-morrow night, I hope to sleep safe in Ohio. I shall travel by daylight, stop at the best hotels, go to the dinner tables with the lords of the land. So good-bye, Sir; if you hear that I'm taken, you may know that I'm dead!"

George stood up like a rock and put out his hand with the air of a prince. The friendly little old man shook it heartily, and after a little shower of caution, he took his umbrella, and fumbled his way out of the room.

This is the substance of that interview which holds such an important place in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is founded on these chapters in the life of Lewis Clarke. The first of these chapters is made up of the circumstances which attended the departure from Slavery, in 1841, he had concocted the plan of going out to Canada with a man, taking with him, as a servant, Isaac, a slave of Mrs. Ross, and known on the place as Ross's Isaac. Thus they started; but neither of them could read, they did not know the roads, and fearful that a gentleman travelling with a servant, neither of whom could read the guide-boards, would soon excite suspicion, he and Isaac's friend returned before their absence had been discovered. The second chapter comprises conversations which the good Nixon Palmer of Garrard County frequently had with him, advising him to leave masters who were darker skinned than himself, and who treated him worse than white men treated their slaves. The third chapter is made of his meeting, during his flight, at Mr. Steen, at a Kentucky tavern in the Sugar Creek Hills, south of Lexington, who knew him, and with whom the greater part of the conversation recorded was held. The encouragement of Nixon Palmer before he started, the friendly protection of Mr. Steen while he was on the way, and the project of leaving Kentucky as a gentleman with a servant, which was actually undertaken, combine, therefore, to give this celebrated scene a solid foundation on fact. The project of leaving Kentucky as a gentleman with a servant was not a wild one. Lewis Clarke during one of these calls that he encountered Mr. Steen. On his return for his brother Cyrus, he went as a white man, but placed a pair of goggles over his eyes to prevent accident, in case he came upon acquaintances who might not be as friendly to his schemes as Mr. Steen had been.

OTHER CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

Lewis Clarke, to return to the original narrative, having brought Cyrus to Oberlin, sent him to Canada in a short time, being yet fearful that some unlucky accident might arise to reduce him again to slavery in Kentucky. R. Z. Gillette, esq., a merchant of Oberlin, but now of Detroit, forwarded Lewis to New-York City in charge of Lewis Tappan, who received him in good style, and passed him along to Salem, Mass. At Salem, he reported to Wm. B. Dodge, agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who put him at work on the platform at his Anti-Slavery meetings to "tell the story of his thrall-dom." Lewis Clarke, in the Anti-Slavery lecture field, has been, in one capacity or another, a public man, engaged in the great work of fighting Slavery, or caring for its victims as they escaped. For the ten years following his arrival at Mr. Dodge's in the Autumn of 1843, he did little else than lecture against Slavery; and as he had spent the greater portion of his life, principally in New-England, it may be of interest to hear the story of his first speech before an audience. It was at Oberlin, while he was living in the family of Mr. Eels, that that gentleman asked him to visit the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society some time, and tell his story just as he had related it at the house. He declined, but agreed to repeat it while Mr. Eels wrote it down to read himself at the meeting. This was not at all to the purpose, and finally, after much urging, he consented to speak, and the day was set. When the time arrived, Lewis left the house with Mr. Eels, and went to the meeting, and he refused to enter the hall; but Mr. Eels on one side and another friend on the opposite arm hurried him in through the crowd, to the platform, and placed him there facing the audience. As he entered the room he was greeted with uproarious cheers, which continued for a minute after he stood upon the platform when the applause was redoubled. This increased his terror, and he was ashamed, he knew not what to do or say. He was speechless from stage fright, when Prof. Morgan, then and now of the University, introduced him. At last Mr. Eels cried out, "Lewis, where were you born?" That was easily answered, and he replied to the question quickly—"Madison County, Kentucky." Mr. Eels followed with other questions—"Who was your father?" "Your mother?" "Who owned her?" and so forth, until, before he was aware of it, almost, he was striking out alone in his story, and he never suffered a similar embarrassment afterward. On occasion he so warmed up to his work that he spoke two hours and a half, and, when he address, the Society voted to give him money with which to return for his brother Cyrus. This was the first speech ever made in the United States by a runaway slave pleading for his enslaved fellow-men. He antedates Frederick Douglass by a year, as a well-known entering a copyright for his book, published in 1846, giving the history of his captivity—the first book ever copyrighted by a slave. He was the first slave who ever stood up in a public assembly and argued the question of Slavery with a slaveholder from the South. He took part, during his stay at Oberlin, in the great New-Hampshire contest when John P. Hale, then a Democratic Senator in the United States, was returned to that body for a second time, by way of defiance to the Southern Democracy, who directed that for certain of his Congressional acts on the several questions of Slavery as Hale came to Washington. The occasion when he met a slaveholder in debate as an equal, was at the great Boston Convention of Northern and Eastern Abolitionists in 1845 or thereabouts. It was at Faneuil Hall. Tremont Temple, it was crowded by an audience of thousands. Louis Tappan was the chairman, and sided. On the day in question, Lewis Clarke occupied a seat in the gallery at the side of the platform. When the address to the people of the United States was presented for adoption, W. W. Bryan of Lexington, Ky., objected to it. Being asked the reason for his objections, he replied, "Because the statements are not true." He was then called to the stand to state his case, and entered into a long argument in favor of Slavery. As soon as he had ended, there was a great outcry for "Clarke! Clarke!" His four years' Anti-Slavery crusade had given him a name and his anti-Slavery arguments familiar to Anti-Slavery audiences. The call was so urgently insisted on that it could not be disregarded, and Lewis Clarke took the stand. As he did so, a gentleman in the audience inquired if a question was in order. Mr. Tappan replied that questions or statements bearing on the point were in order. The gentleman in the questioner then asked if the President claimed that the gentleman now about to speak was a fugitive slave from Kentucky. Mr. Tappan replied that there was no doubt of it. The questioner said he had been informed that the gentleman who had just spoken was a slaveholder in Kentucky, and inquired if he did not claim to be a slaveholder. He said it was undoubtedly so. "Then," continued the questioner, "will you please to tell me, a Jerseyman who is ignorant on these topics, how it happens that the slaveholder is of darker complexion than the fugitive slave?" Mr. Tappan replied to the Jerseyman that he had often heard Mr. Clarke explain this phenomenon, and he should be glad he could explain it now. Lewis Clarke declined to do so, saying, that no one is responsible for his complexion, but as parentage has much to do with it, Mr. Bryan might explain. It was for the slaveholder—not the fugitive—to answer for this. The ripples caused by this episode having died away, Lewis Clarke stepped forward to reply to Mr. Bryan. For a moment he could think of nothing to say; but when he opened his mouth to speak, he was all aglow with inspiration and his tongue could scarcely serve his thoughts. In his years of public speaking he had never had just the words he wanted come so freely to his mind as these. He was gratified by the evident favor with which his remarks were received. Mr. Bryan attempted a rejoinder, but felt that he was not among friends, and scarcely did himself justice. In the course of his reply he alluded to Lewis Clarke as "my friend, the gentleman from Kentucky." Lewis Clarke suggested that while it would be safe to speak of a slave as a gentleman in Boston, Mr. Bryan probably knew as well as any one that such a remark in Kentucky would lead to his assassination. In that Convention, made up of men of prominence, character, and talent, the slaveholder and the fugitive slave were left to fight it out alone." They believed that of all who were present there was no man who could so appropriately wrestle with the champion of the "patriarchal institution" as the fugitive slave who had escaped at his heels. The prudent papers of Boston—at that time it was unpopular to say a good word for anti-Slavery men—in their next morning's editions gave the battle to Lewis Clarke without hesitation, agreeing that of the two "gentlemen from Kentucky" the slave was the master of the situation at the close of the debate.

In 1845 Clarke took up his residence with A. H. Safford of Cambridgeport, and remained there five or six years. Mrs. Safford was a step-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, and when in Boston, in attendance at the May anniversaries, Mrs. Stowe would visit her husband at that place. It was here that Mrs. Stowe came upon the George Harris of her future novel. Her conversations with Clarke were frequent, and he was closely questioned by her as to his life in Kentucky. From these conversations came into life most of the characters who afterward took up their residence in the novel. Incidents in their work, so to speak, all acquaintances of Lewis Clarke. Mrs. Stowe noted down the facts she gained; and when Clarke afterward saw the information he had given reproduced and enlarged upon in Mrs. Stowe's book, he told her that he would have given her further facts if he had known the use she intended to make of them. He was surprised that she had preserved them without any definite purpose, but with the thought that perhaps they might be some day useful. Of such material as this, and thus collected, Mrs. Stowe built the foundation for the structure which has become so famous.

Lewis Clarke, George Harris a brief account of his associates in the cabin. Uncle Tom, whose name is inseparably connected with the story, and ever whose uncompromising piety and cruel sufferings so many men, women and children have wept, is entitled to the first consideration. He is a compound character. Josiah Henson and Samuel Peter were the two men who combined to make the perfect Uncle Tom—Henson representing the religious element of the character, Peter the tragical termination of a pious life. Henson was a native of Maryland, but went to Kentucky several years before Clarke left the State. His character is fairly represented in Uncle Tom. To the most shameful abuse and cruelty he submitted with unremitting patience year after year, hoping for better things at the hands of his masters. They took advantage of his known integrity to place important trusts in his hands, and he never betrayed them. But the better times he hoped for did not come, and one day, when there seemed to be a vacancy in Northern immunities which he could fill, he set out by North to fill it. Those who have shed bitter tears over his cruel death at the hands of Legree, may be still further grieved to know that Uncle Tom is not in Heaven, but in Canada. He is still preaching as a Methodist at Dawn, a settlement in Canada built up by fugitives from the bondage of Slavery. He is now in his nearly 70 years of age, but a few weeks since was reported well and rugged. When he left Kentucky he was no longer the Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe. Upon his career at that point is welded that of Samuel Peter. Peter was a strictly pious and faithful negro, who, for a slight offense, was ordered to be sold from his family and home by his master, overseer, and one of the waiters, until his back was torn to pieces, and he died soon afterward. His last words, addressed to the woman who attended him, were: "Tell massa he has killed me at last for nothing; but if God will forgive him I will." These are the words of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom; and Mr. Clarke, the relative of Lewis Clarke, who was witness of the patient life of the pious Henson and of the death of the Christian Peter, testifies. So the tears of sympathetic men and women were not shed over imaginary sufferings.

THE ESCAPE OF ELIZA.

A striking incident in the drama which is made the subject of a thrilling tableau in the play, is the crossing of the Ohio, by Eliza, who, with her child in her arms, springs from one floating cake of ice to another, until she reaches the northern shore, while the pursuing slave-catchers come to the Kentucky side of the river and in time to see the escape of their victim. This dangerous passage. The story of this terrific crossing is not fictitious, though Eliza was not the wife of George Harris as is represented. She came from his neighborhood in Kentucky, was an acquaintance of his, and he has seen her once since her escape. As she came from the Kentucky side on that memorable occasion, she cast aside a garment on the bank in order to deceive her pursuers into the belief that she had made the attempt to cross and had drowned; but before she was over they came in sight and the stratagem was of no avail. Her name other than Eliza, I do not remember.

Emmeline, who refused to accept the unhallowed love of Legree, on the Louisiana plantation, was a character drawn from life, the original being Delia, a sister of George Harris. She was possessed, like many of the Octorons, of remarkable beauty, and fell into the clutches of a Southern planter, who was her most bitter brothers and sisters, at the division of her dead grandfather's estate. She, an earnest and sincere Christian, scorned his advances and defied him, in spite of the terrible scourging to which she was subjected in consequence. As he could not overcome her resolution, he sold her, and a drove to be sold in New-Orleans. Her purchaser there was named Coval, who took her to Mexico, emancipated, and married her. Her husband soon died and left her a fortune. She did not long survive him, and endeavored, in her will, to direct the disposition of her property for the ransom of her brothers and sisters; but the slaveholder who inherited the property, directly or indirectly, the money went into the Treasury of the State of Louisiana.

Mr. Clarke is not so clear as to the original of little Eva. There were often her counterparts among children of the slaveholders, who were pained to see, and protested against, the cruelties and outrages inflicted on their father's slaves. So, too, the South swarmed with the effervescent types of spontaneous growth, and with the Marks, and Lokers, and Haleys, of which the story treats. Their originals were to be found everywhere, and like the St. Clairs of the story, and Legree, Miss Ophelia, *et al.*, were created the fugitives, with their peculiarities, principles, and pursuits, to which the system of Slavery gave birth. And here I dismiss them all into shadow-land, to record briefly the later career of George Harris.

Several years ago the Canadian Government gave to colored and white settlers hundreds of farms, of from 40 to 120 acres each, in Essex County, New-York. George Harris selected a farm in the township of Colchester, and made public, was to settle a colony there to drill in military tactics, in order in due time to take part in a scheme for which John Brown of Harper's Ferry was a prominent illustration. The immediate neighborhood of the friendly red men of the forest, would afford opportunity for rapid exit from the authority of the United States, in case the American eagle should chance to fix a jealous eye upon the proceedings of the band of fugitives resident in the councils of this colony. But the scheme failed on account of the cold climate, which made it impossible for Harris and his associates to make a permanent home for live there. When, in after years, John Brown held a council of war in Detroit, which adjourned to Chatham, in Canada, and there decided upon the fatal attack at Harper's Ferry, Mr. Clarke was present, opposed to the plan, but, if it should be tried, he was likely to succeed, and declined to take part in it. In 1859, Mr. Clarke took up his abode at Kent Sandwich, Canada, in a settlement established by Hiram Wilkerson, founded a refuge for runaway slaves. Sometimes they came singly and sometimes in gangs, and at other times he would count his small members of his family. He depended principally on his own resources and the industry of the fugitives to carry on the enterprise, and he succeeded in a large measure, upon help from abroad, and was not altogether disappointed in this respect. In the Winter he employed his protégés in cutting and shipping cord wood to Detroit; and the wood, delivered at that city, was worth just that much more to the expense incurred. The poor runaways were very delicate plants which a touch of frost wilted at once. They needed constant supervision to keep them at their work, and they would shirk the care of themselves. They were in a measure helpless, and had not praise their ability to look out for Summer Crops, though they could raise the Winter one. At their work they would engage in a discussion, and like some other people, would forget the work in the fighting. The question over which all these battles arose, was a question of religion. There was scarcely a fugitive who had not brought with him, from the Southern plantations, a method against all comers; and Methodists and Baptists were often arrayed in a lively contest for the mastery. Such as they were, they were Christians. Time, of course, a while became a fearful tax upon the refugees. Many of them had left wives and children behind them, when, in time, the colored troops were wanted, the tide was turned; but Mr. Clarke was nearly bankrupt. He had "spent his money freely, and had borrowed a deal of it" at 2 per cent. At the last agricultural fair at Windsor, where the Canadian Government had offered a premium, he took no less than 16 premiums for the products of his farm. This is one of the "infernal niggers" who, we have been taught, are the most lazy, shiftless, and worthless of all the human race. They need constant supervision to keep them at their work, and they would shirk the care of themselves. They were in a measure helpless, and had not praise their ability to look out for Summer Crops, though they could raise the Winter one. At their work they would engage in a discussion, and like some other people, would forget the work in the fighting. The question over which all these battles arose, was a question of religion. There was scarcely a fugitive who had not brought with him, from the Southern plantations, a method against all comers; and Methodists and Baptists were often arrayed in a lively contest for the mastery. Such as they were, they were Christians. Time, of course, a while became a fearful tax upon the refugees. Many of them had left wives and children behind them, when, in time, the colored troops were wanted, the tide was turned; but Mr. Clarke was nearly bankrupt. He had "spent his money freely, and