

# HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

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**Haszard's Gazette.**  
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## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. VII.  
The Mother's Struggle.—The Flight continued.  
—A dilemma.—The delayed Dinner.—A parlor summons.—Travelling Niggers.—The Dirt Road.—Halley's discomfort.—The noble Kentuckian.—Halley's soliloquy.

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin. Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and ceasing to be protected by the presence of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband,—everything as it lay in the clear, frosty twilight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whether she could go from a home like that!

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifference, she would only have led him by the hand; but now she thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground cracked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow cast the black backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of air seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above: "Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were your Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning,—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape,—how fast could you walk? How many miles could you make in these few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom,—the little sleepy head on your shoulder,—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?

For the child slept. At first the novelty and almost kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly expressed every breath or sound, and so assured him, that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking as he found himself sinking to sleep.

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get a sleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No, no, my God help me!" said his mother, with a pale cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're sure, ain't you, mother?"

"Yes, sure," said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was not of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep.

How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impenetrable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak becomes so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lane passed by her dizzily as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, shaking now, pausing now, till, yielding daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections in the little village of T—, not far from the Ohio river, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio river, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong career and distracted air, and being on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground and adjusting her dress and bonnet she walked on, as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances.

In her little party she had provided a store of calico and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile.

After the first start, she was in a thick patch of woodland, through which passed a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little packages. The boy wondered and grieved, that she would not eat; and, when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wriggle some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her, that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe. We must go on—on till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again exhorted the child to walk rapidly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighbourhood where she was personally known. If she should chanced to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it a talkative supposition, that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of coloured lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption she stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends,"—all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset she entered the village of T—, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay like Jordan between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavourable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public-house on the bank to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fixing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"I'm there any ferry or boat that takes people over to B—, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boat has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said, inquiringly, "What's the matter?"

"Maybe you're wanting to get over?—anybody sick?" she inquired anxiously.

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's unlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; "I'm re'ly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called from the window towards a small black building. A man in leather apron and very dirty hands appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar's over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas any way prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durns up; he'll be here to engage to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weakness.

"For follow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep.

For there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, she thought of the prisoner and her son; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sails, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen that the thing had often, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Halley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half-dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very brief snorts and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally, that mistis would not be particularly displeased by delay; and it was wonderful, what a number of counter-accidents occurred constantly to retard the progress of things. One luckless fellow, contrived to upset the gray; and then gray had to be got up & note, with due care and formality. Aunt Chloe, watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly to all suggestions of haste, that she "wasn't a-going to have raw gravy on the table to help nobody's eatings." One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more; and another precipitated the butter into the path of events; and there was, from time to time, giggling news brought into the kitchen, that Mrs. Halley was mighty uneasy, and that her husband's eye, he'd been hurt, and she'd been sick, and so on.

"Serves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get no more out of me these days, if he don't mend his ways. His Master'll be sending for him, and then see how he'll look!"

"He'll get to torment; and no mistake," said little Jake.

"He deserves it," said Aunt Chloe, grimly; "he's broke a many, many, many hearts! I tell ye all, she said, stopping with a fork uplifted in her hand, "it's like what Mas'r George reads in Revelations—'a calling' under the altar; and a calling on the Lord for vengeance on such!'—and by and by, the Lord, He'll break 'em—the He will!"

Aunt Chloe, who was much moved in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and the dinner being now fairly set; it was the whole time was at length to gossip with her, and to look in to the kitchen.

"She'll be burnt up for ever, and no mistake; won't she?" said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I'll be bound," said little Jake.

"Chil'en!" said a voice that made them all start. It was Uncle Tom, who had come in and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en," he said, "I'm afeard you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a dreadful word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughter wish that ar to any human creature."

"We wouldn't to nobody but the soul-drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to 'em, they're so awful wicked!"

"Don't natter herself kinder cry out on 'em," said Aunt Chloe.

"Don't dey tear der sucking-baby right off her mother's breast, and sell him? And der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes, don't they pull 'em off and sell 'em?"

"Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's just takin' der very life on 'em!—and all the while dey feel one bit! don't dey drink, and smoke, and take it oncommon easy? Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?"

And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that 'specially use you, the good book says," says Tom.

"Pray for 'em," said Aunt Chloe; "Lor, it's too tough! I can't pray for 'em."

"It's nater, Chloe, and nater's stronger," said Tom; "but der Lord's grace is stronger. Besides, you oughter think that an awful state a poor critter's soul's in, that'll do them ar things; you oughter thank God that you ain't like him, Chloe. I'm sure I'd rather be sold ten thousand times over, than to have all that ar poor critter's soul to answer for."

"So'd I a heap," said Jake. "Lor, shouldn't we catch it, Andy?"

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

"I'm glad Mas'r didn't go off this morning, as he looked to," said Tom; "that ar hurt more than sellin'. It did. Mebbe it might have been nater for him, but 'twould have come des'p't hard on us, as has known him from a baby; but I've seen mas'r, and I begin to feel sort of reconciled to der Lord's will now. Mas'r couldn't help himself; he did right, but I'm afeard things will be kinder goin' to rack, when I'm gone. Mas'r can't be 'spected to be a pryin' round everywhar, as I've done, a keepin' up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they're powerful car'less. That ar troubles me."

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlour.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice, that I give this gentleman bonds to the spot when he wants you; he's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come in over your master with any of yer sigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't that. If he hear to me, he wouldn't trust any on ye—slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom—and he stood very straight—"I was jist eight years old when ole mas'r got you in, and you was a year ole then. Ther's, mas'r, Tom, shan't be no young mas'r; take good care on him," says he. And now I jist ask you, mas'r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, specially since I was a Christian?"

"Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears ran to his eyes."

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed, as soon as the thought of the prisoner and her son; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sails, surging waters that lay between her and liberty."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wuss for wear, and trade him back."

"I'll stand with you, then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all's equal with me; I've trade 'em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin' you know, mas'r; that's all any on us wants, I's p'pose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in re-capturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She, therefore, gradually smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass unperceptibly.

At last O'Clock and Andy brought the horses up to the stable, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scumper of the morning.

Sam was there, now oiled from dinner, with an abundance of genial and ready officiousness. As Halley approached, he was smiling, in flourishing style, he Andy of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "early come to it, Mas'r, and he's bound to do it."

"Your master, I's p'pose, don't keep no dogs!" said Halley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"He's on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "ther's Brimo—his's ringer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pet of some natur or other."

"Pol!" said Halley—and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dog, at which Sam, and Andy, and the trader, all laughed.

"I don't see no dog," said Halley, "no dog!"

"But your master don't keep no dog, (I pretty much know he don't), for trackin' out niggers!"

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"You usual!" said Halley. "You know all about this."

"Der dog has smell round considerable."

sharp. I 'spect they're the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They're for dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Halley, getting up.

"Come, Mas'r, I'm afeard you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a dreadful word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughter wish that ar to any human creature."

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"You usual!" said Halley. "You know all about this."

"Der dog has smell round considerable."

"Didn't I tell yer I know 'and yer would'n't believe me! I tell'd mas'r it was all set up, and fened up, and I didn't 'spect we could get through—Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern, that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Halley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which started her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side-door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her foot to her earcase seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength, such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond; it was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Halley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked, as her weight bore on it; but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing—upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings out from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she cared nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Ye'r a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this!" said the man. "Why, if 'taint Shelby's gal?"

"My child!—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy."

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you are a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it, and she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing—upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings out from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she cared nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

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(For Hazard's Gazette.)

Improve your, and our, health by getting a...

Mr. Editor:—The trouble is so prevalent among the 'gentle irritable'...

Can I forget thee? Ask the midnight hour, When all is silence round my lonely bed...

On Friday, the 11th inst., the whole of the day was spent in Georgetown...

PRINCE EDWARD ISLANDERS IN AUSTRALIA.—Messrs. WALLACE MACKENZIE and ROBERT HASZARD...

WREYMAN MESSONS.—The Annual Meeting of the Charleston Branch Missionary Society...

MERCHANTS' INSTITUTE.—Dr. Mackenzie delivered one of the most popular lectures of the session...

News by Telegraph:—We have received intelligence by Submarine Telegraph of the arrival of the English Mail at Halifax...

Died:—At Dog River, on the 11th inst., Margaret, wife of Mr. James B. B. B., aged 72 years...

ALMANACK FOR 1853.—HASZARD'S CALENDAR FOR 1853, is now ready for delivery...

Horticultural Society:—The Annual Meeting of the Horticultural Society...

Meteorological Journal.

Table with columns: BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, WIND, WEATHER. Rows show daily readings for Feb 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Third Concert for the Season! BY THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE BRASS BAND.

Picture Soap. THE Subscriber has only a few BOXES remaining of this approved article...

Antoinette efficacy of the Oxygenated Bitters. IN A CASE OF EIGHTEEN YEARS' STANDING.

Oats Wanted. THE Subscriber wants to execute a very early order of OATS delivered immediately—Cash / Cash!

Freehold Farm for Sale. TO be Sold a FARM containing 50 acres of free LAND...

Bliss's Compound Cod Liver Oil Candy. THE First action of this candy is to soothe the irritation...

Notice! Notice!! OATS, Barley, Wheat, Timothy and Clover Seed, Port, Beef, Butter, Oat Meal or Flour.

GRAND DIVISION. SPECIAL MEETING of the Grand Division, A. S. of F. of this Island...

THE WEATHER. Horticultural for the Month, consists of British North American Colonies, Imports, Exports, and Revenue of British North American Colonies...

LAND ASSESSMENT.

Treasurer's Office, Charleston, F. E. Island, January 15, 1853. IN pursuance of the Act of the General Assembly...

Table with columns: Township No., Acres, Value. Lists land parcels for Townships 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Picture Soap. THE Subscriber has only a few BOXES remaining of this approved article...

Improvement of HASZARD'S GAZETTE. TWICE A WEEK! IMPORTANT TO TOWN AND COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS

THE management of the Newspaper which, for the last 30 years, has been successfully conducted by J. D. HASZARD, Esq., is now transferred to the Subscriber...

MAINE LAW PETITION. PARTIES having charge of the MAINE LAW PETITION, presented to the Legislature...

EXHIBITION Of the Industry of all Nations. TO BE OPENED IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON THE 23rd DAY OF MAY, 1853.

REMOVAL. Mrs. SELDON. GRATEFULLY acknowledges the liberal patronage received from her friends...

Books Just Received. LATHAM'S MAN and his migrations, General Milton, the narrative of a residence in a British Prison...

AUCTIONS.

LAND FOR SALE. TO BE SOLD, by Public Auction, on the 15th day of March next...

Large Sale of Valuable Goods. BY AUCTION. At the Store of Robert Longworth, Esq., Queen Street.

TEMPERANCE HALL. IN consequence of due Notice not having appeared in the last adjourned Annual Meeting...

TO PLASTERERS. TENDERS will be received by the Subscriber, until the First of March next...

Legislative Council Chamber, FEBRUARY 10, 1853. RESOLVED, That the Thirty-seventh Standing Order of this House...

In the House of Assembly, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1853. RESOLVED, That no Petition praying aid for a local or private road...

MAINE LAW PETITION. PARTIES having charge of the MAINE LAW PETITION, presented to the Legislature...

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A CARD.

MRS. WINSLOW TO THE LADIES. MRS. WINSLOW'S SWEET OIL, for the cure of the Ladies to whom it is so well adapted...

WONDER OF THE WORLD. Grand Cure of few years standing. Messrs. CURTIS & FERKINS, Bangor, Me.

REUMATISM CURED. I certify, that I was afflicted with a violent Rheumatic pain in the small of my back...

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