HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, February 23, 1853. New Series. No. 10.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
R. B. IRVING, Editor.
Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings.
Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.
TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—25 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 5s. 6d.—36 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.
Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. VIII.

Eliza's Escape.—Three Worthies.—Troubles in Trade.—Haley's Belief in Religion.—A Game of Speculation.—The Bitter Bit.—The Catching Business.—Sam and Andy's return Home.—Sam's Narrative.—Sam's Peculiar Character.—Sam's Oration.—The Senator.

ELIZA made her desperate retreat across the river in the dusk of twilight. The grey mist of evening, rising slowly from the river, enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank, and the swollen current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley, therefore, slowly and discontentedly returned to the little tavern, to ponder further what was to be done. The woman opened to him the door of a little parlour, covered with a rag carpet, where stood a table with a very shining black oil-cloth, sundry lank, high-backed wood chairs, with some plaster images, in resplendent colours, on the mantle-shelf, above a very dimly-smoking grate; a long hard-wood settle extended its uneasy length by the chimney, and here Haley sat down to meditate on the instability of human hopes and happiness in general.

"What did I want with the little cuss, now," he said to himself, "that I should have got myself treed like a 'coon, as I am, this yer way?" and Haley relieved himself by repeating over a not very select litany of imprecations on himself, which, though there was the best possible reason to consider them as true, we shall, as a matter of taste, omit.

He was startled by the loud and dissonant voice of a man who was apparently dismounting at the door. He hurried to the window.

"By the land! if this yer an't the nearest, now, to what I've heard folks call Providence," said Haley. "I do b'lieve that ar's Tom Loker."

Haley hastened out. Standing by the bar, in the corner of the room, was a brawny, muscular man, full six feet in height, and broad in proportion. He was dressed in a coat of buffalo-skin, made with the hair outward, which gave him a shaggy and fierce appearance, perfectly in keeping with the whole air of his physiognomy. In the head and face every organ and lineament expressive of brutal and unhesitating violence was in a state of the highest possible developement. Indeed, could our readers fancy a bull-dog come into man's estate, and walking about in a hat and coat, they would have no unapt idea of the general style and effect of his physique. He was accompanied by a travelling companion, in many respects an exact contrast to himself. He was short and slender, lithe and cat-like in his motions, and had a peering, mousing expression about his keen black eyes, with which every feature of his face seemed sharpened into sympathy; his thin, long nose ran out as if it was eager to bore into the nature of things in general; his sleek, thin black hair was stuck eagerly forward, and all his motions and evolutions expressed a dry, cautious acuteness. The great big man poured out a big tumbler half full of raw spirits, and gulphed it down without a word. The little man stood on tip-toe, and, putting his head first to one side and then to the other, and snuffing considerately in the directions of the various bottles, ordered at last a mint julep, in a thin and quivering voice, and with an air of great circumspection. When poured out, he took and looked at it with a sharp, complacent air, like a man who thinks he has done about the right thing, and hit the nail on the head, and proceeded to dispose of it in short and well-advised sips.

"Wal, now, who'd a thought this yer luck 'ad come to me? Why, Loker, how are ye?" said Haley, coming forward and extending his hand to the big man.

"The devil!" was the civil reply. "What brought you here, Haley?"

The mousing man, who bore the name of Marks, instantly stopped his sipping, and poking his head forward, looked shrewdly on the new acquaintance, as a cat sometimes looks at a moving dry leaf, or some other possible object of pursuit.

"I say, Tom, this yer's the luckiest thing in the world. I'm in a devil of a hobble, and you must help me out."

"Ugh! aw! like enough!" grunted his complaisant acquaintance. "A body may be pretty sure of that, when *you're* glad to see 'em: something to be made of 'em. What's the blow now?"

"You've got a friend here?" said Haley, looking doubtfully at Marks; "partner, perhaps?"

"Yes, I have. Here, Marks! here's that ar feller that I was in with in Natchez."

"Shall be pleased with his acquaintance," said Marks, thrusting out a long thin hand, like a raven's claw. "Mr. Haley, I believe?"

"The same, sir," said Haley. "And, now, gentlemen, seein' as we've met so happily, I think I'll stand up to a small matter of a treat in this here parlour. So, now, old 'coon," said he to the man at the bar, "get us hot water, and sugar, and cigars, and plenty of the *real stuff*, and we'll have a blow-out."

Behold, then, the candles lighted, the fire stimulated to the burning point in the grate, and our three worthies seated round a table, well spread with all the accessories to good fellowship enumerated before.

Haley began a pathetic recital of his peculiar troubles. Loker shut up his mouth, and listened to him with gruff and surly attention. Marks, who was anxiously and with much fidgeting compounding a tumbler of punch to his own peculiar taste, occasionally looked up from his employment, and, poking his sharp nose and chin almost into Haley's face, gave the most earnest heed to the whole narrative. The conclusion of it appeared to amuse him extremely, for he shook his shoulders and sides in silence, and perked up his thin lips with an air of great internal enjoyment.

"So, then, ye'r fairly sewed up, an't ye?" he said; he! he! he! It's neatly done, too."

"This yer young-un business makes lots of trouble in the trade," said Haley, dolefully.

"If we could get a breed of gals that didn't care, now, for their young uns," said Marks, "tell ye, I think 'twould be 'bout the greatest mod'rn improvement I knows on;" and Marks patronized his joke by a quiet introductory sniggle.

"Jest so," said Haley; "I never could'nt see into it. Young uns is heaps of trouble to 'em—one would think, now, they'd be glad to get clar on 'em; but they arn't. And the more trouble a young un is, and the more good for nothing, as a gen'l thing, the tighter they sticks to 'em."

"Wal, Mr. Haley," said Marks, "jest pass the hot water. Yes, sir; you say jest what I feel and all'us have. Now, I bought a gal once when I was in the trade, a tight, likely wench she was, too, and quite considerable smart—and she had a young un that was mis'able sickly; it had a crooked back, or something or other, and I jest gin't away to a man that thought he'd take his chance raisin' on't, being it didn't cost nothin'—never thought, yer know, of the gal's takin' on about it—but, Lord, yer oughter seen how she went on! Why, re'lly, she did seem to me to valley the child more 'cause *'twas* sickly and cross, and plagued her; and she warn't making b'lieve, neither—cried about it, she did, and lopped round, as if she'd lost every friend she had. It re'lly was droll to think on't. Lord, there an't no end to woman's notions."

"Wal, jest so with me," said Haley. "Last summer, down on Red River, I got a gal traded off on me, with a likely-lookin' child enough, and his eyes looked as bright as your'n; but, come to look, I found him stone-blind. Fact—he was stone-blind. Wal, ye see, I thought there warn't no harm in my jest passing him along, and not sayin' nothin'; and I'd got him nicely swopped off for a keg o' whiskey; but come to get him away from the gal, she was jest like a tiger. So 'twas before we started, and I hadn't got my gang chained up; so what should she do, but ups on a cotton-bale, like a cat, ketches a knife from one of the deck hands, and, I'll tell ye, she made all fly for a minnit, till she saw 'twan't no use; and she jest turns round and pitches head first, young un and all, into the river—went down plump, and never ris."

"Bah!" said Tom Loker, who had listened to these stories with ill-repressed disgust. "Shif'less, both on ye! *My* gals don't cut up no such shines, I tell ye!"

"Indeed! how do you help it?" said Marks, briskly.

"Help it? why, I buys a gal, and if she's got a young un to be sold, I jest walks up and puts my fist to her face, and says, 'Look here, now, if you give me one word out of your head, I'll smash yer face in. I won't hear one word—not the beginning of a word.' I says to 'em, 'This yer young 'un's mine, and not yourn, and you've no kind o' business with it. I'm going to sell it, first chance; mind you don't cut up none o' yer shines about it, or I'll make ye wish ye'd never been born.' I tell ye, they sees it an't no play, when I gets hold. I makes 'em as whist as fishes; and if one on 'em begins and gives a yelp, why"——and Mr. Loker brought down his fist with a thump that fully explained the hiatus.

"That ar's what ye may call *emphasis*," said Marks, poking Haley in the side, and going into another small giggle. "An't Tom peculiar?—he, he, he! I say, Tom, I 'spect you make 'em *understand*, for all niggers' heads is woolly. They don't never have no doubt o' your meaning, Tom. If you an't the devil, Tom, you's his twin brother; I'll say that for ye."

Tom received the compliment with becoming modesty, and began to look as affable as was consistent, as John Bunyan says, "with his doggish nature."

Haley, who had been imbibing very freely of the staple of the evening, began to feel a sensible elevation and enlargement of his moral faculties—a phenomenon not unusual with gentlemen of a serious and reflective turn, under similar circumstances.

"Wal, now, Tom," he said, "ye re'lly is too bad, as I al'ays have told ye. Ye know, Tom, you and I used to talk over these yer matters down in Natchez; and I used to prove to ye, that we made full as much, and was as well off for this yer world, by treatin' on 'em well, besides keepin' a better chance for comin' in the kingdom at last, when wust comes to wust, and thar an't nothin' else left to get, ye know."

"Boh!" said Tom, "*don't* I know?—don't make me too sick with any yer stuff—my stomach is a leetle riled now;" and Tom drank half a glass of raw brandy.

"I say," said Haley, and leaning back in his chair and gesturing impressively, "I'll say this now: I al'ays meant to drive my trade so as to make money on't, *fust and foremost*, as much as any man; but then, trade an't everything, and money an't everything, 'cause we's all got souls. I don't care, now, who hears me say it—and I think a cussed sight on it, so I may as well come out with it. I b'lieve in religion; and one of these days, when I've got matters tight and snug, I calculate to 'tend to my soul, and them ar matters: and so what's the use of doin' any more wickedness than's re'lly necessary?—it don't seem to me it's 'tall prudent."

"'Tend to yer soul!" repeated Tom, contemptuously: "take a bright look-out to find a soul in you—save yourself any fear on that score. If the devil sifts you through a hair sieve, he won't find one."

"Why, Tom, you're cross," said Haley; "why can't ye take it pleasant, now, when a feller's talking for your good!"

"Stop that ar jaw o' yourn, there," said Tom, gruffly. "I can stand most any talk o' yourn, but your pious talk—that kills me right up. After all, what's the odds between me and you? 'Tan't that you care one bit more, or have a bit more feelin'—it's clean, sheer, dog meanness—wanting to cheat the devil, and save your own skin; don't I see through it? And your 'gettin' religion,' as you call it, arter all, is too p'isin mean for any crittur; run up a bill with the devil all your life, and then sneak out when pay-time comes! Boh!"

"Come, come, gentlemen, I say, this isn't business," said Marks. "There's different ways, you know, of looking at all subjects. Mr. Haley is a very nice man, no doubt, and has his own conscience; and, Tom, you have your ways, and very good ones too, Tom; but quarrelling, you know, won't answer no kind of purpose. Let's go to business. Now, Mr. Haley, what is it?—you want us to undertake to catch this yer gal?"

"The gal's no matter of mine—she's Shelby's; it's only the boy. I was a fool for buying the monkey!"

"You're generally a fool!" said Tom, gruffly.

"Come, now, Loker, none of your huffs," said Marks, licking his lips; "you see Mr. Haley's a putting us in a way of a good job, I reckon; just hold still—these yer arrangements is my forte. This yer gal, Mr. Haley, how is she?—what is she?"

"Wal! white and handsome—well brought up. I'd a gin Shelby eight hundred or a thousand, and then made well on her."

"White and handsome—well brought up!" said Marks, his sharp eyes, nose, and mouth all alive with enterprise. "Look here, now, Loker, a beautiful opening. We'll do a business here on our own account; we does the catchin'; the boy, of course, goes to Mr. Haley—we takes the gal to Orleans to speculate on. An't it beautiful?"

Tom, whose great, heavy mouth had stood ajar during this communication, now suddenly snapped it together, as a big dog closes on a piece of meat, and seemed to be digesting the idea at his leisure.

"Ye see," said Marks to Haley, stirring his punch as he did so, "ye see, we has justices convenient, at all p'ints alongshore that does up any little jobs in our line quite reasonable. Tom, he does the knockin' down, and that ar; and I come in all dressed up—shining boots—everything first chop, when the swearin's to be done. You oughter see, now," said Marks, in a glow of professional pride, "how I can tone it off. One day, I'm Mr. Twickem, from New Orleans; another day, I'm just come from my plantation, on Pearl River, where I works seven hundred niggers; then, again, I come out a distant relation of Henry Clay, or some old cock in Kentuck. Talents is different, you know. Now, Tom's a roarer, when there's any thumping or fighting to be done; but at lying he an't good, Tom an't—ye see it don't come natural to him; but, Lord, if thar's a feller in the country that can swar to anything and everything, and put in all the circumstances and flourishes with a longer face, and carry it through better 'n I can, why, I'd like to see him, that's all! I b'lieve, my heart, I could get along, and sneak through, even if justices were more particular than they is. Sometimes I rather wish they was more particular; 'twould be a heap more relishin' if they was—more fun, yer know."

Tom Loker, who, as we have made it appear, was a man of slow thoughts and movements, here interrupted Marks by bringing his heavy fist down on the table, so as to make all ring again. "*It'll do!*" he said.

"Lord bless ye, Tom, ye needn't break all the glasses," said Marks; "save your fist for time o' need."

"But, gentlemen, an't I to come in for a share of the profits?" said Haley.

"An't it enough we catch the boy for ye?" said Loker. "What do ye want?"

"Wal," said Haly "If I gives you the job, it's worth something—say ten per cent. on the profits, expenses paid."

"Now," said Loker, with a tremendous oath, and striking the table with his heavy fist, "don't I know *you*, Dan Haley? Don't you think to come it over me! Suppose Marks and I have taken up the catchin' trade, jest to 'commodate gentlemen like you, and get nothic' for ourselves? Not by a long chalk! We'll have the gal out and out, and you keep quiet, or, ye see, we'll both—what's to hinder? Han't you show'd us the game? It's as free to us as you, I hope. If you or Shelby wants to chase us, look where the partridges was last year: if you find them or us, you're quite welcome."

"Oh, wal, certainly, jest let it go at that," said Haley, alarmed: "you catch the boy for the job; you allers did trade *far* with me, Tom, and was up to yer word."

"Ye know that," said Tom, "I don't pretend none of your snivelling ways, but I won't lie in my 'counts with the devil himself. What I ses I'll do, I will do; you know *that*, Dan Haley."

"Jes so, Tom," said Haley; "and if you'd only promise to have the boy for me in a week, at any point you'll name, that's all I want."

"But it an't all I want, by a long jump," said Tom. "Ye don't think I did business with you down in Natchez for nothing, Haley; I've learned to hold an eel when I catch him. You've got to fork over fifty dollars, flat down, or this child don't start a peg. I know yer."

"Why, when you have a job in hand that may bring a clean profit of somewhere about a thousand or sixteen hundred! Why, Tom, you're onreasonable," said Haley.

"Yes, and hasn't we business booked for five weeks to come—all we can do? And suppose we leaves all, and goes to bushwhacking round arter yer young un, and finally doesn't catch the gal—and gals allers is the devil to catch—what's then; would you pay us a cent—would you? I think I see you a doin' it—ugh? No, no; flap down your fifty. If we get the job, and it pays, I'll hand it back; if we don't, it's for our trouble—that's *far*, an't it, Marks?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Marks, with a conciliatory tone. "It's only a retaining fee, you see—he! he! he!—we lawyers, you know. Wal, we must all keep good-natured, keep easy, yer know. Tom'll have the boy for yer anywhere ye'll name; won't't ye, Tom?"

"If I find the young un, I'll bring him on to Cincinnati, and leave him at Granny Belcher's, on the landing," said Loker.

Marks had got from his pocket a greasy pocket-book, and, taking a long paper from thence, he sat down and fixing his keen black eyes on it, began mumbling over its contents: Barnes—Shelby County—boy Jim, three hundred dollars for him, dead or alive. Edwards—Dick and Lucy—man and wife, six hundred dollars; wench Polly and two children—six hundred for her or her head'—I'm jest a running over our business, to see if we can take up this yer handily. Loker," he said, after a pause, "we must set Adams and Springer on the track of these yer; they've been booked some time."

"They'll charge too much," said Tom.

I'll manage that ar; they's young in the business, and must 'spect to work cheap," said Marks, as he continued to read. "Ther's three on em easy cases, 'cause all you've got to do is shoot 'em, or swear they is shot; they could'nt, of course, charge much for that. Them other cases," he said, folding the paper, "will bear puttin' off a spell. So now let's come to the particulars. Now, Mr. Haley, you saw this yer gal, when she landed?"

"To be sure—plain as I see you."

"And a man helpin' on her up the bank?" said Loker.

"To be sure, I did."

"Most likely," said Mark, "she's took in somewhere; but wher's, a question. Tom, what do you say?"

"We must cross the river to-night, no mistake," said Tom.

"But ther's no boat about," said Marks. "The ice is running awfully, Tom; an't it dangerous?"

"Don'no nothing 'bout that, only it's got to be done," said Tom, decidedly.

"Dear me," said Marks' fidgeting, "it'll be—I say," he said walking to the window, "it's dark as a wolf's mouth, and Tom"—

"The long and short is, you're scared, Marks; but I can't help that, you've got to go; suppose you want to lie by a day or two, till the gal's been carried on the underground line up to Sandusky or so, before you start."

"Oh no; I an't a grain afraid," said Mark, "only"—

"Only what!" said Tom.

"Well, about the boat. Yer see there an't any boat."

"I heard the woman say there was one coming along this evening, and that a man was going to cross over in it. Neck or nothing, we must go with him," said Tom.

"I 'spose youv'e got good dogs," said Haley.

"First-rate," said Marks. "But what's the use? you han't got nothin o' hers to smell on."

"Yes, I have," said Haley, triumphantly. "Here's her shawl she left on the bed in her hurry; she left her bonnet too."

"That ar's lucky," said Loker, "fork over."

"Though the dogs might damage the gal, if they come on her unawares," said Haley.

"That ar's a consideration," said Marks. "Our dogs tore a feller half to pieces, once, down in Mobile, 'fore we could get 'em off."

"Well, ye see, for this sort that's to be sold for their looks, that ar won't answer, ye see," said Haley.

"I do see," said Marks. "Besides, if she's got took in, 'tan't no go, neither. Dogs is no 'count in these yer up-states, where these critters gets carried; of course, ye can't get on their track. They only does, down in plantations, where niggers when they runs, has to do their own running, and don't get no help."

"Well," said Loker, who had just stepped out to the bar to make some inquiries, "they say the man's come with the boat; so, Marks!"

That worthy cast a rueful look at the comfortable quarters he was leaving, but slowly rose to obey. After exchanging a few words of further arrangement, Haley, with visible reluctance, handed over the fifty dollars to Tom, and the worthy trio separated for the night.

If any of our refined Christian readers oject to the society into which this scene introduces them, let us beg them to begin and conquer their prejudices in time. The catching business, we beg to remind them, is rising to the dignity of a lawful and patriotic profession. If all the broad land between the Mississippi and the Pacific becomes one great market, for bodies and souls, and human property retains the locomotive tendencies of this nineteenth century, the trader and catcher may yet be among our aristocracy.

While this scene was going on at the tavern, Sam and Andy, in a state of high felicitation, pursued their way home.

Sam was in the highest possible feather, and expressed his exultation by all sorts of supernatural howls and ejaculations, by divers odd motions and contortions of his whole system. Sometimes he would sit backward, with his face to the horse's tail and sides, and then, with a whoop and a summerset, come right side up in his place again, and, drawing on a grave face, begin to lecture Andy in high-sounding tones for laughing and playing the fool. Anon, slapping his sides with his arms, he would burst forth in peals of laughter, that made the old woods ring as they passed. With all these evolutions, he contrived to keep the horses up to the top of their speed, until, between ten and eleven, their heels resounded on the gravel at the end of the balcony. Mrs. Shelby flew to the railings.

"Is that you, Sam? Where are they?"

"Mas'r Haley's a-restin' at the tavern; he's dreffal fatigued, missis."

"And Eliza, Sam?"

"Wal, she's clar 'cross Jordan. As a body may say, in the land o'Canaan."

"Why, Sam, what *do* you mean!" said Mrs. Shelby, breathless and almost faint, as the possible meaning of these words came over her.

"Wal, misses, de Lord He presarves His own. Lizzy's done gone over the river into 'Hio, as 'markably as if the Lord took her over in a chariot of fire and two hosses."

Sam's vein of piety was always uncommonly fervent in his mistress' presence, and he made great capital of scriptural figures and images.

"Come up here, Sam," said Mr. Shelby, who had followed on to the verandah, "and tell your mistress what she wants. Come, come, Emily," said he, passing his arm round her, "you are cold, and all in a shiver; you allow yourself to feel too much."

"Feel too much! Am not I a woman—a mother? Are we not both responsible to God for this poor girl? My God, lay not this sin to our charge!"

"What sin, Emily? You see yourself, that we have only done what we were obliged to."

"There's an awful feeling of guilt about it, though," said Mrs. Shelby. "I can't reason it away."

"Here, Andy, you nigger, be alive!" called Sam, under the verandah; "take thes yer hosses to der barn; don't ye hear mas'r a call'n?" and Sam soon appeared, palm-leaf in hand, at the parlour door.

"Now, Sam, tell us distinctly how the matter was," said Mr. Shelby. "Where is Eliza, if you know?"

"Wal, mas'r, I saw her with my own eyes a crossin' on the floatin' ice. She crossed most 'markably; it wasn't no less nor a miracle; and I saw a man help her up the 'Hio side, and then she was lost in the dusk."

"Sam, I think this rather apocryphal—this miracle. Crossing on floating ice isn't so easily done," said Mr. Shelby.

"Easy! nobody couldn't a done it, without de Lord. Why, now," said Sam, "'twas jist dis yer way. Mas'r Haley, and me, and Andy, we comes up to de little tavern by the river, and I rides a leetle ahead—(I's so zealous to be a cotchin' Lizzy, that I couldn't hold in, no-way)—and when I comes by the tavern winder, sure enough there she was, right in plain sight, and dey diggin' on behind. Wal, I loses off my hat, and sings out nuff to raise the dead. Course Lizzy she hars, and she dodges back, when Mas'r Haley he goes past the door; and then, I tell ye, she clared out de side door; she went down de river bank; Mas'r Haley he seed her, and yelled out, and him, and me, and Andy, we took arter. Down she come to the river, and thar was the current running ten feet wide by the shore, and over t'other side ice a sawin' and a jiggling up and down, kinder as 'twere a great island. We come right behind her, and I thought, my soul, he'd got her sure enough—when she gin sich a screech as I never hearn, and thar she was, clar over t'other side the current, on the ice, and then on she went, a screeching and a jumpin'—the ice went crack! c'wallop! cracking! chunk! and she a boundin' like a buck! Lord, the spring that ar gal's got in her an't common, I'm o' 'pinion."

Mrs. Shelby sat perfectly silent, pale with excitement, while Sam told his story.

"God be praised, she isn't dead!" she said; "but where is the poor child now?"

"De Lord will pervide," said Sam, rolling up his eyes piously. "As I've been a sayin', dis yer's a providence and no mistake, as missis has allers been a instructin' on us. Thar's allers instruments ris up to do de Lord's will. Now, if't hadn't been for me to-day, she'd a been took a dozen times. Warn't it I started off de hosses dis yer mornin' and kept 'em chasin' till nigh dinner-time? And didn't I car Mas'r Haley nigh five miles out of de road, dis evening, or else he'd a come up with Lizzy, as easy as a dog arter a 'coon. These yer's all providences."

"They are a kind of providences that you'll have to be pretty sparing of, Master Sam. I allow no such practices with gentlemen on my place," said Mr. Shelby, with as much sternness as he could command under the circumstances.

Now, there is no more use in making believe to be angry with a negro than with a child; both instinctively see the true state of the case, through all attempts to affect the contrary; and Sam was in no wise disheartened by this rebuke, though he assumed an air of doleful gravity, and stood with the corners of his mouth lowered in most penitential style.

"Mas'r's quite right—quite; it was ugly on me—there's no disputin' that ar; and of course mas'r and misses woudn't encourage no such works. I'm sensible of dat ar; but a poor nigger like me's 'mazin' tempted to act ugly sometimes, when fellers will cut such shines as dat ar Mas'r Haley; he an't no gen'l'man noway: anybody's been raised as I've been can't help a seein' dat ar."

"Well Sam," said Mrs. Shelby, "as you appear to have a proper sense of your errors, you may go now and tell Aunt Chloe, she may get you some of that cold ham that was left of dinner to-day. You and Andy must be hungry!'

"Misses is a heap too good for us," said Sam, making his bow with alacrity, and departing.

It wil be perceived, as has been before intimated, that Master Sam had a native talent that might, undoubtedly, have raised him to eminence in political life—a talent of making capital out of every thing that turned up, to be invested for his own especial praise and glory: and having done up his piety and humility, as he trusted, to the satisfaction of the parlour, he clapped his palm-leaf on his head with a sort of rakish, free-and-easy air, and proceeded to the dominions of Aunt Chloe, with the intention of flourishing largely in the kitchen.

"I'll speechify these yer niggers," said Sam to himself, "now I've got a chance. Lord, I'll reel it off, to make 'em stare!"

It must be observed that one of Sam's especial delights had been to ride in attendance on his master to all kinds of political gatherings, where, roosted on some rail-fence, or perched aloft in some tree, he would sit watching the orators with the greatest apparent gusto, and then, descending among the various brethren of his own colour assembled on the same errand, he would edify and delight them with the most ludicrous burlesques and imitations, all delivered with the most imperturbable earnestness and solemnity; and though the auditors immediately about him were generally of his own colour, it not unfrequently happened, that they were fringed pretty deeply with those of a fairer complexion, who listened, laughing and winking, to Sam's great self-congratulation. In fact, Sam considered oratory as his vocation, and never let slip an opportunity of magnifying his office.

(*For the finish of this chapter, see 4th page.*)