 **HARRIET BEECHER STOWE** 

*From* **Uncle Tom’s Cabin;**[**1**](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn1) **or
Life among the Lowly**

[*Chapter VII*](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter7.html)*: The Mother’s Struggle*

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.[2](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn2)

Her husband’s suffering and dangers,[3](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn3) 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 cutting loose from the protection 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 starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither 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 indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare 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 creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood 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 fear 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 those 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 alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed 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,—

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“Mother, I don’t need to keep awake, do I?”

“No, my darling; sleep, if you want to.”

“But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won’t let him get me?”

“No! so may God help me!” said his mother, with a paler 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 no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and 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 impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening 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 pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes 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 a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured 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 package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge 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 constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance 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 an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

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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 footsore, 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 was 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 unfavorable 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 fizzing 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.

“Isn’t there any ferry or boat that takes people over to B— now?” she said.

“No, indeed!” said the woman; “the boats has stopped running.”

Eliza’s look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly,—

“Maybe you’re wanting to get over?—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious.”

“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 onlucky,” said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; “I’m re’lly consarned for ye. Solomon!” she called, from the window, towards a small back 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’ls over to-night?”

“He said he should try, if’t was anyway prudent,” said the man.

“There’s a man a piece down here, that’s going over with some truck this evening, if he durs’ to; he’ll be in here to supper 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 weariness.

“Poor fellow! he isn’t used to walking, and I’ve hurried him on so,” said Eliza.

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“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 hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, 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, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley’s[4](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn4) hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff 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 Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay;[5](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn5) and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy; and then gravy had to be got up *de novo,*[*6*](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn6) with due care and formality, Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly, to all suggestions of haste, that she “warn’t a-going to have raw gravy on the table to help nobody’s catchings.” 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 “Mas’r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn’t sit in his cheer[7](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn7) noways, but was walkin’ and stalkin’ to the winders and through the porch.”

“Sarves him right!” said Aunt Chloe indignantly. “He’ll get wus nor oneasy, one of 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 go to torment, and no mistake,” said little Jake.

“He desarves 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 hands; “it’s like what Mas’r George[8](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn8) reads in Ravelations,—souls a-callin’ under the altar! and a-callin’ on the Lord for vengeance on sich!—and by and by the Lord he’ll hear ’em,—so he will!”

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her and to listen to her remarks.

“Sich’ll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won’t ther?” said Andy.

“I’d be glad to see it, I’ll be boun’,” said little Jake.

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“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 *dre’ful* word, chil’en; it’s awful to think on ’t. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur.”

“We would n’t to anybody but the soul-drivers,” said Andy; “nobody can help wishing it to them, they ’s so awful wicked.”

“Don’t natur herself kinder cry out on ’em?” said Aunt Chloe. “Don’t dey tear der suckin’ baby right off his mother’s breast and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes,—don’t dey pull ’em off and sells ’em? Don’t dey tear wife and husband apart?” said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, “when it’s jest takin’ the very life on ’em?—and all the while does they 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 ’spitefully 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 natur, Chloe, and natur’s strong,” said Tom, “but the Lord’s grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor crittur’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 crittur’s got to answer for.”

“So’d I, a heap,” said Jake. “Lor, *should* n’t we cotch it, Andy?”

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

“I’m glad Mas’r did n’t go off this morning, as he looked to,” said Tom; “that ar hurt me more than sellin’, it did. Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but ’t would have come desp’t hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I’ve seen Mas’r, and I begin ter feel sort o’ reconciled to the Lord’s will now. Mas’r could n’t help hisself; he did right, but I’m feared 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’s powerful car’less. That ar troubles me.”

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

“Tom,” said his master kindly, “I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on 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 it over your master with any o’ yer nigger tricks; for I’ll take every cent out of him if you ain’t thar. If he’d hear to me he would n’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 Missis put you into my arms, and you was n’t a year old. ‘Thar,’ says she, ‘Tom, that’s to be *your* young Mas’r; take good care on him,’ says she. 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 rose to his eyes.

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“My good boy,” said he, “the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world should n’t buy you.”

“And sure as I am a Christian woman,” said Mrs. Shelby, “you shall be redeemed as soon as I can anyway bring together means. Sir,” she said to Haley, “take good account of whom you sell him to, and let me know.”

“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 trade with you then, and make it for your advantage,” said Mrs. Shelby.

“Of course,” said the trader, “all’s equal with me; li’ves trade ’em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin’, you know, ma’am; that’s all any on us wants, I s’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 recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o’clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there, new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had “fa’rly come to it.”

“Your master, I s’pose, don’t keep no dogs?” said Haley thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

“Heaps on ’em,” said Sam triumphantly; “thar’s Bruno,—he’s a roarer! and, besides that, ’bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther.”

“Poh!” said Haley,—and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered,—

“I don’t see no use cussin’ on ’em, noway.”

“But your master don’t keep no dogs (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.

“Our dogs all smells round consid’able sharp. I spect they’s the kind, though they hain’t never had no practice. They’s *fa’r* 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 Haley, getting up. “Come, tumble up now.”

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley’s indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

“I’s ’stonished at yer, Andy,” said Sam, with awful gravity. “This yer’s a seris bisness, Andy. Yer must n’t be a-makin’ game. This yer ain’t noway to help Mas’r.”

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“I shall take the straight road to the river,” said Haley decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. “I know the way of all of ’em,—they makes tracks for the underground.”[9](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter77.html#ch77fn9)

“Sartin,” said Sam, “dat’s de idee. Mas’r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der’s two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike,—which Mas’r mean to take?”

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

“ ’Cause,” said Sam, “I’d rather be ’clined to ’magine that Lizy ’d take the dirt road, bein’ it’s the least traveled.”

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

“If yer warn’t both on yer such cussed liars, now!” he said contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam’s face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

“Course,” said Sam, “Mas’r can do as he’d ruther; go de straight road, if Mas’r thinks best,—it’s all one to us. Now, when I study ’pon it, I think de straight road de best, *decidedly.*”

“She would naturally go a lonesome way,” said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam’s remark.

“Dar ain’t no sayin’,” said Sam; “gals is pecular; they never does nothin’ ye thinks they will; mose gen’lly the contrar. Gals is nat’lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they’ve gone one road, it is sartin you’d better go t’ other, and then you’ll be sure to find ’em. Now, my private ’pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we’d better take de straight one.”

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

“A little piece ahead,” said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy’s side of the head; and he added gravely, “but I’ve studded on de matter, and I’m quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it noway. It’s despit lonesome, and we might lose our way,—whar we’d come to, de Lord only knows.”

“Nevertheless,” said Haley, “I shall go that way.”

“Now I think on’t, I think I hearn ’em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek and thar, ain’t it, Andy?”

Andy was n’t certain; he’d only “hearn tell” about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly noncommittal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam’s part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

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When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour’s ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well,—indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that ’t was “despit rough, and bad for Jerry’s foot.”

“Now, I jest give yer warning,” said Haley; “I know yer; yer won’t get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin’,—so you shet up!”

“Mas’r will go his own way!” said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits,—professed to keep a very brisk lookout,—at one time exclaiming that he saw “a gal’s bonnet” on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy “if that thar wasn‘t ’Lizy’ down in the hollow;” always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

“Warn’t dat ar what I telled Mas’r?” said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. “How does strange gentleman spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?”

“You rascal!” said Haley, “you knew all about this.”

“Did n’t I tell yer I *know’d,* and yer would n’t believe me? I telled Mas’r ’t was all shet up, and fenced up, and I did n’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. Haley 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 startled 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 toward 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 feet to her scarce 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 Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

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The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came 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 cut from her feet,—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

“Yer 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 ’t ain’t Shelby’s gal!”

“My child!—this boy!—he’d sold him! There is his Mas’r,” said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. “Oh, 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’re a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it.”

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. “I’d be glad to do something for ye,” said he; “but then there’s nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar,”* said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. “Go thar; they’re kind folks. Thar’s no kind o’ danger but they’ll help you,—they’re up to all that sort o’ thing.”

“The Lord bless you!” said Eliza earnestly.

“No ’casion, no ’casion in the world,” said the man. “What I’ve done ’s of no ’count.”

“And oh, surely, sir, you won’t tell any one!”

“Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not,” said the man. “Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You ’ve arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me.”

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

“Shelby, now, mebbe won’t think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what’s a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he’s welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o’ crittur a strivin’ and pantin’ and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter ’em, and go agin ’em. Besides, I don’t see no kind of ’casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither.”

So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

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“That ar was a tol’able fa’r stroke of business,” said Sam.

“The gal’s got seven devils in her, I believe!” said Haley. “How like a wildcat she jumped!”

“Wal, now,” said Sam, scratching his head, “I hope Mas’r’ll scuse us tryin’ dat ar road. Don’t think I feel spry enough for dat ar, noway!” and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

“*You* laugh!” said the trader, with a growl.

“Lord bless you, Mas’r, I could n’t help it now,” said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. “She looked so curis a leapin’ and springin’—ice a-crackin’—and only to hear her,—plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!” and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

“I’ll make yer laugh t’ other side yer mouths!” said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

“Good-evening, Mas’r!” said Sam, with much gravity. “I bery much spect Missis be anxious ’bout Jerry. Mas’r Haley won’t want us no longer. Missis would n’t hear of our ridin’ the critters over Lizy’s bridge to-night;” and with a facetious poke into Andy’s ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed,—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

1851-1852, 1852

 **HARRIET BEECHER STOWE** 

*From* **Uncle Tom’s Cabin;**[**1**](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter78.html#ch78fn1) **or
Life among the Lowly**

[*Chapter XIX:*](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter12.html)*Miss Ophelia’s Experiences and Opinions, Continued*[*2*](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter78.html#ch78fn2)

\* \* \* St. Clare rested his head on his hands, and did not speak for some minutes. After a while, he looked up, and went on:—

“What poor, mean trash this whole business of human virtue is! A mere matter, for the most part, of latitude and longitude, and geographical position, acting with natural temperament. The greater part is nothing but an accident! Your father, for example, settles in Vermont, in a town where all are, in fact, free and equal; becomes a regular church-member and deacon, and in due time joins an Abolition society, and thinks us all little better than heathens. Yet he is, for all the world, in constitution and habit, a duplicate of my father. I can see it leaking out in fifty different ways,—just that same strong, overbearing, dominant spirit. You know very well how impossible it is to persuade some of the folks in your village that Squire Sinclair does not feel above them. The fact is, though he has fallen on democratic times, and embraced a democratic theory, he is to the heart an aristocrat, as much as my father, who ruled over five or six hundred slaves.”

Miss Ophelia felt rather disposed to cavil at this picture, and was laying down her knitting to begin, but St. Clare stopped her.

“Now, I know every word you are going to say. I do not say they *were* alike, in fact. One fell into a condition where everything acted against the natural tendency, and the other where everything acted for it; and so one turned out a pretty willful, stout, overbearing old democrat, and the other a willful, stout old despot. If both had owned plantations in Louisiana, they would have been as like as two old bullets cast in the same mould.”

“What an undutiful boy you are!” said Miss Ophelia.

“I don’t mean them any disrespect,” said St. Clare. “You know reverence is not my forte. But, to go back to my history:—

“When father died, he left the whole property to us twin boys, to be divided as we should agree. There does not breathe on God’s earth a nobler-souled, more generous fellow than Alfred, in all that concerns his equals; and we got on admirably with this property question, without a single unbrotherly word or feeling. We undertook to work the plantation together; and Alfred, whose outward life and capabilities had double the strength of mine, became an enthusiastic planter, and a wonderfully successful one.

“But two years’ trial satisfied me that I could not be a partner in that matter. To have a great gang of seven hundred, whom I could not know personally, or feel any individual interest in, bought and driven, housed, fed, worked like so many horned cattle, strained up to military precision,—the question of how little of life’s commonest enjoyments would keep them in working order being a constantly recurring problem, the *necessity*of drivers and overseers,—the ever-necessary whip, first, last, and only argument,—the whole thing was insufferably disgusting and loathsome to me; and when I thought of my mother’s estimate of one poor human soul, it became even frightful!

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“It’s all nonsense to talk to me about slaves *enjoying* all this! To this day I have no patience with the unutterable trash that some of your patronizing Northerners have made up, as in their zeal to apologize for our sins. We all know better. Tell me that any man living wants to work all his days, from day-dawn till dark, under the constant eye of a master, without the power of putting forth one irresponsible volition, on the same dreary, monotonous, unchanging toil, and all for two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes a year, with enough food and shelter to keep him in working order! Any man who thinks that human beings can, as a general thing, be made about as comfortable that way as any other, I wish he might try it. I’d buy the dog, and work him, with a clear conscience!”

“I always have supposed,” said Miss Ophelia, “that you, all of you, approved of these things, and thought them *right,*—according to Scripture.”

“Humbug! We are not quite reduced to that yet. Alfred, who is as determined a despot as ever walked, does not pretend to this kind of defense;—no, he stands, high and haughty, on that good old respectable ground, *the right of the strongest;* and he says, and I think quite sensibly, that the American planter is ‘only doing, in another form, what the English aristocracy and capitalists are doing by the lower classes;’ that is, I take it, *appropriating* them, body and bone, soul and spirit, to their use and convenience. He defends both,—and I think, at least, *consistently.* He says that there can be no high civilization without enslavement of the masses, either nominal or real. There must, he says, be a lower class, given up to physical toil and confined to an animal nature; and a higher one thereby acquires leisure and wealth for a more expanded intelligence and improvement, and becomes the directing soul of the lower. So he reasons, because, as I said, he is born an aristo-crat;—so I don’t believe, because I was born a democrat.”

“How in the world can the two things be compared?” said Miss Ophelia. “The English laborer is not sold, traded, parted from his family, whipped.”

“He is as much at the will of his employer as if he were sold to him. The slaveowner can whip his refractory slave to death,—the capitalist can starve him to death. As to family security, it is hard to say which is the worse,—to have one’s children sold, or see them starve to death at home.”

“But it’s no kind of apology for slavery, to prove that it is n’t worse than some other bad thing.”

“I did n’t give it for one,—nay, I’ll say, besides, that ours is the more bold and palpable infringement of human rights; actually buying a man up, like a horse,— looking at his teeth, cracking his joints, and trying his paces, and then paying down for him,—having speculators, breeders, traders, and brokers in human bodies and souls,—sets the thing before the eyes of the civilized world in a more tangible form, though the thing done be, after all, in its nature, the same; that is, appropriating one set of human beings to the use and improvement of another, without any regard to their own.”

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“I never thought of the matter in this light,” said Miss Ophelia.

“Well, I’ve traveled in England some, and I’ve looked over a good many documents as to the state of their lower classes; and I really think there is no denying Alfred, when he says that his slaves are better off than a large class of the population of England. You see, you must not infer, from what I have told you, that Alfred is what is called a hard master; for he is n’t. He is despotic, and unmerciful to insubordination; he would shoot a fellow down with as little remorse as he would shoot a buck, if he opposed him. But, in general, he takes a sort of pride in having his slaves comfortably fed and accommodated.

“When I was with him, I insisted that he should do something for their instruction; and, to please me, he did get a chaplain, and used to have them catechised Sunday, though, I believe, in his heart, that he thought it would do about as much good to set a chaplain over his dogs and horses. And the fact is, that a mind stupefied and animalized by every bad influence from the hour of birth, spending the whole of every week-day in unreflecting toil, cannot be done much with by a few hours on Sunday. The teachers of Sunday-schools among the manufacturing population of England, and among plantation-hands in our country, could perhaps testify to the same result, *there and here.* Yet some striking exceptions there are among us, from the fact that the negro is naturally more impressible to religious sentiment than the white.”

“Well,” said Miss Ophelia, “how came you to give up your plantation life?”

“Well, we jogged on together some time, till Alfred saw plainly that I was no planter. He thought it absurd, after he had reformed, and altered, and improved everywhere, to suit my notions, that I still remained unsatisfied. The fact was, it was, after all, the THING that I hated,—the using these men and women, the perpetuation of all this ignorance, brutality, and vice,—just to make money for me!

“Besides, I was always interfering in the details. Being myself one of the laziest of mortals, I had altogether too much fellow feeling for the lazy; and when poor, shiftless dogs put stones at the bottom of their cotton-baskets to make them weigh heavier, or filled their sacks with dirt, with cotton at the top, it seemed so exactly like what I should do if I were they, I could n’t and would n’t have them flogged for it. Well, of course, there was an end of plantation discipline; and Alf and I came to about the same point that I and my respected father did, years before. So he told me that I was a womanish sentimentalist, and would never do for business life; and advised me to take the bank-stock and the New Orleans family mansion, and go to writing poetry, and let him manage the plantation. So we parted, and I came here.”

“But why did n’t you free your slaves?”

“Well, I was n’t up to that. To hold them as tools for money-making, I could not;—have them to help spend money, you know, did n’t look quite so ugly to me. Some of them were old house-servants, to whom I was much attached; and the younger ones were children to the old. All were well satisfied to be as they were.” He paused, and walked reflectively up and down the room.

“There was,” said St. Clare, “a time in my life when I had plans and hopes of doing something in this world, more than to float and drift. I had vague, indistinct yearnings to be a sort of emancipator,—to free my native land from this spot and stain. All young men have had such fever-fits, I suppose, some time,—but then”—

“Why did n’t you?” said Miss Ophelia;—“you ought not to put your hand to the plough, and look back.”

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“Oh, well, things did n’t go with me as I expected, and I got the despair of living that Solomon did. I suppose it was a necessary incident to wisdom in us both; but, somehow or other, instead of being actor and regenerator in society, I became a piece of driftwood, and have been floating and eddying about, ever since. Alfred scolds me, every time we meet; and he has the better of me, I grant,—for he really does something; his life is a logical result of his opinions, and mine is a contemptible *non sequitur.*”

“My dear cousin, can you be satisfied with such a way of spending your probation?”

“Satisfied! Was I not just telling you I despised it? But, then, to come back to this point,—we were on this liberation business. I don’t think my feelings about slavery are peculiar. I find many men who, in their hearts, think of it just as I do. The land groans under it; and, bad as it is for the slave, it is worse, if anything, for the master. It takes no spectacles to see that a great class of vicious, improvident, degraded people, among us, are an evil to us, as well as to themselves. The capitalist and aristocrat of England cannot feel that as we do, because they do not mingle with the class they degrade as we do. They are in our houses; they are the associates of our children, and they form their minds faster than we can; for they are a race that children always will cling to and assimilate with. If Eva,[3](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter78.html#ch78fn3) now, was not more angel than ordinary, she would be ruined. We might as well allow the small-pox to run among them, and think our children would not take it, as to let them be uninstructed and vicious, and think our children will not be affected by that. Yet our laws positively and utterly forbid any efficient general educational system, and they do it wisely, too; for, just begin and thoroughly educate one generation, and the whole thing would be blown sky high. If we did not give them liberty, they would take it.”

“And what do you think will be the end of this?” said Miss Ophelia.

“I don’t know. One thing is certain,—that there is a mustering among the masses, the world over; and there is a dies ir[4](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter78.html#ch78fn4) coming on, sooner or later. The same thing is working in Europe, in England, and in this country. My mother used to tell me of a millennium that was coming, when Christ should reign, and all men should be free and happy. And she taught me, when I was a boy, to pray, ‘Thy kingdom come.’ Sometimes I think all this sighing, and groaning, and stirring among the dry bones[5](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter78.html#ch78fn5) foretells what she used to tell me was coming. But who may abide the day of his appearing?”

“Augustine, sometimes I think you are not far from the kingdom,” said Miss Ophelia, laying down her knitting, and looking anxiously at her cousin.

“Thank you for your good opinion; but it’s up and down with me,—up to heaven’s gate in theory, down in earth’s dust in practice. But there’s the tea-bell,— do let’s go,—and don’t say, now, I have n’t had one downright serious talk, for once in my life.” \* \* \*

1851–1852, 1852

 **HARRIET BEECHER STOWE** 

*From* **Uncle Tom’s Cabin;**[**1**](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter79.html#ch79fn1) **or
Life among the Lowly**

[*Chapter XL:*](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter40.html)*The Martyr*

\* \* \* The hunt[2](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter79.html#ch79fn2) was long, animated, and thorough, but unsuccessful, and with grave, ironic exultation, Cassy looked down on Legree, as, weary and dispirited, he alighted from his horse.

“Now, Quimbo,”[3](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter79.html#ch79fn3) said Legree, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room, “you jest go and walk that Tom up here right away! The old cuss is at the bottom of this yer whole matter; and I’ll have it out of his old black hide, or I’ll know the reason why.”

Sambo and Quimbo both, though hating each other, were joined in one mind by a no less cordial hatred of Tom. Legree had told them at first that he had bought him for a general overseer in his absence; and this had begun an ill will, on their part, which had increased, in their debased and servile natures, as they saw him becoming obnoxious to their master’s displeasure. Quimbo, therefore, departed with a will, to execute his orders.

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

He set his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said, “Into thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!” and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

“Ay, ay!” said the giant, as he dragged him along; “ye’ll cotch it now! I’ll boun’ Mas’r’s back’s up *high!* No sneaking out now! Tell ye, ye’ll get it, and no mistake! See how ye’ll look, now, helpin’ Mas’r’s niggers to run away! See what ye’ll get!”

The savage words none of them reached that ear!—a higher voice there was saying, “Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.” Nerve and bone of that poor man’s body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God; and he felt the strength of a thousand souls in one. As he passed along, the trees and bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole scene of his degradation, seemed to whirl by him as the landscape by the rushing car. His soul throbbed,—his home was in sight,—and the hour of release seemed at hand.

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

“It’s very likely, Mas’r,” said Tom calmly.

“I have,” said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, “*done—just—that—thing,* Tom, unless you’ll tell me what you know about these yer gals!” Tom stood silent.

“D’ ye hear?” said Legree, stamping, with a roar like that of an incensed lion. “Speak!”

“*I hain’t got nothing to tell, Mas’r,”* said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

“Do you dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don’t *know?”* said Legree. Tom was silent.

“Speak!” thundered Legree, striking him furiously. “Do you know anything?” “I know, Mas’r; but I can’t tell anything. *I can die!*”

Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said in a terrible voice, “Hark ’e, Tom!— ye think ’cause I’ve let you off before I don’t mean what I say; but, this time *I’ve made up my mind,* and counted the cost. You’ve always stood it out agin me: now, I’ll *conquer ye or kill ye!*—one or t’ other. I’ll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take ’em, one by one, till ye give up!”

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, “Mas’r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save ye, I’d *give* ye my heart’s blood; and, if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I’d give ’em freely, as the Lord gave his for me. Oh, Mas’r! don’t bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than’t will me! Do the worst you can, my troubles’ll be over soon; but if ye don’t repent yours won’t *never* end!”

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment’s blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence that the tick of the old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause,—one irresolute, relenting thrill,—and the spirit of evil came back, with sevenfold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

Scenes of blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear. What brother man and brother Christian must suffer cannot be told us, even in our secret chamber, it so harrows up the soul! And yet, O my country! these things are done under the shadow of thy laws! O Christ! thy church sees them, almost in silence!

But, of old, there was One whose suffering changed an instrument of torture, degradation, and shame, into a symbol of glory, honor, and immortal life; and, where his spirit is, neither degrading stripes, nor blood, nor insults can make the Christian’s last struggle less than glorious.

Was he alone that long night, whose brave, loving spirit was bearing up, in that old shed, against buffeting and brutal stripes?

Nay! There stood by him ONE,—seen by him alone—“like unto the Son of God.”

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The tempter stood by him, too,—blinded by furious, despotic will,—every moment pressing him to shun that agony by the betrayal of the innocent. But the brave, true heart was firm on the Eternal Rock. Like his Master, he knew that, if he saved others, himself he could not save; nor could utmost extremity wring from him words save of prayer and holy trust.

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

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

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. “Ye poor miserable crittur!” he said, “there ain’t no more ye can do! I forgive ye, with all my soul!” and he fainted entirely away.

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

Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul?—that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning!

Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious prayers had struck upon the hearts of the imbruted blacks, who had been the instruments of cruelty upon him; and, the instant Legree withdrew, they took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life,—as if *that* were any favor to him.

“Sartin, we’s been doin’ a drefful wicked thing!” said Sambo; “hopes Mas’r’ll have to ’count for it, and not we.”

They washed his wounds,—they provided a rude bed, of some refuse cotton, for him to lie down on; and one of them, stealing up to the house, begged a drink of brandy of Legree, pretending that he was tired, and wanted it for himself. He brought it back, and poured it down Tom’s throat.

“Oh, Tom!” said Quimbo, “we’s been awful wicked to ye!”

“I forgive ye, with all my heart!” said Tom faintly.

“Oh, Tom! do tell us who is *Jesus,* anyhow?” said Sambo,—“Jesus, that’s been a-standin’ by you so all this night?—Who is he?”

The word roused the failing, fainting spirit. He poured forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One,—his life, his death, his everlasting presence, and power to save.

They wept,—both the two savage men.

“Why did n’t I never hear this before?” said Sambo; “but I do believe!—I can’t help it! Lord Jesus, have mercy on us!”

“Poor critturs!” said Tom; “I’d be willin’ to bar all I have, if it’ll only bring ye to Christ! O Lord! give me these two more souls, I pray!”

That prayer was answered.

1851–1852, 1852

 **HARRIET BEECHER STOWE** 

*From* **Uncle Tom’s Cabin;**[**1**](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter80.html#ch80fn1) **or
Life among the Lowly**

[*Chapter XLI:*](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter41.html)*The Young Master*

\* \* \* After some months of unsuccessful search, by the merest accident, George[2](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter80.html#ch80fn2) fell in with a man in New Orleans, who happened to be possessed of the desired information; and with his money in his pocket, our hero took steamboat for Red River, resolving to find out and repurchase his old friend.

He was soon introduced into the house, where he found Legree in the sitting-room.

Legree received the stranger with a kind of surly hospitality.

“I understand,” said the young man, “that you bought, in New Orleans, a boy named Tom. He used to be on my father’s place, and I came to see if I could n’t buy him back.”

Legree’s brow grew dark, and he broke out passionately: “Yes, I did buy such a fellow,—and a h—l of a bargain I had of it, too! The most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! Set up my niggers to run away; got off two gals, worth eight hundred or a thousand dollars apiece. He owned to that, and when I bid him tell me where they was, he up and said he knew, but he would n’t tell; and stood to it, though I gave him the cussedest flogging I ever gave nigger yet. I b’lieve he’s trying to die; but I don’t know as he’ll make it out.”

“Where is he?” said George impetuously. “Let me see him.” The cheeks of the young man were crimson, and his eyes flashed fire; but he prudently said nothing as yet.

“He’s in dat ar shed,” said a little fellow, who stood holding George’s horse.

Legree kicked the boy, and swore at him; but George, without saying another word, turned and strode to the spot.

Tom had been lying two days since the fatal night; not suffering, for every nerve of suffering was blunted and destroyed. He lay for the most part in a quiet stupor; for the laws of a powerful and well-knit frame would not at once release the imprisoned spirit. By stealth, there had been there, in the darkness of the night, poor desolated creatures, who stole from their scanty hours’ rest, that they might repay to him some of those ministrations of love in which he had always been so abundant. Truly, those poor disciples had little to give,— only the cup of cold water; but it was given with full hearts.

Tears had fallen on that honest, insensible face,—tears of late repentance in the poor, ignorant heathen, whom his dying love and patience had awakened to repentance, and bitter prayers, breathed over him to a late-found Saviour, of whom they scarce knew more than the name, but whom the yearning ignorant heart of man never implores in vain.

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Cassy, who had glided out of her place of concealment, and, by overhearing, learned the sacrifice that had been made for her and Emmeline, had been there the night before, defying the danger of detection; and moved by the few last words which the affectionate soul had yet strength to breathe, the long winter of despair, the ice of years, had given way, and the dark, despairing woman had wept and prayed.

When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

“Is it possible,—is it possible?” said he, kneeling down by him. “Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!”

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He moved his head gently, smiled, and said,—

“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

Tears which did honor to his manly heart fell from the young man’s eyes, as he bent over his poor friend.

“Oh, dear Uncle Tom! do wake,—do speak once more! Look up! Here’s Mas’r George,—your own little Mas’r George. Don’t you know me?”

“Mas’r George!” said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice. “Mas’r George!” He looked bewildered.

Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

“Bless the Lord! it is,—it is,—it’s all I wanted! They have n’t forgot me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!”

“You sha’n’t die! you *must n’t* die, nor think of it. I’ve come to buy you, and take you home,” said George, with impetuous vehemence.

“Oh, Mas’r George, ye’re too late. The Lord’s bought me, and is going to take me home,—and I long to go. Heaven is better than Kintuck.”

“Oh, don’t die! It’ll kill me!—it’ll break my heart to think what you’ve suffered,—and lying in this old shed here! Poor, poor fellow!”

“Don’t call me poor fellow!” said Tom solemnly. “I *have* been poor fellow; but that’s all past and gone now. I’m right in the door, going into glory! Oh, Mas’r George! *heaven has come!* I’ve got the victory!—the Lord Jesus has given it to me! Glory be to his name!”

George was awe-struck at the force, the vehemence, the power, with which these broken sentences were uttered. He sat gazing in silence.

Tom grasped his hand, and continued: “Ye must n’t, now, tell Chloe, poor soul! how ye found me;—’t would be so drefful to her. Only tell her ye found me going into glory; and that I could n’t stay for no one. And tell her the Lord’s stood by me everywhere and al’ays, and made everything light and easy. And oh, the poor chil’en and the baby!—my old heart’s been most broke for ’em time and agin! Tell ’em all to follow me—follow me! Give my love to Mas’r, and dear good Missis, and everybody in the place! Ye don’t know! ’Pears like I loves ’em all! I loves every creatur every-whar!—it’s nothing *but* love! Oh, Mas’r George, what a thing ’t is to be a Christian!”

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At this moment, Legree sauntered up to the door of the shed, looked in, with a dogged air of affected carelessness, and turned away.

“The old Satan!” said George, in his indignation. “It’s a comfort to think the devil will pay *him* for this some of these days!”

“Oh, don’t!—Oh, ye must n’t!” said Tom, grasping his hand; “he’s a poor mis’able crittur! it’s awful to think on’t! Oh, if he only could repent, the Lord would forgive him now; but I’m ’feard he never will!”

“I hope he won’t!” said George; “I never want to see *him* in heaven!”

“Hush, Mas’r George!—it worries me! Don’t feel so! He ain’t done me no real harm,—only opened the gate of the kingdom for me; that’s all!”

At this moment, the sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man gave way. A sudden sinking fell upon him; he closed his eyes; and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face, that told the approach of other worlds.

He began to draw his breath with long, deep inspirations, and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

“Who—who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and, with a smile, he fell asleep.

George sat fixed with solemn awe. It seemed to him that the place was holy; and, as he closed the lifeless eyes and rose up from the dead, only one thought possessed him,—that expressed by his simple old friend: “What a thing it is to be a Christian!”

He turned; Legree was standing sullenly behind him.

Something in that dying scene had checked the natural fierceness of youthful passion. The presence of the man was simply loathsome to George; and he felt only an impulse to get away from him, with as few words as possible.

Fixing his keen, dark eyes on Legree, he simply said, pointing to the dead, “You have got all you ever can of him. What shall I pay you for the body? I will take it away, and bury it decently.”

“I don’t sell dead niggers,” said Legree doggedly. “You are welcome to bury him where and when you like.”

“Boys,” said George, in an authoritative tone, to two or three negroes, who were looking at the body, “help me lift him up, and carry him to my wagon; and get me a spade.”

One of them ran for a spade; the other two assisted George to carry the body to the wagon.

George neither spoke to nor looked at Legree, who did not countermand his orders, but stood, whistling with an air of forced unconcern. He sulkily followed them to where the wagon stood at the door.

George spread his cloak in the wagon, and had the body carefully disposed of in it,—moving the seat, so as to give it room. Then he turned, fixed his eyes on Legree, and said, with forced composure,—

“I have not as yet said to you what I think of this most atrocious affair;—this is not the time and place. But, sir, this innocent blood shall have justice. I will proclaim this murder. I will go to the very first magistrate and expose you.”

“Do!” said Legree, snapping his fingers scornfully. “I’d like to see you doing it. Where you going to get witnesses?—how you going to prove it?—Come, now!”

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George saw, at once, the force of this defiance. There was not a white person on the place; and, in all Southern courts, the testimony of colored blood is nothing. He felt at that moment as if he could have rent the heavens with his heart’s indignant cry for justice; but in vain.

“After all, what a fuss, for a dead nigger!” said Legree.

The word was as a spark to a powder-magazine. Prudence was never a cardinal virtue of the Kentucky boy. George turned, and, with one indignant blow, knocked Legree flat upon his face; and, as he stood over him, blazing with wrath and defiance, he would have formed no bad personification of his great namesake triumphing over the dragon.

Some men, however, are decidedly bettered by being knocked down. If a man lays them fairly flat in the dust, they seem immediately to conceive a respect for him; and Legree was one of this sort. As he rose, therefore, and brushed the dust from his clothes, he eyed the slowly retreating wagon with some evident consideration; nor did he open his mouth till it was out of sight.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation, George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees; there they made the grave.

“Shall we take off the cloak, Mas’r?” said the negroes, when the grave was ready.

“No, no,—bury it with him! It’s all I can give you now, poor Tom, and you shall have it.”

They laid him in; and the men shoveled away silently. They banked it up, and laid green turf over it.

“You may go, boys,” said George, slipping a quarter into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

“If young Mas’r would please buy us”—said one.

“We’d serve him so faithful!” said the other.

“Hard times here, Mas’r!” said the first. “Do, Mas’r, buy us, please!” “I can’t,—I can’t!” said George, with difficulty, motioning them off; “it’s impossible!”

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

“Witness, eternal God!” said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend,—“oh, witness, that, from this hour, I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!”

There is no monument to mark the last resting-place of our friend. He needs none! His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up, immortal, to appear with him when he shall appear in his glory.

Pity him not! Such a life and death is not for pity! Not in the riches of omnipotence is the chief glory of God; but in self-denying, suffering love! And blessed are the men whom he calls to fellowship with him, bearing their cross after him with patience. Of such it is written, “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

1851–1852, 1852

 **HARRIET JACOBS** 

*From* **Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl**

*VI: The Jealous Mistress*

I would ten thousand times rather that my children should be the half-starved paupers of Ireland than to be the most pampered among the slaves of America. I would rather drudge out my life on a cotton plantation, till the grave opened to give me rest, than to live with an unprincipled master and a jealous mistress. The felon’s home in a penitentiary is preferable. He may repent, and turn from the error of his ways, and so find peace; but it is not so with a favorite slave. She is not allowed to have any pride of character. It is deemed a crime in her to wish to be virtuous.

Mrs. Flint[1](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn1) possessed the key to her husband’s character before I was born. She might have used this knowledge to counsel and to screen the young and the innocent among her slaves; but for them she had no sympathy. They were the objects of her constant suspicion and malevolence. She watched her husband with unceasing vigilance; but he was well practised in means to evade it. What he could not find opportunity to say in words he manifested in signs. He invented more than were ever thought of in a deaf and dumb asylum. I let them pass, as if I did not understand what he meant; and many were the curses and threats bestowed on me for my stupidity. One day he caught me teaching myself to write. He frowned, as if he was not well pleased; but I suppose he came to the conclusion that such an accomplishment might help to advance his favorite scheme. Before long, notes were often slipped into my hand. I would return them, saying, “I can’t read them, sir.” “Can’t you?” he replied; “then I must read them to you.” He always finished the reading by asking, “Do you understand?” Sometimes he would complain of the heat of the tea room, and order his supper to be placed on a small table in the piazza. He would seat himself there with a well-satisfied smile, and tell me to stand by and brush away the flies. He would eat very slowly, pausing between the mouthfuls. These intervals were employed in describing the happiness I was so foolishly throwing away, and in threatening me with the penalty that finally awaited my stubborn disobedience. He boasted much of the forbearance he had exercised towards me, and reminded me that there was a limit to his patience. When I succeeded in avoiding opportunities for him to talk to me at home, I was ordered to come to his office, to do some errand. When there, I was obliged to stand and listen to such language as he saw fit to address me. Sometimes I so openly expressed my contempt for him that he would become violently enraged, and I wondered why he did not strike me. Circumstanced as he was, he probably thought it was better policy to be forbearing. But the state of things grew worse and worse daily. In desperation I told him that I must and would apply to my grandmother[2](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn2) for protection. He threatened me with death, and worse than death, if I made any complaint to her. Strange to say, I did not despair. I was naturally of a buoyant disposition, and always I had a hope of somehow getting out of his clutches. Like many a poor, simple slave before me, I trusted that some threads of joy would yet be woven into my dark destiny.

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I had entered my sixteenth year, and every day it became more apparent that my presence was intolerable to Mrs. Flint. Angry words frequently passed between her and her husband. He had never punished me himself, and he would not allow any body else to punish me. In that respect, she was never satisfied; but, in her angry moods, no terms were too vile for her to bestow upon me. Yet I, whom she detested so bitterly, had far more pity for her than he had, whose duty it was to make her life happy. I never wronged her, or wished to wrong her; and one word of kindness from her would have brought me to her feet.

After repeated quarrels between the doctor and his wife, he announced his intention to take his youngest daughter, then four years old, to sleep in his apartment. It was necessary that a servant should sleep in the same room, to be on hand if the child stirred. I was selected for that office, and informed for what purpose that arrangement had been made. By managing to keep within sight of people, as much as possible, during the day time, I had hitherto succeeded in eluding my master, though a razor was often held to my throat to force me to change this line of policy. At night I slept by the side of my great aunt, where I felt safe. He was too prudent to come into her room. She was an old woman, and had been in the family many years. Moreover, as a married man, and a professional man, he deemed it necessary to save appearances in some degree. But he resolved to remove the obstacle in the way of his scheme; and he thought he had planned it so that he should evade suspicion. He was well aware how much I prized my refuge by the side of my old aunt, and he determined to dispossess me of it. The first night the doctor had the little child in his room alone. The next morning, I was ordered to take my station as nurse the following night. A kind Providence interposed in my favor. During the day Mrs. Flint heard of this new arrangement, and a storm followed. I rejoiced to hear it rage.

After a while my mistress sent for me to come to her room. Her first question was, “Did you know you were to sleep in the doctor’s room?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Who told you?”

“My master.”

“Will you answer truly all the questions I ask?” “Yes, ma’am.”

“Tell me, then, as you hope to be forgiven, are you innocent of what I have accused you?”

“I am.”

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She handed me a Bible, and said, “Lay your hand on your heart, kiss this holy book, and swear before God that you tell me the truth.”

I took the oath she required, and I did it with a clear conscience.

“You have taken God’s holy word to testify your innocence,” said she. “If you have deceived me, beware! Now take this stool, sit down, look me directly in the face, and tell me all that has passed between your master and you.”

I did as she ordered. As I went on with my account her color changed frequently, she wept, and sometimes groaned. She spoke in tones so sad, that I was touched by her grief. The tears came to my eyes; but I was soon convinced that her emotions arose from anger and wounded pride. She felt that her marriage vows were desecrated, her dignity insulted; but she had no compassion for the poor victim of her husband’s perfidy. She pitied herself as a martyr; but she was incapable of feeling for the condition of shame and misery in which her unfortunate, helpless slave was placed.

Yet perhaps she had some touch of feeling for me; for when the conference was ended, she spoke kindly, and promised to protect me. I should have been much comforted by this assurance if I could have had confidence in it; but my experiences in slavery had filled me with distrust. She was not a very refined woman, and had not much control over her passions. I was an object of her jealousy, and, consequently, of her hatred; and I knew I could not expect kindness or confidence from her under the circumstances in which I was placed. I could not blame her. Slaveholders’ wives feel as other women would under similar circumstances. The fire of her temper kindled from small sparks, and now the flame became so intense that the doctor was obliged to give up his intended arrangement.

I knew I had ignited the torch, and I expected to suffer for it afterwards; but I felt too thankful to my mistress for the timely aid she rendered me to care much about that. She now took me to sleep in a room adjoining her own. There I was an object of her especial care, though not of her especial comfort, for she spent many a sleepless night to watch over me. Sometimes I woke up, and found her bending over me. At other times she whispered in my ear, as though it was her husband who was speaking to me, and listened to hear what I would answer. If she startled me, on such occasions, she would glide stealthily away; and the next morning she would tell me I had been talking in my sleep, and ask who I was talking to. At last, I began to be fearful for my life. It had been often threatened; and you can imagine, better than I can describe, what an unpleasant sensation it must produce to wake up in the dead of night and find a jealous woman bending over you. Terrible as this experience was, I had fears that it would give place to one more terrible.

My mistress grew weary of her vigils; they did not prove satisfactory. She changed her tactics. She now tried the trick of accusing my master of crime, in my presence, and gave my name as the author of the accusation. To my utter astonishment, he replied, “I don’t believe it: but if she did acknowledge it, you tortured her into exposing me.” Tortured into exposing him! Truly, Satan had no difficulty in distinguishing the color of his soul! I understood his object in making this false representation. It was to show me that I gained nothing by seeking the protection of my mistress; that the power was still all in his own hands. I pitied Mrs. Flint. She was a second wife,[3](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn3) many years the junior of her husband; and the hoary-headed miscreant was enough to try the patience of a wiser and better woman. She was completely foiled, and knew not how to proceed. She would gladly have had me flogged for my supposed false oath; but, as I have already stated, the doctor never allowed any one to whip me. The old sinner was politic. The application of the lash might have led to remarks that would have exposed him in the eyes of his children and grandchildren. How often did I rejoice that I lived in a town where all the inhabitants knew each other! If I had been on a remote plantation, or lost among the multitude of a crowded city, I should not be a living woman at this day.

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The secrets of slavery are concealed like those of the Inquisition. My master was, to my knowledge, the father of eleven slaves. But did the mothers dare to tell who was the father of their children? Did the other slaves dare to allude to it, except in whispers among themselves? No, indeed! They knew too well the terrible consequences.

My grandmother could not avoid seeing things which excited her suspicions. She was uneasy about me, and tried various ways to buy me; but the neverchanging answer was always repeated: “Linda does not belong to *me.* She is my daughter’s property, and I have no legal right to sell her.” The conscientious man! He was too scrupulous to *sell* me; but he had no scruples whatever about committing a much greater wrong against the helpless young girl placed under his guardianship, as his daughter’s property. Sometimes my persecutor would ask me whether I would like to be sold. I told him I would rather be sold to any body than to lead such a life as I did. On such occasions he would assume the air of a very injured individual, and reproach me for my ingratitude. “Did I not take you into the house, and make you the companion of my own children?” he would say. “Have I ever treated you like a negro? I have never allowed you to be punished, not even to please your mistress. And this is the recompense I get, you ungrateful girl!” I answered that he had reasons of his own for screening me from punishment, and that the course he pursued made my mistress hate me and persecute me. If I wept, he would say, “Poor child! Don’t cry! don’t cry! I will make peace for you with your mistress. Only let me arrange matters in my own way. Poor, foolish girl! you don’t know what is for your own good. I would cherish you. I would make a lady of you. Now go, and think of all I have promised you.”

I did think of it.

Reader, I draw no imaginary pictures of southern homes. I am telling you the plain truth. Yet when victims make their escape from this wild beast of Slavery, northerners consent to act the part of bloodhounds, and hunt the poor fugitive back into his den, “full of dead men’s bones, and all uncleanness.”[4](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn4) Nay, more, they are not only willing, but proud, to give their daughters in marriage to slaveholders. The poor girls have romantic notions of a sunny clime, and of the flowering vines that all the year round shade a happy home. To what disappointments are they destined! The young wife soon learns that the husband in whose hands she has placed her happiness pays no regard to his marriage vows. Children of every shade of complexion play with her own fair babies, and too well she knows that they are born unto him of his own household. Jealousy and hatred enter the flowery home, and it is ravaged of its loveliness.

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Southern women often marry a man knowing that he is the father of many little slaves. They do not trouble themselves about it. They regard such children as property, as marketable as the pigs on the plantation; and it is seldom that they do not make them aware of this by passing them into the slavetrader’s hands as soon as possible, and thus getting them out of their sight. I am glad to say there are some honorable exceptions.

I have myself known two southern wives who exhorted their husbands to free those slaves towards whom they stood in a “parental relation;” and their request was granted. These husbands blushed before the superior nobleness of their wives’ natures. Though they had only counselled them to do that which it was their duty to do, it commanded their respect, and rendered their conduct more exemplary. Concealment was at an end, and confidence took the place of distrust.

Though this bad institution deadens the moral sense, even in white women, to a fearful extent, it is not altogether extinct. I have heard southern ladies say of Mr. Such a one, “He not only thinks it no disgrace to be the father of those little niggers, but he is not ashamed to call himself their master. I declare, such things ought not to be tolerated in any decent society!”

\* \* \*

*XVII: The Flight*

Mr. Flint[5](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn5) was hard pushed for house servants, and rather than lose me he had restrained his malice. I did my work faithfully, though not, of course, with a willing mind. They were evidently afraid I should leave them. Mr. Flint wished that I should sleep in the great house instead of the servants’ quarters. His wife agreed to the proposition, but said I mustn’t bring my bed into the house, because it would scatter feathers on her carpet. I knew when I went there that they would never think of such a thing as furnishing a bed of any kind for me and my little one. I therefore carried my own bed, and now I was forbidden to use it. I did as I was ordered. But now that I was certain my children were to be put in their power, in order to give them a stronger hold on me, I resolved to leave them that night. I remembered the grief this step would bring upon my dear old grandmother; and nothing less than the freedom of my children would have induced me to disregard her advice. I went about my evening work with trembling steps. Mr. Flint twice called from his chamber door to inquire why the house was not locked up. I replied that I had not done my work. “You have had time enough to do it,” said he. “Take care how you answer me!”

I shut all the windows, locked all the doors, and went up to the third story, to wait till midnight. How long those hours seemed, and how fervently I prayed that God would not forsake me in this hour of utmost need! I was about to risk every thing on the throw of a die; and if I failed, O what would become of me and my poor children? They would be made to suffer for my fault.

At half past twelve I stole softly down stairs. I stopped on the second floor, thinking I heard a noise. I felt my way down into the parlor, and looked out of the window. The night was so intensely dark that I could see nothing. I raised the window very softly and jumped out. Large drops of rain were falling, and the darkness bewildered me. I dropped on my knees, and breathed a short prayer to God for guidance and protection. I groped my way to the road, and rushed towards the town with almost lightning speed. I arrived at my grandmother’s house, but dared not see her. She would say, “Linda,[6](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn6) you are killing me;” and I knew that would unnerve me. I tapped softly at the window of a room, occupied by a woman, who had lived in the house several years. I knew she was a faithful friend, and could be trusted with my secret. I tapped several times before she heard me. At last she raised the window, and I whispered, “Sally, I have run away. Let me in, quick.” She opened the door softly, and said in low tones, “For God’s sake, don’t. Your grandmother is trying to buy you and de chillern. Mr. Sands was here last week. He tole her he was going away on business, but he wanted her to go ahead about buying you and de chillern, and he would help her all he could. Don’t run away, Linda. Your grandmother is all bowed down wid trouble now.”

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I replied, “Sally, they are going to carry my children to the plantation tomorrow; and they will never sell them to any body so long as they have me in their power. Now, would you advise me to go back?”

“No, chile, no,” answered she. “When dey finds you is gone, dey won’t want de plague ob de chillern; but where is you going to hide? Dey knows ebery inch ob dis house.”

I told her I had a hiding-place, and that was all it was best for her to know. I asked her to go into my room as soon as it was light, and take all my clothes out of my trunk, and pack them in hers; for I knew Mr. Flint and the constable would be there early to search my room. I feared the sight of my children would be too much for my full heart; but I could not go out into the uncertain future without one last look. I bent over the bed where lay my little Benny and baby Ellen.[7](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn7) Poor little ones! fatherless and motherless! Memories of their father came over me. He wanted to be kind to them; but they were not all to him, as they were to my womanly heart. I knelt and prayed for the innocent little sleepers. I kissed them lightly, and turned away.

As I was about to open the street door, Sally laid her hand on my shoulder, and said, “Linda, is you gwine all alone? Let me call your uncle.”

“No, Sally,” I replied, “I want no one to be brought into trouble on my account.”

I went forth into the darkness and rain. I ran on till I came to the house of the friend who was to conceal me.

Early the next morning Mr. Flint was at my grandmother’s inquiring for me. She told him she had not seen me, and supposed I was at the plantation. He watched her face narrowly, and said, “Don’t you know any thing about her running off?” She assured him that she did not. He went on to say, “Last night she ran off without the least provocation. We had treated her very kindly. My wife liked her. She will soon be found and brought back. Are her children with you?” When told that they were, he said, “I am very glad to hear that. If they are here, she cannot be far off. If I find out that any of my niggers have had any thing to do with this damned business, I’ll give ’em five hundred lashes.” As he started to go to his father’s, he turned round and added, persuasively, “Let her be brought back, and she shall have her children to live with her.”

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The tidings made the old doctor rave and storm at a furious rate. It was a busy day for them. My grandmother’s house was searched from top to bottom. As my trunk was empty, they concluded I had taken my clothes with me. Before ten o’clock every vessel northward bound was thoroughly examined, and the law against harboring fugitives was read to all on board. At night a watch was set over the town. Knowing how distressed my grandmother would be, I wanted to send her a message; but it could not be done. Every one who went in or out of her house was closely watched. The doctor said he would take my children, unless she became responsible for them; which of course she willingly did. The next day was spent in searching. Before night, the following advertisement was posted at every corner, and in every public place for miles round:—

“$300 REWARD! Ran away from the subscriber, an intelligent, bright, mulatto girl, named Linda, 21 years of age. Five feet four inches high. Dark eyes, and black hair inclined to curl; but it can be made straight. Has a decayed spot on a front tooth. She can read and write, and in all probability will try to get to the Free States. All persons are forbidden, under penalty of the law, to harbor or employ said slave. $150 will be given to whoever takes her in the state, and $300 if taken out of the state and delivered to me, or lodged in jail.

DR. FLINT.”

*XVIII: Months of Peril*

The search for me was kept up with more perseverance than I had anticipated. I began to think that escape was impossible. I was in great anxiety lest I should implicate the friend who harbored me. I knew the consequences would be frightful; and much as I dreaded being caught, even that seemed better than causing an innocent person to suffer for kindness to me. A week had passed in terrible suspense, when my pursuers came into such close vicinity that I concluded they had tracked me to my hiding-place. I flew out of the house, and concealed myself in a thicket of bushes. There I remained in an agony of fear for two hours. Suddenly, a reptile of some kind seized my leg. In my fright, I struck a blow which loosened its hold, but I could not tell whether I had killed it; it was so dark, I could not see what it was; I only knew it was something cold and slimy. The pain I felt soon indicated that the bite was poisonous. I was compelled to leave my place of concealment, and I groped my way back into the house. The pain had become intense, and my friend was startled by my look of anguish. I asked her to prepare a poultice of warm ashes and vinegar, and I applied it to my leg, which was already much swollen. The application gave me some relief, but the swelling did not abate. The dread of being disabled was greater than the physical pain I endured. My friend asked an old woman, who doctored among the slaves, what was good for the bite of a snake or a lizard. She told her to steep a dozen coppers in vinegar, over night, and apply the cankered vinegar to the inflamed part.[8](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn8)

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I had succeeded in cautiously conveying some messages to my relatives. They were harshly threatened, and despairing of my having a chance to escape, they advised me to return to my master, ask his forgiveness, and let him make an example of me. But such counsel had no influence with me. When I started upon this hazardous undertaking, I had resolved that, come what would, there should be no turning back. “Give me liberty, or give me death,” was my motto. When my friend contrived to make known to my relatives the painful situation I had been in for twenty-four hours, they said no more about my going back to my master. Something must be done, and that speedily; but where to turn for help, they knew not. God in his mercy raised up “a friend in need.”

Among the ladies who were acquainted with my grandmother, was one who had known her from childhood, and always been very friendly to her. She had also known my mother and her children, and felt interested for them. At this crisis of affairs she called to see my grandmother, as she not unfrequently did. She observed the sad and troubled expression of her face, and asked if she knew where Linda was, and whether she was safe. My grandmother shook her head, without answering. “Come, Aunt Martha,” said the kind lady, “tell me all about it. Perhaps I can do something to help you.” The husband of this lady held many slaves, and bought and sold slaves. She also held a number in her own name; but she treated them kindly, and would never allow any of them to be sold. She was unlike the majority of slaveholders’ wives. My grandmother looked earnestly at her. Something in the expression of her face said “Trust me!” and she did trust her. She listened attentively to the details of my story, and sat thinking for a while. At last she said, “Aunt Martha, I pity you both. If you think there is any chance of Linda’s getting to the Free States, I will conceal her for a time. But first you must solemnly promise that my name shall never be mentioned. If such a thing should become known, it would ruin me and my family. No one in my house must know of it, except the cook. She is so faithful that I would trust my own life with her; and I know she likes Linda. It is a great risk; but I trust no harm will come of it. Get word to Linda to be ready as soon as it is dark, before the patrols are out. I will send the housemaids on errands, and Betty shall go to meet Linda.” The place where we were to meet was designated and agreed upon. My grandmother was unable to thank the lady for this noble deed; overcome by her emotions, she sank on her knees and sobbed like a child.

I received a message to leave my friend’s house at such an hour, and go to a certain place where a friend would be waiting for me. As a matter of prudence no names were mentioned. I had no means of conjecturing who I was to meet, or where I was going. I did not like to move thus blindfolded, but I had no choice. It would not do for me to remain where I was. I disguised myself, summoned up courage to meet the worst, and went to the appointed place. My friend Betty was there; she was the last person I expected to see. We hurried along in silence. The pain in my leg was so intense that it seemed as if I should drop; but fear gave me strength. We reached the house and entered unobserved. Her first words were: “Honey, now you is safe. Dem devils ain’t coming to search *dis* house. When I get you into missis’ safe place, I will bring some nice hot supper. I specs you need it after all dis skeering.” Betty’s vocation led her to think eating the most important thing in life. She did not realize that my heart was too full for me to care much about supper.

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The mistress came to meet us, and led me up stairs to a small room over her own sleeping apartment. “You will be safe here, Linda,” said she; “I keep this room to store away things that are out of use. The girls are not accustomed to be sent to it, and they will not suspect any thing unless they hear some noise. I always keep it locked, and Betty shall take care of the key. But you must be very careful, for my sake as well as your own; and you must never tell my secret; for it would ruin me and my family. I will keep the girls busy in the morning, that Betty may have a chance to bring your breakfast; but it will not do for her to come to you again till night. I will come to see you sometimes. Keep up your courage. I hope this state of things will not last long.” Betty came with the “nice hot supper,” and the mistress hastened down stairs to keep things straight till she returned. How my heart overflowed with gratitude! Words choked in my throat; but I could have kissed the feet of my benefactress. For that deed of Christian womanhood, may God forever bless her!

I went to sleep that night with the feeling that I was for the present the most fortunate slave in town. Morning came and filled my little cell with light. I thanked the heavenly Father for this safe retreat. Opposite my window was a pile of feather beds. On the top of these I could lie perfectly concealed, and command a view of the street through which Dr. Flint passed to his office. Anxious as I was, I felt a gleam of satisfaction when I saw him. Thus far I had outwitted him, and I triumphed over it. Who can blame slaves for being cunning? They are constantly compelled to resort to it. It is the only weapon of the weak and oppressed against the strength of their tyrants.

I was daily hoping to hear that my master had sold my children; for I knew who was on the watch to buy them. But Dr. Flint cared even more for revenge than he did for money. My brother William,[9](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82fn9) and the good aunt[1](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82afn1) who had served in his family twenty years, and my little Benny, and Ellen, who was a little over two years old, were thrust into jail, as a means of compelling my relatives to give some information about me. He swore my grandmother should never see one of them again till I was brought back. They kept these facts from me for several days. When I heard that my little ones were in a loathsome jail, my first impulse was to go to them. I was encountering dangers for the sake of freeing them, and must I be the cause of their death? The thought was agonizing. My benefactress tried to soothe me by telling me that my aunt would take good care of the children while they remained in jail. But it added to my pain to think that the good old aunt, who had always been so kind to her sister’s orphan children, should be shut up in prison for no other crime than loving them. I suppose my friends feared a reckless movement on my part, knowing, as they did, that my life was bound up in my children. I received a note from my brother William. It was scarcely legible, and ran thus: “Wherever you are, dear sister, I beg of you not to come here. We are all much better off than you are. If you come, you will ruin us all. They would force you to tell where you had been, or they would kill you. Take the advice of your friends; if not for the sake of me and your children, at least for the sake of those you would ruin.”

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Poor William! He also must suffer for being my brother. I took his advice and kept quiet. My aunt was taken out of jail at the end of a month, because Mrs. Flint could not spare her any longer. She was tired of being her own housekeeper. It was quite too fatiguing to order her dinner and eat it too. My children remained in jail, where brother William did all he could for their comfort. Betty went to see them sometimes, and brought me tidings. She was not permitted to enter the jail; but William would hold them up to the grated window while she chatted with them. When she repeated their prattle, and told me how they wanted to see their ma, my tears would flow. Old Betty would exclaim, “Lors, chile! what’s you crying ’bout? Dem young uns vil kill you dead. Don’t be so chick’n hearted! If you does, you vil nebber git thro’ dis world.”

Good old soul! She had gone through the world childless. She had never had little ones to clasp their arms round her neck; she had never seen their soft eyes looking into hers; no sweet little voices had called her mother; she had never pressed her own infants to her heart, with the feeling that even in fetters there was something to live for. How could she realize my feelings? Betty’s husband loved children dearly, and wondered why God had denied them to him. He expressed great sorrow when he came to Betty with the tidings that Ellen had been taken out of jail and carried to Dr. Flint’s. She had the measles a short time before they carried her to jail, and the disease had left her eyes affected. The doctor had taken her home to attend to them. My children had always been afraid of the doctor and his wife. They had never been inside of their house. Poor little Ellen cried all day to be carried back to prison. The instincts of childhood are true. She knew she was loved in the jail. Her screams and sobs annoyed Mrs. Flint. Before night she called one of the slaves, and said, “Here, Bill, carry this brat back to the jail. I can’t stand her noise. If she would be quiet I should like to keep the little minx. She would make a handy waiting-maid for my daughter by and by. But if she staid here, with her white face, I suppose I should either kill her or spoil her. I hope the doctor will sell them as far as wind and water can carry them. As for their mother, her ladyship will find out yet what she gets by running away. She hasn’t so much feeling for her children as a cow has for its calf. If she had, she would have come back long ago, to get them out of jail, and save all this expense and trouble. The good-for-nothing hussy! When she is caught, she shall stay in jail, in irons, for one six months, and then be sold to a sugar plantation. I shall see her broke in yet. What do you stand there for, Bill? Why don’t you go off with the brat? Mind, now, that you don’t let any of the niggers speak to her in the street!”

When these remarks were reported to me, I smiled at Mrs. Flint’s saying that she should either kill my child or spoil her. I thought to myself there was very little danger of the latter. I have always considered it as one of God’s special providences that Ellen screamed till she was carried back to jail.

That same night Dr. Flint was called to a patient, and did not return till near morning. Passing my grandmother’s, he saw a light in the house, and thought to himself, “Perhaps this has something to do with Linda.” He knocked, and the door was opened. “What calls you up so early?” said he. “I saw your light, and I thought I would just stop and tell you that I have found out where Linda is. I know where to put my hands on her, and I shall have her before twelve o’clock.” When he had turned away, my grandmother and my uncle looked anxiously at each other. They did not know whether or not it was merely one of the doctor’s tricks to frighten them. In their uncertainty, they thought it was best to have a message conveyed to my friend Betty. Unwilling to alarm her mistress, Betty resolved to dispose of me herself. She came to me, and told me to rise and dress quickly. We hurried down stairs, and across the yard, into the kitchen. She locked the door, and lifted up a plank in the floor. A buffalo skin and a bit of carpet were spread for me to lie on, and a quilt thrown over me. “Stay dar,” said she, “till I sees if dey know ’bout you. Dey say dey vil put thar hans on you afore twelve o’clock. If dey *did* know whar you are, dey won’t know *now.* Dey’ll be disapinted dis time. Dat’s all I got to say. If dey comes rummagin ’mong *my* tings, dey’ll get one bressed sarssin[2](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82afn2) from dis ’ere nigger.” In my shallow bed I had but just room enough to bring my hands to my face to keep the dust out of my eyes; for Betty walked over me twenty times in an hour, passing from the dresser to the fireplace. When she was alone, I could hear her pronouncing anathemas over Dr. Flint and all his tribe, every now and then saying, with a chuckling laugh, “Dis nigger’s too cute for ’em dis time.” When the housemaids were about, she had sly ways of drawing them out, that I might hear what they would say. She would repeat stories she had heard about my being in this, or that, or the other place. To which they would answer, that I was not fool enouh to be staying round there; that I was in Philadelphia or New York before this time. When all were abed and asleep, Betty raised the plank, and said, “Come out, chile; come out. Dey don’t know nottin ’bout you. ’Twas only white folks’ lies, to skeer de niggers.”

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Some days after this adventure I had a much worse fright. As I sat very still in my retreat above stairs, cheerful visions floated through my mind. I thought Dr. Flint would soon get discouraged, and would be willing to sell my children, when he lost all hopes of making them the means of my discovery. I knew who was ready to buy them. Suddenly I heard a voice that chilled my blood. The sound was too familiar to me, it had been too dreadful, for me not to recognize at once my old master. He was in the house, and I at once concluded he had come to seize me. I looked round in terror. There was no way of escape. The voice receded. I supposed the constable was with him, and they were searching the house. In my alarm I did not forget the trouble I was bringing on my generous benefactress. It seemed as if I were born to bring sorrow on all who befriended me, and that was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup of my life. After a while I heard approaching footsteps; the key was turned in my door. I braced myself against the wall to keep from falling. I ventured to look up, and there stood my kind benefactress alone. I was too much overcome to speak, and sunk down upon the floor.

“I thought you would hear your master’s voice,” she said; “and knowing you would be terrified, I came to tell you there is nothing to fear. You may even indulge in a laugh at the old gentleman’s expense. He is so sure you are in New York, that he came to borrow five hundred dollars to go in pursuit of you. My sister had some money to loan on interest. He has obtained it, and proposes to start for New York to-night. So, for the present, you see you are safe. The doctor will merely lighten his pocket hunting after the bird he has left behind.”

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*XIX: The Children Sold*

The doctor came back from New York, of course without accomplishing his purpose. He had expended considerable money, and was rather disheartened. My brother and the children had now been in jail two months, and that also was some expense. My friends thought it was a favorable time to work on his discouraged feelings. Mr. Sands[3](https://jigsaw.vitalsource.com/books/1259609057/epub/OPS/xhtml/Chapter82.html#ch82afn1) sent a speculator to offer him nine hundred dollars for my brother William, and eight hundred for the two children. These were high prices, as slaves were then selling; but the offer was rejected. If it had been merely a question of money, the doctor would have sold any boy of Benny’s age for two hundred dollars; but he could not bear to give up the power of revenge. But he was hard pressed for money, and he revolved the matter in his mind. He knew that if he could keep Ellen till she was fifteen, he could sell her for a high price; but I presume he reflected that she might die, or might be stolen away. At all events, he came to the conclusion that he had better accept the slave-trader’s offer. Meeting him in the street, he inquired when he would leave town. “Today, at ten o’clock,” he replied. “Ah, do you go so soon?” said the doctor; “I have been reflecting upon your proposition, and I have concluded to let you have the three negroes if you will say nineteen hundred dollars.” After some parley, the trader agreed to his terms. He wanted the bill of sale drawn up and signed immediately, as he had a great deal to attend to during the short time he remained in town. The doctor went to the jail and told William he would take him back into his service if he would promise to behave himself; but he replied that he would rather be sold. “And you *shall* be sold, you ungrateful rascal!” exclaimed the doctor. In less than an hour the money was paid, the papers were signed, sealed, and delivered, and my brother and children were in the hands of the trader.

It was a hurried transaction; and after it was over, the doctor’s characteristic caution returned. He went back to the speculator, and said, “Sir, I have come to lay you under obligations of a thousand dollars not to sell any of those negroes in this state.” “You come too late,” replied the trader; “our bargain is closed.” He had, in fact, already sold them to Mr. Sands, but he did not mention it. The doctor required him to put irons on “that rascal, Bill,” and to pass through the back streets when he took his gang out of town. The trader was privately instructed to concede to his wishes. My good old aunt went to the jail to bid the children good by, supposing them to be the speculator’s property, and that she should never see them again. As she held Benny in her lap, he said, “Aunt Nancy, I want to show you something.” He led her to the door and showed her a long row of marks, saying, “Uncle Will taught me to count. I have made a mark for every day I have been here, and it is sixty days. It is a long time; and the speculator is going to take me and Ellen away. He’s a bad man. It’s wrong for him to take grandmother’s children. I want to go to my mother.”

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My grandmother was told that the children would be restored to her, but she was requested to act as if they were really to be sent away. Accordingly, she made up a bundle of clothes and went to the jail. When she arrived, she found William handcuffed among the gang, and the children in the trader’s cart. The scene seemed too much like reality. She was afraid there might have been some deception or mistake. She fainted, and was carried home.

When the wagon stopped at the hotel, several gentlemen came out and proposed to purchase William, but the trader refused their offers, without stating that he was already sold. And now came the trying hour for that drove of human beings, driven away like cattle, to be sold they knew not where. Husbands were torn from wives, parents from children, never to look upon each other again this side the grave. There was wringing of hands and cries of despair.

Dr. Flint had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the wagon leave town, and Mrs. Flint had the gratification of supposing that my children were going “as far as wind and water would carry them.” According to agreement, my uncle followed the wagon some miles, until they came to an old farm house. There the trader took the irons from William, and as he did so, he said, “You are a damned clever fellow. I should like to own you myself. Them gentlemen that wanted to buy you said you was a bright, honest chap, and I must git you a good home. I guess your old master will swear tomorrow, and call himself an old fool for selling the children. I reckon he’ll never git their mammy back agin. I expect she’s made tracks for the north. Good by, old boy. Remember, I have done you a good turn. You must thank me by coaxing all the pretty gals to go with me next fall. That’s going to be my last trip. This trading in niggers is a bad business for a fellow that’s got any heart. Move on, you fellows!” And the gang went on, God alone knows where.

Much as I despise and detest the class of slave-traders, whom I regard as the vilest wretches on earth, I must do this man the justice to say that he seemed to have some feeling. He took a fancy to William in the jail, and wanted to buy him. When he heard the story of my children, he was willing to aid them in getting out of Dr. Flint’s power, even without charging the customary fee.

My uncle procured a wagon and carried William and the children back to town. Great was the joy in my grandmother’s house! The curtains were closed, and the candles lighted. The happy grandmother cuddled the little ones to her bosom. They hugged her, and kissed her, and clapped their hands, and shouted. She knelt down and poured forth one of her heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving to God. The father was present for a while; and though such a “parental relation” as existed between him and my children takes slight hold of the hearts or consciences of slaveholders, it must be that he experienced some moments of pure joy in witnessing the happiness he had imparted. \* \* \*

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