HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. | Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, June 22, 1853. | New Series. No. 44.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—25 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 5s. 6d.—36 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.

Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXIV.

The Quadroon's Story—Misse Cassy's Charity—Wrong without Remedy—Tom's Bible again—Cassy's Story—Faith and Despair.

"And behold the tears of such as were oppressed; and on the side of their oppressors there was power. Wherefore I praised the dead that are already dead more than the living which are yet alive."—*Eccl.* iv. 1, 2.

IT was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone, in an old forsaken room of the gin-house, among pieces of broken machinery, piles of damged cotton, and other rubbish which had there accumulated.

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with myriads of mosquitos, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning thirst—a torture beyond all others—filled up the uttermost measure of physical anguish.

"O good Lord! *Do* look down—give me the victory!—give me the victory over all!" prayed poor Tom, in his anguish.

A footstep entered the room behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

"Who's there? Oh, for the Lord's massy, please give me some water!"

The woman Cassy—for it was she—set down her lantern, and, pouring water from a bottle, raised his head and gave him drink. Another and another cup were drained, with feverish eagerness.

"Drink all ye want," she said; "I knew how it would be. It isn't the first time I've been out in the night, carrying water to such as you."

"Thank you, Missis," said Tom, when he had done drinking.

"don't call me missis! I'm a miserable slave like your self—a lower one than you can ever be!" said she, bitterly. "But now," said she, going to the door, and dragging in a small palliasse, over which she had spread linen cloths wet with cold water, "try, my poor fellow, to roll yourself on to this."

Stiff with wounds and bruises, Tom was a long time in accomplishing this movement; but when done, he felt a sensible relief from the cooling application to his wounds.

The woman, whom long practice with the victims of brutality had made familiar with many healing arts, went on to make many applications to Tom's wounds, by means of which he was soon somewhat releived.

"Now," said the woman, when she had raised his head on a roll of damaged cotton, which served for a pillow, "there's the best I can do for you,"

Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting down on the floor, drew up her knees, and embracing them with her arms, looked fixedly before her, with a bitter and painful expression of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and long wavy streams of black hair fell around her singular and melancholy face.

"It's no use, my poor fellow," she broke out, at last; "it's of no use, this you've been trying to do. You were a brave fellow—you had the right on your side; but it's all in vain, and out of the question, for you to struggle. You are in the devil's hands; he is the strongest, and you must give up."

Give up! and had not human weakness and physical agony whispered that before! Tom started; for the bitter woman, with her wild eyes and melancholy voice, seemed to him an embodiment of the temptation with which he had been wrestling.

"O Lord! O Lord!" he groaned, "how can I give up!"

"There's no use calling on the Lord—he never hears," said the woman, steadily. There isn't any God, I believe; or, if there is, he's taken sides against us. All goes against us, heaven and earth. Everything is pushing us into hell. Why shouldn't we go?"

Tom closed his eyes, and shuddered at the dark, atheistic words.

"You see," said the woman, "*you* don't know anything about it—I do. I've been on this place five years, body and soul, under this man's foot, and I hate him as I do the devil! Here you are, on a lone plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps; not a white person here who could testify if you were burned alive—if you were scalded, cut into inch-pieces, set up for the dogs to tear, or hung up and whipped to death. There's no law here, of God or man, that can do you or any one of us the least good; and this man! there's no earthly thing that he's too good to do. I could make any one's hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I've seen and been knowing to here—and it's no use resisting! Did I *want* to live with him! Wasn't I a woman delicately bred! and he—God in heaven! what was he, and is he? And yet I've lived with him these five years, and cursed every moment of my life—night and day! And now he's got a new one—a young thing, only fifteen; and she brought up, she says, piously. Her good mistress taught her to read the Bible, and she's brought her Bible here—to hell, with her!" And the woman laughed a wild and doleful laugh, that rang with a strange supernatural sound through the old ruined shed.

Tom folded his hands; all was darkness and horror.

"O Jesus! Lord Jesus! have you quite forgot us poor critturs!" burst forth, at last. "Help, Lord, I perish!"

The woman sternly continued:—

"And what are these miserable low dogs you work with, that you should suffer on their account! Every one of them would turn against you the first time they got a chance. They are all of 'em as low and cruel to each other as they can be; and there's no use in your suffering to keep from hurting them."

"Poor critturs!" said Tom, "what made 'em cruel! And if I give out, I shall get used to't and grow, little by little, just like 'em! No, no, missis! I've lost everything—wife, and children, and home, and a kind mas'r—and he would have set me free, if he'd only lived a week longer. I've lost every thing in *this* world, and it's clean gone for ever—and now I *can't* lose heaven, too; no, I can't get to be wicked, besides all!"

"But it can't be that the Lord will lay sin to our account," said the woman; "He won't charge it to us, when we're forced to it; He'll charge it to them that drove us to it."

"Yes," said Tom; "but that won't keep us from growing wicked. If I get to be as hard-hearted as that ar Sambo, and as wicked, it won't make much odds to me how I come so; it's the *bein' so*—that ar's what I'm a dreadin'."

The woman fixed a wild and startled look on Tom, as if a new thought had struck her; and then, heavily groaning, said—

"O God a' mercy! you speak the truth! Oh—oh—oh!" And, with groans, she fell on the floor, like one crushed and writhing under the extremity of mental anguish.

There was a silence awhile, in which the breathing of both parties could be heard, when Tom faintly said, "Oh, please, missis!"—

The woman suddenly rose up, with her face composed to its usual stern, melancholy expression.

"Please, missis, I saw 'em throw my coat in that ar' corner, and in my coat-pocket is my Bible—if misses would please get it for me."

Cassy went and got it. Tom opened at once to a heavily-marked passage, much worn, of the last scenes in the life of Him by whose stripes we are healed.

"If mises would only be so good as read that ar'—it's better than water."

Cassy took the book with a dry, proud air, and looked over the passage. She then read aloud, in a soft voice, and with a beauty of intonation that was peculiar, that touching account of anguish and of glory. Often, as she read, her voice faltered, and sometimes failed her altogether, when she would stop, with an air of frigid composure, till she had mastered herself. When she came to the touching words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," she threw down the book, and, burying her face in the heavy masses of her hair, she sobbed aloud, with a convulsive violence.

Tom was weeping also, and occasionally uttering a smothered ejaculation.

"If we only could keep up to that ar'!" said Tom—"it seemed to come so natural to him, and we have to fight so hard for't! O Lord, help us! O blessed Lord Jesus, do help us!"

"Misses," said Tom, after a while, "I can see that somehow you'r quite 'bove me in everything; but there's one thing misses might learn even from poor Tom. Ye said the Lord took sides against us because he lets us be 'bused and knocked round; but ye see what come on his own Son—the blessed Lord of Glory. Wa'n't he al'ays poor! and have we, any on us, yet come so low as he come? The Lord han't forgot us—I'm sartan o' that ar'. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign, Scripture says; but if we deny Him, He also will deny us. Didn't they all suffer—the Lord and all His? It tells how they were stoned and sawn asunder, and wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, and was destitute, afflicted, tormented. Sufferin' an't no reason to make us think the Lord's turned agin us; but jest the contrary, if we only hold on to him, and doesn't give up to sin."

"But why does He put us where we can't help but sin? said the woman.

"I think we *can* help it," said Tom.

"You'll see," said Cassy. "What'll you do? To-morrow they'll be at you again. I know 'em, I have seen all their doings; I can't bear to think of all they'll bring you to—and they'll make you give out at last!"

"Lord Jesus!" said Tom, "you *will* take care of my soul? O Lord, O Lord!—don't let me give out!"

"O, dear," said Cassy, "I've heard all this crying and praying before; and yet they've been broken down and brought under. There's Emmeline, she's trying to hold on, and you're trying—but what use? You must give up, or be killed by inches."

"Well, then, I *will* die!" said Tom. "Spin it out as long as they can, they can't help my dying some time!—and after that, they can't do no more. I'm clar! I'm set! I *know* the Lord'll help me, and bring me through."

The woman did not answer; she sat with her black eyes intently fixed on the floor.

"Maybe it's the way," she murmured to herself; "but those that *have* given up, there's no hope for them—none! We live in filth and grow loathsome, till we loath ourselves! And we long to die, and we don't dare to kill ourselves. No hope! no hope! no hope!—this girl now—just as old as I was. You see me now," she said, speaking to Tom very rapidly, "see what I am. Well, I was brought up in luxury. The first I remember is playing about, when I was a child, in splendid parlours—when I was kept dressed up like a doll, and company and visitors used to praise me. There was a garden opening from the saloon windows; and there I used to play hide-and-go-seek, under the orange-trees with my brothers and sisters. I went to a convent, and there I learned music French, and embroydery, and what not, and when I was fourteen, came out to my father's funeral. He died very suddenly, and when the property came to be settled, they found that there was scarcely enough to cover the debts; and when the creditors took on inventory of the property, Iwas set down in it. My mother was a slave woman, and my father had always meant to set me free, but he had not done it, and so I was set down in the list. I'd always kown who I was, but never thought much about it. Nobody ever expects that a strong healthy man is agoing to die. My father was a well man only four hours before he died—it was one of the first cholera cases in New Orleans. The day after the funeral my father's wife took her children, and went up to her father's plantation. I thought they treated me strangely, but didn't know. There was a young lawyer whom they left to settle the business; and he came every day, and was about the house, and spoke very politely to me. He brought with him one day a young man, whom I thought the handsomest I had ever seen. I shall never forget that evening; I walked with him in the garden. I was lonesome and full of sorrow, and he was so kind and gentle to me; and he told me, that he had seen me before I went to the convent, and that he had loved me a great while, and that he would be my friend and protecotr. In short, though he didn't tell me, he had paid two thousand dollars for me, and I was his property. I became his willingly, for I loved him. Loved!" said the woman, stopping, "Oh, how I *did* love that man! How I love him now, and always shall while I breathe! He was so beautiful, so high, so noble! He put me into a beautiful house, with servants, horses, and carriages, and furniture, and dresses. Everything that money could buy he gave me; but I didn't set any value on all that, I only cared for him. I loved him better than my God and my own soul; and, if I tried, I couldn't do any other way from what he wanted me to.

"I wanted only one thing—I did want him to *marry* me. I thought if he loved me as he said he did, and if I was what he seemed to think I was, he would be willing to marry me and set me free. But he convinced me that it would be impossible; and he told me that if we were only faithful to each other, it was marriage before God. If that is true, wasn't I that man's wife? Wasn't I faithful? For seven years didn't I study every look and motion, and only live and breathe to please him. He had the yellow fever, and for twenty days and nights I watched with him—I alone, and gave him all his medicine, and did everything for him; and then he called me his good angel, and said I'd saved his life. We had two beautiful children. The first was a boy, and we called him Henry; he was the image of his father—he had such beautiful eyes, such a forehead, and his hair hung all in curls around it—and he had all his father's spirit, and his talent too. Little Elise, he said, looked like me. He used to tell me that I was the most beautiful woman in Louisianna, he was so proud of me and the children. used to love to have me dress them up, and take them and me about in an open carriage, and hear the remarks that people would make on us; and he used to fill my ears constantly with the fine things that were said in praise of me and the children. Oh, those were happy days! I thought I was as happy as any one could be; but then there came evil times. He had a cousin come to New Orleans who was his particular friend—he thought all the world of him; but from the first time I saw him, I couldn't tell why, I dreaded him, for I felt sure he was going to bring misery on us. He got Henry to going out with him, and often he would not come home nights till two or three co'lock. I did not dare say a word; for Henry was so high-spirited, I was afraid to. He got him to the gaming-houses; and he was one of the sort that when he once got agoing there, there was no holding back. And then he introduced him to another lady, and I saw soon that his heart was gone from me. He never told me, but I saw it—I knew it day after day. I felt my heart breaking, but I could not say a word At this the wretch offered to buy me and the children of Henry, to clear off his gambling debts, which stood in the way of his marrying as he wished—and *he sold us*. He told me one day that he had business in the country, aud should be gone two or three weeks. He spoke kinder than usual, and said he should come back; but it didn't deceive me; I knew that the time had come; I was just like one turned into stone; I couldn't speak nor shed a tear. He kissed me and kissed the children a good many times, and went out. I saw him get on his horse, and I watched him till he was quite out of sight; and then I fell down and fainted.

"Then *he* came, the cursed wretch! he came to take possession. He told me that he had bought me and my children, and showed me the papers. I cursed him before God, and told him I'd die sooner than live with him.

"'Just as you please,' said he; 'but if you don't behave reasonably I'll sell both the children, where you shall never see them again.' He told me that he always had meant to have me, from the first time he saw me; and that he had drawn Henry on, and got him in debt, on purpose to make him willing to sell me. That he got him in love with another woman; and that I might know, after all that, that he should not give up for a few airs and tears, and things of that sort.

"I gave up, for my hands were tied. He had my children; whenever I resisted his will anywhere, he would talk about selling them, and he made me as submissive as he desired. Oh, what a life it was! to live with my heart breaking, every day—to keep on, on, on, loving, when it was only misery; and to be bound, body and soul to one I hated. I used to love to read to Henry, to play to him, to waltz with, him, and sing to him; but everything I did for this one was a perfect drag—yet I was afraid to refuse anything. He was very imperious and harsh to the children. Elise was a timid little thing; but Henry was bold and high spirited, like his father, and he had never been brought under in the least by any one. He was always finding fault, and quarreling with him; and I used to live in daily dread. I tried to make the child respectful—I tried to keep them apart, for I held on to those children like death; but it did no good. *He sold both those children.* He took me to ride one day, and when I came home they were nowhere to be found! He told me he had sold them; he showed me the money, the price of their blood. Then it seemed as if all good forsook me. I raved and cursed—cursed God and man; and, for a while I believe he really was afraid of me. But he didn't give up so. He told me that my children were sold, but whether I ever saw their faces again depended on him; and that if I wasn't quiet, they should smart for it. Well, you can do anything with a woman when you've got her children. He made me submit; he made me be peaceable; he flattered me with hopes that perhaps he would buy them back; and so things went on a week or two. One day I was out walking, and passed by the calaboose; I saw a crowd about the gate, and heard a child's voice—and suddenly my Henry broke away from two or three men who were holding him, and ran, screaming, and caught my dress. They came up to him, swearing dreadfully; and one man, whose face I shall never forget, told him that he wouldn't get away so; that he was going with him into the the calaboose, and he'd get a lesson there he'd never forget. I tried to beg and plead—they only laughed; the poor boy screamed and looked into my face, and held on to me, until, in tearing him off, they tore the skirt of my dress half away; and they carried him in, screaming 'Mother! mother! mother!' There was one man stood there seemed to pity me. I offered him all the money I had if he'd only interfere. He shook his head, and said that the man said the boy had been impudent and disobedient, ever since he bought him; that he was going to break him in, once for all. I turned and ran; and every step of the way I thought I heard him scream. I got into the house, and all out out of breath to the parlour, where I found Butler. I told him, and begged him to go and interfere. He only laughed, and told me the boy had got his deserts. He'd got to be broken in—the sooner the better; 'What did I expect?' he asked.

"It seemed to me something in my head snapped at that moment. I felt my head dizzy and furious. I remember seeing a great sharp bowie-knife on the table; I remember something about catching it, and flying upon him! and then all grew dark, and I did'nt know any more—not for days and days.

"When I came to myself, I was in a nice room but not mine. An old black woman tended me; and a docter came to see me, and there was a great deal of care taken of me. After a while I found that he had gone away and left me at this house to be sold; and that's why they took such pains with me.

"I didn't mean to get well, and hoped I shouldn't; but, in spite of me, the fever went off, and I grew healthy, and finally got up. Then they made me dress up every day; and gentlemen used to come in and stand and smoke their cigars, and look at me, and ask questions, and debate my price. I was so gloomy and silent that none of them wanted me. They threatened to whip me if, I wasn't gayer, and didn't take some pains to make myself agreeable. At length, one day, came a gentleman named Stuart. He seemed to have some feeling for me; he saw that something dreadful was on my heart, and he came to see me alone a great many times, and finally persuaded me to tell him. He bought me at last, and promised to do all he could to find and buy back my children. He went to the hotel where my Henry was; they told him he had been sold to a planter up on Pearl River; that was the last that I ever heard. Then he found where my daughter was; an old woman was keeping her. He offered an immense sum for her, but they would not sell her. Butler found out that it was for me he wanted her; and he sent me word that I should never have her. Captain Stuart was very kind to me; he had a splendid plantation, and took me to it. In the course of a year I had a son born. Oh! that child!—how I loved it! How just like my poor Henry the little thing looked! But I had made up my mind—yes, I had, I would never again let a child live to grow up! I took the little fellow in my arms, when he was two weeks old, and kissed him and cried over him; and then I gave him laudanum, and held him close to my bosom while he slept to death. How I mourned and cried over it! and who ever dreamed that it was anything but a mistake that had made me give it the laudanum? but it's one of the few things that I'm glad of now. I am not sorry to this day; he, at least, is out of pain. What better than death could I give him, poor child? After a while the cholera came, and Captain Stuart died; everybody died that wanted to live: and I—I, though I went down to death's door—*I lived!* Then I was sold, and passed from hand to hand, till I grew faded and wrinkled, and I had a fever; and then this wretch bought me, and brought me here—and here I am!"

The woman stopped. She had hurried on through her story with a wild, passionate utterance; sometimes seeming to address it to Tom, and sometimes speaking as in a soliloquy. So vehement and overpowering was the force with which she spoke, that, for a season, Tom was beguiled even from the pain of his wounds; and, raising himself on one elbow, watched her as she paced restlessly up and down, her long black hair swaying heavily about her as she moved.

"You tell me," she said, after a pause "that there is a God—a God that looks down and sees all these things. Maybe it's so. The sisters in the convent used to tell me of a day of judgment, when everything is coming to light; won't there be vengeance then!

"They think it's nothing what we suffer—nothing what our children suffer! It's all a small matter; yet I've walked the streets when it seemed as if I had misery enough in my one heart to sink the city. I've wished the houses would fall on me, or the stones sink under me. Yes! and in the judgment day I will stand up before God, a witness against those that have ruined me and my children, body and soul!"

"When I was a girl I thought I was religious; I used to love God and prayer. Now I'm a lost soul, pursued by devils that torment me day and night; they keep pushing me on and on—and I'll do it, too, some of these days!" she said, clenching her hand, while an insane light glanced in her heavy black eyes. "I'll send him where he belongs—a short way, too—one of these nights, if they burn me alive for it!" A wild, long laugh rang through the deserted room, and ended in an hysteric sob; she threw herself on the floor in convulsive sobbings and struggles.

In a few moments the frenzy fit seemed to pass off; she rose slowly, and seemed to collect herself.

"Can I do anything more for you, my poor fellow?" she said, approaching where Tom lay; "shall I give you some more water?"

There was a graceful and compassionate sweetness in her voice and manner, as she said this, that formed a strange contrast with the former wildness.

Tom drank the water, and looked earnestly and pitifully into her face.

"O missis, I wish you'd go to Him that can give you living waters!"

Go to him! Where is he? Who is he?" said Cassy.

Him that you read of to me—the Lord."

"I used to see the picture of him over the alter, when I was a girl," said Cassy, her dark eyes fixing themselves in an expression of mournful reverie; but *he isn't here*. There's nothing here but sin, and long, long, long despair? Oh!" She laid her hand on her breast, and drew in her breath, as if to lift a heavy weight.

Tom looked as if he would speak again, but she cut him short with a decided gesture.

"Don't talk, my poor fellow. Try to sleep if you can." And, placing water in his reach, and making whatever little arrangements for his comfort she could, Cassy left the shed.

ANCIENT MINE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

The Lake Superior region of America is richer than any other region of the world in copper. It is not many years since these rich seams of copper were discovered, and with our knowledge of the Indian's character, and our entire ignorance of the history of the past, in respect to the inhabitants of northern America, it was supposed that our modern discoveries of these minerals were the first ever made by mortal man. The huge mounds scattered over our country, have left traces behind them of a race long since passed away; but in a more striking manner have evidences of that race been recently brought to light in the discovery of ancient mines, tools, &c., in the Lake Superior region. In 1848 the first of these old mines was discovered, and in it was found a mass of pure copper weighing six tons, which had been raised by ancient wedges, and rolled along the gallery. These ancient mines extended over a tract of country 100 miles long, running from N. E. to S. W. A great number of ancient tools have been found. They all consist of hard stones, and single and double grooves for the reception of handles, like those now employed by blacksmiths for holding their wedges. The marks of old fires extended everywhere, showing that they employed heat in their mining operations—by heating the rock first, then cooling it quickly with water, to soften it—the plan for softening copper. When did those ancient miners work these mines, and who were they? Trees of hundreds of years' standing, extend their roots on the surface of a soil, which has required ages to accumulate, over some of their deepest works. We have no evidence of whose those mines were, except by the tools which have been left behind them; but at one time they must have been numerous, for quite a number of their old excavations have been opened up.—*Scientific American.*

Who were these ancient miners, that delved among the copper boulders of this ragged country, now giving its wealth anew to civilization, and answering with such rich return the enterprise of our people? Whence came they and whither have they gone? Have they passed away without a record of their origan or their destiny, and are these exhumed instruments and these excavated caverns, the only evidences that they ever existed? Are there no footprints marking the path of their advancement or the trail of their retreat? Is the book of their history closed forever, and shall no line be given to the world that shall reveal their progress or their fate, from amidst the deep oblivion that has gathered over them? Are they the forefathers, the remote ancestral stock of the countless tribes scattered over the continent, when it was first opened up to the view of the civilization of Europe, and which have perished utterly or been driven back by its resistless wave in its onward progress? If so, whence their deterioration, and why did the arts, which these instruments, now after the lapse of centuries gathered from the vaults they excavated, prove existed among them, become utterly lost to them? Why is the voice of tradition silent, and why does no whisper come down along the line of generations telling of the olden time, and of those that wrought in the metals of these rugged regions? Why is it that the decendent of the ancient miner, whose earning was one of labour and one of peace, should have lain down his tools, ceased from his peaceful industry, and taking up the bow and the spear become at once a hunter and a savage warrior? These questions can never be answered. Monuments, if they had any, have crumbled into dust. Books, if they had any, have perished. Time, with its "effacing finger," has swept away their history, and these dumb unspeaking evidence of their existence alone remain. Curiosity may gather them in its unsatisfied hand. Speculation may theorize over them. But they tell no tale, save the melancholy one, that a people once lived that had ceased to be, that are blooted from the face of the world, and that oblivion has settled forever over their name, their habits, their origin and their destiny.

WHY are soldiers like clocks?—Because their first duty is to "mark time."