HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Tuesday, February 15, 1853. New Series. No. 8.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
R. B. IRVING, Editor.

Published every Tuesday evening, and Saturday morning. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

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

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP VI.

DISCOVERY.—HALEY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—NIGGER CALCULATIONS.—THE CHASE DETERMINED.—MRS. SHELBY'S ADVICE.—THE PLOT SUCCESSFUL.—THE FACULTY OF OBSERVATION.

MR. and Mrs. Shelby, after their protracted discussion of the night before, did not readily sink to repose, and in consequence slept somewhat later than usual the ensuing morning.

"I wonder what keeps Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, after giving her bell repeated pulls to no purpose.

Mr. Shelby was standing before his dressing-glass, sharpening his razor; and just then the door opened, and a coloured boy entered with his shaving-water.

"Andy," said his mistress, "step to Eliza's door, and tell her, I have rung for her three times. Poor thing!" she added to herself, with a sigh.

Andy soon returned, with eyes very wide with astonishment.

"Lor, missis! Lizzy's drawers is all open, and her things all lying every which way: and I believe she's just done clared out!"

The truth flashed upon Mr. Shelby and his wife at the same moment. He exclaimed—

"Then she suspected it, and she's off!"

"The Lord be thanked!" said Mrs. Shelby; "I trust she is."

"Wife, you talk like a fool! Really, it will be something pretty awkward for me if she is, Haley saw that I hesitated about selling this child, and he'll think I connived at it to get him out of the way. It touches my honour." And Mr. Shelby left the room hastily.

There was great running and ejaculating, and opening and shutting of doors, and appearance of faces in all shades of colour in different places, for about a quarter of an hour. One person only, who might have shed some light on the matter, was entirely silent, and that was the head cook, Aunt Chloe. Silently, and with a heavy cloud settled down over her once joyous face, she proceeded making out her breakfast biscuits, as if she heard and saw nothing of the excitement around her.

Very soon about a dozen young imps were roosting, like as many crows, on the verandah railings, each one determined to be the first one to apprise the strange mas'r of his ill luck.

"He'll be real mad, I'll be bound," said Andy.

"*Won't* he swar!" said little Jade.

"Yes, for he *does* swar," said woolly-headed Mandy. "I hearn him yesterday, at dinner. I hearn all about it then, 'cause I got into the closet where missis keeps the great jugs, and I hearn every word." And Mandy, who had never in her life thought of the meaning of a word she had heard, more than a black cat, now took airs of superior wisdom, and strutted about, forgetting to state that, though actually coiled up among the jugs at the time specified, she had been fast asleep all the time.

When at last Haley appeared, booted and spurred, he was saluted with the bad tidings on every hand. The young imps on the verandah were not disappointed in their hope of hearing him "swar," which he did with a fluency and fervency which delighted them all amazingly, as they ducked and dodged hither and thither to be out of the reach of his riding-whip; and all whooping off together, they tumbled in a pile of immeasurable giggle, on the withered turf under the verandah, where they kicked up their heels, and shouted to their full satisfaction.

"If I had the little devils!" muttered Haley between his teeth.

"But you han't got 'em though!" said Andy, with a triumphant flourish, and making a string of indescribable mouths at the unfortunate trader's back, when he was fairly beyond hearing.

"I say now, Shelby, this yer's a most extro'rnary business!" said Haley, as he abruptly entered the parlour. "It seems that gal's off, with her young 'un."

"Mr. Haley, Mrs. Shelby is present," said Mr. Shelby.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said Haley, bowing slightly, with a still lowering brow; "but still I say, as I said before, this yer's a sing'lar report. Is it true, sir?"

"Sir," said Mr. Shelby, "if you wish to communicate with me, you must observe something of the decorum of a gentleman. Andy, take Mr. Haley's hat and riding whip. Take a seat, sir. Yes, sir; I regret to say that the young woman, excited by overhearing, or having reported to her, something of this business, has taken her child in the night, and made off."

"I did expect fair dealing in this matter, I confess," said Haley.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Shelby, turning sharply round upon him, "what am I to understand by that remark? If any man calls my honour in question, I have but one answer for him."

The trader cowered at this, and in a somewhat lower tone said that "it was plaguy hard on a fellow, that had made a fair bargain to be gulled that way."

"Mr. Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "if I did not think you had some cause for disappointment, I should not have borne from you the rude and unceremonious style of your entrance into my parlour this morning. I say this much, however, since appearances call for it, that I shall allow of no insinuations cast upon me, as if I were at all partner to any unfairness in this matter. Moreover, I shall feel bound to give you every assistance, in the use of horses, servants, &c., in the recovery of your property. So, in short, Haley," said he, suddenly dropping from the tone of dignified coolness to his ordinary one of easy frankness, "the best way for you is to keep good-natured and eat some breakfast; and we will then see what is to be done."

Mrs. Shelby now rose, and said her engagements would prevent her being at the breakfast-table that morning; and, deputing a very respectable mulatto woman to attend to the gentlemen's coffee at the sideboard, she left the room.

"Old lady don't like your humble servant over and above," said Haley, with an uneasy effort to be very familiar.

"I am not accustomed to hear my wife spoken of with such freedom," said Mr. Shelby, dryly.

"Beg pardon; of course, only a joke, you know," said Haley, forcing a laugh.

"Some jokes less agreeable than others," rejoined Shelby.

"Devilish free, now I've signed those papers, cuss him!" muttered Haley to himself; "quite grand since yesterday!"

Never did fall of any prime minister at court occasion wider surges of sensation, than the report of Tom's fate among his compeers on the place. It was the topic in every mouth, everywhere; and nothing was done in the house or in the field, but to discuss its probable results. Eliza's flight—an unprecedented event on the place—was also a great accessory in stimulating the general excitement.

Black Sam, as he was commonly called, from his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was revolving the matter profoundly in all its phases and bearings, with a comprehensiveness of vision and a strict look-out to his own personal well-being, that would have done credit to any white patriot in Washington.

"It's an ill wind dat blows nowhar—dat ar a fact," said Sam sententiously, giving an additional hoist to his pantaloons, and adroitly substituting a long nail in place of a missing suspender-button, with which effort of mechanical genius he seemed highly delighted.

"Yes, it's an ill wind blows nowhar," he repeated. "Now, dar, Tom's down—wal, course der's room for some nigger to be up; and why not dis nigger?—dat's de idee. Tom, a ridin' round de country—boots blacked—pass in his pocket—all grand as Cuffee; who but he? Now, why shouldn't Sam?—dat's what I want to know."

"Halloo, Sam—Oh Sam; Mas'r wants you to cotch Bill; and Jerry," said Andy, cutting short Sam's soliloquy.

"High! what's afoot now, young un?"

"Why, you don't know, I s'ppose, that Lizzy's cut stick and clared out with her young un?"

"You teach your granny?" said Sam, with infinite contempt, "knowed it a heap sight sooner than you did. This nigger an't so green, now?"

"Well, anyhow, mas'r wants Bill and Jerry geared right up; and you and I's to go with Mas'r Haley to look arter her."

"Good, now! dat's de time o'day!" said Sam. "It's Sam dat's called for, in dese yer times. He's de nigger. See if I don't cotch her, now; mas'r 'll see what Sam can do!"

"Ah! but, Sam," said Andy, "you'd better think twice; for missis don't want her cotched, and she'll be in your wool."

"High!" said Sam, opening his eyes. "How you know dat?"

"Heard her say so my own self, dis blessed mornin', when I bring in mas'r's shaving water. She sent me to see why Lizzy didn't come to dress her; and when I telled her she was off, she jest riz up, and ses she, 'The Lord be praised!' And mas'r he seemed rael mad, and ses he, 'Wife, you talk like a fool!' But, Lor! she'll bring him to! I knows well enough how that'll be—it's allers best to stand missis' side the fence, now I tell yer."

Black Sam upon this scratched his woolly pate, which, if it did not contain very profound wisdom, still contained a great deal of a particular species, much in demand among politicians of all complexions and countries, and vulgarly denominated "knowing which side the bread is buttered;" so, stopping with great consideration, he again gave a hitch to his pantaloons, which was his regularly organized method of assisting his mental perplexities.

"Der an't no sayin'—never—'bout no kind o' thing in *dis* yer world," he said at last.

Sam spoke like a philosopher, emphasing *this*—as if he had had a large experience in different sorts of worlds, and therefore had come to his conclusion advisedly.

"Now, sartin I'd a said, that missis would a scoured the varsal world after Lizzy," added Sam, thoughtfully.

"So she would," said Andy; "but can't ye see through a ladder, ye black nigger! Missis don't want dis yer Mas'r Haley to get Lizzy's boy; dat's de go."

"High!" said Sam, with an indescribable intonation known only to those who have heard it among the negroes.

"And I'll tell yer more'n all," said Andy; "I 'specks you'd better be making tracks for dem hosses—mighty sudden, too—for I hearn missis 'quiring arter yer; so you've stood foolin' long enough."

Sam, upon this, began to bestir himself in real earnest; and after a while appeared, bearing down gloriously towards the house, with Bill and Jerry in a full canter, and adroitly throwing himself off, before they had any idea of stopping, he brought them up alongside of the horse-post like a tornado. Haley's horse was a skittish young colt, winced and bounced, and pulled hard at his halter.

"Ho, ho!" said Sam, "skeery, are ye!" and his black visage lighted up with a curious, mischievous gleam. "I'll fix ye now," said he.

There was a large beech-tree overshadowing the place, and the small, sharp, triangular beech-nuts scattered thickly on the ground. With one of these in his fingers, Sam approached the colt, stroked and petted, and seemed apparently busy in soothing his agitation. On pretence of adjusting the saddle, he adroitly slipped under it the sharp little nut, in such a manner that the least weight brought upon upon the saddle would annoy the nervous sensibilities of the animal, without leaving any perceptible graze or wound.

"Dar!" he said, rolling his eyes with an approving grin; "me fix em!"

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony, beckoning to him. Sam approached with as good a determination to pay court, as did ever suitor after a vacant place at St. James's or Washington.

"Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I sent Andy to tell you to hurry."

"Lord bless you, missis! said Sam, "horses won't be cotched all in a minit; they'd done clared out way down to the south pasture, and the Lord knows whar!"

"Sam, how often must I tell you not to say 'Lord bless you, and the Lord knows,' and such things? It's wicked."

"O Lord, bless my soul! I done forget, missis! I won't say nothing of de sort no more."

"Why, Sam, you just *have* said it again."

"Did I! O Lord! I mean—I didn't go fur to say it."

"You must be *careful*, Sam."

"Just let me get my breath, missis, and I'll start fair. I'll be berry careful."

"Well, Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week; *don't ride them too fast*."

Mrs. Shelby spoke the last words with a low voice, and strong emphasis.

"Let dis child alone for dat!" said Sam, rolling up his eyes with a volume of meaning! "Lord knows! High! Didn't say dat!" said he, suddenly catching his breath, with a ludicrous flourish of apprehension, which made his mistress laugh, spite of herself. "Yes missis, I'll look out for de hosses!"

"Now, Andy," said Sam, returning to his stand under the beech tree, "you see I wouldn't be't all surprised if dat ar gen'lman's crittur should gib a fling, by and by, when he comes to be a gettin' up. You know, Andy, critturs *will* do such things;" and therewith Sam poked Andy in the side, in a highly suggestive manner.

"High!" said Andy, with an air of instant appreciation.

"Yes, you see, Andy, missis wants to make time,—dat ar's clar to der most or'nary 'bserver. I jis make a little for her. Now, you see, get all dese yer hosses loose, caperin' permiscus round dis yer lot and down to de wood dar, and I spec mas'r won't be off in a hurry."

Andy grinned.

"Yer see," said Sam, "yer see, Andy, if any such thing should happen, as that Mas'r Haley's horse *should* begin to act contrary, and cut up, and I jist let's go of our'n to help him, and *we'll help him*—oh yes!" And Sam and Andy laid their heads back on their shoulders, and broke into a low immoderate laugh, snapping their fingers and flourishing their heels with exquisite delight.

At this instant Haley appeared on the verandah. Somewhat mollified by certain cups of very good coffee, he came out smiling and talking, in tolerable restored humour. Sam and Andy, clawing for certain fragmentary palm-leaves, which they were in the habit of considering as hats, flew to the horse-posts, to be ready to "help mas'r."

Sam's palm-leaf had been ingeniously disentangled from all pretensions to braid, as respects its brim: and the slivers starting apart, and standing upright, gave it a blazing air of freedom and defiance, quite equal to that of any Feejee chief; while the whole brim of Andy's being departed bodily, he rapped the crown on his head with a dexterous thump, and looked about well pleased, as if to say, "Who says, I haven't got a hat?"

"Well, boys," said Haley, "look alive now; we must lose no time."

"Not a bit of him, mas'r!" said Sam, putting Haley's rein in his hand, and holding his stirrup, while Andy was untying the other two horses.

The instant Haley touched the saddle, the mettlesome creature bounded from the earth with a sudden spring, that threw his master sprawling, some feet off, on the soft, dry turf. Sam, with frantic ejaculations, made a dive at the reins; but only succeeded in brushing the blazing palm-leaf afore-named into the horse's eyes, which by no means tended to allay the confusion of his nerves. So, with great violence, he overturned Sam, and, giving two or three contemptuous snorts, flourished his heels vigorously in the air, and was soon prancing away towards the lower end of the lawn, followed by Bill and Jerry, whom Andy had not failed to let loose, according to contract, speeding them off with various direful ejaculations. And now ensued a miscellaneous scene of confusion. Sam and Andy ran and shouted, dogs barked here and there, and Mike, Mose, Mandy, Fanny, and all the smaller specimens on the place, both male and female, raced, clapped hands, whooped and shouted, with outrageous officiousness and untiring zeal.

Haley's horse, which was a white one, and very fleet and spirited, appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene with great gusto; and having for his coursing ground a lawn of nearly half a mile in extent, gently sloping down on every side into indefinite woodland, he appeared to take infinite delight in seeing how near he could allow his pursuers to approach him, and then, when within a hand's breadth, whisk off with a start and a snort, like a mischievous beast as he was, and career far down into some alley of the wood-lot. Nothing was further from Sam's mind, than to have any one of the troop taken, until such season as should seem to him most befitting,—and the exertions that he made were certainly most heroic. Like the sword of *Cœur de Lion*, which always blazed in the front and thickest of the battle, Sam's palm-leaf was to be seen everywhere when there was the least danger that a horse could be caught;—there he would bear down full tilt, shouting, "Now for it! cotch him! cotch him!" in a way that would set everything to indiscriminate rout in a moment.

Haley ran up and down, and cursed and swore and stamped miscellaneously. Mr. Shelby in vain tried to shout directions from the balcony, and Mrs. Shelby from her chamber window alternately laughed and wondered,—not without some inkling of what lay at the bottom of all this confusion.

At last, about twelve o'clock, Sam appeared triumphant, mounted on Jerry, with Haley's horse by his side, reeking with sweat, but with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, showing that the spirit of freedom had not yet entirely subsided.

"He's cotched!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "If't hadn't been for me, they might a bust theirselves, all on 'em; but I cotched him!"

"You!" growled Haley, in no amiable mood. "If it hadn't been for you, this never would have happened."

"Lord bless us, mas'r," said Sam, in a tone of the deepest concern, "and me that has been racin' and chasin' till the sweat jest pours off me!"

"Well, well," said Haley, "you've lost me near three hours, with your cursed nonsense. Now, let's be off, and have no more fooling."

"Why, mas'r," said Sam, in a deprecating tone, "I believe you mean to kill us all clar, horses and all. Here we are, all just ready to drop down, and the critters all in a reek of sweat. Why, mas'r won't think of startin' on now, till arter dinner. Mas'r's hoss wants rubben down; see how he splashed hisself; and Jerry limps, too; don't think missis would be willing to have us start dis yer way, no how. Lord bless you, mas'r, we can ketch up, if we do stop. Lizzy never was no great of a walker."

Mrs. Shelby, who, greatly to her amusement, had overheard this conversation from the verandah, now resolved to do her part. She came forward, and, courteously expressing her concern for Haley's accident, pressed him to stay to dinner, saying, that the cook should bring it on the table immediately.

Thus, all things considered, Haley, with rather an equivocal grace, proceeded to the parlour; while Sam, rolling his eyes after him with unutterable meaning, proceeded gravely with the horses to the stable-yard.

"Did yer see him, Andy?—*did* yer see him?" said Sam, when he had got fairly beyond the shelter of the barn, and fastened the horse to a post. "O Lor, if it warn't as good as a meetin' now to see him a dancin', and kickin', and swarin' at us. Didn't I hear him? Swar away, old fellow (says I to myself); will yer have yer hoss now, or wait till yer cotch him? (says I). Lor, Andy, I think I can see him now." And Sam and Andy leaned up against the barn, and laughed to their hearts' content.

"Yer oughter seen how mad he looked, when I brought the hoss up. Lord, he'd a killed me, if he durs' to; and there I was a standin' as innercent and as humble."

"Lor, I seed you," said Andy; "an't you an old hoss, Sam?"

"Rather 'spects I am," said Sam; "did yer see missis upstars at the winder? I seed her laughin'."

"I'm sure I was racin' so, I didn't see nothing," said Andy.

"Well, yer see," said Sam, proceeding gravely to wash down Haley's poney, "I'se 'quired what yer may call a habit o' *bobservation*, Andy. It's a very 'portant habit, Andy; and I commend yer to be cultivatin' it, now yer young. Hist up that hind foot, Andy. Yer see, Andy, it's *bobservation* makes all the difference in niggers. Didn't I see which way the wind blew dis yer mornin'? Didn't I see what missis wanted, though she never let on? Dat ar's *bobservation*, Andy. I 'spects it's what you may call a faculty. Faculties is different in different peoples; but cultivation of 'em goes a great way."

"I guess, if I hadn't helped your bobservation dis mornin', yer wouldn't have seen yer way so smart," said Andy.

"Andy," said Sam, "you's a promisin' child, der an't no manner o' doubt. I think lots of yer, Andy; and I don't feel noways ashamed to take idees from you. We oughtenter overlook nobody, Andy, 'cause the smartest on us gets tripped up sometimes. And so, Andy, let's go up to the house now. I'll be boun' missis 'll give us an uncommon good bite dis yer time."

A NEW IMPLEMENT OF DESTRUCTION.

Mr. James Nasmyth, of Bridgewater foundry, Patricroft, near Manchester, has devised a means of destroying, by one masterly blow, the largest ship of an invading enemy. The following is his descrption of the chief features in this proposed destructive agent.

1. A shell of great size, so constructed as to explode, *per se*, the instant it is brought in contact with the side of the enemy's ship.

2. The means by which this great shell is brought in contact with the enemy's ship consists in placing it in the chamber of a great Barry's mortar, which, as it were, forms the prow of our destructive vessel—the chamber of the mortar being six feet below water line, and the mortar being made so far part and parcel of the vessel, which would weigh about 600 tons; the entire mass of our destructive vessel comes into play as a most effective means for absorbing all the reaction consequent on the discharge of the monster touch-and-go-off-shell, so that the three or four men, who would be all that are required to attend to the navigation of our floating mortar would not experience any sensible effect from the discharge of the shell.

3. By reason of the peculiar barrel-like construction of the vessel, on the prow of which the great mortar is fixed, and the thickness of the timber on all sides, being from nine to ten feet, and that of poplar wood, not only would the interior, where the steam engine and crew are placed, be perfectly inaccessible to the effect of either red-hot or cold shot, but, by reason of the barrel-like form of the vessel, it would present, in most positions, no surface favourable to shot taking effect; and as the means of propulsion would consist of a suitable compact steam-engine, of the most simple construction, and a screw-propeller submerged some 10 or 12 feet below water, both the crew and machinery would be quite out of harm's way.

4. As respects the construction of the shell, it would be of the most simple character, being somewhat in the form of a huge thimble, or somewhat similar to the Minie rifle ball, containing a suitable charge of powder, and having a self-exploding cap at the breech end, and the shell so arranged in the chamber of the mortar, as that the crushing action resulting on the protruding end of the shell being brought in contact with the hull of the enemy, the self-exploding cap is thereby forced in contact with the breech of the mortar, and the shell instantly explodes in contact with the side of the enemy into which it tears its way, leaving a hole as wide as a church door. The result to the enemy, I leave to imagination to picture.

The instant before contact, it would be well to reverse the engine, so as to back off and leave the enemy to his well merited fate.

The shell would be encased in a copper, water-tight case, so that it might be placed in the chamber of the mortar, and remain there six feet under water line for years without injury of any kind, ready for action whenever it would be wanted.

Were our harbours provided with two or three of these floating mortars, which could be brought into action at any time with half an hour's notice, I am confident that no invading enemy would dare to insult our shores, as any attempt on his part to take up a position and proceed to discharge troops would be followed with certain destruction from the first tap of the prow of the floating mortar.

A few thousand pounds would test in the most complete and satisfactory manner the correctness and success of this proposed simple means of defending our coasts from all invading enemies, and I trust some suitable means will be afforded, by a most full and complete demonstration, of the efficiency of what I have proposed, for the protection and service of my country.

THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME.—We recently heard the following most touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in, to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it for a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said:

"*Mother, this little hand never struck me!*"

What could be more touching or lovely! Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, and were you to die, could such a tribute as this be paid to your memory? Could a brother or a sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say: "This hand never struck me!"

What an alleviation to our grief when we are called to part with our friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of human kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, towards whom he manifested unkindness. Let us all remember that whatever we sow in this respect, that we shall also reap.

DON'T KNOW HIS OWN SON.—There is a good story told of Jarvis, the painter. Starting out one day, with two or three companions, for a spree, the ever observing eye of the painter was attracted by some boys, actively engaged at play, and particularly by one of these geniuses "born to rule," who was leading in their evolutions,—"Come here, my man," cried Jarvis, "what is your name." "My name is John, and I am not your man," quickly answered the boy. "John? why that is my name," said Jarvis, "what is your other name?" "Wesley." "John Wesley? that is my name too. Any more names? the more the merrier." "Jarvis," said the boy. "Jarvis? John Wesley Jarvis! Why, who was your father?" was the earnest inquiry. "*He's Jarvis, the painter, and mother says he's a very bad man too.*"