# HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

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**Haszard's Gazette.**

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## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

*(Chap. IX. concluded.)*

Mrs. Bird and her husband re-entered the parlour. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room, grumbling to himself. "Pish! pshaw! confounded awkward business!" At length, striding up to his wife, he said,—

"I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent bright and early to-morrow morning. If 'twas only the woman, she could lie quite till it was over; but that little chap can't be kept still by a troop of horse and foot, I'll warrant me; he'll bring it all out, popping his head out of some window or door. A pretty kettle of fish it would be for me, too, to be caught with them both here just now! No; they'll have to be got off to-night."

"To-night! How is it possible! Where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots, with a reflective air; and, stopping when his leg was half in, he embraced his knee with both hands, and seemed to go off in deep meditation.

"It's a confounded awkward, ugly busines," said he at last, beginning to tug at his boot-straps again, "and that's a fact!" After one boot was fairly on, the senator sat with the other in his hand, profoundly studying the figure of the carpet. "It'll have to be done, though, for aught I see—hang it all!" And he drew the other boot anxiously on, and looked out of the window.

Now, little Mrs. Bird was a discreet woman—a woman who never in her life said, "I told you so!" and, on the present occasion, though pretty well aware of the shape her husband's meditations were taking, she very prudently forebore to meddle with them, only sat very quietly in her chair, and looked quite ready to hear her liege lord's intentions, when he should think proper to utter them.

"You see," he said, "there's my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek, here back in the woods, where nobody goes, unless they go on purpose; and it's a place that isn't found in a hurry. There she'd be safe enough; but the plague of the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there to-night but *me*."

"Why not! Cudjoe is an excellent driver."

"Ay, ay, but here it is. The creek has not been crossed twice; and the second crossing is quite dangerous, unless one knows it as I do. I have crossed it a hundred times on horseback, and know exactly the turns to take. And so, you see, there's no help for it. Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be, about twelve o'clock, and I'll take her over; and then, to give colour to the matter, he must carry me on to the next tavern, to take the stage for Columbus that comes by about three or four, and so it will look, as if I had the carriage only for that. I shall put into business bright and early in the morning. But I'm thinking, I shall feel rather cheap there, after all that's been said and done; but, hang it! I can't help it."

"Your heart is better than your head, in this case, John," said the wife, laying her little white hand in his. "Could I ever have loved you, had I not known you better than you know yourself?" And the little woman looked so handsome, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, that the senator thought he must,be a decidedly clever fellow to get such a pretty creature into such a passionate admiration of him; and so what could he do, but walk off soberly to see about the carriage! At the door, however, he stopped a moment, and then, coming back, he said, with some hesitation—

"Mary, I don't know how you'd feel about—there's that drawer full of things—of—of—poor little Henry's." So saying, he turned quickly on his heel, and shut the door after him.

His wife opened the little bed-room door adjoining her room, and, taking the candle, set it down on the top of a bureau there; then from a small recess she took a key, and put it thoughtfully in the lock of a drawer, and made a sudden pause, while two boys, who, boy-like, had followed close on her heels, stood looking, with silent, significant glances, at their mother. And, O mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening of a little grave! Ah! happy mother that you are, if it has not been so!

Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy horse and waggon, a top, a ball—memorials gathered with many a tear and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and, leaning her head on her hands over it, wept, till the tears fell through her fingers into the drawer; then, suddenly raising her head, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away *those* things?"

"My dear boys," she said, softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to any that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am; and I hope God will send His blessing with them!"

There are in this world blessed souls whose sorrows all spring up into joys for others; earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, are the seed from which spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and distressed. Among such was the delicate woman who sits there by the lamp, dropping slow tears, while she prepares the memorials of her own lost one for the outcast wanderer.

After a while Mrs. Bird opened a wardrobe, and, taking from thence a plain, serviceable dress or two, she sat down busily to her work-table, and, with needle, scissors, and thimble at hand, quietly commenced the "letting down" process which her husband had recommended, and continued busily at it, till the old clock in the corner struck twelve, and she heard the low rattling of wheels at the door.

"Mary," said her husband, coming in, with his overcoat in his hand, "you must wake her up now: we must be off."

Mrs. Bird hastily deposited the various articles she had collected in a small plain trunk, and locking it, desired her husband to see it in the carriage, and then proceeded to call the woman. Soon arrayed in a cloak, bonnet, and shawl that had belonged to her benefactress, she appeared at the door with her child in her arms. Mr. Bird hurried her into the carriage, and Mrs. Bird pressed on after her to the carriage steps. Eliza leaned out of the carriage, and put out her hand,—a hand as soft and beautiful as was given in return. She fixed her large dark eyes, full of earnest meaning, on Mrs. Bird's face, and seemed going to speak. Her lips moved, she tried once or twice, but there was no sound, and pointing upward, with a look never to be forgotten, she fell back in the seat, and covered her face. The door was shut, and the carriage drove on.

What a situation now, for a patriotic senator, that had been all the week before spurring up the legislature of his native State to pass more stringent resolutions against escaping fugitives, their harbourers and abettors!

Our good senator in his native State had not been exceeded by any of his brethren at Washington in the sort of eloquence which has won for them immortal renown! How sublimely he had sat with his hands in his pockets, and scouted all sentimental weakness of those who would put the welfare of a few miserable fugitives before great state interests!

He was as bold as a lion about it, and "mightily convinced" not only himself, but everybody that heard him; but then his idea of a fugitive was only an idea of the letters that spell the word; or, at the most, the image of a little newspaper picture of a man with a stick and bundle, with "Ran away from the subscriber" under it. The magic of the real presence of distress, the imploring human eye, the frail, trembling human hand, the despairing appeal of helpless agony, these he had never tried. He had never thought, that a fugitive might be a hapless mother, a defenceless child, like that one which was now wearing his lost boy's little well-known cap; and so, as our poor senator was not stone or steel, as he was a man, and a downright noble-hearted one, too, he was, as everybody must see, in a sad case for his patriotism. And you need not exult over him, good brother of the Southern States, for we have some inklings that many of you, under similar circumstances, would not do much better. We have reason to know, in Kentucky, as in Mississippi, are noble and generous hearts, to whom never was tale of suffering told in vain. Ah, good brother! is it fair for you to expect of us services, which your own brave, honourable heart would not allow you to render were you in our place!

Be that as it may, if our good senator was a political sinner, he was in a fair way to expiate it by his night's penance. There had been a long continuous period of rainy weather, and the soft, rich earth of Ohio, as every one knows, is admirably suited to the manufacture of mud, and the road was an Ohio railroad of the good old times.

"And pray what sort of a road may that be!" says some eastern traveller, who has been accustomed to connect no ideas with a railroad, but those of smoothness or speed.

Know, then, innocent eastern friend, that in benighted regions of the west, where the mud is of unfathomable and sublime depth, roads are made of round rough logs, arranged transversely side by side, and coated over in their pristine freshness with earth, turf, and whatsoever may come to hand, and then the rejoicing native calleth it a road, and straightway essayeth to ride thereupon. In process of time, the rains wash off all the turf and grass aforesaid, move the logs hither and thither, in picturesque positions, up, down, and crosswise, with divers chasms and ruts of black mud intervening.

Over such a road as this our senator went stumbling along, making moral reflections as continuously as under the circumstances could be expected, the carriage proceeding along much as follows: bump! bump! bump! slush! down in the mud!—the senator, woman, and child, reversing their positions so suddenly as to come, without any very accurate adjustment, against the windows of the down-hill side. Carriage sticks fast, while Cudjoe on the outside is heard making a great muster among the horses. After various ineffectual pullings and twitchings, just as the senator is losing all patience, the carriage suddenly rights itself with a bounce, two front wheels go down into another abyss, and senator, woman, and child, all tumble promiscuously on to the front seat; senator's hat is jammed over his eyes and nose quite unceremoniously, and he considers himself fairly extinguished; child cries, and Cudjoe on the outside delivers animated addresses to the horses, who are kicking and floundering and straining under repeated cracks of the whip. Carriage springs up, with another bounce—down go the hind wheels—senator, woman, and child, fly over on to the back seat, his elbows encountering her bonnet, and both her feet being jammed into his hat, which flies off in the concussion. After a few moments, the "slough" is passed, and the horses stop, panting; the senator finds his hat, the woman straightens her bonnet and hushes her child, and they brace themselves firmly for what is yet to come.

For a while only the continuous bump! bump! intermingled, just by way of variety, with divers side-plunges and compound shakes; and they begin to flatter themselves that they are not so badly off after all. At last, with a square plunge, which puts all on to their feet and then down into their seats with incredible quickness, the carriage stops, and, after much outside commotion, Cudjoe appears at the door.

"Please, sir, it's powerful bad spot this yer. I don't know how we's to get clar out. I'm a thinkin' we'll have to be a gettin' rails."

The senator despairingly steps out, picking gingerly for some firm foothold. Down goes one foot an immeasurable depth, he tries to pull it up, loses his balance, and tumbles over into the mud, and is fished out in a very despairing condition by Cudjoe.

But we forbear, out of sympathy to our reader's bones. Western travellers, who have beguiled the midnight hour in the interesting process of pulling down rail fences to pry their carriages out of mud holes, will have a respectful and mournful sympathy with our unfortunate hero. We beg them to drop a silent tear and pass on.

It was full late in the night when the carriage emerged, dripping and bespattered, out of the creek, and stood at the door of a large farmhouse. It took no inconsiderable perserverance to arouse the inmates; but at last the respectable proprietor appeared, and undid the door. He was a great, tall, bristling Orson of a fellow, full six feet and some inches in his stockings, and arrayed in a red flannel hunting-shirt. A very heavy *mat* of sandy hair, in a decidedly tousled condition, and a beard of some days' growth, gave the worthy man an appearance, to say the least, not particularly prepossessing. He stood for a few minutes holding the candle aloft, and blinking on our travellers with a dismal and mystified expression that was truly ludicrous. It cost some effort of our senator to induce him to comprehend the case fully; and while he is doing his best at that, we shall give him a little introduction to our readers.

Honest old John Van Trompe was once quite a considerable landholder and slave-owner in the State of Kentucky. Having "nothing of the bear about him but the skin," and being gifted by nature with a great, honest, just heart, quite equal to his gigantic frame, he had been for some years witnessing with repressed uneasiness the workings of a system equally bad for oppressor and oppressed. At last, one day John's great heart had swelled altogether too big to wear his bonds any longer; so he just took his pocket-book out of his desk, and went over into Ohio, and bought a quarter of a township of good, rich land, made out free papers for all his people, men, woman, and children, packed them up in wagons, and sent them off to settle down; and then honest John turned his face up the creek, and sat quietly down on a snug, retired farm, to enjoy his conscience and his reflections.

"Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave-catchers?" said the senator explicitly.

"I rather think I am," said honest John, with some considerable emphasis.

"I thought so," said the senator.

"If there's anybody comes," said the good man, stretching his tall, muscular form upward, "why, here I'm ready for him; and I've got seven sons, each six foot high, and they'll be ready for 'em. Give our respects to 'em," said John; "tell 'em it's no matter how soon they call, make no kinder difference to us," said John, running his fingers through the shook of hair that thatched his head, and bursting out into a great laugh.

Weary, jaded, and spiritless, Eliza dragged herself up to the door, with her child lying, in a heavy sleep, on her arm. The rough man held the candle to her face, and, uttering a kind of compassionate grunt, opened the door of a small bedroom adjoining to the large kitchen where they were standing, and motioned her to go in. He took down a candle, and, lighting it, set it upon the table, and then addressed himself to Eliza.

"Now, I say, gal, you needn't be a bit afeard, let who will come here. I'm up to all that sort o' thing," said he, pointing to two or three goodly rifles over the mantelpiece: "and most people that know me know that 'twouldn't be healthy to try to get anybody out o' my house when I'm agin it. So now you jist go to sleep now, as quiet as if yer mother was a rockin' ye," said he, as he shut the door.

"Why, this is an uncommon handsome un," he said to the senator. "Ah well; handsome uns has the greatest cause to run sometimes, if they has any kind o' feeling, such as decent women should. I know all about that."

The senator, in a few words, briefly explained Eliza's history.

"O! ou! aw! now, *I* want to know!" said the good man, pitifully; "sho! now, sho! That's natur' now, poor critter! hunted down, now, like a deer—hunted down jest for havin' natural feelin's, and doin' what no kind o' mother could help a doin'! I tell ye what, these yer things make me come the nighest to swearin', now, o' most anything," said honest John, as he wiped his eyes with the back of a great, freckled, yellow hand. "I tell yer what, stranger, it was years and years before I'd jine the church, 'cause the ministers round in our parts used to preach that the Bible went in for these 'ere cuttings up; and I couldn't be up to 'em with their Greek and Hebrew, and so I took up agin 'em Bible and all. I never jined the church till I found a minister that was up to 'em all in Greek and all that, and he said right the contrary; and then I took right hold, and jined the church—I did now, fact," said John, who had been all this time uncorking some very frisky bottled cider, which at this juncture he presented.

"Ye'd better jest put up here, now, till daylight," said he, heartily, "and I'll call up the old woman, and have a bed got ready for you in no time."

"Thank you, my good friend," said the senator, "I must be along, to take the night stage for Columbus."

"Ah, well, then, if you must, I'll go a piece with you, and show you a cross road that will take you there better than the road you came on. That road's mighty bad."

John equipped himself, and, with a lantern in hand, was soon seen guiding the senator's carriage towards a road that ran down in a hollow, back of his dwelling. When they parted, the senator put into his hand a ten-dollar bill.

"It's for her," he said briefly.

"Ay, ay," said John, with equal conciseness. They shook hands and parted.

## House of Assembly, Feb. 16, 1853.

HIS Excellency the Lieutenant Governor having, by Message, transmitted to the House a Copy of a Memorial of certain landed Proprietors and Land Agents in Prince Edward Island to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, praying that Her Majesty may be advised to disallow the Act for the encouragement of Education, and the Act relating to the recovery of Small Debts, both passed by the Legislature of this Colony, last Session, and the same having been read, it was

*Ordered*, That the said Memorial be published once in each of the Newspapers printed in Charlottetown.

JOHN M'NEILL, C.H.A.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PAKINGTON.

The Humble Memorial of the undersigned resident Proprietors and Agents of absent Proprietors of Land, in Prince Edward Island, Sheweth,

That the Local Legislature, during the last Session, passed a Bill for the purpose of establishing a system of Free Education throughout the Colony, whereby it is intended to impose an additional tax of four shillings and two pence per hundred acres annually on all Township lands in this Island, whether the same be "wilderness or cultivated, improved or unimproved," and the Bill provides, that payment thereof shall be enforced under the provisions of the Colonial Statute, of the 11th Vic. cap. 7, by which Statute Wilderness Land is already assessed at the annual rate of five shillings per hundred acres, and cultivated or improved land at half that amount; so that, if the Education Bill goes into operation, the tax on wilderness and unproductive property will be increased to 9s. 2d. for every hundred acres, and on improved land to 6s. and 8d. for every like quantity.

That the first Land Assessment which came into operation in 1832 was equal on all lands, being two shillings on every hundred acres; but in 1837 a Bill was carried, which was limited to ten years duration, whereby the tax on wilderness land was doubled, and that on improved land suffered to continue as fixed by the previous Bill; and they so remained until 1848, when the existing Land Assessment Act came into operation, which is stated in the title to have been passed "for the encouragement of Education."

That by a reference to the several Acts referred to, as well as by the correspondence of different Secretaries of State on the subject, it appears that these taxes were imposed "in lieu of Quit Rents," the claim to which the Crown was pleased to forego, during the continuance of the said Acts, each of which contains a clause to that effect; but the tax has been of late years so gradually augmented, as now to form a very disproportionate substitute for the claim relinquished by the Crown, to give place to what seemed a milder measure than that of enforcing payment of the Quit Rents—for by the Proclamation of Lieutenant Governor Smith, dated 28th July, 1818, it is announced that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been bountifully and graciously pleased to alter the rate of Quit Rent heretofore payable by the Landed Proprietors of this Island, to two shillings per hundred acres, as relates to Townships and parts of Townships."

That by the original Grants and Mandamusses under which the lands are held, there is upon each of the 67 Townships into which the Island is divided, a reservation of 130 acres for Glebe and School lands, which said reservations, in the year 1835, were sold under an Act of the Local Legislature and the interest of ten-thirteenths of the whole fund arising from such sales, is now applied exclusively to the purposes of Education, in connexion with the Established Church of England.

That admitting such a system as is contemplated by the Education Bill, be desired in certain Districts of the Island, yet that such a desire is not general, would appear by various petitions being presented, as well against as in favour of the Bill, during its progress through the Legislature; and your Memorialists deem that it would be more in accordance with the principles of fair taxation, if in Districts where the Inhabitants are disposed to try the working of a new system, they should be empowered to assess themselves for that purpose; and that the chief burden incurred by the measure should not bear oppressively on any particular class of individuals who cannot derive any direct advantage from its operation—and that upon no plea should the fee simple of landed property be made liable for the payment of a tax, imposed for the immediate and exclusive benefit of the actual occupants holding such lands under leases, usually at the very moderate rent of from one to two shillings an acre in most cases, during terms varying from 100 to 999 years.

That with not more than one exception, all the Townships in the Island are settled in a larger proportion to the number of acres than is required by the condition of the original Grants; and by the last Census, and statistical returns taken in 1848, the whole Colony would appear then to have contained 62,700 inhabitants, being at the rate of one person for every 22 acres, estimating the superficial extent of the Island 1,363,000 acres, of which 215,398 are arable land, being about one-sixth of the whole; as may be stated on the authority of the same returns. The Island is thus placed in a much more advantageous light as regards cultivation and population, than any of the neighbouring Provinces; but larger portions of the land remaining unsettled are barren and unproductive, or else so remotely and disadvantageously situated, that a considerable number of years must elapse before their settlement can be effected by the ordinary course of colonization; and your Memorialists beg leave to observe, that the objections advanced by the Earl of Derby, then Mr. Secretary Stanley, to the proposition of the Assembly, relative to a tax on land in 1833, apply with equal, if not still greater force to the present state of the Colony; considering the difficulty of obtaining purchasers for land, or indeed, settlers of any description. In Despatch No. 7 to Sir A. W. Young, dated Downing Street, 28th May, 1834, the Right Hon. Secretary is pleased to say, "Independently of the difficulties and expense of collection, the avowed intention and expected effect is to bring large masses of land under escheat for non-payment; but although provision is made for selling so much of the land as may be necessary to cover the assessment, the effect of pouring so large a portion of land into a market already overstocked, may be so far to reduce the price as to render it impossible to find purchasers willing to take it at any price, subject to the amount of duty, &c. &c."

That in many instances, the present Assessment has seriously depreciated the value of property, as large tracts are annually stripped of a valuable growth of timber, in order to provide for the Assessment; and quantities of land thus greatly deteriorated in value, are at length forced into the market in consequence of an oppressive and unequal burden. For in the month of January last, no less than 66,528 acres of Township Property were proclaimed by the Treasurer as liable to be sold for non-payment of the tax for the past year; and with those facts before you, your Memorialists beg leave to impress upon your consideration that the real and primary object of the Land Assessment, as stated in the despatch already referred to, is to force land into the market, and thereby create a virtual confiscation of property.

That the qualification for a Member of the General Assembly of Prince Edward Island is freehold or leasehold property to the value of £34 Sterling; and your Memorialits desire it to be clearly understood, that the value implied, does not refer to the annual rental (whether real or estimated), derivable from such property; for by the Colonial Statute of 11th Victoria, cap. 21, the seizen of a freehold or leasehold estate, within this Island, of the value of £50, that is, currency, which at the present rate of Exchange as by law established, is something under £34 Sterling, forms the sole legal qualification for members entrusted to legislate for this Colony. But your Memorialists rely with much confidence on the determination so decidedly manifested by the Home Government, and repeatedly guaranteed by successive Secretaries of State, not to tolerate or sanction any enactment of the Local Legislature which shall trench on the sacred rights of property. And your Memorialists beg respectfully to call your attention to Earl Grey's Despatch, No. 3, to Sir A. Bannerman, dated Downing-street, 12th February, 1851, wherein His Lordship is pleased to say, "Prince Edward Island, possessed as it is of great natural advantages, which are beginning to be better known in this country than formerly, is likely at no distant time to attract both emigrants and capital, if the policy adopted by the Legislature is not such as to discourage them. But nothing would tend more to this unfortunate result than the sense of insecurity which must infallibly be created by any attempt of the Legislature to pass Laws bearing unjustly on the owners of Landed Property; even if the attempt were frustrated by the refusal of Her Majesty's allowance of it, which it would be the duty of the Government to advise Her to withold in such a case."

That the increased tax contemplated by the Education Bill would "bear unjustly on the owners of landed property," must also appear from the consideration, that an unequal tax on wilderness or unproductive land does not exist in any of the neighbouring Provinces, nor, as your Memorialists believe, any other part of Her Majesty's dominions. That in all countries there are large tracts which can never be brought into cultivation, and it was not many years ago asserted, upon good authority, that Great Britain alone contained upwards of twenty millions of acres, which were not cultivated, upwards of nine millions of which were esteemed capable of improvement; and yet, no person ever proposed to lay a direct tax on land of this description in Great Britian, although much of it might be made of infinitely more value, than the best land in Prince Edward Island.

That the Local Legislature have also passed "An Act relating to the recovery of Small Debts," repealing various former Acts heretofore in operation, and extending the jurisdiction of the Courts to sums not exceeding twenty pounds.

That the restrictions under which rent may be sued for by the said Act are so varied and stringent in character as to be tantamount in effect to the exclusion of your Memorialists from the said Courts, in most cases where rent might be recovered, as will appear by the following extract from the eighth section of the Act:—"That no action or suit, except the same commences by capias as hereinafter mentioned, for any sum for rent due upon any lease or demise, or agreement for a lease or demise of any lands, houses, tenements, hereditaments in this Island, whereof the area shall exceed one acre of land, whether in writing or by parol, or for rent due as between landlord and tenant, in respect to the occupation of any such lands, houses, tenements or hereditaments, shall be commenced in any Court to be constituted under this Act, unless the sum or amount demanded cannot in any way be made the subject of distress, or is recoverable thereby, or unless at the time of the commencement of such action, or at some time within seven days previous thereto, there shall not be or have been upon the premises, in respect of which the rent or sum is claimed or has accrued due, sufficient distress to countervail the rent or sum so claimed, or if more, than half a year's rent be claimed, a sufficient distress to countervail half a year's arrears of the rent or sum so claimed, nor unless the person or persons desiring so sue out a summons