HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, March 19, 1853. New Series. No. 17

Haszard's Gazette.

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

Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XIII.

The Quaker Settlement.—Eliza and her Child again.—Quaker Courtesies.—Joyful Intelligence.—Its Effects on Eliza.—An Indiana Breakfast.—A Quaker Colloquy.

A QUIET scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatly-painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked cooking-stove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of unmentionable good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm: a small flag-bottomed rocking-chair, with a patch-work cushion in it, neatly contrived out of small pieces of different coloured woollen goods, and a larger sized one, motherly and old, whose wide arms breathed hospitable invitation, seconded by the solicitation of its feather cushions—a real, comfortable, persuasive old chair, and worth, in the way of honest, homely enjoyment, a dozen of your plush or brochetelle drawing-room gentry; and in the chair, gently swaying back and forward, her eyes bent on some fine sewing, sat our old friend Eliza. Yes, there she is, paler and thinner than in her Kentucky home, with a world of quiet sorrow lying under the shadow of her long eyelashes, and marking the outline of her gentle mouth! It was plain to see how old and firm the girlish heart was grown under the discipline of heavy sorrow; and when, anon, her large dark eye was raised to follow the gambols of her little Harry, who was sporting, like some tropical butterfly, hither and thither over the floor, she showed a depth of firmness and steady resolve, that was never there in her earlier and happier days.

By her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy lisse-crape cap, made after the strait Quaker pattern, the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom, the drab shawl and dress, showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except "Peace on earth, good will to men;" and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving, brown eyes: you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom. So much has been said and sung of beautiful young girls, why don't somebody wake up to the beauty of old women? If any want to get up an inspiration under this head, we refer them to our good friend Rachel Halliday, just as she sits there in her little rocking-chair. It had a turn for quaking and squeaking—that chair had—either from having taken cold in early life, or from some asthmatic affection, or perhaps from nervous derangement: but as she gently swung backward and forward, the chair kept up a kind of subdued "creechy crawchy," that would have been intolerable in any other chair. But old Simeon Halliday often declared it was as good as any music to him; and the children all avowed that they wouldn't miss of hearing mother's chair for anything in the world. For why? for twenty years or more, nothing but loving words, and gentle moralities, and motherly loving-kindness, had come from that chair—headaches and heartaches innumerable had been cured there—difficulties spiritual and temporal solved there—all by one good, loving woman. God bless her!

"And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?" she said, as she was quietly looking over her peaches.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza, firmly. "I must go onward. I dare not stop."

"And what'll thee do, when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter."

"My daughter" came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for hers was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world.

Eliza's hands trembled, and some tears fell on her fine work; but she answered firmly,—

"I shall do—anything I can find. I hope I can find something."

"Thee knows thee can stay here as long as thee pleases," said Rachel.

"Oh, thank you," said Eliza, "but"—she pointed to Harry—"I can't sleep nights; I can't rest. Last night I dreamed, I saw that man coming into the yard," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child!" said Rachel, wiping her eyes; "but thee mustn't feel so. The Lord hath ordered it so, that never hath a fugitive been stolen from our village. I trust thine will not be the first."

The door here opened, and a little, short, round, pincushiony woman stood at the door, with a cheery, blooming face, like a ripe apple. She was dressed, like Rachel, in sober gray, with the muslin folded neatly across her round, plump little chest.

"Ruth Stedman," said Rachel, coming joyfully forward; "how is thee, Ruth?" she said, heartily taking both her hands.

"Nicely," said Ruth, taking off her little drab bonnet, and dusting it with her handkerchief, displaying, as she did so, a round little head, on which the Quaker cap sat with a sort of jaunty air, despite all the stroking and patting of the small fat hands, which were busily applied to arranging it. Certain stray locks of decidedly curly hair, too, had escaped here and there, and had to be coaxed and cajoled into their place again; and then the new comer, who might have been five-and-twenty, turned from the small looking-glass, before which she had been making these arrangements, and looked well pleased—as most people who looked at her might have been: for she was decidedly a wholesome, whole-hearted, chirruping little woman, as ever gladdened man's heart withal.

"Ruth, this friend is Eliza Harris; and this is the little boy I told thee of."

"I am glad to see thee, Eliza—very," said Ruth, shaking hands, as if Eliza were an old friend she had long been expecting: "and this is thy dear boy—I brought a cake for him," she said, holding out a little heart to the boy, who came up, gazing through his curls, and accepted it shyly.

"Where's thy baby, Ruth?" said Rachel.

"Oh, he's coming; but thy Mary caught him as I came in, and ran off with him to the barn, to show him to the children."

At this moment the door opened, and Mary, an honest, rosy-looking girl, with large brown eyes, like her mother's, came in with the baby.

"Ah! ha!" said Rachel, coming up, and taking the great, white, fat fellow in her arms; "how good he looks, and how he does grow!"

"To be sure he does," said little bustling Ruth, as she took the child, and began taking off a little blue silk hood, and various layers and wrappers of outer garments: and having given a twitch here, and a pull there, and variously adjusted and arranged him, and kissed him heartily, she sat him on the floor to collect his thoughts. Baby seemed quite used to this mode of proceeding, for he put his thumb in his mouth (as if it were quite a thing of course), and seemed soon absorbed in his own reflections, while the mother seated herself, and, taking out a long stocking of mixed blue and white yarn, began to knit with briskness.

"Mary, thee'd better fill the kettle, hadn't thee?" gently suggested the mother.

Mary took the kettle to the well, and, soon reappearing, placed it over the stove, where it was soon purring and steaming, a sort of censer of hospitality and good cheer. The peaches, moreover, in obedience to a few gentle whispers from Rachel, were soon deposited, by the same hand, in a stewpan over the fire.

Rachel now took down a snowy moulding-board, and, tying on an apron, proceeded quietly to making up some biscuits, first saying to Mary, "Mary, hadn't thee better tell John to get a chicken ready?" and Mary disappeared accordingly.

"And how is Abigail Peters?" said Rachel, as she went on with her biscuits.

"Oh, she's better," said Ruth. "I was in this morning; made the bed, tidied up the house. Leah Hills went in this afternoon, and baked bread and pies enough to last some days; and I engaged to go back to get her up this evening."

"I will go in to-morrow, and do any cleaning there may be, and look over the mending," said Rachel.

"Ah! that is well," said Ruth. "I've heard," she added, "that Hannah Stanwood is sick. John was up there last night; I must go there to-morrow."

"John can come in here to his meals, if thee needs to stay all day," suggested Rachel.

"Thank thee, Rachel; we'll see to-morrow. But here comes Simeon."

Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat and pantaloons, and broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

"How is thee, Ruth?" he said warmly, as he spread his broad open hand for her little fat palm; "and how is John?"

"Oh! John is well, and all the rest of our folks," said Ruth, cheerily.

"Any news, father?" said Rachel, as she was putting her biscuits into the oven.

"Peter Stebbins told me that they should be along to-night, with *friends*," said Simeon, significantly, as he was washing his hands at a neat sink, in a little back porch.

"Indeed!" said Rachel, looking thoughtfully, and glancing at Eliza.

"Did thee say thy name was Harris?" said Simeon to Eliza, as he re-entered.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered, "Yes;" her fears, ever uppermost, suggesting that possibly there might be advertisements out for her.

"Mother!" said Simeon, standing in the porch, and calling Rachel out.

"What does thee want, father?" said Rachel, rubbing her floury hands, as she went into the porch.

"This child's husband is in the settlement, and will be here to-night," said Simeon.

"Now, thee doesn't say that, father?" said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

It's really true. Peter was down yesterday, with the waggon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men, and one said his name was George Harris; and, from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He is a bright, likely fellow, too."

"Shall we tell her now?" said Simeon.

"Let's tell Ruth," said Rachel. "Here Ruth!—come here."

Ruth, what does thee think?" said Rachel, "Father says Eliza's husband is in the last company, and will be here to-night."

A burst of joy from the little Quakeress interrupted the speech. She gave such a bound from the floor, as she clapped her little hands, that two stray curls fell from under her Quaker cap, and lay brightly on her white neckerchief.

"Hush thee, dear!" said Rachel, gently; "hush, Ruth! Tell us; shall we tell her now?"

"Now! to be sure, this very minute. Why, now, suppose 'twas my John, how should I feel? Do tell her right off."

"Thee uses thyself only to learn how to love thy neighbour, Ruth," said Simeon, looking with a beaming face on Ruth.

"To be sure. Isn't it what we are made for? If I didn't love John and the baby, I should not know how to feel for her. Come, now, do tell her—do!" and she laid her hands persuasively on Rachel's arm. "Take her into thy bedroom, there, and let me fry the chicken while thee does it."

Rachel came out into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and, opening the door of a small bedroom, said gently, "Come in here with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee."

The blood flushed in Eliza's pale face; she rose, trembling with nervous anxiety, and looked towards her boy.

"No, no," said little Ruth, darting up, and seizing her hands.

"Never thee fear; it's good news, Eliza—go in, go in!" And she gently pushed her to the door, which closed after her; and then, turning round, she caught little Harry in her arms, and began kissing him.

"Thee'll see thy father, little one. Does thee know it? Thy father is coming," she said, over and over again, as the boy looked wonderingly at her.

Meanwhile, within the door another scene was going on. Rachel Halliday drew Eliza towards her, and said, "The Lord hath had mercy on thee, daughter; thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage."

The blood flushed to Eliza's cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with as sudden a rush. She sat down pale and faint.

"Have courage, child," said Rachel, laying her hand on her head.

"He is among friends, who will bring him here to-night."

"To-night!" Eliza repeated: "to-night!" The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dreamy and confused; all was mist for a moment.

When she awoke she found herself snugly tucked up on the bed, with a blanket over her, and little Ruth rubbing her hands with camphor. She opened her eyes in a state of dreamy, delicious languor, such as one has who has long been bearing a heavy load, and now feels it gone, and would rest. The tension of the nerves, which had never ceased a moment since the first hour of her flight, had given way, and a strange feeling of security and rest came over her; and, as she lay, with her large dark eyes open, she followed, as in a quiet dream, the motions of those about her. She saw the door open into the other room; saw the supper-table, with its snowy cloth; heard the dreamy murmur of the singing tea-kettle; saw Ruth tripping backward and forward, with plates of cake and saucers of preserves, and ever anon stopping to put a cake into Harry's hand, or pat his head, or twine his long curls round her snowy fingers.

She saw the ample motherly form of Rachel, as she ever and anon came to the bedside, and smoothed and arranged something about the bed-clothes, and gave a tuck here and there, by way of expressing her good-will; and was conscious of a kind of sunshine beaming down upon her from her large, clear, brown eyes. She saw Ruth's husband come in—saw her fly up to him, and commence whispering very earnestly, ever and anon, with impressive gesture, pointing her little finger toward the room. She saw her with the baby in her arms, sitting down to tea; she saw them all at table, and little Harry in a high chair, under the shadow of Rachel's ample wing; there were low murmurs of talk, gentle tinkling of tea-spoons, and musical clatter of cups and saucers, and all mingled in a delightful dream of rest; and Eliza slept, as she had not slept before since the fearful midnight hour, when she had taken her child and fled through the frosty starlight.

She dreamed of a beautiful country—a land, it seemed to her, of rest—green shores, pleasant islands, and beautifully glittering water; and there, in a house which kind voices told her was a home, she saw her boy playing, a free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her, his tears falling on her face, and she awoke! It was no dream. The daylight had long faded; her child lay calmly sleeping by her side; a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her husband was sobbing by her pillow.

The next morning was a cheerful one at the Quaker house.

"Mother" was up betimes, and surrounded by busy girls and boys, whom we had scarce time to introduce to our readers yesterday, and who all moved obediently to Rachel's gentle "Thee had better," or more gentle "Hadn't thee better?" in the work of getting breakfast; for a breakfast in the luxurious valleys of Indiana is a thing complicated and multiform, and, like picking up the rose-leaves and trimming the bushes in Paradise, asking other hands than those of the original mother. While, therefore, John ran to the spring for fresh water, and Simeon the second sifted meal for corn-cakes, and Mary ground coffee, Rachel moved gently and quietly about, making biscuits, cutting up chicken, and diffusing a sort of sunny radiance over the whole proceeding generally. If there was any danger of friction or collision from the ill-regulated zeal of so many young operators, her gentle "Come, come!" or "I wouldn't, now," was quite sufficient to allay the difficulty. Bards have written of the cestus of Venus, that turned the heads of all the world in successive generations. We had rather, for our part, have the cestus of Rachel Halliday, that kept heads from being turned, and made everything go on harmoniously. We think it is more suited to our modern days, decidedly.

While all other preparations were going on, Simeon the elder stood in his shirt-sleeves before a little looking-glass in the corner, engaged in the anti-patriarchal operation of shaving. Everything went on so sociably, so quietly, so harmoniously, in the great kitchen—it seemed so pleasant to every one to do just what they were doing—there was such an atmosphere of mutual confidence and good-fellowship everywhere—even the knives and forks had a social clatter as they went on to the table; and the chicken and ham had a cheerful and joyous frizzle in the pan, as if they rather enjoyed being cooked than otherwise; and when George and Eliza and little Harry came out, they met such a hearty, rejoicing welcome, no wonder it seemed to them like a dream.

At last they were all seated at breakfast, while Mary stood at the stove, baking griddle cakes, which, as they gained the true, exact, golden-brown tint of perfection, were transferred quite handily to the table.

Rachel never looked so truly and benignly happy as at the head of her table. There was so much motherliness and full-heartedness even in the way she passed a plate of cakes or poured a cup of coffee, that it seemed to put a spirit into the food and drink she offered.

It was the first time, that ever George had sat down on equal terms at any white man's table; and he sat down at first, with some constraint and awkwardness; but they all exhaled and went off like fog in the genial morning rays of this simple, overflowing kindness.

This, indeed was a home—*home*—a word that George had never yet known a meaning for; and a belief in God, and trust in His providence, began to encircle his heart, as, with a golden cloud of protection and confidence, dark, misanthropic, pining, atheistic doubts, and fierce despair, melted away before the light of a living Gospel, breathed in living faces, preached by a thousand unconscious acts of love and good-will, which, like the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall never lose their reward.

"Father, what if thee should get found out again?" said Simeon second, as he buttered his cake.

"I should pay my fine." said Simeon quietly.

"But what if they put thee in prison?"

"Couldn't thee and mother manage the farm?" said Simeon, smiling.

"Mother can do almost everything," said the boy. "But isn't it a shame to make such laws?"

"Thee musn't speak evil of thy rulers, Simeon," said his father, gravely. "The Lord only gives us our worldly goods, that we may do justice and mercy; if our rulers require a price of us for it, we must deliver it up."

"Well, I hate those old slaveholders!" said the boy, who felt as unchristian as became any modern reformer.

"I am surprised at thee, son," said Simeon; "thy mother never taught thee so, I would do even the same for the slaveholder, as for the slave, if the Lord brought him to my door in affliction."

Simeon second blushed scarlet; but his mother only smiled, and said, "Simeon is my good boy; he will grow older by and by, and then he will be like his father."

"I hope, my good sir, that you are not exposed to any difficulty on our account?" said George anxiously.

"Fear nothing, George, for therefore are we sent into the world. If we would not meet trouble for a good cause, we were not worthy of our name."

"But, for *me*," said George: "I could not bear it."

"Fear not, then, friend George; it is not for thee, but for God and man, we do it," said Simeon. "And now thou must lie by quietly this day, and to-night, at ten o'clock, Phineas Fletcher will carry thee onward to the next stand—thee and the rest of thy company. The pursuers are hard after thee; we must not delay."

"If that is the case, why wait till evening?" said George.

"Thou art safe here by daylight, for every one in the settlement is a Friend, and all are watching. It has been found safer to travel by night."

THAT was not a bad reply, that was made by an old and very able New England preacher to a very youug and inexperienced clergyman, who had just been remarking that he could write a sermon evey day in the week, and "make *nothing* of it."

"So can I," said the elder preacher; "but I don't want to make *nothing* of *my* sermons; I want to have *something* in them; something that *I* feel, and that I wish my congregation to feel likewise."

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

LAKE SUPERIOR MINING—The following are extracts from letters received from Lake Superior up to Jan 15:

Cliff Mine, No. 8, bore 520 feet below the surface, produces more Copper than any one above.—Extensive masses of nearly pure Copper are met with in all parts of the Mine. It is paying a net profit to the Company of about $20,000 per month.

Minnesota Mine continues to improve. One mass of native Copper of 75 tons has been blown down the past month, some portion of which is over three feet thick pure Copper. It produces about 30 tons per month—that pays to the Company between $10,000 and $12,000 net.

THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON.—President Fillmore and General Pierce visited the caloric ship Ericsson at Alexandria this morning.

It is now universally admitted, that the triumphant success of the Ericsson settles the principle as an established fact, and the Secretary of the Navy will at once recommend to Congress to make the appropriation necessary to build two first class Caloric Ships for the Navy with screw-propellers.—*New York Tribune.*

A LATE writer supposes—plausibly enough, it seems to us—that the "indifference to danger," which most people exhibit on board steamboats, arises from the common-place look that every thing wears. "Who ever believes," says he, "that a thousand horses are tugging to get out of a boiler, when he sees this immense power kept in subjection by a knock-kneed man in a paper hat and ill reaped chin?"

The works of Gutzlaff, the eminent Chinese Missionary are soon to be published at Munich.

SHIP BUILDING.—Darius Davidson, a celebrated naval architect, of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamship, 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by 16 separate engines, having a total of 5,000 horse power, with berths and state rooms for 3,000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realization. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steamship, but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip of some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea-going vessel now, but not nearly so great as half that length would have been considered 15 years ago. The 350 feet we have—the 700 feet we may yet have. Where are the passengers to come from, say the doubting? Put the passage at 20 dollars to 25 dollars and you will see! If 250 per week offer themselves at 126 dollars fare, it is not unreasonable to expect 500 at 75 dollars, or 1000 at 50 dollars, or 3,000 at 25 dollars, and when the figures are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by all odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not offer, because the people cannot be made to believe, that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence, that they will be sustained in the undertaking. It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportions in length, breadth and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's Ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are, length 322 feet, breadth of beam 50 feet, depth 25½ feet. The dimensions of the Ark were, length 300 cubits, breadth 50 cubits, depth 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the Ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being 22 inches. Both had upper, lower and middle stories. After all the equipments of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the Deluge, the shipbuilders have to return to the model afforded by Noah's Ark.

From the New York Tribune.

THE MAINE LAW IN THE UNITED STATES.

MICHIGAN has passed the Maine Law through both branches of the Legislature by large majorities. The People are to vote on it in July. Never fear *them*! Michigan was among the earliest in abolishing Capital Punishment, and now takes another step forward in the good work of preserving her citizens from depravity and crime, instead of neglecting them, till they have done their worst and then killing them! Hail the Star in the West!

ILLINOIS has been hard at work on the Maine Law this winter, but we fear with poor success. (Her 'great Mogul' is Senator Douglas, who has a kindness for juleps, while Gen. Cass, the patron saint of Michigan is a Temperance man.) We trust another year will bring Illinois. We believe she has broken ground this year by abolishing all License Laws. Good so!—let the ulcer come to a head!

VERMONT.—The battle has been fought and the victory won at the ballot boxes on the 8th February. King Alcohol mustered all his forces and struggled hard against our new Anti-Liquor Law, which embraces the best provisions of the Maine Law, with the addition of a few more screws in the machinery which, by a little occasional turning, make all the parts snug and nice, so that the machine will do its work faithfully and promptly, and without creating but a very little noise and confusion.

NEW JERSEY is perfecting a bill based on the Maine Law, and there are hopes entertained of its passage.

RHODE ISLAND has had her Maine Law remodeled to meet and obviate the objections of Judge Curtis.

MAINE and MASSACHUSETTS are morally certain not to touch their Prohibition Laws this winter, *unless* to strengthen them, while CONNECTICUT looks hopeful, and there are encouraging aspects in PENNSYLVANIA and OHIO—to go no further.

So the Temperance Car moves on!

HUMBOLDT'S KOSMOS.—Humboldt's fourth volume of the Kosmos has recently appeared. "Talvi," the able correspondent of the Literary World, mentions that the preceding volumes of this series have been translated into Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Russian, and Polish; twice into French, and four times into English.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—During the year ending Dec. 31, 1852, there arrived at San Francisco by sea 94,640 passengers; during the same time 23,196 persons departed, showing an addition to our population by sea of 41,444 for the year. This is founded on the reports made by masters of steamers and vessels to the Custom-House, but as it is known that during a large portion of the year the steamers came up crowded to their utmost capacity, bringing a much larger number of passengers than allowed by law, and of course they would dare to report, it would be safe to add 10 per cent., or 6,464 to the number given above. This would make the total increase of population by sea during the past year 47,908. The emigration across the plains in '52 is variously estimated at from 20,000 to 35,000. It would be within bounds to put it at 25,000. This would make a total addition to our population of 72,908 during the year 1852. In round numbers, 75,000 would be a fair estimate.

SLEDGE-HAMMER MUSIC!—It is said that a singular musical novelty has been introduced into a musical performance at Rome. In Verdi's new opera of the *Troubadour*, an *anvil* chorus, with an accompaniment of *sledge-hammer*, is introduced.

Putnam is to be the publisher of the Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition at New York.