HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, April 27, 1853. New Series. No. 28.

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.* 19, *concluded.*)

Differences and Resemblances—Stateof the English Labourer—A Sentimentalist—A shaking of theNations—Conquest by Kindness—Tom's Letter Home—Kitchen Estimation of Miss Ophelia.

BUT to go back to my history, said St. Clair :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" But it's no kind of apology for slavery, to prove that it isn't worse than some other bad thing."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" But why didn't you free your slaves ?"

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

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

" Why didn't you ?" said Miss Ophelia ; you ought not to put your hand to the plough, and look back."

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

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

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

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

" I don't know. One thing is certain—that there is a mustering among the masses, the world over ; and there is a *dies iræ* coming on, sooner or later. The same thing is working, in Europe, in England, and in this country. My mother used to tell me of a millennium that was coming, when Christ should reign, and all men should be free and happy. And she taught me, when I was a boy, to pray. 'Thy kingdom come.' Sometimes I think all this sighing, and groaning, and stirring among the dry bones foretels what she used to tell me was coming. But who may abide the day of His appearing ?"

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

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

At table, Mare alluded to the incident of Prue. " I suppose you'll think, cousin," she said, " that we are all barbarians."

" Well, now," said Marie, " I know it's impossible to get along with some of these creatures. They are so bad they ought not to live. I don't feel a particle of sympathy for such cases. If they'd only behave themselves, it would not happen."

" But, mamma," said Eva, " the poor creature was unhappy ; that's what made her drink."

" Oh fiddlestick ! as if that were any excuse ! I'm unhappy, very often. I persume," she said, pensively, " that I've had greater trials than ever she had. It's just because they are so bad. There's some of them that you cannot break in by any kind of severity. I remember father had a man that was so lazy he would run away just to get rid of work, and lie round in the swamps, stealing and doing all sorts of horrid things. That man was caught and whipped, time and again, and it never did him any good : and the last time he crawled off, though he couldn't but just go, he died in the swamp. There was no sort of reason for it, for father's hands were always treated kindly."

" I broke a fellow in, once," said St. Clare, " that all the overseers and masters had tried their hands on in vain."

" You !" said Marie ; " well, I'd be glad to know when *you* ever did anything of the sort."

" Well, he was a powerful, gigantic fellow—a native-born African ; and he appeared to have the rude instinct of freedom in him to an uncommon degree. He was a regular African lion. They called him Scipio. Nobody could do anything with him ; and he was sold round from overseer to overseer, till at last Alfred bought him, because he thought he could manage him. Well, one day he knocked down the overseer, and was fairly off into the swmaps I was on a visit to Alf's plantation, for it was after we had dissolved partnership. Alfred was grately exasperated, but I told him that it was his own fault, and laid him any wager that I could brake the man ; and finally it was agreed that, if I caught him, I should have him to experiment on. So they mustered out a party of some six or seven, with guns and dogs, for the hunt. People, you know, can get up just as much enthusiasm in hunting a man as a deer, if it is only customary ; in fact, I got a little excited myself, though I had only put in as a sort of mediator, in case he was caught.

" Well, the dogs bayed and howled, and we rode and scampered, and finally we started him. He ran and bounded like a buck, and kept us well in the rear for some time ; but at last he got caught in an impenetrable thicket of cane : than he turned to bay, and I tell you he fought the dogs right gallantly. He dashed them to right and left, and actually killed three of them with only his naked fists, when a shot from a gun brought him down, and he fell, wounded and bleeding, almost at my feet. The poor fellow looked up at me with manhood and despair both in his eye. I kept back the dogs and the party, as they came pressing up, and claimed him as my prisoner. It was all I could do to keep them from shooting him, in the flush of success ; but I persisted in my bargain, and Alfred sold him to me. Well, I took him in hand, and in one fortnight I had him tamed down as submissive and tractable as heart could desire."

" What in the world did you do to him ?" said Marie,

" Well, it was quite a simple process. I took him to my own room, had a good bed made for him, dressed his wounds, and tended him my self, until he got fairly on his feet again. And in process of time I had free papers made out for him, and told him he might go where he liked."

" And did he go ?" said Miss Ophelia.

" No. The foolish fellow tore the paper in two, and absolutely refused to leave me. I never had a braver, better fellow—trusty and true as steel. He embraced Christianity afterwards, and became as gentle as a child. He used to oversee my place on the lake, and did it capitally, too. I lost him the first cholera season. In fact, he laid down his life for me. For I was sick, almost to death ; and when, through the panic, everybody else fled, Scipio worked for me like a giant, and actually brought me back into life again. But, poor fellow ! he was taken, right after, and there was no saving him. I never felt anybody's loss more."

Eva had come gradually nearer and nearer to her father, as he told the story—her lips apart, her eyes wide and earnest with absorbing interest.

As he finished, she suddenly threw her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and sobbed convulsively.

" Eva, dear child ! what is the matter ?" said St. Clare, as the child's small frame trembled and shook with the violence of her feelings. " This child," he added, " ought not to hear any of this kind of thing—she's nervous."

" No, papa, I'm not nervous," said Eva, controlling herself suddenly with a strength of resolution singular in such a child ; " I'm not nervous, but these things *sink into my heart*."

" What do you mean, Eva ?"

" I can't tell you, papa. I think a great many thoughts. Perhaps some day I shall tell you."

" Well, think away, dear—only don't cry and worry your papa," said St. Clare. " Look here —see what a beautiful peach I have got for you !"

Eva took it, and smiled, though there was still a nervous twitching about the corners of her mouth.

" Come, look at the gold-fish," said St. Clare, taking her hand and stepping on to the verandah. A few moments, and merry laughs were heard through the silken curtains, as Eva and St. Clare were pelting each other with roses, and chasing each other among the alleys of the court.

There is danger that our humble friend Tom be neglected amid the adventures of the higher born ; but if our readers will accompany us up to a little loft over the stable, they may, perhaps, learn a little of his affairs. It was a decent room, containing a bed, a chair, and a small, rough stand, where lay Tom's Bible and hymn-book ; and where he sits, at present, with his slate before him, intent on something that seems to cost him a great deal of anxious thought.

The fact was, that Tom's home yearnings had become so strong, that he had begged a sheet of wrting-paper of Eva ; and mustering up all his small stock of literary attainment acquired by Mas'r George's instructions, he conceived the bold idea of writing a letter ; and he was busy now, on his slate, getting out his first draught. Tom was in a good deal of trouble, for the forms of some of the letters he had forgotten entirely, and of what he did remember he did not know exactly which to use. And while he was working, and breathing very hard in his earnestness, Eva alighted like a bird on the round of his chair behind him, and peeped over his shoulder.

" O Uncle Tom ! what funny things you *are* making there !"

" I'm trying to write to my poor old woman, Miss Eva, and my little chil'n," said Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes ; " but, somehow, I'm feared, I shan't make it out."

" I wish I could help you, Tom ! I've learn't to write some. Last year I could make all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

So Eva put her little golden head close to his, and the two commenced a grave and anxious discussion, each one equally earnest, and about equally ignorant ; and, with a deal of consulting and advising over every word the composition began, as they both felt very sanguine, to look quite like writing.

" Yes, Uncle Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing delighted on it. " How pleased your wife 'll be, and the poor little children ! Oh, it's a shame you ever had to go away from them. I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some time."

" Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together," said Tom. " I'm 'spectin' she will. Young Mas'r George, he said he'd come for me ; and he gave me this yer dollar as a sign ;" and Tom drew from under his clothes the precious dollar.

" Oh, he'll certainly come, then !" said Eva. " I'm so glad !"

" And I wanted to send a letter, you know, to let 'em know whar I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off, 'cause she felt so drefful, poor soul !"

" I say, Tom !" said St. Clare's voice, coming in at the door at this moment.

Tom and Eva both started.

" What's here ?" said St. Clare, coming up and looking at the slate.

" Oh, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it," said Eva ; " isn't it nice ?"

" I wouldn't discourage either of you," said St. Clare, " but I rather think, Tom, you'd better get me to write your letter for you. I'll do it, when I come home from my ride."

" It's very important he should write," said Eva, " because his mistress is going to send down money to redeem him, you know, papa ; he told me they told him so."

St. Clare thought in his heart that this was probably one of those things which good-natured owners say to their servants, to alleviate their horror of being sold, without any intention of fulfilling the expectation thus excited. But he did not make any audible comment upon it—only ordered Tom to get the horses out for a ride.

Tom's letter was written in due form for him that evening, and safely lodged in the post-office.

Miss Ophelia still persevered in her labour in the house-keeping line. It was universally agreed among all the househould, from Dinah down to the youngest urchin, that Miss Ophelia was decidedly "curis"—a term by which a southern servant implies that his or her betters don't exactly suit them.

The higher circle in the family—to wit, Adolph, Jane, and Rosa—agreed that she was no lady ; ladies never kept working about as she did ; that she had no *air* at all ; and they were surprised that she should be any relation of the St. Clares. Even Marie declared that it was absolutely fatiguing to see Cousin Ophelia always so busy. And, in fact, Miss Ophelia's industry was so incessant as to lay some foundation for the complaint. She sewed and stitched away from daylight to dark, with the energy of one who is pressed on by some immediate urgency ; and then, when the light faded, and the work was folded away, with one turn out came the ever-ready kniting-work, and there she was again, going on as briskly as ever. It really was a labour to see her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY AT CUMA.

(From the European Times.)

A friend visiting Naples has sent us some interesting particulars of the opening of a Roman tomb, one among the many which, together with the ruins of a Grecian temple, have been lately discovered at the ancient city of Cuma. A labourer, going to plant trees, struck on stone work, and so it came to light. The king's brother, the Count of Syracuse, on whose estate it was, set men to work, and is still prosecuting the search with interest and eagerness. The writer goes on to say that one huudred men are at work on it, and the afair is making a noise here. Asking leave of the prince to attend, we were invited to his palace to see what he had of it there, and next day by appointment, we met him at the vineyard at Cuma, where the tombs are found, and spent four hours with him overlooking the workmen. After examining the site of the temple, called of Diana--a statue of the goddess having been found there--we saw various other ruins of houses, tombs, unshapen large masses of of Roman brickwork which lie about the ground, remains of the ancient city of Cuma. After going down into one tomb, in which are columbaria or small niches all round, to hold cinerary urns with the burnt bones, we took up our station near the score or more of men who were digging where there was reason to expect a tomb. Experience guiding them they demolished a tree, and shovelling off the soil we presently came to stonework that sounded hollow. This proved to be the mouth of the tomb, and clearing fast away, and picking and breaking through one of the large tufo stones that formed it, we made a hole big enough to creep through. First letting down a candle to see that the air was fit for respiration, in bowled three or four workmen, the prince's attendant, who is a zealous antiquary--our party of five, included your humble servant and my friend and eventually the prince himself. Conceive my interest at the moment ; we found ourselves in a dry arched chamber or vault, constructed of solid and large pieces of stone say 12 feet by 10 feet, an arched doorway of entrance on one side walled up ; round the other three sides, partitions of strong stone-work, raised above the floor of length and width to receive the bodies. Raking up the loose sand usually found in such receptacles, and the stucco that had fallen down from the walls and roof, which had been thickly plastered with it, we soon came to human bones, ivory combs (one precisely shaped and made like those in prsent use), parts of an ivory flute, alabaster smelling-bottle, lucernæ, streaked glass and terra-cotta buttons, small elegant vases of glass and terra cotta, but no money, though they found in the mouth of one skeleton lately a coin of Diocletian, proving that the tomb was used down to his reign. We had not time, though four hours there, to investigate closely ; they have to riddle the sand, &c., for the smaller objects. We came away at 4, p. m., much delighted at this authentic actual revelation of the funeral vaults of such bygone times—bygone, I may say, for Cuma was founded 3000 years ago, was once larger than Naples, and now there is nothing above ground but vineyards, in which rise bramble-covered mounds, hiding Roman brickwork, masses still uncovered, walls, &c. In one of the tombs were found skeletons with waxen heads ! the antiquaries are greatly puzzled thereat ; no such thing was ever before seen, nor can they give any explanation of it ; some say one thing, some another ; *secundum morem antiquariorum*. It is thought by many of the learned that they were the bodies of victims to Diocletian's persecution, decapitated for being Christians, and re-capitated, as well as they could be, by their friends after death, and interred in the Pagan family vault. I must repeat my thanks to the prince for his obliging conduct. " In England," said he, "a man is a man.---Correspondent of *The Builder*.

Whilst engaged in watching the sea, neither the eye nor the mind ever becomes weary. Each successive wave, as it curves its silver foam and dashes on the shore, has some novelty in it. There is no monotony in the motion of the waves, and the mind speculates momentarily on each variety of motion and form, finding in all an inexhaustible fund for amusement, excitement, pleasure, and wonder. It is no less true than remarkable, that the ocean is the only *substance* which, in its movements, has not a wearying effect upon the gazer. All other forms, animate or inanimate, may amuse for a moment, a minute, or an hour ; but their charm is quickly gone.

It is only Principles and Truth that the true and wise Progressive will never give up or compromise. These are God's. The life of mankind is in Principles. Truths are the arteries in which the world's blood circulates. He who yields the truth betrays his age.

THE MAINSPRING.—Continual regard to the will of God should be the regulating principle of every Christian, and not the conduct of others. Of him who is regulated by any other principle than regard to the will of God, it may be said, "that man's religion is vain."

KNOWLEDGE is not wisdom. A person may know, and yet have no claim to be called wise. Wisdom is the practical application of knowledge.

Old men are usually conservatives. Some there are that can carry the fire of youth up to old age, but the cases are rare. But yet all are needed, the young and the old, the warm hearted and the cool headed, the progressive and the conservative.

From conservatism springs aristocracy ; conservatism is often caused by laziness. Lounging sluggards are always conservatives, and persons of too keen sensibilities are also of the same character, as all advancements are fraught with imperfection, and therefore they cannot bear any innovations.—*Rev. H. Ward Beecher.*

Always have a book or a paper within your reach which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a sentence. If you can give fifteen minutes a day it will be felt at the end of the year.—Thoughts take up no room. When they are right they afford a portable pleasure, with which one may travel or labor without any trouble or encumbrance.