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**HOWAY'S PILLS.**  
 CURATIVE OF LOSS OF HEALTH,  
 STOMACH, INDIGESTION AND  
 LOSS OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.  
 From Mr. John Lloyd, of  
 St. John's, Newfoundland,  
 (below.)

MISS CASBY'S CHARITY.  
 GEORGE H. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher,  
 of the "Hazard's Gazette" and "Farmers' Journal,"  
 Office No. 10, Prince Street, P. E. Island.

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The Quaker's Story—Miss Casby's Charity  
 —Wrong without Remedy—Tom's Bible  
 —Casby's Story—Fidelity and Despair.

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

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

"Oh, good Lord! Do look upon me—give me  
 the victory—give me the victory over all!" pray-  
 ed poor Tom, in his anguish.

A footsteps entered the room behind him, and  
 the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.  
 "Who's there? Oh, for the Lord's sake, please  
 give me some water!"

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

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

"Don't call me Miss! I'm a miserable slave  
 like your self—a lorer one than you can ever  
 be!" said she, bitterly.

"But now," said she,  
 going to the door, and dragging in a small  
 basin, over which she had spread linen cloth  
 wet with cold water. "Try, my poor  
 fellow, to roll yourself on it."

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

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

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

"Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting  
 down on the floor, drew up her knees, and un-  
 derneath them, with her arms, looked steadily  
 before her, with a bitter and painful expres-  
 sion of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and  
 long wavy streams of black hair fell around  
 her singular and melancholy face.

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

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

"O Lord! O Lord!" he groaned. "How can  
 I give up?"

"There's no use calling on the Lord—he  
 never helps," said the woman, sadly. "There  
 is no use trying to believe, or, if there is, he's  
 taken sides against us. All goes against us  
 heaven and earth. Everything is pushing us  
 into hell. Why shouldn't we go?"

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

"How can I give up? I've got a dear  
 wife and child; and I've got a dear mother  
 who'll be as good as dead if I don't live. I've  
 got a dear home, and I've got a dear country.  
 I could make any one's hair rise, and their  
 teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I've  
 seen and been knowing to here—and it's no use  
 reasoning. Did I want to live with him? Was  
 I of a woman's delicate soul? And he—God in  
 heaven! what was he, and he is! And yet I've  
 lived with him these five years, and endured  
 every moment of my life—night and day! And  
 now he's got me—me—a young thing, only  
 fifteen; and he's brought up, she says, piously.  
 He's got a schoolmaster brought here to read the Bible,  
 and he's got a little house—a little hall, with  
 her!" And the woman laughed a wild and  
 doleful laugh, that rang with a strange  
 supernatural sound through the old ruined shed.

"Tom folded his hands; all was darkness and  
 horror.

"O Jesus! Lord Jesus! have you quite for-  
 gotten your poor creatures? Hear, O Lord!  
 Help, Lord! I perish!"

The woman sternly continued.

"Why should you miss his low dogs you  
 weep? What good would it do you to  
 count? Every one of them would turn against

you the first time they got a chance. They are  
 all of 'em as low and cruel to each other as  
 they can be; and there's no use in your suffer-  
 ing to keep from hurting them."

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

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

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

The woman faced a wild and started look  
 on Tom, as if a soft thought had struck her; and  
 they heavily groaned, said—

"O God! a mercy! you speak the truth! Oh,  
 how I'd love to see you! Oh, how I'd love to  
 see you! Oh, how I'd love to see you!"

"I wanted only one thing—I did want him  
 to marry me. I thought if by loved me as he  
 did love her, and if I was open carried to see  
 think I was, he would be willing to marry me and  
 set me free. But he convinced me that it would  
 be impossible; and he told me that if we were  
 only faithful to each other, it was marriage  
 before God. If that is true, wasn't I that  
 man's wife! Wasn't I faithful? He said I was  
 years didn't I study every look and motion, and  
 only live and breathe to please him. He had  
 the yellow fever, and for twenty days and nights  
 I watched with him—alone, and gave him all  
 his medicines, and did as he bade me; and he  
 had his life for my sake; and he had his child  
 saved his life. We had two beautiful children.  
 The first was a boy, and we called him Henry;  
 he was the image of his father—he had such  
 beautiful eyes, such a forehead, and his hair  
 and his nose, and his ears, and he had all his  
 father's spirit, and his talent too. Little Eliza,  
 he said, looked like me. He used to tell me  
 that I was the most beautiful woman in Louisi-  
 ana, he was so proud of me and the children.  
 I used to love to see me dress them up, and take  
 them to school, and to see them go to school,  
 and to hear the school master praise them, and  
 to see them all together, and to hear the school  
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children, and went up to her father's plantation,  
 I thought they would me strangely, but didn't  
 they care, and there's no use in your suffer-  
 ing to keep from hurting them."

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 'em cruel? And if I give out, I shall get used  
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was out walking, and passed by the calaboose; I  
 saw a crowd about the gate, and heard a child's  
 cry; and I went to look at it, and I saw a  
 young man, whom I thought the handsome  
 I had ever seen; and he was so beautiful,  
 and I walked with him in the garden, and he  
 was so kind and full of sorrow, and he was so  
 kind and gentle to me; and he told me, that he  
 had seen me before I went to the convent, and  
 that he had loved me a great while, and that he  
 would be my friend and protector. In short,  
 though he didn't tell me, he had paid two thou-  
 sand dollars for me, and I was his property.  
 I became his willingly, for I loved him. Lov-  
 ed!" said the woman, stopping. "Oh, how I  
 did love this man! How I love him now, and  
 always shall while I breathe! He was so beau-  
 tiful, so high, so noble! He put me into a beau-  
 tiful house, with servants, horses, and carriages,  
 and furniture, and dresses. Everything that  
 money could buy he gave me; but I didn't see  
 Tom, as if a soft thought had struck her; and  
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"Tom drank the water, and looked earnestly  
 and pitifully into her face."

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

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

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

AN ANCIENT MINE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

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

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

Why are soldiers like cocks? Because  
 their first duty is to "cock their tails."

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