

HASZARD'S GAZETTE. FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette. GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. E. B. IRVING, Editor.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. CHAP. IV. An Evening in Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Uncle Tom.

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close adjoining to the house, as the negro, who designated his master's dwelling in front of him a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to get her old man's supper; therefore, doubt not that it is here you see by the fire presiding with anxious interest over certain frying items in a stew-pan, and stirring with grave consideration, lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good."

Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is looking into the bake-pan, in which congenial operation she shall leave her till we finish our picture of the cottage.

In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatly with a snowy spread; and by the side of it was a piece of carpeting of some considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chloe took her stand, as being decidedly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it lay, and the whole corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, as far as possible, sacred from the marauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. In fact, that corner was the dressing-room of the cabin.

On a rough bench in the corner a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down again, such successive failures being violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rickety in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table were seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, so he is to be the hero of our story, was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air, his countenance, and dignified yet united with a comely and humble simplicity.

bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor. "Not that way, Uncle Tom—not that way," said he, hesitatingly, as he laboriously brought up the tail of his pig's wrong side out; "that makes a r, you see."

"How easy white folks afees do things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us,—it's mighty interrestin'!"

"Here you, Mose and Feta, get out go way, you niggers! Get away, Polly, home!" merrily gave her baby some by-and-by. Now, Master George, you just take out dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I'll take up de massages and have the first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"La bless you, Mas' George!" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm; "you wouldn't be for cuttin' 'in' wid datar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it! Here, I've got a thin old knife I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar, now, see—comes apart light as a feather! Now set away—you won't get anything to bot at ar!"

"Well, though, I've heard you say," said George, "that Jinny was a pretty fair cook." "So I did," said Aunt Chloe; "I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin', Jinny'll do; make a good pan o' bread—bille her laters for her corn cakes 'n' extra, not extra, now Jinny's corn cakes 'n' extra, but them they'll be. But, her, come to de higher branches and what can she do! Why, she makes pie—artin she does; but what kinder crust! She can make your real socky paste, as melts in your mouth and lies all up like a puff! Now, I went over there when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she just showed me de woddle 'n' she Jinny and I he good friends, you know, I never said nothin'; but go long Mas' George! Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink for a week if I had a batch of pie like dem ar. Why, dey wa'n't no 'count 't all."

"I suppose Jinny thought they were over so nice," said George. "Thought so—didn't she! That she was showin' 'em, as innocent! Ye see, it's just here, Jinny don't know. Lor, the family ain't nothin' in! She can't be 'speoted to know! Tan's no fault of hers. Ah, Mas' George, you doesn't know half your privileges in your family and bring up! Here Aunt Chloe sighed, and rolled up her eyes with emotion.

"I'm sure, Aunt Chloe, I understand all my pie-and-pudding privileges," said George. "Aunt Tom Lincoln, if I don't crow over him every time I meet him."

"And so you talked Tom, did you? Q Lor, what young you will be up ter! You crowsed over Tom! O Lor, Mas' George, if you wouldn't make a handsome laugh!"

"You ought to see some of Aunt Chloe's pie; they're the right sort," says I. "Pity, now Tom could see," said Aunt Chloe, on his benevolent heart the idea of Tom's benighted condition seemed to make a vigorous impression: "Ye oughter just ask him here to dinner some of these times, Mas' George," she added; "it would look quite pretty of ye. Ye know, Mas' George, ye oughter feel 'bout nobody on 'count your privileges, 'cause all our privileges 's gins to us; we ought a'fays to be thankful for 'em," said Aunt Chloe, looking quite serious.

"Well, I mean to ask Tom here some day next week," said George; "and 'on do you're pretties, Aunt Chloe, and we'll make him stare. Won't we make him eat so he won't get over it for a fortnight?"

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"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt

Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a ride box of a fruddle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Feta, get into thar; for we's going to have the meetin'."

"Oh, mother, we don't want to go. We want to sit up to meetin'—mose's in de cabin. We likes 'em."

"What we's to do for cheers, now, I declare I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's, weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sang both de legs out of dat old cheer last week," suggested Mose. "He was in de cabin, and he sung 'em out: 'Well, it'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!'" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter musn't sit in it, 'cause he'll a'fays hitches when he gets a singing. He hitches pretty high across de room 't'her niggers!"

"Good Lor, get him in it, then," said Mose, "and den he'll begin. 'Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell, and den down he'll go. And Mose imitated precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

"Well, ole man, be decent, can't ye!" said Aunt Chloe; "an't ye ashamed?"

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Mose's George, by request, read the last chapter of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The ater now!" "Only hear that!" "Just think on't!" "It is all that a comin' ar!"

George, who was a bright boy, and well trained in religious things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration, threw in expostions of his own, from time to time, with a commendable seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young as well as by the old; and it was agreed, on all hands, that a "minister" couldn't lay it off better than he did; "that 'twas rooly main!"

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters in the neighbourhood. Having, naturally, an organization in which the moral was strongly predominant, together with a great steady cultivation of mind that blended among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, heavy, stolid style of his exhortations, might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the earnest and fervent fervor of his devotion, and his prayers, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously, in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audience, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite otherwise passed in the halls of the mansion.

The trader, and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dining-room, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils. Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which, as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

"All fair," said the trader; and now for signing these ar."

"Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them like a man that carries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. Haley produced, from a well-worn valise, a parchment, which, after looking over it a moment, he handed to Mr. Shelby; who took it with a gesture of suppressed indignation.

"Well, now the thing's done!" said the trader, getting up.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How BARNUM PURCHASED THE MUSEUM.—In an essay which P. T. Barnum contributed to Freddy's "Treatise on Business," he thus alludes to the purchase of the Museum:—"In 1841 I purchased the American Museum in New York without a dollar. It was not worth a dollar in the world. But I was a disbeliever; I always felt that I could make money fast enough, if I only set my mind to it, I remember meeting a friend in Broadway a few weeks before I came in possession of the Museum. 'Well,' said I, 'Mr. A., I am going to buy the American Museum.' 'Buy it?' said he, 'for how much? I had no prospect of what I intended buying it with.' 'Bless!' I replied, 'for silver and gold I have none.'"

It was even so. Everybody who had any connection with theatrical, circus or exhibition business, from Edmond Simpson, manager of the old Park Theatre, or Wm. Nibbs, down to the most humble puppet-showman of the day, was perfectly well acquainted with Mr. Barnum, the owner of the museum building, (now deserted), a noble, well-schooled man as one often meets with, having possessed my acquaintance, who all concurred in telling him that I was a good showman, and would do as I agreed, accepted my proposition to give security for me in the purchase of the museum collection, he appointing a money-lender, at the door, and stipulating, towards the purchase, all the money secured after paying expenses, allowing me fifty dollars per month, on which to support my family, consisting of a wife and three children. This was my own proposition, as I was determined, so to live that six hundred dollars per annum should defray all expenses of my family until I had paid for the Museum; and my treasure of a wife (and such a wife is a treasure) gladly accented in the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to cut the expenses down to \$400 net amount, if necessary.

One day, some six months after I had purchased the museum, my friend, Mr. Olmsted, then in New York, called on me at 12 o'clock, and found me alone, sitting my dinner; which consisted of a few slices of roasted beef and bread that I had brought from home in the morning. "Is this the way you eat your dinner?" he inquired. "I have not eaten a morsel since I bought the Museum, except my breakfast. I would not sit down to eat another morsel until I had paid for the Museum." "Ah! you must eat, and will pay for it out of debt." "Ah! you must eat, and will pay for it out of debt."

USE THE PEN.
The pen is the power of the mind.
Never let it lag behind.
Write the thoughts, the pen can write.
From the chaos of the mind.
Many a great idea is lost for ever.
By a careless passer by.
But the genius of thought should never
On the mental pathway lie.

VARITIES.
Smiles.—How often the world mistakes smiles
For positive indications of happiness.
It looks upon the glittering sunshine dancing upon the
surface of the water and reads in it the deep, dark
water beneath! Many a fair and laughing face
conceals a breaking heart. By-the-by, some
people are inclined to believe there is no such
thing as a breaking heart. Mr. Pick does not
agree with them; he is confident that hundreds of
young creatures go down to the grave, their minds
unstrung, their heartstrings riven by the world's
neglect and unkindness.

Encourage Island Manufacture.
AXES! AXES! AXES!!!
Great reduction in prices!
The Subscriber offers for sale his well-known
best GAOCH AXES, from 8s. 6d. to 10s.
each according to weight, (being a considerable
reduction from his former prices); Unground
Axes, 8s. per couple, per pair.

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15,000 Havana CIGARS.
THE HAZARD'S GAZETTE.
THIRTY Bibles, Price No. 1, Leather BINDER.
BIBLES for sale on Commission, at the
Store of Mr. CHAS. WILSON.

Books lately Received.
HORN'S Introduction to the study of the Holy
Scriptures.
JAY'S Morning Exercises.
RUTHERFORD'S Letters.
BUTLER'S Complete Works.
Kitt's daily Bible Reading, (Complete)
Select works of James, Venn, Wilson, &c.
January 4, 1852. T. HAZARD.

Winter Arrangement of Mails.
THE MAILS for transmission to the neighboring
Ports, Newfoundland, and the United
States, during the coming Winter, will be made up
every THURSDAY at noon, commencing on Thursday,
the 16th December; and the Mails for England
will be made up on that day and on the days following.

ALMANAC for 1853.
HAZARD'S CALENDAR for 1853, is now
ready for delivery, and will be found to contain
besides the usual information, much additional
matter.

WHOLESALE.
WILLIAM ELLIOT & Co. of BOSTON
United States, Merchants, have constantly on
hand at Charlotetown, P. E. Island, a large supply
of the following articles which will be disposed of as
low as they can possibly be imported for sale:—

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THE MONEY FUND.
ON the 1st day of January, 1852, the
MONEY FUND, about two months since, a small
sum of Money, the owner shall have the same, on
application, by making application to the subscriber,
ALEX. CAMPBELL.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE
AND
Equitable Fire Insurance Company
of London
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

Fire! Fire! Fire!!!
Secure your Property at a saving of fifty per cent.
THIS can only be done by insuring in the MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber being about to close his business
Establishment at New London, requests all persons
indebted to him, either by Note of Hand or
Book Account, to come forward immediately, and make
arrangements for the settlement of their Accounts,
otherwise they will be placed in the hands of his
Attorney for collection.

NOTICE.
THE TENANTS of THOMAS HEATH HAVILAND,
Esq., of Townships Numbers 48 and
49 and other lands in this Island, are requested to
make immediate payment of the amount of Rent due
by them to the Subscriber; who is duly authorized to
receive and grant receipts for the same.

NOTICE.
ALL Persons indebted either by Mortgage, Judgment,
or otherwise, to THOMAS HEATH HAVILAND, Esq., late
Clerk of the Court, are desired forthwith to make
payment of the respective sums due by them as
aforesaid to the Subscriber, who is duly authorized by
Power of Attorney, to receive and grant receipts for
the same. And all Persons to whom the said
THOMAS HEATH HAVILAND is indebted, are re-
quested to furnish their Accounts for payment.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.
Between Spring and Broom Streets, Broadway,
NEW YORK.
TREADWELL, FRENCH & Co., PROPRIETORS.

A CARD.
MRS. WINSLOW TO THE LADIES.
MR. WINSLOW, an old and experienced nurse
and Female Physician, would call the attention
of the Ladies to her Soothing Syrup for children's
teething. It will immediately relieve them from pain, allay
all spasmodic action, soothe the gums, reduce inflammation,
and regulate the Bowels. Dropped upon it
Mother's Milk, it will give rest to restive and
relief to weeping infants.

WONDER OF THE WORLD.
Great Cures of the years standing.
Messrs. CURTIS & PERRING, of
Charlotetown, P. E. Island, have been entirely cured of the
Grippe, by the use of your Cramp and Pain Killer. I
commenced taking the Cramp and Pain Killer in the
Spring of 1847. I had been a great sufferer for ten
years previous, some four or five years of time I
suffered beyond all my powers to describe.

FOR SALE.
A large Farm, with part cleared. For further
particulars, apply to Mr. ROBERT RENNIE,
Charlotetown, Oct. 25, 1852.

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