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Haszard's Gazette. GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines...

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

(Chap. 19, concluded.) Differences and Resemblances—State of the English Labourer—A Sentimental—A Shaking of the Nation—Conquest by Kindness—Tom's Letter Home—Kitchen Estimation of Miss Ophelia.

Don't get 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.

But two years ago I 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...

Why didn't you free your slaves? "I always have supposed," said Miss Ophelia, "that you, all of you, approved of these things, and thought them right—according to Scripture."

It is not just telling you I despised it! But then, to come back to this point—we were on this liberation business. I don't think my feelings about slavery are peculiar. I find many men who, in their hearts, think of it as it is.

"I don't know. One thing is certain—that there is a marriage going on in the world over; and there is a die cast every one's way. 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."

They are so bad they ought not to live. I don't feel a particle of sympathy for such cases. If they'll only behave themselves, it would not happen."

"Well, I'm not nervous," said Eva, controlling herself suddenly with a strength of resolution singular in such a child.

"What do you mean, Eva?" "I can't tell you, papa. I think a great many things. Perhaps some day I shall tell you."

"No, papa, I'm not nervous," said Eva, controlling herself suddenly with a strength of resolution singular in such a child.

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The fact was, that Tom's home yearnings had become so strong, that he had begged a sheet of writing-paper of his master, and mastered up all his small stock of literary attainments acquired by his master's instructions...

"I wish I could help you, Tom! I've learned to write some. Last year I could make all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

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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 stone-work that sounded hollow.

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Whist! 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...

It is only Progress 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.

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For a Shilling! WAYS PILLS. CURE OF LOSS OF HEALTH, BRONCHITIS, INDIGESTION, AND...

CURE OF DROPSY. Don't you know your friend who has been afflicted with Dropsy, and is now suffering from it?

OF A STOMACH COMPLAINT AND VIOLENT D-ACHES. S. GOWEN.

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