HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, August 20, 1853. New Series. No. 61.

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.

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THE undersigned having this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as GENERAL and COMMISSION MERCHANTS, their Business heretofore carried on by them individually, will in future be conducted under the Name and Firm of *LONGWORTH & YATES.*

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
ALBERT H. YATES.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
June, 16th, 1853.

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Tuesday,	May 10,	Tuesday,	August 2,
"	May 24,	"	August 16,
"	June 7,	"	August 30,
"	June 21,	"	Sept. 13,
"	July 5,	"	Sept. 27,
"	July 19,	"	October 11.

Letters to be *registered*, and Newspapers, must be mailed half an hour before the time of closing.

THOMAS OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, April 30, 1853.

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THOS. OWEN, Postmaster General.
May 2, 1853.

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(an entirely new invention.)

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BAZAAR.

THE Christian Public are hereby notified, that the Ladies of the *BAPTIST CHURCH* and congregation worshiping in the Baptist Church, in Charlottetown, purpose holding a *BAZAAR* in the early part of the ensuing autumn, to aid in raising *Funds* for the erection of a *Tower* and *Porch* to the said Chapel.

Contributions in donations or work, will be thankfully received by either of the undersigned Committee.

MRS. W. BARNSTEAD,
" J. MCGREGOR,
" D. WILSON,
" J. WEATHERBY,
" J. SCOTT,
" J. LOVE,
" T. DESBRISAY,
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Charlottetown, 30th July, 1853. (All papers.)

A MAP OF P. E. ISLAND,
COLOURED so as to shew the Electoral Districts, For sale at GEO. T. HASZARD'S Book Store.

(*From the Leisure Hour.*)

POCCAHONTAS:

A STORY OF THE FIRST ENGLISH EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER III.

Weary with the day's labour, the Governor was sitting under the large plantain before his dwelling, and the occurrences of the last week—those frightful and stormy moments, presenting such a contrast to their late monotonous life—were passing in strange confusion before his mind. All was still in the town, nothing was heard in the distance but the uniform tread of the night watch, and their well-known call. A thick cloud veiled the horizon and prevented the light of the rising moon from falling on the earth; one of those peculiar twilights which powerfully effect the feelings prevailed over the quiet landscape, and Smith's spirits sank, so utterly alone did he feel in this distant world. His thoughts now winged their flight across the trackless sea to Albion's shores, whence he knew that a loving and a kindred soul was breathing like feelings towards him; but little did Smith think that one faithful heart was so near. Against the stem of the plantain the noble Poccahontas had for some time been leaning in all the agony of an orphan's grief. She had come to seek the grave of her father, to sing the death-song there, and to bring, according to the custom of her nation, the offering of a child's love. But, as she stood, another feeling agitated her aching heart, for was it not Smith who had treacherously murdered her father in the strife? This, at least, was Jukka's representation. How could she then reverence him, laden as she believed him to be with this great crime?

For a long time she stood behind him, and fearful was the inward struggle. She longed to ask him where her father lay, yet she was averse to open her lips to that parent's destroyer. A deep sigh which escaped her aroused Smith from his reverie, and when he first perceived the dark form of an Indian so near him, he was inclined to think that another attack was meditated upon his life. It was but for a moment. Recognising his own and his companion's deliverer, he warmly expressed the full feeling of his grateful heart; but Poccahontas heard him without interest.

"Where is my father's grave?" said she; "my father whom thou hast slain!"

Smith understood her feelings and her repulsive air. "Come with me," said he, "and I will show thee."

With many tears, the Indian maiden followed her guide. They passed through the silent streets of the town, but at length came to a log-house before which a guard was stationed. The door was silently opened. Before the fire was seated, after the manner of the Indians, the aged chief; he did not at first look up, but when Poccahontas, with a loud exclamation of joy, rushed towards him, for the first time a ray of pleasure beamed upon his hard countenance. He pressed his child to him, but in a few moments the old grief returned; for he believed *her* to be also a prisoner—that the same fate awaited them both. He was turning fiercely towards Smith, when the girl took hold of his hand, and, as a gentle stream, soft words fell from her lips. She related Jukka's treacherous story, and spoke to him of his freedom from captivity as being certain. "Is it not so?" she said to Smith. "Thou wilt surely not murder my father?"

The captain replied by taking Powhattan's hand. "I will give thee thy freedom willingly," said he; "only let there be peace between me and thee, between thy tribe and mine. We will all live as friends and will never disturb your repose, only secure to us ours. Thou art free, Powhattan, if thou wilt fulfil these conditions."

The savage chief was softened by this speech. Taking his hand, and tenderly throwing his left arm around his neck, he pressed his nose against that of Smith—a sign of the highest friendspih. They now left the house. At the governor's command the prisoners were set free, and joy shone on Poccahontas's countenance. She fell down before their deliverer and embraced his knees, whilst tears of gratitude flowed down her cheeks; but Sir Edward raised her, and kindly taking her hand, said, "It is but a small return, for all thou hast rendered to us, to set thy father free."

Soon afterwards Powhattan and his daughter left James-town; but it was evident that the latter did so with reluctance, and that the affection with which she had hitherto regarded the white men and their leader was deepened by the generous conduct which Sir Edward had evinced.

The utmost joy as well as astonishment prevailed in the Indian encampment. The English governor's mode of action towards them, in setting an enemy free on whom he might have wreaked his vengeance, was quite incomprehensible; but the nobleness of the act made a serious impression upon them, and the bond of friendship with the English was confirmed by the council fire of the Oneida tribe. Jukka's rage was undoubted. All his plans were frustrated, and great as was the esteem in which he had been previously held, he saw that by his late act he had lost his reputation, and that the brand of the liar was upon him. In anger and despair he quitted the tribe, and fled to the river's source amongst the gloomy forests of the mountains.

The heart of Poccahonta beat more freely at his departure, for she was in constant fear of violence whilst the savage Jukka remained. The olive branch of peace was green and flourishing. The prosperity of the colony increased. The beaver hunt was a great accession to the settlers' riches' and their stores were full of American productions. They carried on a traffic with the Oneida Indians at the Niagara Falls, and each time returned with great profit. Poccahontas paid repeated visits to the new colony. The almost romantic friendship which, contrary to the instincts of savage life, she had formed for the English still continued, and was warmly reciprocated by the settlers. Even had motives of policy not dictated such a course, it would have been difficult to have witnessed unmoved the display, on the part of the Indian maiden, of a generosity and an elevation of sentiment which would have sat gracefully upon those who had been nurtured in the haunts of civilization.

A considerable time had elapsed since Sir Edward Smith had heard from home, and his sympathies as a husband and a father began to be powerfully stirred. He felt dissatisfied with his position; and neither the desire to fulfil his duty, nor the flourishing condition of the colony, could convince him that it was right for him to continue much longer at his post. Many a time he regretted the moment when he had been persuaded to leave his country and to conduct this hazardous enterprise, and still more frequently did he wish himself back with his dearest ones, his wife and his little children. But for the present it seemed necessary for him to remain at James-town. He felt that he could not, he dared not leave it; but it required a strong resolution, when just before the approach of winter a vessel sailed for Plymouth, to overcome his longings for home.

In the mean time Jukka, who had been long absent from the tribe, found that distance had not lessened his envy or hatred. As the hawk which hovers over its prey, first in a wide and then in a narrower circle till it seizes it in its cruel claws, so Jukka lurked about James-town. Like the hyena thirsting for blood he lay in wait for his enemy, and only longed for the opportunity to pierce him to the heart. Jukka's was a revenge that knew no change, was capable of no abatement, was ever young and fresh. His highest hopes were built on the result of the autumn chase. The desired season came at last. The settlers, who where anxious to procure as much store as possible for the winter, daily went out hunting. They often met the Indians in their course, who however never interfered with them in any way. One day, Sir Edward took his rifle, and accompanying some of the best sportsmen, prepared to chase the deer. They had unusual success, and every one was in high spirits, for they had already secured a considerable booty, when one of the hunters saw a fine roe. With eagerness the whole party rushed in pursuit of it, when, just as they had reached a thicker part of the forest, an arrow whirred over their heads, wounding Smith in the side, though happily the injury was not mortal. Overcome with the pain, however, he fainted in Thornton's arms; and scarcely had the hunting party become aware of the wound of the leader, and beheld him senseless and to all appearance dead, than unhappily the utmost revenge and thirst for blood was awakened in them, and like tigers they rushed on all sides of the thicket to discover the perpetrator of this horrid deed. For some time their search was in vain, no sign of the presence of any human being was visible, and after a long and fruitless search they returned to the wounded governor, and expressed their wonder to Thornton that no trace of the murderer was to be discovered.

Thornton uttered an exclamation of impatience and disappointment on their return, and pointing in a certain direction, he said, "Know you so little of Indian craft, lads? The arrow came from thence, and yonder I will stake my skill lies hidden the wretch who aimed the treacherous dart."

Again the men started off in the direction to which Thornton pointed and after a few moments the voices of ten of the seekers proclaimed their success.

"They have secured him," said Thornton, joyfully.

Another exclamation of triumph, and then a sound of a struggle in the thicket. "Surely," said Thornton, the fellows have not him escape!"

More firing ensued, and after the last report there was a shout of fierce joy.

"He has fallen," said Thornton; "and he has had his reward."

The suspense was short, and the hunters appeared with the body of the savage. A fatal bullet had pierced the revengeful Jukka.

"Hang him on the nearest tree," cried Thornton, ,, that the vultures may feed on his corpse."

They did as the old man commanded; and, the ghastly execution concluded, Smith was carried home, where his wound was soon healed.

Not long after this event Poccahontas paid her usual visit to the settlement. It was plain to the governor and others that some terrible anxiety pressed on her mind. She was quiet and sorrowful, and more than once tears were perceived on her face. At length the secret was divulged. With deep emotion, she told him that Jukka's murder had been reported to the tribe, and that their secretly cherished hatred, would ere long break out into open warfare.

"I have for long," she said," endeavoured to repress the flame of ill-will in my father's heart against the English, but it is now no longer possible. As far as in me lies," she continued, "I will send you news of their movements."

Poccahontas shortly afterwards left James-town, and Sir Edward and the colonists immediately began preparation for defence. Powhattan, who had on the former occasion suspected that his daughter had secretly communicated the approaching attack to the English, from the state of preparation in which he had found them, was determined this time to be more wary in his proceedings, and Poccahontas little imagined how near the storm was of which she had given warning. Every preparation was made in secrecy, and but a short time before the invasion of the savages was their intention discovered. Poccahantas had been true to her promise. Swift as a bird in the air did she flee through the forest, cross the river, and bring Smith the terrible tidings that the Oneida tribe had joined their own against the colony. The captain found just sufficient time to take the necessary measures. Again were women and children hurried to the vessel. Pocahontas upon this occasion decided to remain with the settlers; a resolution which, considering the suspicion that her absence had probably awakened, Sir Ed ward did not consider it necessary strongly to combat. The English scouts brought news of the approach of the Indian army, and mustering in dark phalanx, they were ere long discovered in rapid advance. The settlers had doubtless the advantage in point of weapons and skill in war; but the Indians, on their side, had that fearless contempt of death, that boundless revenge and savage courage, which, with their superior numbers, rendered the victoy on the side of the English a very improbable matter. Like a rock amidst the ocean waves stood the little company of white men. Their first fire considerably thinned the Indian ranks, but as it was immpossible to withstand their stormy onset, Smith gave orders to retreat within the fortress, (their previous movements having taken place outside of it,) that they might be better able to parry the attack. Whilst leading his men thither, however, he fell, wounded. The settlers flew in terror and confusion, pursued by the Indians with their fearful whoop. Many a man sunk under the tomahawk ere they reached the fort. Then for the first time they missed their brave leader, and the resolution was unanimous, at all hazards, again to sally forth and seek him to whom they owed so much. In their savage joy at victory, the Indians little thought of the return of the English after their flight; it was with cries of terror, therefore, that they saw the little army rush forth out of the fortress; and, believing its number doubled, they fled in consternation. The sword of the settlers cut down the Indians like grass, as they chased them far over the mountain. Many prisoners were brought back at evening, but the governor was still missing; not a trace of him could be discovered; and a universal lamentation was heard. Thornton could not rest. Ere day broke he called out the forces that remained, and urged on them their duty in seeking for their brave leader, and perhaps saving him from a horrid death.

Again they sallied forth to the camp of the Indians, whose defeat was fotal, and whose huts were burned to the ground, but Smith was not found; and sadly and wearily they retraced their steps to James-town after a day and night of fruitless search, to bear the tidings that Smith had in all probability fallen into the hands of the Indians. Their apprehensions, however, were premature. Their leader had not thus fallen. Poccahontas had marked the issue of the strife, and, watching the opportunity of her countrymen's retreat from the field of action, had managed to convey him aside from the scene of the conflict so fatal to the settlers. After the first effects of Sir Edward's wound had so far passed away as to enable him to recover consciousness, she had partly guided him, partly sustained him, until they reached a fastness some distance from James-town; where, in a natural cavity formed in the rock, a place of shelter was gained. Bitter were Sir Edward's feelings at being thus separated, at a moment of the deepest anxiety, from his countrymen; but the danger of retracing his steps in the direction of James-town (for he was ignorant of the retreat of the Indians, which had occurred subsequent to his removal from the field of action,) was obviously too great to be attempted with safety, even had his wounds permitted him to do so. Poccahontas meanwhile was unremitting in her generous services; she had sought the healing herbs of the country for his wounds; gathered cooling fruits for his feverish frame; and, with true Indian skill, had obliterated all marks which might enable any of the wandering native tribes to discover the wounded man's retreat. In ignorance, however, like Sir Edward himself, of the true state of the late conflict, she had not ventured to seek for news at the settlement.

The fall of Sir Edward, during the attack on James-town, had not escaped the keen glance of Powhattan. After the flight, he perceived that Smith was not a prisoner, and that Poccahontas also was missing. He immediately forsook all thoughts of making a further assault on the settlers in order to seek the white chief and his child; but, at the moment his resolution was taken, he was prevented from carrying it out by an assembly of the tribe in council, which was about to meet. When, after a few days, however, an ambassador of peace came from the English, who believed Smith to be a prisoner in the Indian camp, and who desired to ransom him, a new and to his ferocious heart a delightful hope dawned. Still might the white chief fall under the knife of sacrifice—the man who had shed the best blood of his tribe, that of the adopted Jukka, and had apparently carried off the child of his old age! Frightful schemes of vengeance were revolved in his mind, and lighted up his dim and aged eyes, which were sharp and fierce as the eagle's in the blue height. He chose the most experienced spies of his tribe, who were urged to discover, if possible, the hiding-place of the fugitives. The search was, however, for some time unvailing; and Powhattan, in his rage, stamped on the ground, and abused the spies whom a "woman's art could thus outwit." All, at last, were weary of the search. One Indian, however, more acute than the rest, had fancied that the neighbourhood of a spring in the forest he had noticed the leaves slightly disturbed. He resolved, therefore, to watch the spot narrowly. Nor had his Indian instinct failed him. The spring was one to which Poccahontas had repaired to draw water for the invalid, whose wounds, under her humane attention, were fast being healed. The crafty Indian lay in his hiding-place all day, still as a tiger who waits for his prey, and immovable as the serpent ere he darts on his victim. The following morning, when the sun gilded the top branches of the evergreen oak, Poccahontas, as had been truly anticipated, was seen by the Indian from his retreat to gild to the well, and drawing the water, disappeared as the lightning flash. The eye of the cunning Indian followed her steps, and watched her disappearance amongst the thick bushes. He cared not to discover more. He observed the strictest silence in order to secure his safe retreat, and fled back to the source of the Cedar-creek, where Powhattan and the tribe were assembled.

The triumph which beamed on his countenance as he drew nigh told the tale of his success. He had found the wounded chief. Not a word—not the delay of a moment—not a look of consideration. The aged chief, heading a sufficient number of men, went conducted by the the scout, to the retreat among the rocks.

With astonishing secrecy and quiet, the Indian approached the grotto. The spirit of Powhattan was visible in his whole mien; it was to be seen in the dark eye, the wrinkled brow, the closed lips. He spoke not a word; but these signs spoke more loudly and more fearfully than language.

A thrill of horror ran through Sir Edward for a moment, as he perceived himself discovered; Poccahontas was also speechless: in the next, she threw herself at the feet of her enraged father, supplicating pity upon the captive. Her entreaties, however, were in vain; a laugh of bitter scorn was the only reply; and in a few minutes the unfortunate prisoner, bound by the indian, was on his way to their settlement, while Poccahontas followed disconsolately in the rear, the sullen looks of her people showing the dissatisfied feeling with which they regarded her kindness to the white men's chief.

"WHAT shall I help you to?" inquired the daughter of a landlady, of a modest youth at the tea-table. "A wife," replied the youth, meekly. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said the kindly offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.