HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, July 23, 1853. New Series. No. 53.

Hazzard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings.
Office, Southside 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.—35 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.

COMMISSARIAT.

DRAFTS at sight on the Commissariat Chest at Halifax, will be given in exchange for British Coins, or Mexican Dollars, at par.

JAMES B. LUNDY, D. A. C. G.
Commissariat, P. E. Island, 1st July, 1853.

Summer Arrangement of Mails.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces will be made up until further Notice every TUESDAY and THURSDAY NIGHT, at Nine o'clock, and forwarded via PICTOU, and the MAILS for England will be closed upon the following days at the same hour.

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.

Georgetown Mails.

THE MAILS for Georgetown until further Notice, will be made up and forwarded every Monday and Friday morning at nine o'clock.

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

Mail Steamer "Fairy Queen."

W. R. BULYEA, Commander,

WILL leave (till further notice) for Bedeque and Shediac every Monday evening, at 5 o'clock; will leave Bedeque at 7 o'clock, Tuesday morning, for Shediac; returning, will leave Shediac at 2 p. m., same day, Tuesday, and Bedeque at 8 o'clock, in the evening for Charlottetown.

Will leave Pictou, every Wednesday and Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, till further notice. For Freight or Passage, apply to the Hon W. W. LORD, Charlottetown, JAMES C. POPE, Esq., Bedeque, or to the Master on board.

Fares low to Shediac, and as usual to Pictou.
Charlottetown, May 30, 1853.

CARD.

GEO. P. TANTON'S DAGUERIEN GALLERY, Great George Street, opposite Mr. J. R. Watt's, where Likenesses are taken by the most improved Northern Sky-light—the only light that can produce a good picture.

A good assortment of Lockets, Frames, and plain and fancy Cases kept constantly on hand.

Rooms open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Morning light is most preferable for rapid process, such as children, &c.

May 14. 3m.

A CARD.

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.

N. B. The AUCTION business will at all times receive their best attention.

R. B. IRVING,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, AND ACCOUNTANT.

OFFICE—over the Bookstore of Mr. G. T. HAZZARD, Queen's Square (South side), Charlottetown.

☞ Deeds of Conveyance of all descriptions, of Leasehold and Freehold Estate, including Assignments, Mortgages, &c., Letters of Attorney, Bonds, Indentures of Apprenticeship, Bills of Sale, Charter Parties, Arbitration Bonds and Awards, Petitions, &c., prepared with accuracy and despatch; Merchants' Books, Partnership and other complicated Accounts, &c., arranged and balanced at moderate charges.

Temperance Hall Company.

AT A MEETING of the Directors of the above Company, held in the Temperance Hall, this evening, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted, viz:—

"RESOLVED, That the Treasurer (Mr. John W. Morrison) be instructed to take the necessary legal measures for the recovery of all unsettled Subscriptions to the Temperance Hall Company."

By Order,
J. B. COOPER, Sec'y.

Charlottetown, March 17, 1853.

To the Tenantry on that part of Lot or Township No. 16, the Property of the Undersigned.

TAKE NOTICE' that we have this day revoked and made void a certain Deed Poll, or Power of Attorney, made and given by us to JAMES YEO, Esq., of Port Hill, bearing date the Fifth day of February, One thousand Eight hundred and Fifty two, and that we have resumed the management of the said Property ourselves. All sums of money, therefore, due to us for Rent, or arrears of Rent, by you, are hereby required to be paid to us without delay. Dated at Charlottetown, this Second day of June, 1853.

ELLEN STEWART,
MARY STEWART,
MARGARET STEWART.

Quarterly Session, G. D.

THE next Quarterly Session of the *Grand Division* S. of T. P. E. Island, will be opened on Monday, the Twenty-fifth day of July next, in the Temperance Hall, Bedeque, at 10 o'clock a. m.

P. DESBRISAY, G. S.

Charlottetown, June 28th, 1853. All the papers.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XLIII.

Results—George and Eliza at Home—The Pastor's Programme disarranged—Change in Cassy—Emmeline's good Fortune—George's Plans—Mission of the Anglo Saxon Race—Topsy in Vermont.

THE rest of our story is soon told. George Shelby, interested, as any other young man might be, by the romance of the incident, no less than by feelings of humanity, was at the pains to send to Cassy the bill of sale of Eliza, whose date and name all corresponded with her own knowledge of facts, and left no doubt upon her mind as to the identity of her child. It remained now only for her to trace out the path of the fugitives.

Madame de Thoux and she, thus drawn together by the singular coincidence of their fortunes, proceeded immediately to Canada, and began a tour of inquiry among the stations, where the numerous fugitives from slavery are located. At Amherstberg they found the missionary with whom George and Eliza had taken shelter on their first arrival in Canada, and through him were enabled to trace the family to Montreal.

George and Eliza had now been five years free. George had found constant occupation in the shop of a worthy machinist, where he had been earning a competent support for his family, which, in the mean-time, had been increased by the addition of another daughter.

Little Harry, a fine bright boy, had been put to a good school, and was making rapid proficiency in knowledge.

The worthy pastor of the station in Amherstberg, where George had first landed, was so much interested in the statements of Madame de Thoux and Cassy, that he yielded to the solicitations of the former to accompany them to Montreal in their search—she bearing all the expense of the expedition.

The scene now changes to a small, neat tenement, in the outskirts of Montreal; the time evening. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth; a tea-table, covered with a snowy cloth, stands prepared for the evening meal. In one corner of the room was a table covered with a green cloth, where was an open writing-desk, pens, paper; and over it a shelf of well-selected books.

This was George's study. The same zeal for self-improvement which led him to steal the much-coveted arts of reading and writing, amid all the toils and discouragments of his early life, still led him to devote all his leisure time to self-cultivation.

At this present time he is seated at the table making notes from volumes of the family library he has been reading.

"Come, George," says Eliza, "you've been gone all day. Do put down that book, and let's talk, while I'm getting tea—do."

And little Eliza seconds the effort by toddling up to her father, and trying to pull the book out of his hand, and install herself on his knee as a substitute.

"Oh, you little witch!" says George, yielding as, in such circumstances, man always must.

"That's right," says Eliza, as she begins to cut a loaf of bread. A little older she looks; her form a little fuller; her hair more matronly than of yore; but evidently contented and happy as woman need be.

"Harry, my boy, how did you come on in that sum to-day?" says George, as he laid his hand on his son's head.

Harry has lost his long curls; but he can never lose those eyes and eyelashes, and that fine, bold brow, that flushes with triumph, as he answers, "I did it, every bit of it, *myself*, father, and *nobody* helped me."

"That's right," says his father; "depend on yourself, my son. You have a better chance than ever your poor father had."

At this moment there is a rap at the door, and Eliza goes and opens it. The delighted, "Why—this you?" calls up her husband, and the good pastor of Amherstbergh is welcomed. There are two women with him, and Eliza askes them to sit down.

Now, if the truth must be told, the honest pastor had arranged a little programme, according to which this affair was to develop itself; and, on the way up, all had very cautiously and prudently exhorted each other not to let things out, except according to previous arrangement.

What was the good man's consternation, therefore, just as he had motioned to the ladies to be seated, and was taking out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his mouth, so as to proceed to his introductory speech in good order, when Madame de Thoux upset the whole plan by throwing her arms around George's neck, and settling all out at once, by saying, "O George; don't you know me? I am your sister Emily!"

Cassy had seated herself more composedly, and would have carried on her part very well, had not little Eliza suddenly appeared before her in exact shape and from, every outline and curl, just as her daughter was when she saw her last. The little thing peered up in her face, and Cassy caught her up in her arms, pressed her to her bosom, saying, what at the moment she really believed, "Darling, I'm your mother!"

In fact, it was a troublesome matter to do up exactly in proper order; but the good pastor at last succeeded in getting every body quiet, and delivering the speech with which he had intended to open the exercises, and in which at last, he succeeded so well, that his whole audience were sobbing about him in a manner that ought to satisfy any orator, ancient or modern.

They knelt together, and the good man prayed—for there are some feelings so agitated and tumultuous, that they can find rest only by being poured into the bosom of Almighty Love—and then, rising up, the new-found family embraced each other, with a holy trust in Him, who, from each peril and dangers, and by such unknown aways, had brought them together.

The note-book of a missionary among the Canadian fugitives contains truth stranger than fiction. How can it be otherwise, when a system prevails which whirls families and scatters their members, as the wind whirls and scatters the leaves of autumn? These shores of refuge, like the eternal shore, often unite again, in glad communion, hearts that for long years have mourned each other as lost. And affecting beyond expression is the earnestness with which every new arrival among them is met, if perchance it may bring tidings of mother, sister child, or wife, still lost to view in the shadows of slavery.

Deeds of heroism are wrought here more than those of romance, when, defying torture and braving death itself, the fugitive voluntarily threads his way back to the terrors and perils of that dark land, that he may bring out his sister, or mother, or wife.

One young man, of whom a missionary has told us, twice re-captured, and suffering shameful stripes for his heroism, had escaped again! and in a letter which we heard read, tells his friends that he is going back a third time, that he may, at last, bring away his sister. My good sir, is this man sphere or criminal? Would not you do as much for your sister? And can you blame him?

But to return to our friends, whom we left wiping their eyes and recovering themselves from too great and sudden a joy. They are now seated around the social board, and are getting decidedly companionable; only that Cassy, who keeps little Eliza on her lap, occasionally squeezes the little thing in a manner that rather astonishes her, and obstinately refuses to have her mouth stuffed with cake to the extent the little one desires, alleging, what the child rather wonders at that she has got something better than cake, and doesn't want it.

And, indeed, in two or three days such a change has passed over Cassy that our readers would scarcely know her. The desparing, haggard expression of her face had given away to one of gentle trust. She seemed to sink at once into the bosom of the family, and take the little ones into her heart, as something for which it long had waited. Indeed, her love seemed to flow more naturally to the little Eliza than to her own daughter, for she was the exact image and body of the child whom she had lost. The little one was a flowery bond between mother and daughter, through whom grew up acquaintanceship and affection. Eliza's steady, consistent piety, regulated by the constant reading of the Sacred Word, made her a proper guide for the shattered and wearied mind of her mother. Cassy yielded at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and became a devout and tender Christian.

After a day or two, Madame de Thoux told her brother more particularly of her affairs. The death of her husband had left her an ample fortune, which she generously offered to share with the family. When she asked George what way she could best apply it for him, he answered, "Give me an education, Emily; that has always been my heart's desire. Then I can do all the rest."

On mature deliberation, it was decided that the whole family should go, for some years, to France, whither they sailed, carrying Emmeline with them.

The good looks of the latter won the affection of the first mate of the vessel, and shortly after entering the port, she became his wife.

George remained four years at a French university, and applying himself with an unintermitted zeal, obtained a very thorough education.

Political troubles in France at last led the family again to seek an asylum in this country.

George's feelings and views, as an educated man, may be best expressed in a letter to one of his friends:—

"I feel somewhat at a loss as to my future course. True, as you have said to me, I might mingle in the circles of the whites in this country, my shade of colour is so slight, and that of my wife and family scarce perceptible. Well, perhaps on sufferance, I might. But to tell you the truth, I have no wish to."

"My sympathies are not for my father's race, but for my mother's. To him I was no more than a fine dog or horse; to my poor heartbroken mother I was a *child*; and, though I never saw her after the cruel sale that separated us till she died, yet I *know* she always loved me dearly. I know it by my own heart. When I think of all she suffered, of my own early sufferings, of the distresses and struggles of my heroic wife, of my sister, sold in the New Orleans slave-market—though I hope to have no unchristian sentiments, yet I may be excused for saying, I have no wish to pass for an American, or to identify myself with them."

"It is with the oppressed, enslaved African race that I cast in my lot; and if I wished anything, I would wish myself two shades darker, rather than one lighter."

"The desire and yearning of my soul is for an African *nationality*. I want a people that shall have a tangible, separate existence of its own; and where am I to look for it? Not in Hayti; for in Hayti they had nothing to start with. A stream cannot rise above its fountain. The race that formed the character of the Haytiens was a worn-out, effeminate one, and, of course, the subject race will be centuries in rising to anything.

"Where, then, shall I look? On the shores of Africa I see a republic—a republic formed of picked men, who, by energy and self-educating force, have, in many cases, individually, raised themselves above a condition of slavery. Having gone through a preparatory stage of feebleness, this republic has at last become an acknowledged nation on the face of the earth—acknowledged by both France and England. There it is my wish to go, and find myself a people.

"I am aware now, that I shall have you all against me; but, before you strike, hear me. During my stay in France, I have followed up, with intense interest, the history of my people in America. I have noted the struggle between Abolitionist and Colonisationist, and have received some impressions, as a distant spectator, which could never have occurred to me as a participator.

"I grant that this Liberia may have subserved all sorts of purposes, by being played off in the hands of our oppressors, against us. Doubtless the scheme may have been used, in unjustifiable ways, as a means of retarding our emancipation. But the question to me is, Is there not a God above all man's schemes? May He not have overruled all their designs, and founded for us a nation by them?

"In these days a nation is born in a day. A nation starts now with all the great problems of republican life and civilization wrought out to its hand; it has not to discover, but only to apply. Let us, then, all take hold together with all our might, and see what we can do with this new enterprise, and the whole splendid continent of Africa opens before us and our children. *Our nation* shall roll the tide of civilisation and Christianity along its shores, and plant there mighty republics, that, growing with the rapidity of tropical vegetation, shall be for all coming ages.

"Do you say that I am deserting my enslaved brethren? I think not. If I forget them one hour, one moment of my life, so may God forget me! But what can I do for them here? Can I break their chains? No, not as an individual; but let me go and form part of a nation, which shall have a voice in the councils of nations, and then we can speak. A nation has a right to argue, remonstrate, implore, and present the cause of its race, which an individual has not.

"If Europe ever becomes a grand council of free nations—as I trust in God it will—if there sert tion, and all unjust and oppressive social inequalities, are done away; and if they, as France and England have done, acknowledge our position—then, in the great congress of nations, we will make our appeal, and present the cause of our enslaved and suffering race; and it cannot be that free, enlightened America will not then desire to wipe from her escutcheon that bar sinister which disgraces her among nations, and is as truly a curse to her as to the enslaved.

"But, you will tell me our race have equal rights to mingle in the American republic as the Irishman, the German, the Swede. Granted, they have. We *ought* to be free to meet and mingle—to rise by our individual worth, without any consideration of caste or colour; and they who deny us this right are false to their own professed principles of human equality. We ought, in particular, to be allowed *here*. We have *more* than the rights of common men—we have the claim of an injured race for reparation. But, then, *I do not want it*; I want a country, a nation of my own. I think that the African race has peculiarities yet to be unfolded in the light of civilization and Christianity, which, if not the same with those of the Anglo-Saxon, may prove to be, morally, of even a higher type.

"To the Anglo-Saxon race have been entrusted the destinies of the world, during its pioneer period of struggle and conflict. To that mission its stern, inflexible, energetic elements were well adapted; but, as a Christian, I look for another era to arise. On its borders I trust we stand; and the throes that now convulse the nations are, to my hope, but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

"I trust that the development of Africa is to be essentially a Christian one. If not a dominant and commanding race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous, and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness, through which alone they are to conquer, which it is to be their mission to spread over the continent of Africa.

"In myself, I confess I am feeble for this—full half the blood in my veins is the hot and hasty Saxon; but I have an eloquent preacher of the Gospel ever by my side, in the person of my beautiful wife. When I wander, her gentler spirit ever restores me, and keeps before my eyes the Christian calling and mission of our race. As a Christian patriot, as a teacher of Christianity, I go to *my country*—my chosen, my glorious Africa!—and to her, in my heart, I sometimes apply those splendid words of prophesy, 'Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee; *I* will make thee an eternal excellence, a joy of many generations!'"

"You will call me an enthusiast: you will tell me that I have not well considered what I am undertaking. But I have considered, and counted the cost. I go to *Liberia*, not as to an Elysium of romance, but as to a *field of work*. I expect to work with both hands—to work *hard*; to work against all sorts of difficulties and discouragements; and to work till I die. This is what I go for, and this I am quite sure I shall not be disappointed.

"Whatever you may think of my determination, do not divorce me from your confidence; and think that, in whatever I do, I act with a heart wholly given to my people.

"GEORGE HARRIS."

George, with his wife, children, sister, and mother, embarked for Africa some few weeks after. If we are not mistaken, the world will yet hear from him there.

Of our other characters we have nothing very particular to write, except a word relating to Miss Ophelia and Topsy, and a farewell chapter, which we shall dedicate to George Shelby.

Miss Ophelia took Topsy home to Vermont with her, much to the surprise of that grave deliberative body whom a New Englander recognises under the term "*Our folks*." "Our folks," at first, thought it an odd and unnecessary addition to their well-trained domestic establishment; but, so throughly efficient was Miss Ophelia in her conscientious endeavour to do her duty by her *slave*, that the child rapidly grew in grace and favour with the family and neighbourhood. At the age of womanhood she was by her own request, baptized, and became a member of the Christian Church in the place; and showed so much intelligence, activity, and zeal, and desire to do good in the world, that she was at last recommended and approved as a missionary to one of the stations in Africa; and we have heard that the same activity and ingenuity which, when a child, made her so multiform and restless in her developments, is now employed, in a safer and wholesomer manner, in teaching the children of her own country.

P. S.—It will be a satisfaction to some mother also to state, that some inquiries which were set on foot by Madame de Thoux have resulted recently in the discovery of Cassy's son. Being a young man of energy, he had escaped some years before his mother, and been received and educated by friends of the oppressed in the north. He will soon follow his family to Africa.

THE MAINE LAW IN 1725.—The principles of the Maine Law are not new, but are as old as the tines of Chesterfield. In 1725 this leader of the fashionable world thus denounced the Rum traffic in the House of Lords. We commend his remarks to the denouncers of the Maine Law, both for its logic, and for proof that the doctrine of the legal prohibiting of rumselling has not been confined to "fanatics."

"*The use of those things which are simply hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree*, TO BE PROHIBITED. None, my lords, ever heard in any nation of a tax upon theft or adultry, because a license was granted for the use of that which is taxed to all who shall be willinig to pay it.

"The noble lord," (he went on to remark,) "has been kindly pleased to inform us, that the trade of distilling is very extensive; that it employs great numbers, and that they have arrived at exquisite skill, and therefore—the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged.—I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that if so formidable a body are confederated against the virtue or the lives of their fellow citizens, it is time to put an end to the havoc, and to interpose, while it is yet in your power, to stop the destruction.

"So little, my lords, am I affected with the wonderful skill which the distillers are said to have attained, that it is in my opinion no facility of great use to mankind, to prepare palatable poisons, nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has by long practice obtained great dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own ruin, let us at length, my lord, secure them from this fatal draught *by bursting the vials which contain them*. Let us crush at once these artisans in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and to spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such habits as cannot be resisted. I am very far, my lords, from thinking, that there are this year any peculiar reasons for tolerating murder—nor can I conceive why the manufactory should be held sacred now, if it is to be destroyed hereafter."

A WATERLOO YARN.—The world has been listening for years to stories of Waterloo; but it would seem that like a certain other commodity, long since familiar to our readers, there are a few more left of the same sect.' An individual who owned a small tavern near the eventful field was frequently questioned by visitors whether he did not posess some relics of the battle, and as invartably and as honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor, and one day while lamenting to a friend not only his poverty, but the annoyance travellers gave him, his friend cut him with.

'Well' make one help the other; make some relics.'

'But what can I do?' inquired the poor one.

'Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat on that chair.'

Not long after, an English tourist entered and inquiring for relics, heard the chair story. The chair was at once bought at an incredible price. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the 'Wellington tumbler' was accordingly sold. The third 'arrival' gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had 'hung up his hat.' The fourth purchased the door posts between which he entered, and the fifth became the happy possessor of the floor on which he had trodden. At the last advices, the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was seen sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit formed by selling the dirt on which the house had stood.

SOME pompous persons have a way of saying the plainest things in the most swelling manner; a manner which is an infallible exemplification of a weak mind. An American writer, of a rare humour, once satirized this species of affection, by expanding a few plain, every-day maxims into high-sounding phrases. The following are examples:

"*He looks two ways for Sunday.*"

"One who, by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics (squint) is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath."

"*Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.*"

"Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform."

"*Let well enough alone.*"

"Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude."

"*The least said the soonest mended.*"

"The minimum of an offensive remark is repaired, with the greatest promptitude."

"*'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.*"

"That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to annuity!"