HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, July 9, 1853. New Series. No. 49.

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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Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

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 9 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 DAGUERREAN 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. R. IRVING,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, AND ACCOUNTANT.

OFFICE—over the Bookstore of Mr. G. T. HASZARD, 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.

COMMISSARIAT.

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

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

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having been duly empowered by GILBERT HENDERSON, of Hyde Park Square, London, Esquire, and ARTHUR HENDERSON, of Liverpool, in England, Merchant, surviving Executors and Trustees named and appointed in and by the last Will and Testament of Gilbert Henderson, late of Liverpool, aforesaid, Merchant, deceased to collect all Debts and Sums of Money due to the Estate of the said Gilbert Henderson, deceased, within this Island, and to dispose of all Lands and Hereditaments belonging to said Estate situate therein. All persons so indebted to the Estate of the said Gilbert Henderson, deceased, are duly required without delay to pay into my hands the several amounts due by them; and those persons who may be in possession of any part of such Lands and Premises, are required to make an immediate and satisfactory arrangement with me, otherwise they will be treated as Trespassers.

JOHN LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, April 9th, 1853.

All Persons indebted either by Mortgage, Judgment, Bond, Promissory Note or otherwise, to THOMAS HEATH HAVILAND, Esq., late Colonial Secretary of this Island, are desired forthwith to make payment of the respective sums due by them as aforesaid to the Subscriber, who is duly authorised by Power of Attorney, to receive and give the necessary discharges for the same. And all Persons to whom the said Thomas Heath Haviland is indebted, are requested to furnish their Accounts for payment.

T. HEATH HAVILAND,
Barrister-at-Law.
Queen Square, Nov. 20, 1852.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Stratagem—Cassy works on Legree's Superstition—A Conversation about Ghosts—Cassy's Policy—What happened in the Garret—The Feint—The Pursuit—The Disappointment.

"The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble."

THE garret of the house that Legree occupied, like most other garrets, was a great desolate space, dusty, hung with cobwebs, and littered with cast-off lumber. The opulent family that had inhabited the house in the days of its splendour had imported a great deal of splendid furniture, some of which they had taken away with them, while some remained standing desolate in mouldering, unoccupied rooms, or stored away in this place. One or two immense packing-boxes, in which this furniture was brought, stood against the sides of the garret. There was a small window there, which let in through its dingy, dusty panes, a scanty, uncertain light, on the tall, high-backed chairs and dusty tables, that had once seen better days. Altogether, it was a weird and ghostly place; but ghostly as it was, it wanted not in legends among the superstitious negroes to increase its terrors. Some few years before, a negro woman, who had incurred Legree's displeasure was confined there for several weeks. What passed there we do not say; the negroes used to whisper darkly to each other; but it was known that the body of the unfortunate creature was one day taken down from there, and buried; and after that it was said that oaths and cursings, and the sound of violent blows used to ring through that old garret, mingled with wailings and groans of despair. Once, when Legree chanced to overhear something of this kind, he flew into a violent passion, and swore that the next one that told stories about that garret should have an opportunity of knowing what was there, for he would chain him up there for a week. This hint was enough to repress talking, though of course, it did not disturb the credit of the story in the least.

Gradually the staircase that led to the garret, and even the passage-way to the staircase, were avoided by every one in the house, from every one fearing to speak of it, and the legend was gradually falling into desuetude. It had suddenly occurred to Cassy to make use of the superstitious excitability which was so great in Legree for the purpose of her liberation and that of her fellow-sufferer.

The sleeping-room of Cassy was directly under the garret. One day, without consulting Legree, she suddenly took it upon her, with some considerable ostentation, to change all the furniture and appurtenances of the room to one at some considerable distance. The under-servants, who were called on to effect this movement, were running and bustling about with great zeal and confusion, when Legree returned from a ride.

"Hallos! you Cass!" said Legree; "what's in the wind now!"

"Nothing; only I choose to have another room," said Cassy, doggedly.

"And what for, pray!" said Legree.

"I choose to," said Cassy.

"The devil you do! And what for!"

"I'd like to get some sleep, now and then."

"Sleep! well, what hinders your sleeping!"

"I could tell, I suppose, if you want to hear," said Cassy, drily.

"Speak out, you minx!" said Legree.

"Oh! nothing. I suppose it wouldn't disturb *you*? Only groans, and people scuffling, and rolling round on the garret-floor half the night, from twelve to morning."

"People up garret!" said Legree, uneasily, but forcing a laugh: "who are they, Cassy!"

Cassy raised her sharp black eyes, and looked in the face of Legree with an expression that went through his bones, as she said, "To be sure Simon, who are they! I'd like to have *you* tell me. You don't know, I suppose!"

With an oath, Legree struck at her with his riding-whip; but she glided to one side, and passed through the door, and looking back, said, "If you'll sleep in that room, you'll know all about it. Perhaps you'd better try it!" and then immediately she shut and locked the door.

Legree blustered and swore, and threatened to break down the door; but apparently thought better of it, and walked uneasily into the sitting-room. Cassy perceived that her shaft had struck home; and from that hour, with the most exquisite address, she never ceased to continue the train of influences she had begun.

In a knot-hole in the garret she had inserted the neck of an old bottle, in such a manner that when there was the least wind, most doleful and lugubrious wailing sounds proceeded from it, which, in a high wind, increased to a perfect shriek, such as to credulous and superstitious ears might easily seem to be that of horror and despair.

These sounds were from time to time heard by the servants, and revived in full force the memory of the old ghost legend. A superstitious creeping horror seemed to fill the house; and though no one dared to breathe it to Legree, he found himself encompassed by it as by an atmosphere.

No one is so thoroughly superstitious as the godless man. The Christian is composed by the belief of a wise, all-ruling Father, whose presence fills the void unknown with light and order; but to the man who has dethroned God the spirit-land is, indeed, in the words of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness and the shadow of death," without any order, where the light is as darkness. Life and death to him are haunted grounds, filled with goblin forms of vague and shadowy dread.

Legree had had the slumbering moral element in him roused by his encounters with Tom—roused, only to be resisted by the determinate force of evil; but still there was a thrill and commotion of the dark, inner world, produced by every word or prayer or hymn, that reacted in superstitious dread.

The influence of Cassy over him was of a strange and singular kind. He was her owner, her tyrant, and tormentor. She was, as he knew, wholly, and without any possibility of help or redress, in his hands; and yet so it is, that the most brutal man cannot live in constant association with a strong female influence, and not be greatly controlled by it. When he first bought her, she was, as she had said, a woman delicately bred; and then he crushed her, without scruple, beneath the foot of his brutality. But as time, and debasing influences and despair, hardened womanhood within her and waked the fires of fiercer passions, she had become, in a measure, his mistress, and he alternately tyrannised over and dreaded her.

This influence had become more harassing and decided, since partial insanity had given a strange, weird, unsettled cast to all her words and language.

A night or too after this, Legree was setting in the old sitting-room, by the side of a flickering wood fire, that threw uncertain glances round the room. It was a stormy, windy night, such as raises whole squadrons of nondescript noises in rickety old houses. Windows were rattling, shutters flapping, the wind carousing, rumbling, and tumbling down the chimney, and every once in a while puffing out smoke and ashes, as if a legion of spirits were coming after them. Legree had been casting up accounts and reading newspapers for some hours, while Cassy sat in the corner, sullenly looking into the fire. Legree laid down his paper, and seeing an old book lying on the table which he had noticed Cassy reading the first part of the evening, took it up and began to turn it over. It was one of those collections of stories of bloody murders, ghostly legends, and supernatural visitations, which, cursely got up and illustrated, have a strange fascination for one who once begins to read them.

Legree pooh'd and pish'd, but read turning page after page, till, finally, after reading some time, he threw down the book with an oath.

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Cass!" said he, taking the tongs and settling the fire. "I thought you'd more sense than to let noises scare you."

"No matter what I believe," said Cassy, sullenly.

"Fellows used to try to frighten me with their yarns at sea," said Legree. "Never come it round me that way. I'm too tough for any such trash, tell ye."

Cassy sat looking intensely at him in the shadow of the corner. There was that strange light in her eyes that always impressed Legree with uneasiness.

"Them noises was nothing but rats and the wind," said Legree. "Rats will make a devil of a noise. I used to hear 'em sometimes down in the hold of the ship; an wind—Lord's sake! ye can make anything out o' wind."

Cassy knew Legree was uneasy under her eyes, and therefore she made no answer, but sat fixing them on him with that strange, unearthly expression as before.

"Come, speak out, woman—don't you think so!" said Legree.

"Can rats walk down stairs, and come walking through the entry, and open a door when you've locked it and set a chair against it!" said Cassy; "and come walk, walking right up to your bed, and put out their hand so!"

Cassy kept her glittering eyes fixed on Legree as she spoke and he stared at her like a man in the nightmare, till, when she finished, by laying her hand, icy cold, on his he sprang back with an oath.

"Woman! What do you mean? Nobody did!"

"Oh, no—of course not—did I say they did?" said Cassy, with a smile of chilling derision.

"But—did—have you really seen! Come Cass, what is it now?—speak out!"

"You may sleep there yourself," said Cassy, "if you want to know."

"Did it come from the garret, Cassy!"

"*It*—what!" said Cassy.

"Why, what you told of."

"I didn't tell anything," said Cassy, with dogged sullenness.

Legree walked up and down the room uneasily.

"I'll have this yer thing examined. I'll look into it this very night. I'll take my pistols"——

"Do," said Cassy; "sleep in that room. I'd like to see you doing it. Fire your pistols—do!"

Legree stamped his foot and swore violently.

"Don't swear," said Cassy; "nobody knows who may be hearing you. Hark! What was that!"

"What!" said Legree, starting.

A heavy old Dutch clock, that stood in the corner of the room, began, and slowly struck twelve.

For some reason or other Legree neither spoke nor moved; a vague horror fell on him; while Cassy, with a keen, sneering glitter in her eyes stood looking at him, counting the strokes.

"Twelve o'clock; well, now we'll see," said she, turning and opening the door into the passage-way, and standing as if listening.

"Hark! What's that!" said she, raising her finger.

"It's only the wind," said Legree. "Don't you hear how curiously it blows!"

"Simon, come here!" said Cassy in a whisper, laying her hand on his, and leading him to the foot of the stairs; "do you know what *that* is! Hark!"

A wild shriek came pealing down the stairway. It came from the garret. Legree's knees knocked together; his face grew white with fear.

"Hadn't you better get your pistols!" said Cassy, with a sneer that froze Legree's blood. "It's time things was looked into, you know. I'd like to have you go up now; *they're at it.*"

"I won't go!" said Legree, with an oath.

"Why not!" "There an't any such thing as ghosts, you know. Come!" and Cassy flitted up the winding stairway, laughing, and looking back after him. "Come on."

"I believe you are the devil!" said Legree.

"Come back, you hag!—come back, Cass! You shan't go!"

But Cassy laughed wildly, and fled on. He heard her open the entry doors that led to the garret. A wild gust of wind swept down, extinguishing the candle he held in his hand, and with it the fearful, unearthly screams; they seemed to be shrieked in his very ear.

Legree fled frantically into the parlour, whither in a few moments, he was followed by Cassy, pale, calm, cold as an avenging spirit, and with that same fearful light in her eye.

"I hope you are satisfied," said she.

"Blast you, Cass!" said Legree.

"What for!" said Cassy. "I only went up and shut the doors. *What's the, matter with that garret,* Simon, do you suppose!" said she.

"None of your business!" said Legree.

"Oh, it an't! Well," said Cassy, "at any rate, I'm glad *I* don't sleep under it."

Anticipating the rising of the wind that very evening, Cassy had been up and opened the garret-window. Of course the moment the doors were opened, the wind had drafted down, and extinguished the light.

This may serve as a specimen of the game that Cassy played with Legree, until he would sooner have put his head into a lion's mouth than to have explored that garret. Meanwhile, in the night, when everybody else was asleep Cassy slowly and carefully accumulated there a stock of provisions sufficient to afford subsistence for some time; she transferred, article by article, a greater part of her own and Emmeline's wardrobe. All things being arranged, they only waited a fitting opportunity to put their plan in execution.

By cajoling Legree, and taking advantage of a good-natured interval, Cassy had got him to take her with him to the neighbouring town, which was situated directly on the Red River. With a memory sharpened to almost preternatural clearness, she remarked every turn in the road, and formed a mental estimate of the time to be occupied in traversing it.

At the time when all was matured for action, our readers may, perhaps, like to look behind the scenes, and see the final *coup d' etat.*

It was now near evening. Legree had been absent, on a ride to a neighbouring farm. For many days Cassy had been unusually gracious and accommodating in her humours; and Legree and she had been, apparently, on the best of terms. At present, we may behold her and Emmeline, in the room of the latter, busy in sorting and arranging two small bundles.

"There, these will be large enough," said Cassy. "Now, put on your bonnet, and let's start: it's just about the right time."

"Why, they can see us yet," said Emmeline.

"I mean they shall," said Cassy, coolly. "Don't you know that they must have their chase after us, at any rate. The way of the thing is to be just this. We will steal out of the back door, and run down by the quarters. Sambo or Quimbo will be sure to see us. They will give chase, and we will get into the swamp; then, they can't follow us any further till they go up and give the alarm, and turn out the dogs, and so on; and while they are blundering round, and tumbling over each other, as they always do, you and I will just slip along to the creek that runs back of the house, and wade along in it till we get opposite the back door. That will put the dogs all at fault; for scent won't lie in the water. Everyone will run out of the house to look after us, and then we'll whip in at the back door, and up into the garret, where I have got a nice bed made up in one of the great boxes. We must stay in that garret a good while; for, I tell you, he will raise heaven and earth after us. He'll muster some of those old overseers on the other plantations, and have a great hunt; and they'll go over every inch of ground in that swamp. He makes it his boast that nobody ever got away from him. So let him hunt at his leisure."

"Cassy, how well you have planned it!" said Emmeline. "Who ever would have thought of it but you!"

There was neither pleasure nor exultation in Cassy's eyes—only a despairing firmness.

"Come," she said, reaching her hand to Emmeline.

The two fugitives glided noiselessly from the house, and flitted, through the gathering shadows of evening, along by the quarters. The crescent moon, set like a silver signet in the western sky, delayed a little the approach of night. As Cassy expected, when quite near the verge of the swamps that encircled the plantation, they heard a voice calling to them to stop. It was not Sambo, however, but Legree, who was pursuing them with violent execrations. At the sound, the feebler spirit of Emmeline gave way; and, laying hold of Cassy's arm, she said, "O Cassy, I'm going to faint!"

"If you do, I'll kill you!" said Cassy, drawing a small, glittering stiletto, and flashing it before the eyes of the girl.

The diversion accomplished the purpose. Emmeline did not faint, and succeeded in plunging with Cassy into a part of the labyrinth of swamp, so deep and dark that it was perfectly hopeless for Legree to think of following them without assistance.

"Well," said he, chuckling brutally, "at any rate, they've got themselves into a trap now—the baggages! They're safe enough. They shall sweat for it!"

"Hallos, there! Sambo! Quimbo! All hands!" called Legree, coming to the quarters when the men and women were just returning from work. "There's two runaways in the swamp. I'll give five dollars to any nigger as catches 'em. Turn out the dogs! Turn out Tiger, and Fury and the rest!"

The sensation produced by this news was immediate. Many of the men sprang forward officiously to offer their services, either from the hope of the reward, or from that cringing subservicency which is one of the most baneful effects of slavery. Some ran one way, and some another. Some were for getting flambeaux of pine-knots. Some were uncoupling the dogs, whose hoarse, savage bay, added not a little to the animation of the scene.

"Mas'r, shall we shoot 'em if we can't catch 'em!" said Sambo, to whom his master brought out a rifle.

"You may fire on Cass, if you like; it's time she was gone to the devil, where she belongs; but the gal, not," said Legree. "And now, boys, be spry and smart. Five dollars for him that gets 'em; and a glass of spirits to every one of you, anyhow."

The whole band, with a glare of blazing torches, and whoop, and shout, and savage yell of man and beast, precipited down to the swamp, followed at some distance by every servant in the house. The establishment was, of a consequence, wholly deserted when Cassy and Emmeline glided into it the back way. The whooping and shouts of their pursuers were filling the air; and looking from the sitting-room windows, Cassy and Emmeline could see the troop, with their flambeaux, just dispersing themselves along the edge of the swamp.

"See there!" said Emmeline, pointing to Cassy; "the hunt is begun! Look how those lights dance about! Hark! the dogs! Don't you hear! If we were only *there*, our chance wouldn't be worth a picayune. Oh, for pity's sake, do let's hide ourselves. Quick!"

"There's no occasion for hurry," said Cassy, coolly; "they are all out after the hunt—that's the amusement of the evening! We'll go up stairs by and by. Meanwhile," said she, deliberately taking a key from the pocket of a coat that Legree had thrown down in his hurry, "meanwhile I shall take something to pay our passage."

She unlocked the desk, took from it a roll of bills, which she counted over rapidly.

"Oh, don't let us do that!" said Emmeline.

"Don't!" said Cassy, "why not! Would you have us starve in the swamps, or have that that will pay our way to the free States! Money will do anything, girl." And as she spoke she put the money in her bosom.

"It would be stealing," said Emmeline, in a distressing whisper.

"Stealing!" said Cassy, with a scornful laugh. "They who steal body and soul needn't talk to us. Every one of these bills is stolen—stolen from poor, starving, sweating creatures, who must go to the devil at last for his profit. Let *him* talk about stealing! But come, we may as well go up garret; I've got a stock of candles there, and some books to pass away the time. You may be pretty sure they won't come *there* to inquire after us. If they do, I'll play ghost for them."

When Emmeline reached the garret, she found an immense box, in which some heavy pieces of furniture had once been brought, turned on its side, so that the opening faced the wall, or rather the eaves. Cassy lit a small lamp, and, creeping round under the eaves, they established themselves in it. It was spread with a couple of small mattresses and some pillows; a box near by was plentifully stored with candles, provisions, and all the clothing necessary to their journey, which Cassy had arranged into bundles of an astonishingly small compass.

"There," said Cassy, as she fixed the lamp into a small hook, which she had driven into the side of the box for that purpose; "this is to be our home for the present. How do you like it!"

"Are you sure they won't come and search the garret!"

"I'd like to see Simon Legree doing that," said Cassy. "No, indeed, he will be too glad to keep away. As to the servants, they would any of them stand and be shot sooner than show their faces here."

Somewhat reassured, Emmeline settled herself back on her pillow.

"What did you mean, Cassy, by saying you would kill me!" she said, simply.

"I meant to stop your fainting," said Cassy, "and I did do it. And now tell you, Emmeline, you must make up your mind not to faint let what will come; there's no sort of need of it. If I had not stopped you, that wretch might have had his hands on you now."

Emmeline shuddered.

The two remained some time in silence. Cassy busied herself with a French book; Emmeline overcome with the exhaustion, fell into a doze, and slept some time. She was awakened by loud shouts and outcries, the tramp of horses' feet, and the baying of dogs. She started up with a faint shriek.

"Only the hunt coming back," said Cassy, coolly; "never fear. Look out of this knot-hole. Don't you see'em all down there! Simon has to give it up for this night. Look, how muddy his horse is, flouncing about in the swamp; the dogs' too, look rather crest-fallen. Ah, my good sir! you'll have to try the race again and again—the game isn't there."

"Oh, don't speak a word!" said Emmeline; "what if they should hear you!"

"If they do hear anything, it will make them very particular to keep away," said Cassy. "No danger; we may make any noise we please, and it will only add to the effect."

At length the stillness of midnight settled down over the house. Legree, cursing his ill luck, and vowing dire vengeance on the morrow, went to bed.

THE FIRST FORGED BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.—The day on which a forged note was presented at the Bank of England, forms a memorable era in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and, during this period, no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong-doing, has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Staffordshire linen draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth—There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common.