POOR QUALITY ORIGINAL

HASZARD'S GAZETTE,

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher Published every Tuesday evening and Saturday morning Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

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REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON.

AUTHOR OF

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

☞ The above Book of 304 pages, has just been printed for a firm in New York, a few copies have been retained for Sale in this Island. It is an interesting and entertaining work, as the following extract from the preface will shew :—

"When the Author of the following little work states, that it is not only "founded on facts," but is indeed almost devoid of any fictitious admixture whatever, he would not be understood to assert, that the events of the narrative occurred exactly in the order and connexion in which they are related, and befel the members of exactly such a family as is here described. Had this been the case, the production would have been merely a biographical treatise, with the real parties thinly veiled under fictitious names. Such is not its nature; and yet there is not a character, attempted to be drawn, nor an event of any importance narrated, which is not an exact transcript of some character or event that occurred within the range of the Author's own knowledge. At the same time, it is hoped that the work contains nothing which, even were it divulged, could in the slightest degree prove offensive or painful to any person to whom it may be conjectured to refer.

But, while both facts and feelings are, in a very strict sense, true, the names of persons and places are intentionally and entirely fictitious in every instance but one. The name here referred to is that of her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA, in the incident related in the last part of chapter 8. That incident occurred precisely as there related; and the Author thought it due to the Illustrious Lady to record this specimen of that frankness, benevolence, and kindly considerate attention to all around her, by which her Royal Highness is distinguished. Having in this one instance withdrawn the veil, he avows it, and states the reason,—hoping also to preclude the inference, that what remains more concealed may on that account be considered the less real. Where he has not withdrawn it, he trusts it will be allowed to rest;—and believes that any attempt further to withdraw it, will prove ineffectual, as not even the discovery of the writer would necessarily unravel the texture of that curtain which he has chosen to draw over his truthful tale,—or, involve such an application of individuals as might injure the feelings of the

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Barrister at Law,
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Jan. 17, 1855. 3w.

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January 15th, 1855. 2x

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Jan. 19th 1855.

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September 5, 1853. 1si

Charlottetown Mutual Insurance Company,

Incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1848.

THE COMPANY offers the best guarantee to the Public, for losses, and accepts Risks at a saving of [illegible] to the Insured.

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In 8vo, with above 120 Woodcuts, 17s. 6d.

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HASZARD & OWEN,
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Queen Square.

POLLY GRAY AND THE DOCTORS.

(Concluded.)

That evening, half an hour after dark, there was a light rap at Joe Palmer's door in the third story of one of the college buildings. The door was partly open, and Joe said "Come in." No one entered, but in a few moments the rap was heard again. "Come in," said Joe. Still no one entered. Presently a figure, concealed under a cloak and with muffled face, appeared partly before the door, and said something in a low voice. Joe looked wild and agitated. Some college scrape, he thought, but what was the nature of it he could not divine. The figure looked mysterious. Presently the voice was heard again, and understood to utter the word Palmer. Joe was still more agitated, and looked at his chum most inquiringly. His chum stepped to the door and asked what was wanting. The figure drew back into the darkness of the hall, and answered in a faint voice, that he wanted Palmer. At last Palmer screwed his resolution up to the sticking point and ventured as far as the door, while his chum stepped back into the room. The figure again came forward and whispered to Palmer to come out, for he wanted to speak with him.

"But who are you?" said Palmer.

The figure partially uncovered his face, and whispered "Doctor Stubbs."

Palmer at once recognized him, and stepped back as bold as a lion, and took his hat and went out. In a few minutes he returned and told his chum, with rather a mysterious air, that he was going out with a friend to be gone two or three hours, that he need not feel uneasy about him, and might leave the door unfastened for him till he returned.

Doctor Stubbs, having given Joe and Rufus full directions how to proceed, telling them to get a large wide chaise, so that they could manage to carry the corpse conveniently, and informing them where they could find spades and shovels deposited by the side of the road for the purpose, left them and hastened home.

"Well now, Rufe," said Joe, "we'll just go over to Jake Rider's and get one of his horses and chaise. But we needn't be in a hurry, for we don't want to get there much before midnight; and we'll go into the store here and get a drink of brandy to begin with, for this kind of business needs a little stimulus."

Having braced their nerves with a drink of brandy, they proceeded to Jacob Rider's.

"Jake, give us a horse and chaise to take a ride three or four hours," said Joe. You needn't mind setting up for us; we'll put the horse up when we come back, and take good care of him; we know where to put him. We don't want a nag; an old steady horse that will give us an easy, pleasant ride."

"Old Tom is jest the horse you want," said Jacob, "and there's a good easy going chaise."

"That chaise isn't wide enough," said Joe; "give us the widest one you've got."

"But that's plenty wide enough for two to ride in," said Jacob; "I don't see what you want a wider chaise than that for."

"Oh, I like to have plenty of elbow room," said Joe.

"Maybe you are going to have a lady to ride with you," said Jacob.

Joe laughed, and whispered to Rufus that Jake had hit nearer the mark than he was aware of.

Jacob selected another chaise. "There is one," said he "wide enough for three to ride in, and even four upon a pinch."

"That'll do," said Joe; "now put in old Tom."

The horse was soon harnessed, and Joe and Rufus jumped into the chaise and drove off.

"Confound these college chaps," said Jacob to himself as they drove out of the yard; "they are always a sky-larkin' somewhere or other. There's one thing in it, though, they pay me well for my horses. But these two fellows wanting such a broad chaise; they are going to have a real frolic somewhere to night. I've a plaguy good mind to jump on to one of the horses and follow, and see what sort of snuff they are up to. It's so dark I could do it just as well as not, without the least danger of their seeing me."

No sooner thought than done. Jake at once mounted one of his horses, and followed the chaise. There was no moon, and the night was cloudy and dark; but a slight rattle in one of the wheels of the chaise enabled him easily to follow it, though entirely out of sight. Having gone about two miles the chaise stopped at the corner, about a hundred rods from the house of Dr. Stubbs. Jake got off and hitched his horse, and crept carefully along by the side of the fence to see what was done there. By stooping down and looking up against a clear patch of sky, he could see one of the two leave the chaise and go to the fence by the side of the road, and return again, carrying something in his arms to the chaise. He repeated this operation twice; but what he carried Jake could not discern. Perhaps it might be some baskets of refreshments. They were going off to some house to have a frolic. The chaise moved on again, and Jake mounted his horse and followed. They went up the road till they came to the old meeting-house; they passed it a little, and came against the old burying-ground. The chaise stopped and Jake stopped. The chaise stood still for the space of about five minutes, and there was not the least sound to be heard in any direction. At last, from the little rattle of the chaise wheel, he perceived they were moving at a moderate walk. They came to the corner of the burying-ground, and turned a little out of the road and stopped the chaise under the shadow of a large spreading tree, where it could not be perceived by any one passing in the road, even should the clouds brush away and leave it starlight.

"It is very odd," thought Jake, "that they should stop at such a place as this in a dark night; the last place in the world I should think of stopping at."

Jake dismounted and hitched his horse a little distance, and crept carefully up to watch proceedings. They took something out of the chaise, passed along by the fence, went through the gate, and entered the burying ground. Here a new light seemed to flash upon Jake's mind.

"I hope no murder has been committed," thought he to himself; "but it's pretty clear something is to be buried here to-night that the world must know nothing about."

Jake was perplexed, and in doubt as to what he should do. He had some conscience, and felt as though he ought to investigate the matter, and put a stop to the business if anything very wicked was going on. But then there were other considerations that weighed on the other side. If murder had been committed, it was within the range of possibility, and not very unreasonable to suppose, that murder might be committed again to conceal it. There were two of them, and he was alone. It might not be entirely safe for him to interfere. He would hardly care to be thrown into a grave and buried there that night. And then, again, Jake was avaricious, and wouldn't care to break friends with those college fellows, for they paid him a good deal of money. On the whole, he has resolved to keep quiet and see the end of the matter.

Joe and Rufus walked two-thirds of the way across the burying-ground and stopped. Jake followed at a careful distance, and when he found they had stopped, he crept slowly up on the darkest side, so near that, partly by sight and partly by sound, he could discover what took place. There was not a loud word spoken, though he occasionally heard them whisper to each other. Then he heard the sound of shovels and the moving of the gravel.

"It is true," said Jake to himself, "they are digging a grave!" and the cold sweat started on his forehead. Still he resolved to be quiet and see it all through. Once or twice they stopped and seemed to be listening, as though they thought they heard some noise. Then he could hear them whisper to each other, but could not understand what they said. After they had been digging and throwing out gravel some time, he heard a sound like the light knock of a shovel upon the lid of a coffin.

"Take care," said Joe, in a very loud whisper, "it'll never do to make such a noise as that; it could be heard almost half a mile; do be more careful."

Again they pursued their work, and occasionally a hollow sound like a shovel scraping over a coffin was heard. At length their work of throwing out gravel seemed to be completed; and then there was a pause for some time, interrupted occasionally by sounds of screwing, and wedging, and wrenching; and at last they seemed to be lifting some heavy substance out of the grave. They carried it toward the gate. Jake was lying almost upon the ground, and as they passed near him, he could perceive they were carrying some white object about the length and size of a corpse. They went out at the gate and round to the chaise; and presently they returned again, and appeared by their motions and the sound to be filling up the grave. Jake took this opportunity to go and examine the chaise; and sure enough he found there a full-sized corpse, wrapped in a white sheet, lying in the centre of the chaise, the feet resting on the floor, the body leaning across the seat, and the head resting against the centre of the back part of the chaise.

"Only some scrape of the doctor's after all," said Jake to himself, who now began to breathe somewhat easier than he had done for some time past. "But it's rather shameful business, though; this must be Deacon Gray's daughter, I'm sure; and it's a shame to treat the old man in this shabby kind of way. I'll put a stop to this, anyhow. Polly Gray was too good a sort of a gal to be chopped up like a quarter of beef, according to my way of thinking, and it shan't be."

Jake then lifted the corpse out of the chaise, carried it a few rods farther from the road, laid it down, took off the winding-sheet, wrapped it carefully round himself, went back and got into the chaise, and placed himself exactly in the position in which the corpse had been left. He had remained in that situation but a short time before Joe and Rufus, having filled up the grave and made all right there, came and seated themselves in the chaise, one on each side of the corpse, and drove slowly and quietly off.

"I'm glad it's over," said Rufus, fetching a long breath. "My heart's been in my mouth the whole time. I thought I heard somebody coming half a dozen times; and then it's such a dismal gloomy place too. You would n't catch me there again, in such a scrape, I can tell you."

"Well, I was calm as clock-work the whole time," said Joe. "You should have such pluck as I've got, Rufe; nothing ever frightens me."

At that moment the chaise wheel struck a stone, and caused the corpse to roll suddenly against Joe. He clapped up his hand to push it a little back, and instead of a cold clammy corpse, he felt his hand pressed against a warm face of live flesh. As quick as though he had been struck by lightning, Joe dropped the reins, and with one bound sprang a rod from the chaise and ran for his life, Rufus, without knowing the cause of this strange and sudden movement, sprang from the other side with almost equal agility, and followed Joe with his utmost speed. They scarcely stopped to take breath till they had run two miles and got into Joe's room at the college, and shut the door and locked themselves in. There, having sworn Joe's chum to secrecy, they began to discuss the matter. But concerning the very strange warmth of the corpse they could come to no satisfactory conclusion. Whether it could be, that they had not actually taken up the corpse from the grave, but before they had got down to it some evil spirit had come in the shape of the corpse and deceived them, or whether it was actually the corpse, and it had come to life, or whether it was the ghost of Polly Gray, were questions they could not decide. They agreed, however, to go the next morning by sunrise on to the ground, and see what discoveries they could make.

When Jacob Rider found himself alone in the chaise, being convinced that Joe and Rufus would not come back to trouble him, that night he turned about and drove back to the burying ground.

"Well," said Jake, "I think the best thing I can do, for all concerned, is to put Polly Gray back where she belongs, and there let her rest."

Accordingly Jake went to work and opened the grave again, carried the corpse and replaced it as well as he could, and filled up the grave and rounded it off in good order. He then took his horse and chaise and returned home, well satisfied with his night's work.

The next morning, some time before sunrise, and before any one was stirring in the neighborhood, Joe and Rufus were at the old burying-ground. They went round the inclosure, went to the tree where they had fastened their horses, and looked on every side, but discovered nothing. They went through the gate, and across to the grave where they had been the night before. The grave looked all right, as though it had not been touched since the funeral. They could see nothing of the horse or chaise, and they concluded if the corpse or evil spirit, or whatever it was in the chaise, had left the horse to himself, he probably found his way directly home. They thought it best therefore immediately to go and see Jake, and make some kind of an explanation. So they went over immediately to Jacob's stable, and found the horse safe in his stall. Presently Jake made his appearance.

"Well, your confounded old horse," said Joe, "wouldn't stay hitched last night. He left us in the lurch, and we had to come home afoot. I see he's come home, though. Chaise all right, I hope?"

"Yes, all right," said Jake.

"Well, how much for the ride," said Joe, "seein' we did n't ride but one way?"

"Seein' you rode *part way* back," said Jake, "I shall charge you fifty dollars."

Joe started and looked round, but a knowing leer in Jake's eye convinced him it was no joke. He handed Jake the fifty dollars, at the same time putting his finger emphatically across his lips; and Jake took the fifty dollars, whispering in Joe's ear, "dead folks tell no tales." Jake then put his finger across his lips, and Joe and Rufus made him good morning.

MANIFESTO OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS

The following manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas, which has just made its appearance, shows that he is not very likely to yield to the terms of the Western Powers :—

"By the Grace of God, We, Nicholas the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c. &c. &c., make known :—

"The causes of the war, that still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia.—The country knows that neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the support of the solemnly recognised immunities of the Orthodox Church, and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming an hostile alliance against Russia.

"After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman empire, they have waged open war against us, not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their own blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops and in all classes of our subjects, they everywhere meet with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amidst the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires.

"Such are the defeats more than once inflicted on the enemy's troops on the other side of the Caucasus, notwithstanding a great disparity of force. Such was the unequal conflict sustained with success by the defenders of the coasts of Finland, of the Convent of Selovetsky, and of the port of Petropaulowsky, in Kamschatka. Such, above all, is the heroic defence of Sebastopol, signalized by so many exploits of invincible courage and of indefatigable activity, as to be admired and done justice to by our enemies themselves.

"[illegible] with humble gratitude towards [illegible] the self denial of our [illegible] outbursts of devotion that animated [illegible] the empire, we venture to recognise therein the pledge and augury of a happier future.

"Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot decide on a prolonged effusion of blood, and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire, and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us in this obstinate struggle to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us.

"Patience! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your sons—not your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your sovereign.

"We all, monarch and subjects, if it be necessary—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander, in a year of like trial, *the sword in our hands and the Cross in our hearts*—know how to face the ranks of our enemies, for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world, the security and the honour of our country.

"Given at Gatchina, the 14th day of the month of December, in the year of grace 1854, and the thirtieth of our reign.

(Signed) NICHOLAS."