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Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

To the Electors of the Second District of Queen's County.

GENTLEMEN,

AT a late hour I am induced to come forward to solicit the honor of representing you in the new House of Assembly. Were I to consult my own personal feelings and wishes, I would forbear to do so, but the pressing solicitations which I have received from my old friends and supporters from every quarter of the District, prompt me to obey the call of duty.

I come before you resting upon my own individual character as a free man unconnected with all party influences, and desirous of promoting the interests of my native country. I feel assured that the system of Government, as at present in force in this Colony, has not met your expectations, and am clearly of opinion that to prevent undue influence, and to render it more acceptable to the public at large, the principle established in Canada, by which all officers connected with the Receipt and Collection of the Public Moneys are excluded from the Legislature, should be extended to this Island. I am also in favour of Reciprocal Free Trade with the United States, as I feel persuaded, that no measure is so well calculated to benefit our Farmers and open up the resources of the country. These are only a few of the objects which should receive the earnest attention of the new House; and upon the character of that House, in my opinion, will depend the future prosperity of the country, or otherwise.

If you should deem me worthy of your choice as a Representative, I trust my experience in a former House of Assembly will enable me the more efficiently to discharge my duty towards you. I remain, Gentlemen, Yours, very faithfully,

JOHN LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, June 30, 1853.

To the Electors of the First District of Queen's County.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE accepting your invitation to come forward as a Candidate for your suffrages, I have visited a considerable part of the District, and I feel thankful for the kind manner in which I have been received, and for the very general promises of support tendered me. At the time I commenced my canvass, I knew not what New London intended doing, whether they would nominate a Candidate for that end of the District or not, so that I had to canvass for myself alone. They have now a man in the field—Mr. John McLeod—the New London people having engaged to support me, with the understanding that my friends would support Mr. McLeod. I am aware that a few of my friends have promised to vote for Mr. Coles, as well as myself; to those I would say keep your promises, and vote as you have engaged; but believing, as I do, that a large number of my supporters at this end of the District have not as yet promised their second vote, but have expressed their determination not to support Mr. Coles, I now solicit them to give it to the New London Candidate, and on no account to give me a plumper, but divide with Mr. McLeod. Our prospects are good; and as no one blames Mr. Coles for trying to get Mr. Laird supported, let no one blame me for doing what I can for Mr. McLeod. It is nothing but right that the other end of the District should have its Representative. We pledge ourselves to take no public Office, and to keep the Assembly as free from Office-holders as possible, and so purify Responsible Government. If eight or ten members of the Assembly get offices, it will be as great a compact as that of which we have lately got clear of. Let us stand by each other, and the victory is ours.

Your Obedt. Servt.

GEORGE BEER, jun.

Charlottetown, June 28, 1853.

To the Electors of Charlottetown and Royalty.

AS A GENERAL ELECTION for Members to serve in Colonial Parliament will shortly take place, I am again induced, to offer myself as a Candidate for the Representation of this my native Town. I have to rest my claims for a renewal of your suffrages on a review of my conduct in the House of Assembly, as your Representative, for the past fourteen years; and if it has, proved to be such as to warrant a continuance of your confidence, you may rest assured that I shall pursue the same line of Policy and Principles as heretofore.

This, I think I may be permitted to say, with your acquiescence, that during the period I have had the honor of representing you in the Assembly, I never gave my support to stationary measures for the purpose of obtaining ephemeral or undue popularity, nor voted against the interests of my Constituents for the consideration of *Office* or *Emolument*.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
With much respect,
Your Obliged and Obdt. Servt.
FRANCIS LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, June 19, 1853.

To the Electors of Georgetown and Royalty.

I AM induced to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages at the forthcoming General Election, in consequence of the many generous offers of support which I received from my Friends during my recent visit amongst you. I am no Office-holder, and therefore I can represent you fearlessly and independently, without being shackled in my votes by the undue influence of the Government. The true interests of this my native country will never be studied or cared for, so long as the popular branch of the Legislature is composed of greedy Officials, who are bound hand and foot to support the Government, upon every measure, without consulting the views of their Constituents upon the subject. Under such a despotic system, a Member of the House of Assembly is not the People's servant but the Government's willing slave. Should I obtain, for the third time, the distinguished honor of being returned as one of your Representatives to the Colonial Parliament, rest assured will be second to none in attempting to carry out all measures that may have the slightest tendency to advance the prosperity and local improvement of Georgetown and Royalty.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
June 16, 1853. T. HEATH HAVILAND.

To the Electors of the Second Electoral District of Prince County.

GENTLEMEN;

I AM induced, from the repeated solicitations of many of the most respectable influential Electors amongst you, to offer myself as a Candidate for your Suffrages at the approaching Election.

My object in thus making my intentions public through this medium is, because I have hitherto declined, when requested by many of you, to offer myself.

I may be permitted to say, that I believe I am individually acquainted with you all, and am satisfied that you are aware that it is not from any selfish or pecuniary motive that induces me to come forward.

As a native of the Colony, and one whose interests are inseparably connected with your own, it would be my highest aim to advance its best interest and prosperity. And, be assured Gentlemen, should you honor me with your confidence, nothing I trust on my part shall be wanting to advance the true interest of the Colony, and this my native district particularly.

I am, Gentlemen, truly yours,
JAMES CAMPBELL.

Saint Eleanors, May 23, 1853.

To the Free and Independent Electors of Charlottetown and Royalty.

GENTLEMEN—

HAVING been called upon at a very large Meeting of Electors at the Old Court House on Friday evening last, and there presented with a numerously signed Requisition, soliciting me to come forward as a Candidate to represent them in the General Assembly of this Island, I now come before you as such, at the same time thanking them for the honour thus conferred.

My coming before you at so late an hour has been caused by the resignation of Mr. Found, whose address to the Electors appeared a short time since, and to whom I intended to give my support, but he having now declined the contest, I am induced to fill up the vacancy thus occurred, and will endeavor to carry out those principles which his Card enunciated.

For nearly 36 years I have been a resident of Charlottetown, and I flatter myself that I know its wants and its interests; and you will believe me when I say, that in common with yourselves I feel a deep interest in its welfare, and as I am known to most of you, I am sure you will rely on me that I will be watchful over it.

Should you place me in the House of Assembly as your Representative, you may feel confident that I shall guard your rights. I am in favour of Responsible Government, and will support it as the established Constitution of the country.

My own interests are so identified with those of the Mechanical and Laboring Classes (being a Mechanic myself,) that I firmly rely on their countenance and support.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN TRENAMAN.

Charlottetown July 2, 1853.

To the Electors of the First Electoral District of Queen's County.

HAVING been nominated, in my absence from the Island, at a numerous meeting of the respectable Constituency at the west end of the District, and strongly urged on my arrival at home, to allow myself to be put in nomination as a Candidate to represent them in General Assembly, I have, on mature consideration, *deemed it my duty to respond to their call;* and having, from a very extensive canvass, the most encouraging prospects of success, I beg leave most respectfully to solicit your suffrages—If returned, my energies will be devoted to the promotion of the best interests, whether of a moral or pecuniary nature, of the inhabitants of this my native Isle. The local requirements of the First Electoral District of Queen's County will at all times, have my best attention by aiding to exclude from the Assembly, all Officers who are appointed for receiving or collecting the Public Revenue.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedt. Servt.
JOHN McLEOD.

New London, June 27th, 1853. 1&A

To the Electors of Georgetown and Royalty.

GENTLEMEN,—

ENCOURAGED by the cordial promise of support which I have received from many of you, I now offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages at the approaching General Election.

Although I hold the office of Attorney General, I am unable to perceive why that should render me incompetent to represent you fearlessly and independently; on the contrary, if returned by you, it is my determination to do so on all occasions; and whilst I shall be prepared to advocate all sound liberal measures, calculated to benefit the country generally, I shall feel it to be an especial duty to use any legitimate influence which my position may afford me, to advance the local interests of Georgetown and Royalty.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
JOSEPH HENSLEY.

June 16th, 1853.

To the Electors of Charlottetown and Royalty.

GENTLEMEN,

I SOLICIT the honor of representing you in the new House of Assembly about to be elected.

Should you again invest me with that office—one which different circumstances now render of more importance to you than at any former period of the many times I have been entrusted with it—I shall endeavour to discharge its duties with that zeal, intrepidity and self-disinterestedness which should ever distinguish a Representative of the people.

I am, Gentlemen, your humble servant,
EDWARD PALMER.

Charlottetown, June 13th, 1853. 1&A

TO LICENSED TEACHERS.

WANTED a District Teacher of the first Class for the Stanhope and Cavendish District—An experienced person will find it to his advantage to apply to

JAMES CURTIS LAWSON

June 22d, 1853.

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, Belfast, at 4 o'clock p. m.

P. DESBRISAY, G.Sc.

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

Illustrated London News, Punch, News of the World.

MAY be had at GEORGE T. HASZARD'S Book Store, directly after the arrival of the Mails.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXI.

The Martyr—Renewal of the Hunt—Emmeline comforts Cassy—Tom dragged before Legree—Tom's Appeal—The Martyrdom—Remorse.

"Deem not the just by Heaven forgot!
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though, with a crush'd and bleeding heart,
And spurn'd of man, he goes to die!
For God hath mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every bitter tear;
And heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."—BRYANT.

THE longest way must have its close—the gloomiest night will wear on to a morning. An eternal, inexorable lapse of moments is ever hurrying the day of the evil to an eternal night, and the night of the just to an eternal day. We have walked with our humble friend thus far in the valley of slavery; first, through flowery fields of ease and indulgence, then through heart-breaking separations from all that man holds dear. Again, we have waited with him in a sunny island, where generous hands concealed his chains with flowers; and, lastly, we have followed him when the last ray of earthly hope went out in night, and seen how, in the blackness of earthly darkness, the firmament of the unseen has blazed with stars of new and significant lustre.

The morning-star now stands over the tops of mountains, and gales and breezes, not of earth, show that the gates of day are unclosing.

The escape of Cassy and Emmeline irritated the before surley temper of Legree to the last degree; and his fury, as was expected, fell upon the defenceless head of Tom. When he hurriedly announced the tidings among his hands, there was a sudden light in Tom's eye, a sudden upraising of his hands, that did not escape him. He saw that he did not join the master of the pursuers. He thought of forcing him to do it; but having had, of old, experience of his inflexibility when commanded to take part in any deed of humanity, he would not, in his hurry, stop to enter into any conflict with him.

Tom, therefore, remained behind, with a few who had learned of him to pray, and offered up prayers for the escape of the fugitives.

When Legree returned, baffled and disappointed, all the long-working hatred of himself towards his slave began to gather in a deadly and desperate form. Had not this man braved him—steadily, powerfully, resistlessly—ever since he bought him? Was there not a spirit in him which, silent as it was, burned on him like the fires of perdition?

"I *hate* him!" said Legree, that night, as he sat up in his bed; "I *hate* him! And isn't he MINE? Can't I do what I like with him? Who's to hinder, I wonder?" And Legree clenched his fist and shook it as if he had something in his hands that he could read in pieces.

But then Tom was a faithful, valuable servant, and although Legree hated him the more for that, yet the consideration was still somewhat of a restraint to him.

The next morning he determined to say nothing, as yet; to assemble a party from some neighbouring plantations, with dogs and guns; to surround the swamp, and go about the hunt systematically. If it succeeded, well and good; if not, he would summon Tom before him, and—his teeth clenched and his blood boiled—then he would break that fellow down, or—there was a dire inward whisper, to which his soul assented.

To say that the *interest* of the master is a sufficient safeguard for the slave. In the fury of man's mad will, he will wittingly, and with open eye, sell his own soul to the devil to gain his ends; and will he be more careful of his neighbour's body?

"Well," said Cassy, the next day, from the garret, as she reconnoitred through the knot-hole, "the hunt's going to begin again to-day!"

Three or four mounted horsemen were curveting about, on the space front of the house; and one or two leashes of strange dogs were struggling with the negroes who held them, baying and barking at each other.

The men are, two of them, overseers of plantations in the vicinity; and others were some of Legree's associates at the tavern-bar of a neighbouring city, who had come for the interest of the sport. A more hard-favoured set, perhaps, could not be imagined. Legree was serving brandy profusely round among them, as also among the negroes who had been detailed from the various plantations for this service; for it was an object to make every service of this kind among the negroes as much of a festival as possible.

Cassy placed her ear at the knot-hole; and, as the morning air blew directly towards the house, she could overhear a good deal of the conversation. A grave sneer overcast the dark, severe gravity of her face, as she listened, and heard them divide out the ground, discuss the rival merits of the dogs, give orders about firing, and the treatment of each in case of capture.

Cassy drew back; and, clasping her hands, looked upward, and said, "O great Almighty God! we are *all* sinners: but what have we done, more than all the rest of the world, that we should be treated so?"

There was a terrible earnestness in her face and voice as she spoke.

"If it wasn't for you, child," she said, looking at Emmeline, "I'd go out to them; and I'd thank any one of them that *would* shoot me down; for what use will freedom be to me? Can it give me back my children, or make me what I used to be?"

Emmeline, in her child-like simplicity, was half afraid of the dark moods of Cassy. She looked perplexed, but made no answer. She only took her hand, with a gentle, caressing movement.

"Don't!" said Cassy, trying to draw it away; "you'll get me to loving you; and I never mean to love anything again!"

"Poor Cassy!" said Emmeline, "don't feel so. If the Lord gives us liberty, perhaps He'll give you back your daughter. At any rate, I'll be like a daughter to you. I know I'll never see my poor old mother again! I shall love you, Cassy, whether you love me or not!"

The gentle, child-like spirit conquered. Cassy sat down by her, put her arm round her neck, stroked her soft brown hair; and Emmeline then wondered at the beauty of her magnificent eyes, now soft with tears.

"O Em!" said Cass, "I've hungered for my children, and thirsted for them, and my eyes fail with longing for them. Here! here!" she said, striking her breast, "it's all desolate, all empty! If God would give me back my children, then I could pray."

"You must trust Him, Cassy," said Emmeline; "He is our Father!"

"His wrath is upon us," said Cassy; "He has turned away in anger."

"No, Cassy! He will be good to us. Let us hope in Him," said Emmeline. "I always have had hope."

* * * * *

The hunt was long, animated, but unsuccessful; and, with grave, ironic exultation, Cassy looked down on Legree as, weary and dispirited he alighted from his horse.

"Now, Quimbo," said Legree, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room, "you just go and walk that Tom up here, right away! The old cuss is at the bottom of this yer whole matter; and I'll have it out of his old black hide, or I'll know the reason why!"

Sambo and Quimbo both, though hating each other, were joined in one mind by a no less cordial hatred of Tom. Legree had told them at first that he had bought him for a general overseer in his absence; and this had begun an ill-will on their part, which had increased in their debased and servile natures, as they saw him becoming obnoxious to their master's displeasure. Quimbo, therefore, departed with a will to execute his orders.

Tom heard the message with a forewarning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment. He knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet death, rather than betray the helpless.

He set his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

"Ay, ay!" said the giant, as he dragged him along, "yo'll catch it, now! I'll boun, mas'r's back's up high! No sneaking out, helpin' mas'r's niggers to run away! See what yo'll get!"

The savage words, none of them reached that ear—a higher voice there was saying, "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Nerve and bone of that poor man's body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God; and he felt the strength of a thousand souls in one. As he passed along, the trees and bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole scene of his degradation, seemed to whirl by him, as the landscape by the rushing car. His soul throbbed—his home was in sight—and the hour of release seemed at hand.

"Well, Tom," said Legree, walking up and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage, "do you know I've made up my mind to KILL you?"

"It's very likely, mas'r," said Tom, calmly.

"I have," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "*done—just—that—thing*, Tom, unless you tell me what you know about these yer gals!"

Tom stood silent.

"D'ye hear?" said Legree, stamping with a roar like that of an incensed lion. "Speak!"

"*I ha'nt got nothing to tell mas'r*," said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

"Do you dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don't *know?*" said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" thundered Legree striking him furiously. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, mas'r; but I can't tell anything. I *can die!*"

Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice, "Hark'e Tom—ye think 'cause I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say; but this time I've *made up my mind*, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out again' me—now I'll *conquer ye or kill ye!*—one or t'other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em, one by one, till ye give up!"

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, "Mas'r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood; and if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely, as the Lord gave His for me. O mas'r, don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than 'twill me! Do the worst you can, my troubles 'll be over soon; but if ye don't repent, your's won't never end!"

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. Legree stood aghast and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence that the tick of the old clock could be heard measuring, with silent touch, the last moments, of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute, relenting thrill, and the spirit of evil came back, with sevenfold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

* * * * *

Scenes of blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear. What brother man and brother-Christian must suffer cannot be told us, even in our secret chamber, it so harrows up the soul. And yet, O my country! these things are done under the shadow of thy laws! O Christ! thy Church sees them, almost in silence!

But of old there was One whose suffering changed an instrument of torture, degradation, and shame, into a symbol of glory, honor, and immortal life! and where His Spirit is, neither degrading stripes, nor blood, nor insults, can make the Christian's last struggle less than glorious.

Was he alone that long night, whose brave, loving spirit was bearing up, in that old shed, against buffeting and brutal stripes?

Nay! There stood by him One, seen by him alone, "like unto the Son of God."

The tempter stood by him, too, blinded by furious, despotic will, every moment growing him to shun that agony by the betrayal of the innocent. But the brave, true heart was firm on the Eternal Rock. Like his Master, he knew that, if he saved others, himself he could not save; nor could utmost extremity wring from him words, save of prayer and holy trust.

"He's most gone, mas'r," said Sambo, touched in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Pay away till he gives up! Give it to him! give it to him;" shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses."

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "Ye poor, miserable critter!" he said, "there ain't no more ye can do! I forgive ye, with all my soul!" and he fainted entirely away.

"I b'lieve my soul he's done for, finally," said Legre, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth's shut up at last, that's one comfort!"

Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul—that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning!

Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious prayers had struck upon the hearts of the imbruted blacks who had been the instruments of cruelty upon him; and the instant Legree withdrew they took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life—as if *that* were any favor to him.

"Sartin, we's been doin' a drefful wicked thing!" said Sambo; "hopes mas'r 'll have to 'count for it, and not we."

They washed his wounds—they provided a rude bed of some refuse cotton for him to lie down on; and one of them, stealing up to the house, begged a drink of brandy of Legree, pretending that he was tired, and wanted it for himself. He brought it back, and poured it down Tom's throat.

"O Tom!" said Quimbo, "we've been awful wicked to yer!"

"I forgive ye, with all my heart!" said Tom, faintly.

"O Tom! do tell us who is Jesus, anyhow!" said Sambo, "Jesus, that's been a standin' by you so, all this night.—Who is he?"

The word roused the failing, fainting spirit. He poured forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—His life, His death, His everlasting presence, and power to save.

They wept—both the savage men.

"Why didn't I never hear this before?" said Sambo; "but I do believe!—I can't help it! Lord Jesus, have mercy on us!"

"Poor critters!" said Tom, "I'd be willing to bear all I have, if it 'll only bring ye to Christ! O Lord! give me these two more souls, I pray."

That prayer was answered!

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—A recent writer gives some interesting particulars upon this subject.—"In twelve years, about five hundred millions of dollars were raised by the house for different powers, by way of loan or subsidy, which were distributed in nearly the following proportions: For England, two hundred millions; for Austria, fifty millions; for Prussia, forty millions; for France, eighty millions; for Naples, fifty millions; for Russia, twenty-five millions; for several German courts, four millions; for Brazil, twelve millions, exclusive of various other large sums. The remarkable success of the Rothschilds, setting aside the great opportunities which they have enjoyed from favourable circumstances, may be attributed to their strict adherence to two fundamental maxims. The first, in compliance with the dying injunctions of the founder of the house, is the conducting of all their operations entirely in common. Every proposition of magnitude made to one of them is submitted to the deliberations of all. No project is adopted until thus fully discussed, and it is then executed by united efforts. A second principle is, not to aim at exorbitant profits, to set definite limits to every operation, and, so far as human prudence and foresight can do, to render it independent of accidental influences. In this maxim lies one of the main secrets of their strength."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY FAST AND HONESTLY.—Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right or by the aid of friends on long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do, at least, a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement.—Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where you will. Be careful not to over-stock yourself. Always stick to those whom you prove to be strictly just in their transactions, and shun all others, even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, not equivocate nor misrepresent. Have but one price and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers—the cash ones—or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss, and be more cautious in future. According to the character or extent of your business, set aside a liberal per centage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel or package, go out from you without a handsome printed label, wrapper, card, or circular, and dispense them continually. Choose the newspaper for your purpose, and keep yourself unceasingly before the public; and it matters not what business or utility you make choice of, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.