th for a Shilling!

LOWAY'S PILLS.
NARY CURE OF LOSS OF HEALTH,
D STOMACH, INDIGESTION AND
ATION OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.
ter from Mr. John Lloyd, of Erw
ear Harlech, Merionethshire.
HOLLOWAY,
il myself of the first opportunity of in-
at, for a very long period, I was afflicted
ess giddiness and frequent swimmings
ttended by loss of appetite, disordered
enerally impaired health. Every means
give me any permanent relief, and at
me so alarming, that I was really afraid
without an attendant. In this melan-
, I waited personally upon Mr. Hughes,
lech, for the purpose of consulting him
d better do; he kindly recommended
ried them without delay, and after tu-
a short time I am happy to bear testi-
wonderful efficacy. I am now restored
alth, and enabled to resume my usual
are at liberty to publish this letter in
may think proper.
am, Sir, your obedient Servant'
(Signed) JOHN LLOYD.
1852.

CULOUS CURE OF DROPSY.
Letter from Edward Rowley, Esq., of
lk, Tobago, dated April 8th, 1852.
HOLLOWAY,
—I deem it a duty I owe to you and the
e to inform you of a most miraculous re-
that dreadful disease, DROPSY, and
God, was effected by your invaluable
tapped five times within eight months,
treated by two medical practitioners, but
cured, until I had recourse to your re-
otwithstanding all I had undergone, this
medicine cured me in the course of six
(Signed) EDWARD ROWLEY.

OUS LIVER COMPLAINT AND SPASM
TOMACH EFFECTUALLY CURED.
Letter from Mr. Bostock, Druggist, of
under Lyne, dated July 31, 1852.
r HOLLOWAY,
R,—I have much pleasure in handing to
onial of the efficacy of your Medicines. A
e neighbourhood, with whom I am well
was affected for a long time with violent
ains in the stomach and liver, arising from
ids, smells of paint, and the effects of a
ition, which he was obliged to assume in
The spasms were of an alarming cha-
frequently left him in a weak and debilit
n. At length he heard of the salutary ef-
invaluable Pills, and was induced to give
. The first dose gave him considerable
y following them up in accordance with
ions, they have acted so wonderfully in
he liver and stomach, and strengthening
e organs, that he has been restored to the
of good health.
remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
ned) WILLIAM BOSTOCK.

LE CURE OF A STOMACH COM-
WITH INDIGESTION AND VIOLENT
HEAD-ACHES.
a Letter from S. Gowen, Chemist, of
Near Bristol, dated July 14th, 1852.
or HOLLOWAY,
IR,—I am requested by a Lady named
st arrived from the West Indies, to ac-
that, for a period of eight years herself and
ered from continual bad health, arising from
f the Liver and Stomach, Indigestion, loss
e, violent Head-aches, pains in the side
and general debility, for which she consult-
t eminent men in the colony, but without
ial result; at last, she had recourse to your
Pills, which in a very short time effected
change for the better, that she continued
the whole family were restored to health
th. Further she desires me to say, that she
ved their extraordinary virtues in those
incidental to children, particularly in cases
s and Scarlatina, having effected positive
ese diseases with no other remedy.
(Signed) S. GOWEN.
*brated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in
the following complaints.*

Dropsy		Inflammation
Dysentery		Jaundice
mplaints	Erysipelas	Liver Com-
n the skin	Female Irregulari-	plaints
mplaints	ties	Lumbago
	Fevers of all kinds	Piles
on of the	Fits	Rheumatism
ds	Gout	Retention of
tion	Head-ache	Urine
	Indigestion	Scorfula, or
ats	Stone and Gravel	King's Evil
y Symp-	Tic Doloureux	Tumours
	Venereal Affections	Worms of all
	Weakness, from	kinds
	whatever cause, &c.	

the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY,
ad, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all
le Druggists and Dealers in Medicines
t the Civilized World, at the following
s. and 20s. Currency each Box.
There is a considerable saving by taking the
es.
—Directions for the guidance of patients in
rder affixed to each Box.
GEORGE T. HASZARD,
Sole Wholesale Agent for P. E. Island.

ALMANACK for 1853.
ARD'S CALENDAR for 1853, is now
dy for Delivery, and will be found to contain
the usual information, much additional
n.
WEATHER, Horticulture for the Month,
British North American Colonies, Imports,
and Revenue of British North American
, and a variety of other useful information

POTHECARIES' HALL.
Old Established
USE, 1810.
ARLOTTETOWN, JANUARY, 1853.
T. DESBRISAY & Co.
E just received, per late arrivals from Lon-
don, Dublin, United States and Halifax, their
s for the Season, comprising, in the whole, an
Extensive and Varied Assortment of
UGS & CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY,
, Combs, Soaps, and other Toilet requisites;
Oils, Colours, and Dye Stuffs; Fruits, Spices,
tionary, Medicines and other Licenses, with
Patent Medicines in Equity, and every other
usually kept in that Establishments in Great
(*See Apothecaries' Hall Advertiser.*) The
of which they can with confidence recommend
public; and, fidelity to be adhered, at as low,
lower prices, than they can be produced in the
t. on

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, May 25, 1853. New Series. No. 36.

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.

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.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXVII.

This is the last of Earth.—The Crown without the Conflict.—Flowers on the Bed of Death.—Tom's Sympathy.—Mrs. St. Clare's unfortunate Position.—Looking up and seeing nothing.—The Raising of Lazarus.

THE statuettes and pictures in Eva's room were shrouded in white napkins, and only hushed breathings and muffled footfalls were heard there, and the light stole in solemnly through windows partially darkened by closed blinds.

The bed was draped in white; and there, beneath the drooping angel-figure, lay a little sleeping form—sleeping never to waken!

There she lay, robed in one of the simple white dresses she had been wont to wear when living; the rose-coloured light through the curtains cast over the icy coldness of death a warm glow. The heavy eyelashes dropped softly on the pure cheek; the head was turned a little to one side, as if in natural sleep, but there was diffused over every lineament of the face that high celestial expression, that mingling of rapture and repose, which showed it was no earthly or temporary sleep, but the long sacred rest which "He giveth to his beloved."

There is no death to such as thou, dear Eva! neither darkness nor shadow of death; only such a bright fading as when the morning star fades in the golden dawn. Thine is the victory without the battle—the crown without the conflict.

So did St. Clare think, as, with folded arms, he stood there gazing. Ah! who shall say what he did think! for, from the hour that voices had said, in the dying chamber, "She is gone," it had been all a dreary mist, a heavy "dimness of anguish." He had heard voices around him; he had had questions asked, and answered them; they had asked him when he would have the funeral, and where they should lay her; and he had answered impatiently, that he cared not.

Adolph and Rosa had arranged the chamber; volatile, fickle, and childish as they generally were, they were soft-hearted and full of feeling; and while Miss Ophelia presided over the general details of order and neatness, it was their hands that added those soft, poetic touches to the arrangements that took from the death-room the grim and ghastly air which too often marks a New-England funeral.

There were still flowers on the shelves—all white, delicate, and fragrant, with graceful, drooping leaves. Eva's little table, covered with white, bore on it her favourite vase, with a single white moss rose-bud in it. The folds of the drapery, the fall of the curtains, had been arranged, and re-arranged, by Adolph and Rosa, with that nicety of eye which characterises their race. Even now, while St. Clare stood there thinking, little Rosa tripped softly into the chamber with a basket of white flowers. She stopped back when she saw St. Clare, and stopped respectfully; but, seeing that he did not observe her, she came forward to place them around the dead. St. Clare saw her as in a dream, while she placed in the small hands a fair cape jessamine, and with admirable taste, disposed other flowers around the couch.

The door opened again, and Topsy, her eyes swelled with crying, appeared, holding something under her apron. Rosa made a quick, forbidding gesture, but she took a step into the room.

"You must go out," said Rosa, in a sharp, positive whisper; "you haven't any business here!"

Oh, do let me; I brought a flower—such a pretty one!" said Topsy, holding up a half-blown tea rose-bud. "Do let me put just one there."

"Get along!" said Rosa, more decidely.

"Let her stay!" said St. Clare, suddenly stamping his foot. "She shall come."

Rosa suddenly retreated, and Topsy came forward and laid her offering at the feet of the corpse; then, suddenly, with a wild, and bitter cry, she threw herself on the floor, alongside of the bed, and wept and moaned aloud.

Miss Ophelia hastened into the room, and tried to raise and silence her; but in vain,

"O Miss Eva; I wish I's dead, too—I do!"

There was a piercing wildness in the cry; the blood flushed into St. Clare's white, marble-like face, and the first tears he had shed since Eva died stood in his eyes.

"Get up, child," said Miss Ophelia, in a softened voice; "don't cry so. Miss Eva is gone to heaven; she is an angel."

"But I can't see her," said Topsy. "I never shall see her!" and she sobbed again.

They all stood a moment in silence.

"She said she *loved* me," said Topsy—"she did! Oh, dear! oh, dear! there ain't *nobody* left now—there ain't!"

"That's true enough," said St. Clare; "but do," he said to Miss Ophelia, "see if you can't comfort the poor creature."

"I just wish I hadn't never been born," said Topsy. "I didn't want to be born, no ways; and I don't see no use on't."

Miss Ophelia raised her gently but firmly, and took her from the room; but, as she did so, some tears fell from her eyes.

"Topsy, you poor child," she said, as she led her into her room, "don't give up! I can love you, though I am not like that dear little child. I hope I've learnt something of the love of Christ from her. I can love you; I do, and I'll try to help you to grow up a good Christian girl."

Miss Ophelia's voice was more than her words, and more than that were the honest tears that fell down her face. From that hour she acquired an influence over the mind of the destitute child that she never lost.

"O, my Eva, whose little hour on earth did so much of good," thought St. Clare, "what account have I to give for my long years?"

There were, for a while, soft whisperings and foot-falls in the chamber, as one after another stole up to look at the dead; and then came the little coffin and then there was a funeral, and carriages drove to the door, and strangers came and were seated; and there were scarfs and ribbons, and crape hands, and mourners dressed in black crape; and there were words read from the Bible, and prayers offered; and St. Clare lived, and walked, and moved, as one who had shed every tear. To the last he saw only one thing, that golden head in the coffin; but then he saw the cloth spread over it, the lid of the coffin closed; and he walked, when he was put beside the others, down to a little place at the bottom of the garden, and there, by the mossy seat where she and Tom had talked, and sung, and read so often, was the little grave. St Clare stood beside it—looked vacantly down; he saw them lower the little coffin; he heard, dimly, the solemn words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and as the earth was cast in and filled up the little grave, he could not realise that it was his Eva that they were hiding from his sight.

Nor was it—not Eva, but only the frail seed of that bright, immortal form with which she shall yet come forth, in the day of the Lord Jesus!

And then all were gone, and the mourners went back to the place which should know her no more; and Marie's room was darkened, and she lay on the bed, sobbing and moaning in incontrolable grief, and calling every moment for the attentions of all her servants. Of course, they had no time to cry—why should they? the grief was *her* grief, and she was fully convinced that nobody on earth did, could, or would feel it as she did.

"St. Clare did not shed a tear," she said; "he didn't sympathise with her; it was perfectly wonderful to think how hard-hearted and unfeeling he was, when he must know how she suffered."

So much are people the slave of their eye and ear, that many of the servants really thought that missis was the principal sufferer in the case, especially as Marie began to have hysterical spasms, and sent for the doctor, and at last declared herself dying; and in the running and scampering, and bringing up hot bottles, and heating of flannels, and chafing, and fussing, that ensued, there was quite a diversion.

Tom, however, had a feeling at his own heart, that drew him to his master. He followed him wherever he walked, wistfully and sadly; and when he saw him sitting, so pale and quiet, in Eva's room, holding before his eyes her little open Bible, though seeing no letter or word of what was in it, there was more sorrow to Tom in that still, fixed tearless eye, than in all Marie's moans and lamentations.

In a few days the St. Clare family were back again in the city; Augustine, with the restlessness of grief, longing for another scene, to change the current of his thoughts. So they left the house and garden, with its little grave, and came back to New Orleans; and St. Clare walked the streets busily, and strove to fill up the chasm in his heart with hurry and bustle, and change of place; and people who saw him in the street, or met him at the cafe, knew of his loss only by the weed on his hat; for there he was, smiling and talking, and reading the newspaper, and speculating on politics, and attending to business matters; and who could see that all this smiling outside was but a hollow shell over a heart, that was a dark and silent sepulchre?

"Mr. St. Clare is a singular man," said Marie to Miss Ophelia, in a complaining tone. "I used to think, if there was anything in the world he did love, it was our dear little Eva; but he seems to be forgetting her very easily. I cannot ever get him to talk about her. I really did think he would show more feeling."

"Still waters run deepest, they used to tell me," said Miss Ophelia, oracularly.

"Oh, I don't believe in such things; it's all talk. If people have feeling, they will show it—they can't help it; but, then, it's a great misfortune to have feeling. I'd rather have been made like St. Clare. My feelings prey upon me so!"

"Sure missis, Mas'r St. Clare is getting thin as a shader. They say he don't never eat nothin'" said Mammy. "I know he don't forget Miss Eva; I know there couldn't nobody—dear, little, blessed, cretur!" she added, wiping her eyes.

"Well, at all events, he has no consideration for me," said Marie; "he hasn't spoken one word of sympathy, and he must know how much more a mother feels than any man can."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," said Miss Ophelia, gravely.

"That's just what I think. I know just what I feel—nobody else seems to. Eva used to, but she's gone!" and Marie lay back on her lounge, and began to sob disconsolately.

Marie was one of those unfortunately-constituted mortals, in whose eyes whatever is lost and gone assumes a value which it never had in possession. Whatever she had, she seemed to survey only to pick flaws in it: but, once fairly away, there was no end to her valuation of it.

While this conversation was taking place in the parlour, another was going on in St. Clare's library.

Tom, who was always uneasily following his master about, had seen him go to his library, some hours before; and, after vainly waiting for him to come out, determined, at last, to make an errand in. He entered softly. St. Clare lay on his lounge at the further end of the room. He was lying on his face, with Eva's Bible open before him, at a little distance. Tom walked up, and stood by the sofa. He hesitated; and, while he was hesitating, St. Clare, suddenly raised himself up. The honest face, so full of grief, and with such an imploring expression of affection and sympathy, struck his master. He laid his hand on Tom's and bowed down his forehead on it.

"O Tom, my boy, the whole world is as empty as an egg-shell—"

"I know it mas'r—I know it," said Tom. "But, oh, if mas'r could only look up—up where our dear Miss Eva is—up to the Lord Jesus!"

"Ah, Tom I do look up; but the trouble is, I don't see anything when I do. I wish I could."

Tom sighed heavily.

"It seems to be given to children, and poor honest fellows like you, to see what we can't," said St. Clare. "How comes it?"

"Thou hast 'hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes,'" murmured Tom; "'even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

"Tom, I don't believe—I can't believe; I've got the habit of doubting," said St. Clare. "I want to believe this Bible, and I can't."

"Dear mas'r, pray to the good Lord—'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.'"

"Who knows anything about anything?" said St. Clare, his eyes wandering dreamily, and speaking to himself. "Was all that beautiful love and faith only one of the ever-shifting phases of human feeling, having nothing real to rest on, passing away with the little breath? And is there no more Eva—no heaven—no Christ—nothing?"

"O dear mas'r, there is; I know it; I'm sure of it," said Tom, falling on his knees. "Do, do, dear mas'r, believe it!"

"How do you know there's any Christ, Tom? You never saw the Lord."

"Felt him in my soul, mas'r—feel him now! O mas'r, when I was sold away from my old woman and the children, I was jest a'most broke up. I felt as if there warn't nothin' left; and then the good Lord he stood by me, and he says, 'Fear not, Tom:' and he brings light and joy into a poor feller's soul—makes all peace; and I's so happy, and loves everybody, and feels willin' jest to be the Lord's and have the Lord's will done, and be put jest where the Lord wants to put me. I know it couldn't come from me, 'cause I's a poor, complainin' cretur; it comes from the Lord; and I know He's willing to do for mas'r."

Tom spoke with fast-running tears and choking voice. St. Clare leaned his head on his shoulder, and wrung the hard, faithful, black hand.

"Tom, you love me," he said.

"I's willin' to lay down my life, this blessed day, to see mas'r a Christian."

"Poor, foolish boy," said St. Clare, half raising himself. "I'm not worth the love of one good, honest heart like yours."

"O mas'r dere's more than me loves you—the blessed Lord Jesus loves you."

"How do you know that, Tom," said St. Clare.

"Feels it in my soul. O mas'r! 'the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge'."

"Singular!" said St. Clare, turning away, "that the story of a man that lived and died eighteen hundred years ago can affect people so yet. But he was no man," he added suddenly. "No man ever had such long and living power! Oh that I could believe what my mother taught me, and pray as I did when *I* was a boy!"

"If mas'r pleases," said Tom, "Miss Eva used to read this so beautifully. I wish mas'r be so good as read it. Don't get no readin', hardly, now Miss Eva's gone."

The chapter was the eleventh of John—the touching account of the raising of Lazarus. St. Clare read it aloud, often pausing to wrestle down feelings which were aroused by the pathos of the story. Tom knelt before him, with clasped hands, and with an absorbed expression of love, trust, adoration, on his quiet face.

"Tom," said his master, "this is all *real* to you?"

"I can jest fairly *see* it, mas'r, said Tom."

"I wish I had your eyes, Tom."

"I wish to the dear Lord mas'r had!"

"But, Tom, you know that I have a great deal more knowledge than you. What if I should tell you that I don't believe this Bible?"

"O mas'r!" said Tom, holding up his hands, with a deprecating gesture.

"Wouldn't it shake your faith some, Tom?"

"Not a grain," said Tom.

"Why, Tom, you must know I know the most."

"O mas'r, haven't you jest read how He hides from the wise and prudent, and reveals unto babes? But mas'r wasn't in earnest, for sartin, now?" said Tom anxiously.

"No, Tom, I was not. I don't disbelieve, and I think there is reason to believe; and still I don't. It's a troublesome bad habit I've got, Tom."

"If mas'r would only pray!"

"How do you know I don't, Tom?"

"Does mas'r?"

"I would, Tom, if there was anybody there when I pray; but it's all speaking unto nothing, when I do. But come Tom, you pray, now, and show me how."

Tom's heart was full; he poured it out in prayer, like waters that have been long suppressed. One thing was plain enough; Tom thought there was somebody to hear, whether there were or not. In fact, St. Clare felt himself borne, on the tide of his faith and feeling, almost to the gates of that heaven he seemed so vividly to conceive. It seemed to bring him nearer to Eva.

"Thank you, my boy," said St. Clare, when Tom rose. "I like to hear you, Tom; but go, now, and leave me alone: some other time I'll talk more."

Tom silently left the room.

A gentleman, dying, left to his three sons, seventeen horses, which were to be divided amongst them as follows: to the eldest, he willed one-half of them, to the second one-third, to the other one-ninth of them. How was the will executed without dividing either of the horses?

During the late frosts, we heard a wag remark that boots were converted into *slippers*. On the principle of metempsychosis, he might have added, that soles were turned into *soules*.

THERE is one remarkable feature in the Isle of White, not generally known, which is, that any person who visits there may obtain pullen from Cowes.

COLONIAL LEGISLATURE.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER, April 12, 1853

LAND ASSESSMENT BILL.

The Hon. Mr. BERNIE moved the second reading of the Bill relating to the mode of proceeding against lands for the recovery of Land Assessment, which being seconded

The Hon. the ATTORNEY GENERAL (Young) arose and said,—I think, your Honors, it is necessary, when the principle of this Bill is discussed, that I should state the cause of certain proceedings under the Act 11th Victoria cap. 7, intituled an "Act for levying further an Assessment on all lands in this Colony for the encouragement of Education." Your Honors are aware, that a change of officers took place on the 23d of April 1851. Almost the first act of the Attorney General in the new Government was to file certain Informations with respect to Lands for which no Assessment had been paid. It was then that I examined the Act to find out the course to be pursued. With your Honors' permission, I shall now read the particular clause with reference to the point which has been the subject of such animadversion elsewhere. It is in these terms; "And be it enacted, that all Informations which shall or may be filed in the said Supreme Court, by Her Majesty's Attorney or Solicitor General, against any Lands so in arrear, shall be against the said Lands as they are hereafter classified, that is to say, *One Information only shall be filed against all the Lands in arrear on each of the several Townships in this Island;* provided always that where the Lands in arrear on every Tonship do not exceed the quantity of Five hundred acres, that then and in such case the costs to be taxed by the Attorney or Solicitor General shall not exceed the sum of Three pounds; and one Information only against all the lands in arrear on each Island not included in any such Township; one Information only against all and singular the several Lots and parts of Lots in arrear in each of the Towns in this Island, Town Lots and Water Lots inclusive, and one Information only against all and singular the several Lots and parts of Lots in arrear in each of the Royalties on this Island, Pasture, Common and all other description of Lots inclusive, and that all further proceedings which shall or may be had or taken, by virtue of this Act, against any Lands so in arrear, down to final Judgment inclusive, shall follow the course of the said Information against the said Lands, as they are hereinbefore classified." That is, one Information only shall be filed against the Lands in arrear on each of the several Townships. After examining the Act carefully and viewing it in all its bearings, I formed the opinion that there should be one Information against each Township in arrear, but I came to the determination to ascertain what course my predecessor had adopted. I then went to the Clerk of the Crown to see the Informations of the previous year, and I remember I expressed my astonishment when I found that my predecessor had filed only one Information against all the Township Lands in arrear, and that I said—"That is not according to the Act"—and his expression in reply was, "I told my brother so." I was then satisfied that the proceedings of my predecessor were not according to my reading of the Act, and that the Judgments could be set aside and were not worth a straw. After that, I then took the trouble to consult the Judges, and I asked the late Chief Justice Jarvis and the present Assistant Judge, his Honor Mr. Peters, who were then sitting in Court, if they would be kind enough to retire to the robing room for a few minutes, and they did so. I then asked them if they would oblige me by giving their opinions as to the proper course of procedure in the filing of the Informations. His late Lordship, on considering the matter, said that one Information *must* be against each township in arrear. I then asked the Assistant Judge what he thought on the subject, and he confirmed what his Lordship had said, and at the same time he brought to my recollection what had occurred in the Legislative Council upon this very point, while he was a member. He said, "don't you remember, when the Bill was under discussion, that it was *I myself* who made the remark, when it was proposed that all the Township Lands should be included in one Information. "I have to pay about £300 for Land Assessment on Mr. Cunard's Estate—if you proceed to recover in that way, my proportion of the expence will be only two or three pounds, and for that small sum in the shape of a penalty, I shall be able to have the use of the £300 for 9 or 12 months and pocket the difference of the interest, and that it was at my own suggestion that the word "each" was put into the Bill, and it was adopted, in conference, by the House of Assembly!" I then remembered the circumstance myself, and possibly some of your Honors may also now recollect it. Well then, having thus got the opinion of the Chief Justice and the Assistant Judge, and their opinion being perfectly in accordance with my own, my course was perfectly clear—I was bound to proceed by Information against each Township. I see, from a report of the Debates in the other House, that Mr. Edward Palmer has said that it was somewhat strange that the opinion of the Solicitor General had not been taken on the subject—how or why he got his information I can easily understand—but, Your Honors, the reason is obvious,—there was no Solicitor General at that time, and none indeed until August or September following. I know that he was not appointed in the month of July. And I am sure your Honors will recollect that a Mr. Fogo, a gentleman from the Neighbouring Province, was over here during the Trinity Term held in July, and that he remained here to assist me in the Crown business. So your Honors will perceive that the opinion of the Solicitor General could not have been obtained. It appears, then, that in the year 1851 I obtained Judgments against certain Township Lands in arrear, and that the House of Assembly was quite satisfied last year that the course I had adopted was the proper one, for there was not a word of complaint during the term. So also in 1852. The House of Assembly, I say, made no objections, but the House of Assembly this year have thought proper to change the course. It is not for me to say, no. Let them try it. It has also been said that a great amount of fees have been received under the Act. I forget, at the present moment, against how many Townships judgments went by default, but the whole amount of costs received did not come to £100. I actually lost the sum of £60 6s. in the year 1851. On Lot one, there was a judgment obtained, and the costs were taxed according to the Act. I lost my fees on that lot, also those on Lots 8, 17, 31, 40, 43, 44 and 47, in consequence of the Land in arrear not being found, and therefore, I had to sustain the loss. I could not, as in the case of two private contending parties, turn round and make my employer pay, if the Defendant could not. The Government could not be called upon to pay them, and the Treasurer could not, even if demanded. And, with regard to the costs of the present year, the Attorney General will come badly off indeed. The whole amount received is £47, leaving a balance of £117, and if any person will offer me £10 for the chance of getting that, they shall have it. About £60 will be all the fees that the Attorney General will receive during the present year. I think that it is due to myself and to your Honors, to let you know this. I hope that the Editors of the different Newspapers that have given publicity to the animadversions made upon my official conduct with regard to those fees, as they have given the bane, will also, as an act of justice, give the antidote to it. If I had proceeded in any other way than I did, I acknowledge I would have been liable to be censured, and if I had proceeded in any other way, the Judgments would not have been worth one straw. Then, as the Attorney General has not added one Information more than was necessary, I would ask, is he liable to the imputation that has been so unjustly cast upon him, that for the sake of paltry fees he filed more Informations than were necessary? I have put your Honors in possession of all the facts that are necessary to be known, and I would ask you—I would ask any unprejudiced man—wherein am I to be blamed? Do I deserve to have been treated as I have been? If a Lawyer, after reading that part of the Act to which I have drawn your Honors' attention, were to say that any other course ought to have been pursued than the one I followed, then I would say that he knew nothing of his profession—nay, were even the merest tyro in the law to venture a contrary opinion, I would say that the sooner he gave up the profession he had entered upon, it would be all the better for him. But the thing is so plain—so self-evident—that actually no amount of legal knowledge whatever is required for the determination of the question, for any one who understands the English language, will not fail to perceive that one Information against each Township was indispensably necessary. Had only the word "each" been left out, it certainly would have borne a different construction. But there is one other remark I wish to make before I conclude, and it is this, I think that before the members of the House of Assembly expressed themselves so strongly as they have done, they should have asked the Attorney General the real facts of the case before they passed such a censure upon him; and if they had done so, I have no doubt they would have come to a very different conclusion from what they have. I do not, your Honors, consider it necessary to say more and I think you will concur with me, that in justice to myself, I could not have said less. Since the House of Assembly, however, have considered the present Bill necessary, and have affirmed that there was a certain degree of ambiguity in the Statute which, in their opinion, required to be explained and rectified, although no such ambiguity exists, yet I will support the Bill in its present shape.

The Hon. Mr. HENSLEY. I have heard, your Honors, with much attention, and also with some satisfaction, the explanation of his Honor the Attorney General. Although I am not much in the habit of giving ready credence to the unfavorable reports which circulate from time to time, still it is scarcely possible to remain ignorant of those reports and imputations to which his Honor has referred. It appears, by His Honor's explanation, that some injustice has been done to him, and I am only sorry that his information was not given before. I cannot, however, see any thing in the preamble to the Bill which can be objected to, as an offensive censure upon him. It is quite clear that the present and the late Attorney General took different views in the interpretation of the Act. It is not right that any Act should remain uncorrected which is capable of two renderings, and without intending to inflict injustice or reproach upon any one, there still remains the duty of entertaining some measure of amendment.

The Hon. Mr. HALL. It cannot be denied that from the debate on the Bill for the recovery of arrears of Land assessment, in the House of Assembly, as reported in the Newspapers, a very different construction had been put upon the clause in question, under the former Act, to that which his Honor the Attorney General has conceived himself entitled to give it, and if your Honors read the preamble of the present Bill, it must be quite evident that the House of Assembly had reason to believe that an extreme view had been taken by the Attorney General. Under such circumstances, it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that many were led to the conclusion that the premises on which they argued were correct. On looking at the clause, I should certainly have interpreted it as authorising one Information for the whole of the Townships, and one only, the same as for all town lots and part of lots—and one only for all Royalty, Common and Pasture lots: and this is the view taken by his Honor's predecessor the late Attorney General, who was so well able to arrive at a correct interpretation of the Act as his Honor the present Attorney General. Admitting, however, that the clause will allow the interpretation which his Honor has discovered, it is clear that the late Attorney General read it differently, and acted accordingly. The clause being thus capable of a double interpretation, the Act which the present Bill is intended to amend, would have allowed his Honor to have pursued the same course which his predecessor had done, and had he acted thus, he would have avoided the imputations to which he had been subjected.