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Haszard's Gazette.
GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
CHAP. XIII.
The Quaker Settlement.—Eliza and her Child again.—Quaker Courtesy.—Joyful Intelligence.—Its Effects on Eliza.—An Indiana Breakfast.—A Quaker Colloquy.

A queer scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatly-painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked cooking-stove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of unblemished good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm; a small flag-bottomed rocking-chair, with a patch-work cushion in it, neatly contrived out of small pieces of different colored woollen goods, and a larger sized one, motherly and old, whose wide arms breathed hospitable invitation, surrounded by the solicitation of its father cushions—a real, comfortable, persuasive old chair, and worth, in the way of honest, homely enjoyment, a dozen of your plush or brocade drawing-room chairs; and in the chair, gently swaying back and forth, her eyes bent on some line sewing, sat our old friend Eliza. Yes, there she is, pale and thinner than in her Kentucky home, with a world of quiet sorrow lying under the shadow of her long eyelashes, and marking the outline of her gentle mouth. It was plain to see how old and firm the girlish heart was grown under the discipline of heavy sorrow; and when, anon, her large dark eye was raised to follow the gambols of her little Harry, who was sporting, like some tropical butterfly, hither and thither over the floor, she showed a depth of firmness and steady resolve, that was never there in her earlier and happier days.

By her side sat a woman with a bright tan in her lap into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy blue-crepe cap, made after the strict Quaker pattern, the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom, the drab shawl and dress, showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthy downy bloom, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except "Peace on earth, good will to men;" and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving, brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbled in woman's bosom. So much has been said and sung of beautiful young girls, why don't somebody wake up to the beauty of old women? If any want to see an inspiration under "the good," we refer them to our good friend Rachel Halliday, just as she sits there in her little rocking-chair. It had a turn for quaking and quaking—that chair had either from having taken cold in early life, or from some asthmatic affection, or perhaps from nervous derangement; but she gently swung backward and forward, the chair kept up a kind of subdued "creaky caw-caw," that would have been intolerable in any other chair. But old Simson Halliday often declared it was as good as any music to him; and the children all agreed that they wouldn't mind hearing mother's chair for anything in the world. For why? For twenty years or more, nothing but loving words, and gentle moralities, and motherly loving-kindness, had come from that chair—sentences and heartaches innumerable had been cured there—difficulties spiritual and temporal solved there—aided by one good, loving woman. God bless her!

"And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?" said she, as she was quietly looking over her peaches.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza, firmly. "I must go overland. I don't see how else."

"And what'll thee do, when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter."

"My daughter!" came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for here was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world.

Eliza's hands trembled, and some tears fell on her face; but she answered firmly—

"I shall do anything I can find. I hope I can find something."

"This knows thee can stay here as long as thee pleases," said Rachel.

"Oh, thank you," said Eliza, "but"—she pointed to Harry—"I can't sleep nights; I can't rest. Last night I dreamed, I saw that man coming into the yard," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child!" said Rachel, wiping her eyes.

"But thee mustn't feel so. The Lord hath ordered it so, that never hath a fugitive been stolen from our village. I trust thee will not be the first."

The door here opened, and a little, short, round, pincushion woman stood at the door, with a cherry, blooming face, like a ripe apple. She was dressed, like Rachel, in sober gray, with the muslin handkerchief neatly across her bosom, and a pump little cap.

"Ruth Stedman," said Rachel, coming joyfully forward; "how is thee, Ruth?" she said, heartily taking both her hands.

"Nooty," said Ruth, taking off her little drab bonnet, and dusting it with her handkerchief, displaying, as she did so, a round little head, on which the Quaker cap sat with a sort of jaunty air, despite all the stroking and patting of the small fat hands, which were busily

applied to arranging it. Certain stray locks of decidedly curly hair, too, had escaped here and there, and had to be coaxed and coaxed into their place again; and then the new comb, which might have been five-and-twenty, turned from the small looking-glass, before which she had been making these arrangements, and looked well pleased—as most people who looked at her might have been: for she was decidedly a wholesome, whole-hearted, chirruping little woman, as ever gladdened man's heart withal.

"Ruth, this friend is Eliza Harris; and this is the little boy I told thee of."

"I am glad to see thee, Eliza—very," said Ruth, shaking hands, as if Eliza were an old friend she had long been expecting; "and this is thy dear boy—I brought a cake for him," she said, holding out a little heart to the boy, who came up, gazing through his curls, and accepted it shyly.

"Where's thy baby, Ruth?" said Rachel.

"Oh, he's coming; but thy Mary caught him as I came in, and ran off with him to the barn, to show him to the children."

At this moment the door opened, and Mary, an honest, rosy-looking girl, with large brown eyes, like her mother's, came in with the baby. Ah! he! he! said Rachel, coming up, and taking the great, white, fat fellow in her arms; "how good he looks, and how he does grow!"

"To be sure he does," said little bustling Ruth, as she took the child, and began bustling off a little blue silk hood, and various layers and wrappers of outer garments; and having given a twitch here, and a pull there, and variously adjusted and arranged him, and kissed him heartily, she sat him on the floor to collect his thoughts. Baby seemed quite used to this mode of proceeding, for he put his thumb in his mouth (as if it were quite a thing of course), and seemed soon absorbed in his own reflections, while the mother sat herself, and, taking out a long stocking of mixed blue and white yarn, began to knit with briskness.

"Mary, thee'd better fill the kettle, hadn't thee?" gently suggested the mother.

Mary took the kettle to the well, and, soon reappearing, placed it over the stove, where it was soon purring and steaming, a sort of omen of hospitality and good cheer. The peaches, moreover, in obedience to a few gentle whispers from Rachel, were soon deposited, by the same hand, in a steamer upon the fire.

Rachel now took down a snowy moulding-board, and, tying on an apron, proceeded quietly to making up some biscuits, first giving to Mary, "Ruth, hadn't thee better tell John to get a chicken ready?" and Mary disappeared accordingly.

"And how is Abigail Peters?" said Rachel, as she went on with her biscuits.

"Oh, she's better," said Ruth. "I was in this morning; made the bed, tidied up the house. Leah Hills went in this afternoon, and baked bread and pies enough to last some days, and I engaged to go back to get her up this evening."

"I will go in to-morrow, and do any cleaning there may be, and look over the mending," said Rachel.

"Ah! that is well," said Ruth. "I've heard," she added, "that Hannah Stanwood is sick. John was up there last night; I must go there to-morrow."

"John can come in here to his meals, if these needs to stay all day," suggested Rachel.

"Thank thee, Rachel; we'll see to-morrow. But here comes Simson."

Simson Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat and pantaloons, and broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

"How is thee, Ruth?" he said warmly, as he spread his broad open hand for her little fat palm; "and how is John?"

"Oh! John is well, and all the rest of our folks," said Ruth, cheerily.

"Any news, father?" said Rachel, as she was putting her biscuits into the oven.

"Peter Stubbins told me that they should be along to-night, with 'friends,'" said Simson, significantly, as he was washing his hands at a neat sink, in a little back porch.

"Indeed!" said Rachel, looking thoughtfully, and glancing at Eliza.

"Did thee say thy name was Harris?" said Simson to Eliza, as he re-entered.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered, "Yes; thy fears, ever unpermitted, suggesting that possibly there might be advertisements out for her."

"Mother!" said Simson, standing in the porch, and calling Rachel out; "what went Rachel, rubbing her fiery hands, as she went into the porch."

"This child's husband is in the settlement, and will be here to-night," said Simson.

"How, then, doesn't my dear father?" said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

"It's really true. Peter was down yesterday, with the wagon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men, and one said his name was George Harris; and, from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He is a bright, lively fellow, too."

"Shall we tell her now?" said Simson.

"Let's tell Ruth," said Rachel. "Here Ruth—come here."

"Ruth, what does thee think?" said Rachel.

"Father says Eliza's husband is in the last company, and will be here to-night."

A burst of joy from the little Quakeress interrupted the speech. She gave such a bound from the floor, as she clasped her little hands, that two stray curls fell from under her Quaker cap, and lay brightly on her white neckerchief.

"Ruth, thee's done it!" said Rachel, gaily.

"Hush, Ruth! hush! shall we tell her now?"

"Now is to be sure, this very minute. Why, now, suppose 'twere my John, how should I feel! Do tell her right off."

"Thee sees thee's only to learn how to love thy neighbour, Ruth," said Simson, looking with a beaming face on Ruth.

"To be sure. Isn't it what we are made for? If I didn't love John and the baby, I should not know how to feel for her. Come, now, do tell her—do!" and she laid her hands passionately on Rachel's arm. "Take her into thy parlour,

there, and let me fry the chicken while thee does it."

Rachel came out into the kitchen, where Eliza was sitting, and, opening the door of a small bedroom, said gently, "Come in with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee."

The blood flushed in Eliza's pale face; she rose, trembling with nervous anxiety, and looked towards her boy, who was sitting up, and seizing her hands.

"No, no!" said little Ruth, darting up, and seizing her hands.

"Never thee fear; it's good news, Eliza—go in, go in!" And she gently pushed her into the door, which closed after her; and then, turning round, she caught little Harry in her arms, and began kissing him.

"Thee'll see thy father, I'm certain. Does thee know it? Thy father is coming; ever and over again, as the boy looked wonderingly at her."

Meanwhile, within the door another scene was going on. Rachel Halliday drew Eliza towards her, and said, "Thee look how Mary on thee, daughter; thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage!"

The blood flushed to Eliza's cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with an sudden rush. She sat down pale and faint; "Have courage, child," said Rachel, laying her hand on her head.

"He is among friends, who will bring him here to-night."

"To-night!" Eliza repeated. "To-night!" The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dizzy and confused; all was dark before her.

When she awoke she found herself snugly tucked up on the bed, with a blanket over her, and little Ruth rubbing her hands with sympathy. She opened her eyes in a state of dizziness, dullness and stupor, such as one has who has long been bound in a heavy load, and now feels it gone, and would rest. The tension of the nerves, which had never ceased a moment since the first hour of her flight, had given way, and a strange feeling of security and rest came over her; and, as she lay, with her large dark eyes open, she followed in a quiet ecstasy, the motions of those about her. She saw the door open into the other room; saw the supper-table, with its snowy cloth; heard the dreary murmur of the singing tea-bottle; saw Ruth tripping backward and forward, with plates of food and sauce on a tray; and, as she saw her, she would stop to put a cake into Harry's hand, or pat his head, or twirl his long curls round her own fingers.

She saw the ample motherly form of Rachel, as she ever and anon came to the bedside, and smoothed and arranged something on the bed-clothes; and she saw her there, by way of expressing her good-will; and was conscious of a kind of sunshine beaming down upon her from her large, clear, brown eyes. She saw Ruth's husband come in—saw her fly up to him, and commence rubbing his forehead, and, as she came, with impressive gesture, pointing her little finger toward the room. She saw her with the baby in her arms, sitting down to tea; she saw them all at table, and little Harry in a high chair, under the shadow of his mother's apron; and there were low murmurs of talk, gentle laughing, and the musical clatter of cups and saucers, and all mingled in a delightful dream of rest; and Eliza slept, as she had not slept before since the fearful midnight hour, when she had taken her child and fled through the frosty straight.

She dreamed of a beautiful country—a land, it seemed to her, of rest—green shores, pleasant islands, and beautifully glittering water; and there, in a house which kind voices told her was a home, she saw her boy playing, a free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her, his tears falling on her face, and she awoke! It was no dream. The daylight had long faded; her child lay calmly sleeping by her side; a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her husband was sobbing by her pillow.

The next morning was a cheerful one at the Quaker house.

"Mother" was up betimes, and surrounded by busy girls and boys, whom we had scarce time to introduce to our readers yesterday, and who all moved obediently to Rachel's gentle "Thee had better," or "mea gentle," "thee's better!" in the work of getting breakfast; for a breakfast in the luxurious valleys of Indiana is a thing complicated and multifarious, and like picking up the rose-leaves and trimming the bushes in Paradise, asking other hands than those of the original mother. While, therefore, John ran to the spring for fresh water, and Simson the second sifted meal for corn-cakes, and Mary ground coffee, Rachel moved gently and quietly about, making biscuits, cutting up the butter, and diffusing a sort of sunny radiance over the whole grunting generally. If there was any danger of friction or collision from the ill-regulated meal of so many young operators, her gentle "Come, come!" or "I wouldn't, now," was quite sufficient to allay the difficulty. Bards have written of the content of Venus, that amused the heads of all the world in successive generations. We had rather, for our part, have the content of Rachel Halliday, that kept heads from being turned, and made everything go on harmoniously. We think it is more suited to our modern days, decidedly.

While all other preparations were going on, Simson the elder stood in his shirt-sleeves before a little looking-glass in the corner, engaged in the anti-patriarchal operation of shaving. Everything went on so sociably, so quietly, so harmoniously, in the great kitchen—if seemed so pleasant to every one to do just what they were doing—there was such an atmosphere of mutual confidence and good-willfuld everywhere—the knives and forks had a social chatter, while they went on to the table; and the chicken and ham and salted and joyous frisks in the pan, and if they rather enjoyed being cooked than otherwise; and when George and Eliza and little Harry came out, they met such a hearty, rejoicing welcome, no wonder it seemed to them like a dream.

"What they were all about at breakfast, while Mary stood at the stove, breaking bread

cakes, which, as they gained the true, exact, golden-brown tint of perfection, were transferred quite readily to the table.

Rachel never looked so truly and busily happy as at the head of her table. There was so much motherliness and full-heartedness even in the way she passed a plate of cakes or poured a cup of coffee, that it seemed to put a spirit into the food and drink she offered.

It was the first time, that ever George had sat down on equal terms at any white man's table; and he sat down at first, with some constraint and awkwardness; but they all exhorted and went off like fog in the usual morning rays of this simple, unassuming domestic.

"This, including him," said George, "is a word that I have never yet known a meaning for; and a belief in God, and trust in His providence, began to encircle his heart, as with a golden cloud of protection and confidence. His misanthropic, pining, atheistic doubts, and fierce despair, melted away before the light of a living Gospel, breathed in living flesh, preached by a thousand unobscured acts of love and good-will, which, like the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall never lose their reward."

"Father, what if thee should get found out again?" said Simson second, as he buttered his cake.

"I should pay my fine," said Simson quietly.

"But what if they put thee in prison?"

"Oughtn't thee and another man to get a farm?" said Simson, smiling.

"Mother can do almost anything," said the boy. "But isn't it a shame to make such laws?"

"Thee mustn't speak evil of thy rulers, Simson," said his father, gravely. "The Lord only gives us our earthly goods, that we may do justice and mercy; if our rulers require a price of us for it, we must deliver it up."

"Well, I hate those old slaveholders!" said the boy, who felt as unchristian as became any modern reformer.

"I am surprised at thee, son," said Simson; "thy mother never taught thee so. I would do even the same for the slaveholder, as for the slave, if the Lord brought him to my door in affliction."

Simson second blushed scarlet; but his mother only smiled, and said, "Simson is my good boy; he will grow older by and by, and then he will be his father."

"I hope, my good sir, that you are not exposed to any difficulty on your account?" said George anxiously.

"Foolishness, George, for therefore are we sent into the world. If we would not meet trouble for a good cause, we were not worthy of our name."

"But, for me," said George; "I could not bear it."

"Fear not, then, friend George; it is not for thee, but for God and man, we do it," said Simson. "And now thou must lie by quietly this day, and to-night, at ten o'clock, Phineas Fletcher will carry thee onward to the next settlement; these and the rest of thy company. The purmers are hard after thee; we must not delay."

"If that is the case, why wait till evening?" said George.

"Thou art safe here by daylight, for every one in the settlement is a friend, and all are watching. It has been found safe to travel by night."

That was not a bad reply, that was made by an old and very able New England preacher to a very young and inexperienced clergyman, who had just been remarking that he could write a sermon every day in the week, and "make nothing of it."

"So can I," said the older preacher; "but I don't want to make nothing of my sermons; I want to have something in them; something that I feel, and that I wish my congregation to feel likewise."

CLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.
LAKES SUPERIOR MINING.—The following are extracts from letters received from Lake Superior up to Jan 15:
Chif Mine, No. 8, bore 520 feet below the surface, produced more Copper than any one above; the ore consisted of nearly pure Copper are met with in all parts of the Mine. It is paying a net profit to the Company of about \$20,000 per month.

MINNESOTA MINE continues to improve. One mass of native Copper of 75 tons has been blown down the past month, some portion of which is over three feet thick pure Copper. It produces about 30 tons per month—that pays to the Company between \$10,000 and \$12,000 net.

THE CALORIC SHIP ERICSSON.—President Fillmore and General Pierce visited the calorific ship Ericsson at Alexandria this morning.

It is now universally admitted, that the triumphant success of the Ericsson settles the principle as an established fact, and the Secretary of the Navy will at once recommend to Congress to make the appropriation necessary to build two first class Caloric Ships for the Navy with screw-propellers.—New York Tribune.

A LATE writer supposes—plausibly enough, it seems to us—that the "indifference to danger," which most people exhibit on board steamboats, arises from the common-place look that every thing wears.

"Who ever believes," says he, "that a thousand horses are tugging to get out of a boiler, when he sees the immense power kept in subjection by a knock-kneed man in a paper hat and ill-kept chain?"

The works of Guizot, the eminent French statesman, are now to be published at Munich.

STAR BUILDERS.—Darius Davidson, a celebrated naval architect, of Boston, proposes to construct an immense steamship, 700 feet in length. She is to be driven by 18 separate engines, having a total of 5,000 horse power, with berth and state-rooms for 3,000 passengers! These figures seem large ones, but we are travelling towards their realization. Three thousand passengers is a great number to be on board a single ocean steamer; but one-half that number have, if we mistake not, already been carried on a single trip of some of the California steamers. Seven hundred feet is a great length for a sea-going vessel now, but not nearly so great as half that length would have been 18 years ago. The 500 feet we have—700 feet we may get here. Where are the passengers to come from, say the doubting? Put the passage at 20 dollars to 25 dollars and you will see 15,000 per week offer themselves at 100 dollars fare, it is not unreasonable to expect 500 at 75 dollars, or 1000 at 50 dollars, or 3,000 at 25 dollars, and when the figure are made, the "Leviathan" will carry the palm by all odds, both of profit to the owners and comfort to the passengers. All that prevents the experiment is the fear that passengers and freight will not pay off, because the people cannot be made to believe that such a vessel would be safe. There are merchants and moneyed men, who are personal believers in the project, but they want confidence, that they will be sustained in the undertaking. It is worthy of notice that the largest ocean steamships now plying on the Atlantic, bear precisely the same proportions in length, breadth and depth, as is recorded to have existed in Noah's Ark. The dimensions of the Atlantic steamers are, length 222 feet, breadth of beam 50 feet, depth 24 feet. The dimensions of the Ark were, length 300 cubits, breadth 50 cubits, depth 30 cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the Ark was nearly twice the size in length and breadth of these vessels, the cubit being 22 inches. Both had upper, lower and middle stories. After all the equipments of forty-two centuries, which have elapsed since the Deluge, the shipbuilders here to return to the model afforded by Noah's Ark.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

THE MAINE LAW IN THE UNITED STATES.

MICHIGAN has passed the Maine Law through both branches of the Legislature by large majorities. The People are to vote on it in July. Never fear that! Michigan was among the earliest in abolishing Capital Punishment, and now takes another step forward in the good work of preserving her citizens from depravity and crime, instead of negotiating them, till they have done their worst and then killing them! Hail the Star in the West!

ILLINOIS has been hard at work on the Maine Law this winter, but we fear with poor success. (Her great Mogul is Senator Douglas, who has a kindred for judges, while Gen. Cass, the patron saint of Michigan is a Temperance man.) We trust another year will bring Illinois. We believe she has broken ground this year by abolishing all License Laws. Good so!—let the ulcer come to a head.

VERMONT.—The battle has been fought and the victory won at the ballot boxes on the 8th February. King Alcohol mustered all his forces and struggled hard against our new Anti-Liquor Law, which embraces the best provisions of the Maine Law, with the addition of a few more severe in the machinery which, by its occasional turning, make all the parts snug and nice, so that the machine will do its work faithfully and promptly, and without creating but a very little noise and confusion.

NEW JERSEY is perfecting a bill based on the Maine Law, and there are hopes entertained of its passage.

RHODE ISLAND has had her Maine Law remodelled to meet and obviate the objections of Judge Curtis.

MAINE and MASSACHUSETTS are morally certain not to touch their Prohibition Laws this winter, unless to strengthen them, while CONNECTICUT looks hopeful, and there are encouraging aspects in PENNSYLVANIA and OHIO—to go no further. So the Temperance Car moves on!

HERSCHEL'S KOMOS.—Humboldt's fourth volume of the Komos has recently appeared. "Talvi," the able correspondent of the Literary World, mentions that the preceding volumes of this series have been translated into Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Russian, and Polish; twice into French, and four times into English.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—During the year ending Dec. 31, 1852, there arrived at San Francisco by sea 94,640 passengers; during the same time 23,196 persons departed, showing an addition to our population by sea of 41,444 for the year. This is founded on the reports made by masters of steamers and vessels to the Custom-House, but as it is known that during a large portion of the year the steamers came up crowded to their utmost capacity, bringing a much larger number of passengers than allowed by law, and of course they would dare to report, it would be safe to add 10 per cent., or 6,464 to the number given above. This would make the total increase of population by sea during the past year 47,908. The emigration across the plains is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 35,000. It would be within bounds to put it at 25,000. This would make a total addition to our population of 72,908 during the year 1852. In round numbers, 75,000 would be a fair estimate.

SLEDGE-HAMMER MUSIC!—It is said that a singular musical novelty has been introduced into a musical performance at Rome. In Verdi's new opera of the Troubadour, an *avvi-chorus*, with an accompaniment of sledge-hammers, is introduced.

FUSSELL is to be the publisher of the Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition at New York.

COLONIAL LEGISLATURE.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

MARCH 11, 1868.

Hon. Mr. HOLLIS. I wish to call the attention of the Council to an error in the Map (printed by the Surveyor General) which appears in the Report of the Surveyor General, and which has been for some time lying on the Table. The error to which I refer, occurred in that part of it where the name of Captain Sleight appears as the proprietor of certain lands entered in the Register. Now, said the hon. gentleman, from what I know of the man, I consider it my duty to call attention to it, and to state publicly that there may be some misconception with respect to it, and that it may be corrected.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

LEGISLATIVE SUMMARY.

SCHEDULE OF FEES annexed to the LAND PURCHASE BILL, as passed by the Assembly, Saturday, 12th March.

For every Levy under a Precept, £0 2 6
For every Levy under a Precept, 0 0 6
Travelling, per mile, to be computed from the Court House in the County to the place where the Levy is made, or possession given; but, in no case shall he more miles be chargeable for than he can make it appear he has travelled, 0 0 3
Return of Public Lands, 0 2 6
For giving possession of Land sold to the Purchaser (this, as well as the mortgage, in such case, to be paid by the Purchaser), 0 3 0
Advertisements, &c., and posting same; not including Newspaper Advertisements, 0 10 0
For every Deed, 0 10 0

RECIPROCAL TRADE WITH THE UNITED STATES.

WEDNESDAY, March 2.

The following Extracts from a Despatch from His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, to the Colonial Minister (which Despatch is alluded to in the Address of the House to His Excellency, as below given, agreed on the 22d February), were, by command of His Excellency, submitted to the House, this day, by the Hon. Colonial Secretary.

ALLISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.

The first volume of the American edition of this history was laid on our table a few days ago; and it has claimed from us the attentive perusal, which a work of so much importance demands.

The publication of a history from the pen of so eminent a writer as Sir Archibald Alison, is an event of much interest in the literary world, and one well worthy of the notice of politicians. Sir Archibald's views will not be popular, but the evidence he adduces, and his reasoning upon it, are such as merit consideration. Sir Archibald is a Tory, of the purest water, of the school of Edmund Burke. He is uncompromising in an age of political expediency and infidelity; and, while politicians of his school have gone, and are daily going over to the ranks of Liberalism, he adheres with firm hold, to his ancient faith.

THE SLAVE VS. THE FREEMAN.

Mr. BARON: Allow me through the medium of your paper, to say a few words on the difference between the labor of the Slave South, and that of the Free North.

It is one of the grave charges against Slaveholders, that their Slaves are hard worked. We admit that such may be the case in some instances: But are not the exceptions to the general rule? We think they are. Let us look into the condition of some of the Apprentices in the Free States, in the hands of hard Masters, and we think, on close investigation, we will find as many cruel tyrants over white men North, as there are cruel Slaveholders South. Yes, two to one.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Saturday, March 19.

THE MARRIAGE.—We have had the Courtier only effected a side yesterday.
DINING.—We have been of some Debate which was a great success, in consequence of the publication.
MECHANIC'S INS.—On the 10th inst. Mr. Leadenham's lecture upon "the utility of war."—An amusing and con. ensued, in which admitted aggression was criminal; but a Defensive war is justifiable.
Last Thursday evening Mr. on Optics—He discussed it of his subject, explained it laws of reflection and refracted of the eye and its and entered somewhat misdelusions.
It was announced, that on next, the Hon. the President Secretary, and illustrate his collection of Busts a objects.

THE NEWSPAPER.

In given and others lately dressed. And breakfast brought, a welcome guest. What is it given the most a rest? The Paper.

VARIETIES.

Those persons who lived in Providence, Rhode Island, some twenty years ago, will remember an exemplar, but somewhat eccentric, whose advertisements in the public journals were oftentimes of the most amusing description.

LAND ASSESSMENT.

IN pursuance of the Act of the General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick, passed in the year of the reign of Her present Majesty, intituled 'An Act for ascertaining the Assessment on all Lands in this Colony, and for the encouragement of Education,' and of an Act under the sanction of Her Majesty's Sign, intituled 'An Act to explain and amend the present Act for the Assessment of Land, and the encouragement of Education: I do hereby give Public Notice that I have made a Foot-measurement, according to the terms of the said Act, of the undermentioned Town Lots, Pasture Lots, Islands, and parts of Townships in this Island, in arrears for the non-payment of the several sums due and owing thereon to Her Majesty's tender and by virtue of the first mentioned Act, viz:—

Table with columns for Township No., Acres, and Assessment. Includes entries for Township No. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

THE "HORTICULTURIST" AND Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste.

THE Subscriber, who has long been connected with Mr. BARRY, as one of the editors of the Gardeners' Magazine, has purchased the Horticulturalist, so ably conducted by A. J. DOWLING, and after the conclusion of the present volume, it will be published at Rochester, and Edited by P. BARRY, assisted by many of the best Horticulturists of the country, whose communications will be published as they come in. THE ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT will be conducted by gentlemen of ability and reputation.

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THE Subscriber will grant Cheques on the "Bank of British North America" at Halifax, and on the Agents of the Bank at New York, for any amount at Sight; and will give Bills of Exchange on Halifax or Boston, at any Sight under Fifty days.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that in order to dispose of his valuable Stock of Woolen, Cotton, Silk and Linen Goods, Hats, Furs, Carpets, Glass, Earthenware, etc., etc., he will sell the lot of MAY next, allow 5 per cent., on all purchases, for CASH on delivery.

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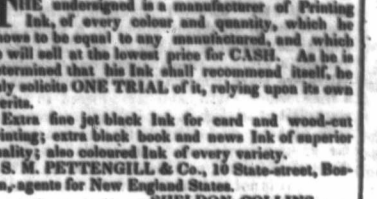
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tion, up over deck and sides, the distance a square, massive bales heavily onward to the mast.

On a hundred or more in

country, and rolls its tremendous twelve massive levees twenty feet traveller from the deck of the some floating castle-top, over country for miles and miles, therefore, had spread out full.

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