To the Editor of Haszard's Gazette.

Sir,—Some person informed me a few days ago that Mr. Whelan had taken notice of my communications in the Charlottetown papers, and has made objections to my saying, "The land holders are usurpers and impostors," and rests his case that he is right and I am wrong upon the circumstance, viz. That Her Majesty's government dispensed with the conditions of the original grants, for the settlement with foreigners.

Now I admit, that Lord John Russel's government dispensed with these conditions: and I admit that the Colonial government dispensed with the investigation of titles, as required by the Land purchase act. But both dispensations are *illegal*, and will be condemned in a court of law. The ministers at home, and the Colonial authorities had no power or authority whatever, to dispense with the one or the other, they trusted wholly to the ignorance of the people, that the dispensation would never be disputed. And I can inform the people, that the conditions of the grants and the purchase act, remain in as full force at they did, before the dispensations and a change of ministers in England, or a change of the colonial authoriries here, can despense with all their disputations; and the laws in operations according to their true intent.

It is laws which gives the government existence; and the due administration of the laws, which gives health and strength to a government, and when a government dispenses with the laws, they destroy their own existence, when a government dispenses with the orders in Council; they destroy the head, of which they are the mouth, eyes and ears. It is rather a dangerous experiment, for a government to dispense with laws, and it is next to lunacy, for their organ to boast of it. For when the government dispenses with any laws, the people may dispense the laws, which has given the government existence.

Men high in rank and office, with an adequate salary to prevent temptation, are intrusted with the honor of the greatest of sovereigns, and the good faith of the proudest of Empires and they are to preserve that honor and good faith by carrying the laws into operation, according to their true intent, and I find that according to the laws and ordinances of this colony which the government were bound to follow, all the land and improvements in this Island would have been the property of the industrious men, who with their labor and means, brought the country into its present state of improvement. It is the duty of every person to act faithfully in their station. The government to adhere to the laws and ordinances given for their guidance—the judges to give judgment according to law—the lawyers to interpret the laws truly, and correct the errors of the ignorant, and the men of capital and enterprise, to act with honesty and honor in all their dealings. And the press to give due praise to virtue, and honor; and to vice the exposure and ceesure it deserves.

But the true state of affairs is, the government have dispensed with the laws and that dispensation has not been submitted for the opinion of the judges. The lawyers play with hocus pocus to cheat the ignorant, and some with guns and pistols armed to frighten the timid, have managed to deprive the people of their property and to transfer it, to speculators to gamble with. And Mr. Whelan glories in the action. That her Majesty's government dispensed with laws, and gave them permission to do so, but even if that were true to the very letter" every person knew it was wrong, and no person was bound to follow it. And it shows a depravity of morals, to the disgrace and ruin of the community, when all the authorities unite to defraud the industrious inhabitants out of all their land and improvements, to the value of upwards of a million of pounds sterling.

When a minister gives a dispensation contrary to law, for other persons to assume an authority, over land and people which they have no right to, the first is a traitor and the next are usurpers. And when the usurpers or any person for them, attempting to justify such actions, and lead the people to believe it is law to submit to them, they are impostors. But as I would rather bear a little longer with traitors and usurpers, than submit to mob law, it is better, that Mr. Whelan should act the madman, than for me to play the fool. Aud therefore I shall drop the subject for the present, and seek for law where it may be found.

Sailor's Hope, June 25. Wm. Cooper.

James M'Callum acknowledges the receipt of £23, 9s 10d, per the Rev. John Keir, D. D. to be appropriated as follows, viz—

B. & F. Bible Society	£10	0	0
Jew's Society	5	0	0
Tract Society	2	0	0
Home M. Society	6	9	10
	£23	9	10

Also per the Rev. J. Murray, Cavendish.

Home M. Society	£6	8	5
B. & F. Bible Society	6	12	3
	£13	0	8

Brackley Point, June 27th, 1856.

LEILA ADA.

(*Concluded.*)

In our last, we left her at her uncle's. At first, efforts are made to win her back to Judaism by gentle means. But when these fail, she is treated with harshness and severity. All the members of the household, with the exception of one, look sullenly upon her. At length, two Rabbies are brought, for the purpose of reclaiming her to the Jewish faith. After some hours reasoning with her, they are unable to effect their end, and cut her off from the oatinn.

Leila now determined to leavs her uncle's house. There was a Christian family with which she had become intimately acquainted, since her conversion. Their oldest daughter was her confidential friend and correspondent. To this family she resolved, in the mean time, to proceed. It was about two miles from her father's house. She, however, communicated with her father, and was affectionately answered, and desired to return home. Immediately after, a carriage with himself in it, arrives, and after an inexpressibly tender meeting, she is taken to her own home; her books which had been taken from her, are restored, and she is permitted full liberty to attend her beloved chapel. The most brilliant prospects now present themselves to her mental vision.

The seeds of an insidious disease, however, were already sown in her constitution. Not naturally robust, her constrained absence from her father, and the cruel treatment received at her uncle's, had given her health a severe shock. A short cough and the hectic flush had marked her out as the victim of consumption. Her father could not bear to think, that any serious danger threatened her, for she seemed all that he possessed. A physician, however, was called, who held out prospects of recovery and endeavored to bind up the breaking threads of life. But human efforts were unavailing. Leila's bodily strength was gradually wasting; but the spiritual life was gaining vigor. She delighted to linger over those seraphic delineations of the celestial joys which abound in the inspired volume.

Leila was deeply concerned for her nation. Much of her time was now occupied in writing letters to her relatives. In particular, her heart yearned for the salvation of her dear father. With her head on his bosom, and her arms around his neck, with what ravishing pathos would she tell him of the unutterable joys which she felt in Jesus, and how tenderly did she plead with him to come by faith to the Saviour; and with what earnestness did she supplicate God on his behalf. And her prayers were answered. She lived to hear him acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth to be the true Messiah.

We give an account of the closing scene of Leila's life as recorded in her memoir. On the morning of the day on which Leila died, she said, it will soon be finished. Tell my dear father to come here. He was called, but was so painfully affected that for some minutes he could not speak to her. What a scene! Friends weeping—the youthful Christian in heavenly composure awaiting the solemn moment of separation from the body. Surely it was the spontaneous out-burst of every heart. Is this death? Can all this holy joy and peace be death? O! then let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like her's. As I looked on her placid countenance, I exclaimed exultingly: O! death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Her father was weeping. "Do not grieve for me my dear papa" she said soothingly. "If you are faithful to God, you will soon be happy again with me in heaven." "Then my precious treasure you are not deceived, your religion fully supports you in death," O yes! O yes! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—his rod—and she could proceed no further. Her father bending with grief retained her hand in his. "In a little while she gathered strength. 'Father' she continued 'you love me dearly, do you not? My child do not speak so to me; you know that you are the very soul of my existence. "' Will you grant me one request—a dying request. "' What is it, you know I will not deny you.'" It is that you will never again doubt Jesus my Saviour, but that you will begin to love and serve him, O, think my dear father what he has done for me! Read the New Testament" and she looked inquiringly.

"My dear I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like your's my daughter. I have begun to pray; you pray too that God will help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear—I confess to you and all present that I believe in Jesus."'

The sudden revolution of feeling was too great for her weak frame. She was just able to articulate 'Blessing—praise' and she lay exhausted. On recovering she slowly reached her bible and in faltering accents said, "my dear papa I am dying—you have—We shall soon meet again. There is the Bible that has been so truly blessed to my soul. Let it now be your's, you have all my books of a religious character. They are choice, learn them well. Praise the Lord—I am dying, but am rejoicing.

She lay for some minutes with her eyes closed. Occasionally her lips moved as though in prayer It is more than probable, that her petitions were then ascending to the throne of grace that her father might be enabled to rejoice in the liberty of God's children. They have been answered. "Again she unclosed her eyes, and looking upon her father with a smile of undescribable pleasure. Blessing, honor, praise, glory to Jesus Kiss me my dear papa In a little while "glorious hope! immortality! eternal life! What an eternity! an eternity of perfect love. She then with considerable intervals gave directions for her funeral and then said, "I hear the voice; the Master is come and calleth for thee" My whole soul responds "Even so come Lord Jesus I am full of glory." Although perfectly sensible she said but little after this. She appeared to belooking into eternity. Its glorious results were unfolding to her vision and feasting her soul with ravishing contemplations. About two hours before she died she suddenly awoke from a gentle slumber and exclaimed 'Dear Emily; are you here,' I took her hand 'give me a farewell kiss my love, thank you, and then pressing my hand with all her remaining strength 'we shall be united again soon, Emily, and then you will never have to separate from me. Love Jesus, it will not be long. A little after she ejaculated "Victory! Victory!" and raised her dying arm. After a few moments 'heaven is. the rest was lost She lay quietly for an hour, then gently putting out her hand said "Farewell my dear papa, I am going to glory, Serve Jesus, you will soon be there." These were the last words she uttered. Her eyelids closed. For a few minutes she breathed softly, and slowly, and then the solemn stillness of death. My friend was a disembodied saint in glory. Her spirit had taken its rapturous flight to that blissful rest which she had so long anticipated, and in preparation for which she had kept her soul with all dilligence. Again through gushing tears I prayed, "let me die the death of the righteous." Such is the account given by the young lady that attended her during her illness.

R.

A Brave Man.—We have read of a battle in India, where column after column reeled back from a breach that vomited forth death on thousands, until an ensign at the head of his company rushed up through the rain of bullets, and planted the British flag on the ramparts. His example encouraged the troops and the town was taken. The gallant young soldier was found dead, but still standing, clinging to the staff of the flag he had planted so bravely. His body had formed a target for the enemy's marksmen. When they tried to remove him, they found the staff could not be released from his death grasp without force. So they buried him with "the banner he had borne so well." And without the walls of that city a tall tamarind sheds its fruit over the grave of Ensign Vernon.—*Boston Bee.*

A Vocation.—A gentleman loafer recently arrested in Cincinnati, being questioned by the officer as to his vocation, replied:—

"Sir, I am a doctor—I have cured a pain in the head of navigation, and have drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi; I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature, and cured a felon on the finger of scorn."

An African Beauty.—Mr. Hutchinson, who visited the west coast of Africa in the Niger steamer, contrived, we hope unwittingly, to make a king's daughter ashamed of own appearance. "With the king, two of his daughters came off, who had their teeth stained with the red juice of some species of tobacco leaf, which gave them a very carnivorous appearance. On my leading one of them to contemplate herself in the mirror in the saloon, she at first was puzzled, when she had never seen a looking glass, before I touched her shoulder, and made signs to her to open her mouth and gaze again, which she did; and the moment she saw the red teeth revealed, she jumped back with a scream of horror, and fled from the cabin in terror."

On what material should a spirtualist journal be printed?—*Wrapping* paper.

How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor?—Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

Why are the collectors of the customs the most praiseworthy men we have?—Because they never neglect to attend to their duties, their whole duties, and nothing but their duties.

How to Plant Potatoes.—A pamphlet has been published in Scotland, by a farmer named Craig, on the potato disease and its cure. By planting three different kinds of potatoes together last year, very favourable results ware achieved. Two out of the three varieties planted had been, on previous occasions, affected by the disease; all were found to be perfectly healthy and sound when dug, and experience has shown that they kept well during the winter. He believes that the potato disease may be safely attributed to the violation of one of the laws of nature, and that the generation of the malady is occasioned by the plants being too closely bred, or, in other words, by, "sub-breeding. "The lesson we derive from this is, that two or more varieties of seed potatoes should be planted in each hill.

Hay Covers.—*Every Farmer his own Manufacturer.*—Take a piece or more of yard wide unbleached cotton sheeting, that can be bought for seven or eight cents per yard, and tack it up on the sunny side of the barn or board fence. Then prepare the following mixture, namely:—For one gallon of linseed oil add about two pounds of beeswax, to be simmered together, and when taken from the fire add about a quart of Japan. When it is cold, it should be about the thickness of paint. If too thin, add more oil—then paint the cloth over on one side only, with a common painter's brush, and after drying a day or two, take it down and cut it into squares—then pick up stones of about six or eight ounces each, and get the females of the family to sew one into each corner and the thing is completed. It would be an improvement to enclose the stones in a small bag and suspend them a few inches, which would be thought very little more trouble in so good a cause. No hemming the selvages is necessary. Cast-iron weights of six ounces each would cost about one cent apiece, but it is doubtful whether they would answer a better purpose than stone. Every farmer should supply himself with these covers *at once*, as by and by he will be too busy to attend to this matter. The immense losses sustained last year by wet weather should admonish him of its utmost importance. There is the best authority for stating that the county of Worcester alone, which produces upwards of 145,000 tons of hay annually, would have saved $20,000 last year if the farmers had been supplied with these hay covers.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

Curious Instinct of Plants.—Hoare, in his treatises on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong but dry clay of a vine border. The vine sent out a leading, or tap-root, directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage through the clay the main root threw out no fibres, but when it reached the bone it entirely covered it, by degrees with the most delicate and minute fibres like lace, each one sucking a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrow bone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained to be extracted.

Cheap Building Materials.—Very desireable buildings are now being constructed, the walls of which are composed of stonecutter's spalts or chips, of coarse gravel, sand and lime, mixed into a mortar at the rate of one part of lime to eight parts of the other ingredients. Movable moulds are set to form the walls and the mixture shovelled in and left to harden, and then the mould is raised for another course. The whole mass is represented as hardening into a solid artificial stone in a short time.

A Sober Town.—The town of Dunse, Scotland, which contains a population of between 3000 and 4000, does not possess a single public house!