HAZARD'S GAZETTE.

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Hazzard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HAZZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.

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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 practice in this country, 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 Sttes, as I feel persuaded, that no measure is so well calculated to benefit our Farmers and open up the resources of our country.

These are 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 20, 1853.

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

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE receiving 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 the Head 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—and London gentlemen have 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 are of the same opinion as 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 obtain a seat, I feel certain no one will 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 of the 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, jur.

Charlottetown, June 25, 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 solfrages on the merits 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, is 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 sudden popularity, but 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 Obd. Servt.,

FRANCIS LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, June 10, 1853.

To the Electors of Georgetown and Royalty.

GENTLEMEN,

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 not 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, and unbounded control be suffered 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 I will be second to none in attempting to carry out all measures that may have the slightest tendency to promote the prosperity and local improvement of Georgetown and Royalty.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

June 10, 1853. T. HEATH HAVILAND.

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

GENTLEMEN;

I AM induced, by 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,

JESSE 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 requested, with a numerously signed Requisition, soliciting me to come forward as a Candidate to represent them in the Genenal 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 endeavour 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 well believe me when I say, that in common with yourselves I feel a deep interest in its welfare. Should it be 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 by them to allow myself to be elected *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 conduct will be directed to the promotion of the best interests, whether of a moral or pecuniary nature, of the inhabitants of this my native Isle. For further particulars, I refer to the Electoral District of Queen's County will at all times, have my best attention by aiding to exclude from the Assembly all Office-holders appointed for receiving or collecting the Public Revenue.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your Obedt. Servt.

JOHN McLEOD.

New London, June 27th, 1853. 1d

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, nevertheless, persuaded that I could render as incompetant to represent you fearlessly and independently; on the contrary, if returned by you, it is my determination to do so on all occasions; and while 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 chosen.

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. I&A

TO LICENSED TEACHERS.

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

JAMES CURTIS LAWSON

June 23d, 1853.

Quarterly Session, G. D.

THE next Quarterly Session of the *Grand Division* of the Sons of Temperance, will be held on Monday, the Twenty-fifth day of July next, in the Temperance Hall, Bedeque, at 4 o'clock P. M.

D. DESBRISAY, G.Sc.

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

Illustrated London News, Punch, News of the World.

MAY always be had at MACKELLAR'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 forget!
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though, with a crush'd and bleeding heart,
And spirit chasten'd o'er, he goes to die!
For God hath mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every bitter tear,
And heaven shall bind up every wound that ever throbb'd or bled,
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 seen him wrapt in 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 undying 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 cabin 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 his intention of pursuing the fugitives, a sudden light in Tom's eye, a sudden uprising 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 his soul towards his slave began to gather in a deadly and desperate form. Had not this man braved him—steadily, powerfully, resisted him—and, more than 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 rend 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 Cassy and Sambo, and 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 boiling at the very tweak that fellow down, or—there was a dire inward whisper, to which his soul assented.

Ye say that the *interest* of the master is a sufficient safeguard to 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!"

There, for four mounted horsemen were curvetting 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 out to join in 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 enlisted for the hunt, from plantations for this service; for it was an object to make every service of this kind among the negroes as much of a possible.

Cassy applied her eye 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 as we are?"

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 all alone, and see if 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, who had her childlike 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, child," said Cassy, putting away her hand, "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 I here!" she said, striking her breast, "it's all desolate, all emty! 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 slighted from his horse.

"Now, Cassy," 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, whose noble bearing 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 cruel natures, in proportion to the unbending 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 entire dependence 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, "Now I'm ready."

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." He saw not those 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 the skies—earthly ties were loosened, earthly hopes darkened.

"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, "now—mind—I'm telling you, 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 mean to say you sold 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 you've got into my hands for good, and the Lord. 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, out of your black hide!"

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 I could only see you now and turned the one 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 weigh you down like lead, down, down into pain, 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 midst of a storm, came the words 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 out the last moments of mercy, 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 seven-fold 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, and if suffering every drop of blood in one's body could