HAZZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, July 20, 1853. New Series. No. 52.

Hazzard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HAZZARD, Proprietor and Publisher, Published every Wednesday and Saturday morning. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

TERMS—4 small Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—8 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—24 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 6s. 6d.—36 lines, 8s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.

Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

COMMISSARIAT.

DRAFTS at sight on the Commissariat Chest at Halifax, will be given in exchange for British Coins, or Mexican Dollars, at par.

JAMES B. LUNDY, D. A. C. G.
Commissariat, P. E. Island, 1st July, 1853.

Summer Arrangement of Mails.

THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces will be made up until further Notice every TUESDAY and THURSDAY NIGHT, at Nine o'clock, and forwarded via Pictou, and the MAILS for England will be closed upon the following days at the same hour.

Tuesday, May 10,		Tuesday, August 2,	
" May 24,		" August 16,	
" June 7,		" August 30,	
" June 21,		" Sept. 13,	
" July 5,		" Sept. 27,	
" July 19,		" October 11.	

Letters to be *registered*, and Newspapers, must be mailed half an hour before the time of closing.

THOS. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, April 30, 1853.

Georgetown Mails.

THE MAILS for Georgetown until further Notice, will be made up and forwarded every Monday and Friday morning at nine o'clock.

THOS. OWEN, Postmaster General.
May 2, 1853.

Mail Steamer "Fairy Queen."

W. R. BULYEA, Commander,

WILL leave (till further notice) for Bedeque and Shediac every Monday evening, at 5 o'clock; will leave Bedeque at 7 o'clock, Tuesday morning, for Shediac; returning, will leave Shediac at 2 p. m., same day, Tuesday, and Bedeque at 8 o'clock, in the evening for Charlottetown.

Will leave Pictou, every Wednesday and Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, till further notice. For Freight or Passage, apply to the Hon W. W. LORD, Charlottetown, JAMES C. POPE, Esq., Bedeque, or to the Master on board.

Fares low to Shediac, and as usual to Pictou.
Charlottetown, May 30, 1853.

CARD.

GEO. P. TANTON'S DAGUERREIAN GALLERY, Great George Street, opposite Mr. J. R. Watt's, where Likenesses are taken by the most improved Northern Sky-light—the only light that can produce a good picture.

A good assortment of Lockets, Frames, and plain and fancy Cases kept constantly on hand.

Rooms open from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 4 P. M.

Morning light is most preferable for rapid process, such as children, &c.

May 14. 3m.

CARD.

THE undersigned having this day entered into *CO-PARTNERSHIP* as GENERAL and COMMISSION MERCHANTS, their Business heretofore carried on by them individually, will in future be conducted under the Name and Firm of *LONGWORTH & YATES.*

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
ALBERT R. YATES.
Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
June, 16th, 1853.

N. B. The AUCTION business will at all times receive their best attention.

R. B. IRVING,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, AND ACCOUNTANT,

OFFICE—over the Bookstore of Mr. G. T. HAZZARD, Queen's Square (South side), Charlottetown.

Deeds of Conveyance of all descriptions, of Leasehold and Freehold Estate, including Assignments, Mortgages, &c., Letters of Attorney, Bonds, Indentures of Apprenticeship, Bills of Sale, Charter Parties, Arbitration Bonds and Awards, Petitions, &c., prepared with accuracy and despatch; Merchants' Books, Partnership and other complicated Accounts, &c., arranged and balanced at moderate charges.

Temperance Hall Company.

AT A MEETING of the Directors of the above Company, held in the Temperance Hall, this evening, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted viz:—

"RESOLVED, That the Treasurer (Mr. John W. Morrison) be instructed to take the necessary legal measures for the recovery of all unsettled Subscriptions to the Temperance Hall Company."

By Order,
J. B. COOPER, Sec'y.
Charlottetown, March 17, 1853.

To the Tenantry on that part of Lot or Township No. 18, the Property of the Undersigned.

TAKE NOTICE that we have this day revoked and made void a certain Deed Poll, or Power of Attorney, made and given by us to JAMES YEO, Esq., of Port Hill, bearing date the Fifth day of February, One thousand Eight hundred and Fifty two, and that we have resumed the management of the said Property ourselves. All sums of money, therefore, due to us or Robert Sawyer, Esq., or to Rent, by you, are hereby required to be paid to us without delay. Dated at Charlottetown, this Second day of June, 1853.

ELLEN STEWART,
MARY STEWART,
MARGARET STEWART.

Quarterly Session, G. D.

THE next Quarterly Session of the *Grand Division* S. of T. P. E. Island, will be opened on Monday, the Twenty-fifth day of July next, in the Temperance Hall, Belfast, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

P. DESBRISAY, G. S.
Charlottetown, June 29th, 1853. All the papers.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XLII.

An Authentic Ghost Story—The haunted Garret —Escape of Cassy and Emmeline—Cassy and George Shelby—Madame de Thoux—Discoveries.

For some remarkable reason, ghostly legends were uncommonly rife, about this time, among the servants on Legree's place.

It was whispeingly asserted that footsteps, in the dead of night, had been heard descending the garret-stairs, and patrolling the house. In vain the doors of the upper entry had been locked; the ghost either carried a duplicate key in its pocket, or availed itself of a ghost's immemorial privilege of coming through the keyhole, and promenaded as before, with a freedom that was alarming.

Authorities were somewhat divided as to the outward form of the spirit, owing to a custom quite prevalent among negroes—and, for aught we know among whites too—of invariably shutting the eyes, and covering up heads under blankets, petticoats, or whatever else might come in use for a shelter, on these occasions. Of course, as everybody knows, when the bodily eyes are thus out of the lists, the spiritual eyes are uncommonly vivacious and perspicacious; and therefore there were abundance of full-length portraits of the ghost, abundantly sworn and testified to, which, as is often the case with portraits, agreed with each other in no particular, except the common family peculiarity of the ghost tribe—the wearing of a *white sheet*. The poor souls were not versed in ancient history, and did not know that Shakspeare had authenticated this costume, by telling how

"the *sheeted* dead
Did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome;"

and therefore their all hitting upon this is a striking fact in supernaturology, which we recommend to the attention of spiritual media generally.

Be it as it may, we have private reasons for knowing that a tall figure in a white sheet did walk, at the most improved ghosting hours, around the Legree premises—pass out the doors, glide about the house—disappear at intervals, and, reappearing, pass up the silent stair-way, into that fatal garret; and that, in the morning, the entry doors were all found shut and locked as firm as ever.

Legree could not help overhearing this whispering; and it was all the more exciting to him from him. He drank more brandy than usual; held up his head briskly, and swore louder than ever in the day-time; but he had bad dreams, and the visions of his head on the pillow were not quite agreeable. The night after Tom's body had been carried away he rode to the next town for a carouse, and had a high one. Got home late and tired; locked his door, took out the key, and went to bed.

After all, let a man take what pains he may to hush it down, a human soul is an awful, ghostly unquiet possession for a bad man to have. Who knows the metes and bounds of it? Who knows its awful perhapses—those shudderings and tremblings, which it can send to more than mock him outlive its own eternity! What a fool is he who locks his door to keep out spirits, who has in his own bosom a spirit he dares not meet alone—whose voice, smothered for down, and piled over with mountains of earthliness, is yet like the forewarning trumpet of doom!

But Legree locked his door and set a chair against it; he set a night-lamp at the head of his bed; and he had pistols there. He examined the catches and fasterings of the windows, and then swore "he didn't care for the devil and his angels," and went to sleep.

Well, he slept, for he was tired—slept soundly. But, finally, there came over his sleep a shadow—a horror—an apprehension of something dreadful hanging over him. It was his mother's shroud, he thought; but Cassy had it, holding it up, and showing it to him. He heard a confused noise of screams and groanings; and with it all, he knew he was asleep, and he struggled to wake himself. He was half awake. He was sure something was coming into his room. He knew the door was opening, but he could not stir hand or foot. At last he turned, with a start; the door was open, and he saw a hand putting out his light.

It was a cloudy, misty, moonlight, and there he saw it!—something white, gliding in! He heard the silk rustle of its ghostly garments. It stood still by his bed; a cold hand touched his; a voice said three times, in a low, fearful whisper, "Come! come! come!" And while he lay sweating with terror, he knew not when or how, the thing was gone. He sprang out of bed, and pulled at the door. It was shut and locked, and the man fell down in a swoon.

After this, Legree became a harder drinker than ever before. He was more desperate and cautious; prudently, but imprudently and recklessly.

There were reports around the country, soon after, that he was sick and dying. Excess had brought on that frightful disease that seems to throw the lurid shadows of coming retribution back into the present life. None could bear the horrors of that sick room, when he raved and screamed, and spoke of sights which almost stopped the blood of those who heard him; and, at his dying bed, stood a stern, white, inexorable figure, saying, "Come! come! come!"

By a singular coincidence, on the very night that this vision appeared to Legree, the house-door was found open in the morning, and some of the negroes had seen two white figures gliding down the road, towards the Shelby road.

It was near sunrise when Cassy and Emmeline paused, for a moment, in a little knot of trees near the town.

Cassy was dressed after the manner of the Creole Spanish ladies—wholly in black. A small black bonnet on her head, covered by a veil thick with embroidery, concealed her face. It had been agreed that, as Emmeline was so young, to personate the character of a Creole lady, and Emmeline that of her servant.

Brought up, from early life, in connexion with the highest society, the language, movements, and air of Cassy, were all in agreement with this idea; and she had still enough remaining with her of a once splendid wardrobe, and sets of jewels, to make her appearance in public, a thing of courage.

She stopped in the outskirts of the town, where she had noticed trunks for sale, and purchased a handsome one. This she requested the man to send along with her. And, accordingly, thus escorted by a boy wheeling her trunk, and Emmeline behind her, carrying her carpet bag and sundry bundles, she made her appearance at the small tavern, like a lady of consideration.

The first person that struck her, after her arrival, was George Shelby, who was staying there, awaiting the next boat.

Cassy had recognized the young man from her loophole in the garret, and seen him bear away the body of Tom, and observed, with secret exultation, his rencontre with Legree. Subsequently, she had gathered, in the conversations she had overheard among the negroes, as she glided about in her ghostly disguise after night-fall, who he was; and in what relation he stood to Tom. She, therefore, felt an immediate accession of confidence when she found that he was, like herself, awaiting the next boat.

Cassy's air and manner, address, and evident command of money, prevented any rising disposition to suspicion in the hotel. People never inquire too closely into those who are fair on the main point of paying well—a thing which Cassy had foreseen when she provided herself with money.

In the edge of the evening, a boat was heard coming along, and George Shelby handed Cassy aboard, with the politeness which come naturally to every Kentuckian, and exerted himself to provide her with a good state-room.

Cassy kept her veil down, and, on pretext of illness, during the whole time they were on Red river; and was waited on with obsequious devotion by her attendant.

When they arrived at the Mississippi River, George, having learned that the course of the strange lady was upward, like his own, proposed to take a state-room for her on the same boat with himself—good-natuedly compassionating her feeble health, and desirous to do what he could to assist her.

Behold, therefore, the whole party safely transferred to the good steamer Cincinnati, and sweeping up the river under a powerful head of steam.

Cassy's health was much better. She sat upon the guards, came to the table, and was remarked upon in the boat as a lady that must have been very handsome.

From the moment that George got the first glimpse of her face, he troubled with one of those fleeting and indefinite likenesses which almost everybody can remember, and has been, at times, perplexed with. He could not keep himself from looking at her, and watching her perpetually. At table, or sitting at her state-room door still she would encounter the young man's eye fixed on her, and politely withdrawn, when she showed by her countenance, that she was sensible of the observation.

Cassy became uneasy. She began to think that he suspected something; and finally resolved to throw herself entirely on generosity, and entrusted him with her whole history.

George was heartily disposed to sympathise with any one who had escaped from Legree's plantation—a place that he could not remember or speak of with patience; and, with the courageous disregard of consequences which is characteristic of his age and state, he assured her that he would do all in his power to protect and bring them through.

The next state-room to Cassy's was occupied by a French lady, named De Thoux, who was accompanied by a fine little daughter, a child of some twelve summers.

This lady, having gathered from George's conversation that he was from Kentucky, seemed evidently disposed to enlarge his acquaintance, which design she was seconded by the graces of her little girl, who was about as pretty a plaything as ever diverted the weariness of a fortnight's trip on a steamboat.

George's chair was often placed at her state-room door; and Cassy, as she sat upon the guards, could hear their conversation.

Madame de Thoux was very minute in her inquiries as to Kentucky, where she said she had resided in a former period of her life. George discovered, to his surprise, that her former residence must have been in his own vicinity; and her inquiries showed a knowledge of people and things in his region that was perfectly surprising to him.

"Do you know," said Madame de Thoux to him one day, "of any man in your neighbourhood of the name of Harris."

"There is an old fellow of that name lives about four miles from my father's place," said George.

"We never have had much intercourse with him, though."

"He is a large slave-owner, I believe!" said Madame de Thoux, with a manner which seemed to betray more interest than she was exactly willing to show.

"He is," said George, looking rather surprised at her manner.

"Did you ever know of his having—perhaps you may have heard of his having a mulatto boy, named George?"

"Oh, certainly—George Harris—I know him well; he married a servant of my mother's, and has escaped now to Canada."

"He has!" said Madame de Thoux, quickly.

"Thank God!"

George looked a surprised inquiry, but said nothing.

Madame de Thoux leaned her head on her hand, and burst into tears. "He is my brother!" she said.

"Madame;" said George, with a strong accent of surprise.

"Yes," said Madame de Thoux, lifting her head proudly, and wiping her tears; "Mr. Shelby, George Harris is my brother!"

"I am perfectly astonished," said George, pushing back his chair a pace or two, and looking at Madame de Thoux.

"I was sold to the South when he was a boy," said she. "I was bought by a good and generous man. He married me. We came to the West Indies, set me free, and married me. It is but lately that he died, and I was coming up to Kentucky to see if I could find and redeem my brother."

"I have heard him speak of a sister Emily, that was sold South," said George.

"Yes, indeed! I am 'the one,' said Madame de Thoux. "Tell me what sort of a"—so

"A very fine young man," said George, "notwithstanding the curse of slavery that lay on him. He sustained a first-rate character, both for intelligence and principle. I know, you see," he said, "because he married in our family."

"What sort of a girl! said Madame de Thoux, eagerly.

"A beautiful," said George. "A beautiful, intelligent, amiable girl. Very pious. My mother had brought her up, and trained her as carefully, almost, as a daughter. She could read and write, embroider and sew beautifully, and was a beautiful singer."

"Was she born in your house!" said Madame de Thoux.

"Yes. Father bought her once, in one of his trips to New Orleans, and brought her up as a present to mother. She was about eight or nine years old then. Father would never tell mother what he gave for her; but, the other day, on looking over his old papers, we came across the bill of sale. He paid an extravagant sum for her, to be sure—I suppose, on account of her extraordinary beauty."

George sat with his back to Cassy, and did not see the absorbed expression of her countenance as he was giving these details.

At this point of the story, she had touched his arm, and, with a face perfectly white with interest, said, "Do you know the means of the people he bought her of!"

"A man of the name of Simmons, I think, was the principal in the transaction—at least, I think that was the name on bill of sale."

"O my God!" said Cassy, and fell insensible on the floor of the cabin.

George was wide-awake now, and so was Madame de Thoux. Though neither of them could conjecture what was the cause of Cassy's fainting—still they made all the tumult which is proper in such cases—George upsetting a wash-pitcher, and breaking two tumblers, in the warmth of his humanity; and various ladies in the cabin, hearing that somebody had fainted, crowded the state-room door, and kept out all the air they possibly could; so that, on the whole, everything was done that could be expected.

Poor Cassy, when she recovered, turned her face to the wall, and wept and sobbed like a child—perhaps, mother, you can tell what she was thinking of? Perhaps you cannot; but she felt as sure, in that hour, that God had mercy on her, and that she should see her daughter—as she did months afterwards—when—but we anticipate.

THE PRAYING MACHINE

Well, who ever heard of a praying machine before! What can be meant by it? Where is it to be seen? How is it to be used? Such, we can well imagine, will be the exclamations of some of our young readers, when they hear of this extraordinary contrivance.

But if it were merely to be looked at as a wonderful thing, we should not have given it a place in the "Instructor." No: it is a vain and foolish thing—we might almost say that it is a *horrible* thing; for it is a means by which the poor, ignorant, and sinful people of Thibet—a country to the north east of India think that God can be prayed to and worshipped! And how insulting must this be to Him who has told us that He is a Spirit and that they who worship Him must do so "in spirit and in truth!"

It appears that the people of Thibet suppose that the more prayers a person can repeat, the more merit he has in the sight of God. As a means, therefore, of multiplying their prayers, they have invented these praying machines. They are either wooden, or iron, or copper cylinders, which they fill with a long but narrow roll of paper or cloth, on which their idols and symbols are painted, and below are prayers, either printed or written, in the language of the country. The cylinder has a rod lengthwise through the centre, upon which it is made to turn round. Some of these praying machines are very large. A Missionary saw one of this kind, which was turned by a handle, and near which a number of people were sitting, in order that the wind caused by turning it might touch their faces, which is considered a blessed thing for them.

In some cases the people set up these machines in rivers, and small streams, near their houses, so that the water, by turning the cylinder, performs the necessary prayers for them! This we have represented in the sketch on the next page. The way the people manage it is this. They fix in the bed of the stream a post, with a hole bored in the top. Turning freely in this hole is a horizontal (or flat) cross of wood, to which is fastened the rod that passes through the cylinder. Now then, to make the machine go round, a stream of water is brought through a trunk of a tree, or some such simple channel, and made to fall just upon one corner of the cross. A Missionary saw one of this kind, which was turned by a handle, and near which a number of people were sitting, in order that the wind caused by turning it might touch their faces, which is considered a blessed thing for them.

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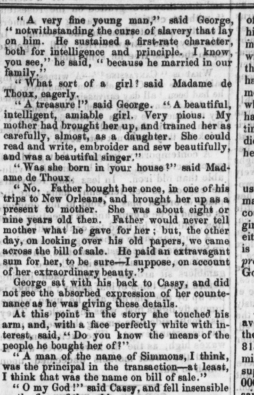

The people are very unwilling to part with these machines. "Some time ago," writes a Missionary, "I met one of the people who was turning his praying machine most quickly whilst he walked; his small bundle of property being on his back. I stopped him, and asked him if he would sell me the machine. At length, after some difficulty with him, he consented, and I gave him three rupes, or six shillings for it. After I had paid him the money, and he had given me the machine, he asked me, after a little while, to give it him again. As soon as he had it in his hands once more, he put it three times to his forehead, made his salaam—or did reverence—to it, and then, poor fellow! he returned it to me, and off he went."

Such is the thick darkness of Thibet!

We will only add, that it has just struck us that it is possible there may be praying machines nearer home than in that distant country. What shall we say of the boy or girl who mutters over a number of prayers, either in or out of church, in which his heart is not engaged? Is he or she not a mere *praying machine?* and oh, how offensive to God!—*London Jun. Instructor.*

POPULATION OF THE GRAVE.

From extensive calculation, it seems the average of human births per second, since the birth of Christ to this time, is about 815? which gives about thirty-two thousand millions; and after deducting the present supposed population of the world (960,000,000), leaves the number of thirty-one thousand and forty millions that have gone down to the grave; giving death and the grave the victory over the living, to the number of thirty thousand and eight millions. Of this number in the grave, about

91,000,000 have died by war;
7,920,000,000 by famine and pestilence;
500,000,000 by martyrdom;
580,000,000 by intoxicating drink;
13,000,000,000 natural or otherwise.

Thus it will be seen that war and strong drink have sent nearly one-third of the human race to a premature grave.

The calculations upon this subject might be extended to an almost indefinite length, and perhaps, too, with propriety, if thought and meditation would dwell upon them and deduct the morals from each and every avenue. For instance, if strong drink has had its 580,000,000 of victims, how many more must it have to come the moderate drinker will lay his shoulder to the pledge of reform; suppose but thirty days of intense agony and misery to be the lot of each drunkard's family of five each, what is the amount in the aggregate? Suppose it required even no more than fifty bushels of grain distilled to make a drunkard, how long would it last famishing Europe—nay, even the whole universal world? It would amount to fifty millions of barrels of flour.

Suppose again, that each drunkard loses or wastes only ten years of his life, at three shillings per day, how many solid globes of gold of the size of our earth would it (653,080,000,000 dollars) purchase? Make your own calculations, not only upon these supposed cases, but any others of which the subject is susceptible, and the result will astonish you, and perhaps lead to a somewhat different course in life. These estimates are, many of them, below the reality.—*Merchants' Ledger.*

COWS LOSING THEIR MILK. A Correspondent at Columbia, Pa., says he has several cows dry up their milk in one night, so entirely, that from having giving a large quantity, they gave none next morning. In consequence. He conjectures it was occasioned by their eating potatoes, which, in his neighbourhood, are this year very unsound.

We hear great complaints of a disease in potatoes in the quarter where our friend lives. Some accounts state that the death of cows is occasioned by their eating the defective or diseased potatoes—and we think it not unlikely they may have occasioned the trouble with the cows, especially if eaten in large quantitis.—*Albany Cultivator, Feb, 1844.*

As the disease has this year reached Nova Scotia, if any person should observe that the health of stock of any kind were affected by feeding with defective potatoes, he would confer an obligation upon Farmers by publishing the facts of the case. During the past month considerable quantities have been sold by different persons, to swine and cows in this neighbourhood, usually cutting off the most of the damaged portion of the potatoe, and some have given them to their cattle without removing the rotten portion: we have not as yet heard of any harm following.

We have formerly known a few instances of cows "drying up their milk in one night," and in every instance found that the hurs of the mouth had turned yellow. They were quickly cured by giving two or three messes of bran, scalded with water, in which about two quarts of wild(red) cherry bark had been boiled, and in which half an ounce of soap was dissolved.

"Say, Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your breeches?" "Oh! she's gone away to the sewing circle, to make cloths for the poor children."