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Summer Arrangement of Mails.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring 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,	" August16,
" 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 hour of closing.

THOMAS 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.

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 first town of the District, and strongly urged on my arrival at home, to allow myself to be put in nomination as a Candidate to represent them in General Assembly, I have, on mature consideration, *deemed it my duty to respond to 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 energies will be devoted to the promotion of the best interests, whether of a moral or pecuniary nature, of the inhabitants of this my native Isle. The local requirements of the First Electoral District of Queen's County will at all times, have my best attention by calling to exclude from the Assembly, all Officers who are appointed *for* receiving or collecting the Public Revenue.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedt. Servt.
JOHN McLEOD.

New London, June 27th, 1853. 1si

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 me than on any former occasion—for 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. 1&A

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 cannot 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 force in this Colony, has not just our 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 States, as I feel persuaded, that no measure is so well calculated to benefit our Farmers and open up the resources of the Country. These are only 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 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 suffrages on a review 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 accordance, that during the period I have had the honour of representing you in the Assembly, I never gave my support to *visionary* measures for the purpose of obtaining ephemeral or undue popularity, nor 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 Obdt. 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 no 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, who are bound hand and foot 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 elected as one of your Representatives to the Colonial Parliament, rest assured I will be second to none in attempting to carry out all measures for giving to the whole community to advance the prosperity and local improvement of Georgetown and Royalty.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
June 10, 1853. T. HEATH HAVILAND.

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 unable to perceive why that should render me incompetent 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 at the Council Board to advise on all local 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 the Second Electoral District of Prince County.

GENTLEMEN;

I AM induced, from 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 I am free 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 it, I feel it would be a 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 real interest of the Colony, and this my native district particularly.

I am, Gentlemen, truly yours,
JAMES CAMPBELL.

Saint Eleanors, May 23, 1853.

To the Electors of the Second District of Queen's County

GENTLEMEN;

AT the request of many of yourselves, whose opinions I consider of highly value, I am induced to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages at the ensuing general Election.

Although born and bred amongst you, yet having hitherto moved only in private life, I feel it right to state freely my opinion on the present form of our Constitution. I am desirous to extend to the furthest every privilege which ought to be enjoyed by a British subject, and to protect and reward the honest industry of the people, by the extension and establishment of Free Trade with the United States, as well as with the surrounding Colonies. And while I am most anxious to support a Liberal system of Responsible Government, I am persuaded that, in carrying out the same, in the purity of spirit, those interested with the receipt or expenditure of the Public Revenue, ought to be *excluded from the Legislature.* These being the main points which have induced me to be invited by my industry on my farm, I have only to add that, if honored by your support, so as to be returned one of your Representatives, I shall be ready to advocate any legislation, for the advancement of your interests, to the best of my humble ability.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
ALEXANDER M'DONALD.

Glenroy, June 17th, 1853.

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

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE accepting 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 Gentlemen intended coming forward, whether they would nominate a Candidate for that end 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—the New London people having 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 the majority of my supporters at the end of the District have not as yet promised 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 pimper, but divide with Mr. McLeod. Our prospects are good; and as no one blames Mr. Coles for coming out, as I had suggested, let no one blame me for doing what I can for Mr. McLeod. It is nothing but right that the other end of the District should have my support, and by 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 or ten 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 certain.

Your Obedt. Servt.
GEORGE BEER, jur.

Charlottetown, June 25, 1853.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Liberty—Aunt Dorcas and Tom Loker—Eliza's Preparations for Escape—Tom Loker's Advice—Freedom—Tom's sad Condition.

"No matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."—CURRAN.

A WHILE we must leave Tom in the hands of his persecutors, while we turn to pursue the fortunes of George and his wife, whom we left in friendly hands in a farm-house on the road side.

Tom Loker we left groaning and toueling in a most immaculately clean Quaker bed, under the motherly supervision of Aunt Dorcas, who found him to the full as tractacable a patient as a sick lion.

Imagine a tall, dignified, spiritual woman, whose clear muslin cap shades waves of silvery hair, parted on a broad, clear forehead, which overarches large dove-like eyes; a snowy handkerchief of lisse crape is folded neatly across her bosom; her glossy brown silk dress rustles peacefully as she glides up and down the chamber.

"The devil!" says Tom Loker, giving a great throw to the bedclothes.

"I must request thee, Thomas, not to use such language," says Aunt Dorcas, as she quietly re-arranged the bed.

"Well, I won't, granny, if I can help it," says Tom; but it is enough to make a fellow swear, no mistake, this!"

Dorcas removed a cover from the bed, straightened the cloths again, and tucked them in till Tom looked something like a chrysalis, remarking as she did so,

"I wish, friend, thee would leave off cursing and swearing, and think upon thy ways."

"What the devil," said Tom should I think of *them* for? Last thing ever I want to think of —hang it all!" And Tom flounced over, untucking and disarranging everything in a manner frightful to behold.

"That fellow and gal are here, I 'spose'" said he, sullenly, after a pause.

"They are so," said Dorcas.

"They'd better be off up to the lake," said Tom; "the quicker the better."

"Probably they will do so," said Aunt Dorcas, knitting peacefully.

"And hark ye," said Tom; "we've got correspondents in Sandusky that watch the boats for us. I don't care if I tell now. I hope they *will* get away, just to spite Marks—the cursed puppy!—d—n him!"

"Thomas!" said Dorcas.

"I tell you, granny, if you bottle a fellow up too tight I shall split," said Tom. "But about the gal—tell 'em to dress her up some way so's to alter her. Her description's out in Sandusky."

"We will attend to that matter," said Dorcas, with characteristic composure.

As we at this time leave the case of Tom Loker, we may as well say that, having lain three weeks at the Quaker dwelling, sick with a rheumatic fever, which set in in company with his other afflictions, he came out from his bed a somewhat sadder and wiser man; and, in place of slave-catching, betook himself to life in one of the new settlements, where his talents developed themselves more in trapping bears, wolves and other inhabitants of the forest, in which he made himself quite a name in the land. Tom always spoke reverently of the Quakers. "Them folks," he would say; "wanted to convert me, but couldn't come it exactly. But tell ye what, stranger, they do fix up a sick fellow first-rate, no mistake! Make out the kindest kind of nussin and knickshacks."

As Tom had informed them that their party would be looked for in Sandusky, it was thought prudent to divide them. Jim with his old mother, was forwarded separately, and, a night or two after, George and Eliza, with their child, were driven privately into Sandusky, and lodged beneath a hospitable roof, preparatory to taking their last passage on the lake.

Their night was far spent, and the morning-star of liberty rose fair before them. Liberty—electric word!—what is it? Is there anything more in it than a name—a rhetorical! Why, men and women of America, do your hearts' blood thrill at that word, for which your fathers bled, and your braver mothers were willing that their noblest and best should die?

Is there anything in it glorious and dear for a nation, that is not also glorious and dear for a man! What is freedom to a nation, but freedom to the individuals in it! What is freedom to that young man who sits there with his arms folded over his broad chest, the tint of African blood in his cheek, its dark fires in his eye—what is freedom to George Harris! To your fathers freedom was the right of a nation to be a nation. To him it is the right of a man to be a man, and not a brute: the right to call the wife of his bosom his wife, and to protect her from lawless violence; the right to protect and educate his child; the right to have a home of his own, a religion of his own, a character of his own, unsubject to the will of another. All these thoughts were rushing tumultuously in George's breast, as he was pensively leaning his head on his hand watching his wife, as she was adapting to her slender and pretty form the articles of man's attire, in which it was deemed safest she should make her escape.

"Now for it," said she, as she stood before the glass, and shook down her silky abundance of black curly hair. "I say, George, it's almost a pity, isn't it!" she said, as she held up some of it playfully.

"Pity it's all got to come off!"

George said nothing, sadly, and made no answer.

Eliza turned to the glass, and the scissors glittered as one long look after another was detached from her head.

"There now that'll do," she said, taking up a hair-brush; "now for a few fancy touches."

"There, an't I a pretty young fellow!" she said, turning round to her husband, laughing and blushing at the same time.

"You always will be pretty, do what you will," said George.

"What does make you so sober!" said Eliza, kneeling on one knee and laying her hand on his. "We are only within twenty-four hours of Canada, they say. Only a day and a night on the lake, and then—oh, then!"

"Oh, Eliza!" said George, drawing her towards him; "that is it! Now we are near, very near, to the point. To come so near, to be almost in sight, and then lose all! I should never live under it, Eliza."

"Don't fear," said his wife, hopefully. "The good Lord would not have brought us so far if he didn't mean to carry us through. I seem to feel him with us, George."

"You are a blessed woman, Eliza!" said George, clasping her with a convulsive grasp. "But—oh, tell me! can this great mercy be for us! Will these years and years of misery come to an end!—shall we be free!"

"I am sure of it, George," said Eliza, looking upward, while tears of hope and enthusiasm shone on her long, dark lashes. "I feel it in me that God is going to bring us out of bondage this very day."

"I will believe you Eliza," said George, rising suddenly up. "I will believe; come, let's be off. Well, indeed," said he holding her off at arm's length, and looking admiringly at her, "you are a pretty little fellow. That crop of little short curls is quite becoming. Put on your cap. So—a little to one side. I never saw you look quite so pretty. But it's almost time for the carriage; I wonder if Mrs. Smyth has got Harry rigged?"

The door opened, and a respectable middle-aged woman entered, leading little Harry, dressed in girl's clothes.

"What a pretty girl he makes!" said Eliza, turning him round.

"Why, an't he Harriet, you see; don't the name come nicely!"

The child stood gravely regarding his mother in her new and strange attire, observing a profound silence, and occasionally drawing deep sighs, and peeping at her from under his dark curls.

"Does Harry know mamma!" said Eliza, stretching her hands towards him.

The child clung shyly to the woman.

"Come, Eliza, why do you try to coax him, when you know that he has got to be kept away from you!"

"I know it's foolish," said Eliza, "yet I can't bear to have him turn away from me. But come—where's my cloak! Here—how is it men put on cloaks, George!"

"You must wear it so," said her husband, throwing it over his shoulders.

"So, then," said Eliza, imitating the motion; "and I must stamp, and take long steps, and try to look saucy."

"Don't exert yourself," said George. "There is, now and then, a modest young man; and I think I would be easier for you to act that character."

"And these gloves! mercy upon us!" said Eliza; "why, my hands are lost in them."

"I advise you to keep them on pretty strictly," said George.

"Your little slender paw might bring us all out. Now, Mrs. Smyth, you are to go under our protection as far as—my—cousin's."

"I've heard," said Mrs. Smyth, "that there have been men down, warning all the packet-captains against a man and woman, with a little boy."

"They have!" said George. "Well, if we see any such people we can tell them."

A hack now drove to the door, and the friendly family with one accord, and all in haste crowded around them with farewell greetings.

The disguises the party had assumed were in accordance with the hints of Tom Loker. Mrs. Smyth, as a respectable woman from the settlement in Canada, whither they were fleeing, being fortunately about crossing the lake to return thither, had consented to appear as the aunt of little Harry; and, in order to attach him to her, he had been allowed to remain, the two last days, under her sole charge; and an extra amount of petting, joined to an indefinite amount of seedcakes and candy, had cemented a very close attachment on the part of the young gentleman.

The hack drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they appeared, walked up the plank into the boat, Eliza gallantly giving her arm to Mrs. Smyth, and George attending to their baggage.

George was standing at the captain's office, settling for his party, when he overheard two men talking by his side.

"I've watched every one that came on board," said one; "and I know they're not on this boat."

The voice was that of the clerk of the boat. The speaker whom he addressed was our sometime friend Marks, who, with that valuable perseverance which characterised him, had come on to Sandusky, and, finding whom he might devour,

"You would scarcely know the woman from a white one," said Marks. "The man is a very light mulatto. He has a brand in one of his hands."

The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little; but he turned coolly round, fixed an unconcerned glance on the face of the speaker, and walked leisurely toward another part of the boat, where Eliza stood waiting for him.

Mrs. Smyth, with little Harry, sought the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, and the dark arm of the supposed little girl drew many flattering comments from the passengers.

George had the satisfaction, as the bell rang out its farewell peal, and walked leisurely down the plank to the shore; and drew a long sigh of relief when the boat had put a returnless distance between them.

It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced rippleing and sparkling in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

Oh, what an untold world there is in one human heart! Who thought, as George walked calmly up and down the deck of the steamer, with his shy companion at his side, of all that was burning in his bosom! The mighty good that seemed approaching seemed too good, too fair, even to be a reality; and he felt a jealous dread every moment of the day that something would rise to snatch it from him.

But the boat swept on—hours fleeted, and at last, clear and full, rose the blessed English shore—shores charmed by a mighty spell—with one touch to dissolve every incantation of slavery, no matter in what language pronounced, or by what national power confirmed.

George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat neared the small town of Amhersburg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang—the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he locked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The little company were landed on the shore. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God!

"'T was something like the burst from death to life;
From the grave's casements to the robes of heaven;
From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven;
Where all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And man's high nature walks abroad in light,
When Mercy's hand hath turned the golden key,
And Mercy's voice hath said,' Rejoice, thy soul is free!'"

The little party were soon guided by Mrs. Smyth to the hospitable abode of a good missionary, whom Christian charity has placed here as a shepherd to the outcast and wandering, who are constantly finding an asylum on this shore.

Who can paint the blessedness of that first day of freedom! Is not the *sense* of liberty a higher and a finer one than any of the five? To move, speak, and breathe, go out and come in, unwatched and free from danger! Who can speak the blessings of that rest which comes down on the free man's pillow, under laws which ensure to him the rights that God has given to man! How fair and how precious to that mother was that sleeping child's face, endeared by the memory of a thousand dangers! How impossible was it to sleep in the exuberant possession of such blessedness! And yet there were two had not one acre of ground, not a roof that they could call their own: they had spent their all, to the last dollar. They had nothing more than the birds of the air, or the flowers of the field—yet they could not sleep for joy.

"O ye who take freedom from man, with what words shall ye answer it to God!"

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE MISSIONARY.—Mr Crowther (a negro, once a slave, now a minister of the Gospel) was at a church missionary meeting at Windsor. Lord Wriothesley Russell (brother to Lord John, a clergyman) told him that her Majesty wished to see him at Windsor Castle. When at the palace, he met one of the ladies in waiting who was a collector for the Church Missionary Society, and who addressed herself to him as such. He passed to a room in which was Prince Albert, who immediately addressed him most kindly; and they were deep in conversation on missionary matters, when *a lady* walked in and joined in the conversation. Mr. Crowther, taking it for granted that it was the lady he had met in the ante-chamber before, took no particular notice of her further than continuing in most earnest discourse, pointing out places on the map, describing the various stations, &c. At length Lord W. Russell said something apart to make Mr. Crowther aware that he was speaking to the Queen of England. He was a good deal abashed both at the presence of Royalty and the honour conferred upon him. In the genteel nursery, like a loving mother to her people,) her Majesty set him at his ease and continued her close inquiries on subjects connected with the the Church Missionary Society, and Sierra-Leone. They had not quite light enough at the table where the maps were spread out, and the Queen fetched a candle from another table, which Mr. Crowther, in turning over the leaves of the atlas' put out, to his great distress; but the Queen immediatley lighted it herself, and continued the conversation, asking many questions about the African missions. Mr. Crowther was asked what sort of questions he put to candidates. He replied, "A devoted lady collector could not have asked closer questions on the spiritual wants of the people, and the missions." Her Majesty also inquired about the appointment of a bishop, and the suitableness of Mr. Vidal, recently nominated. Mr. Crowther particularised his wonderful knowledge of languages; whereupon her Majesty turned to the Prince, and said, with a smile "Ah, Albert, you see there are other good linguists besides Germans!"

The reason that a chilly day is called raw," is because the sun doesn't give heat enough to cook it!"

Why will the geologists put no faith in the fable of the fox that lost his tail?—Because he knows that no *animal remains* have ever been found in "*trap*"

A YOUNG lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was worn out, and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He sent her a new thimble with the following lines:—

"I send you a thimble for fingers so nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."