HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, March 23, 1853. New Series. No. 18.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
R. B. IRVING, Editor.
Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings
Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.
TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—25 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 5s. 6d.—36 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.
Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XIV.

EVANGELINE.—Tom finds Grace with Haley.—Scripture Comforts.—Evangeline.—Tom's Exploits.—Tom's good Qualities.—A Bill of Sale.

> "A young star! which shone
> O'er life—too sweet an image for such glass!
> A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded;
> A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

THE Mississippi! How, as by an enchanted wand, have its scenes been changed, since Chateaubriand wrote his prose-poetic description of it, as a river of mighty, unbroken solitudes, rolling amid undreamed wonders of vegetable and animal existence.

But, as in an hour, this river of dreams and wild romance has emerged to a reality scarcely less visionary and splendid. What other river of the world bears on its bosom to the ocean the wealth and enterprise of such another country?—a country whose products embrace all between the tropics and the poles! Those turbid waters, hurrying, foaming, tearing along, an apt resemblance of that headlong tide of business which is poured along its wave by a race more vehement and energetic than any the old world ever saw. Ah! would that they did not also bear along a more fearful freight, the tears of the oppressed, the sighs of the helpless, the bitter prayers of poor, ignorant hearts to an unknown God—unknown, unseen, and silent, but who will yet "come out of his place to save all the poor of the earth!"

The slanting light of the setting sun quivers on the sea-like expanse of the river; the silvery canes, and the tall, dark cypress, hung with wreaths of dark, funereal moss, glow in the golden ray, as the heavily-laden steamboat marches onward.

Piled with cotton-bales from many a plantation, up over deck and sides, till she seems in the distance a square, massive block of grey, she moves heavily onward to the nearing mart. We must look some time among its crowded decks before we shall find again our humble friend Tom. High on the upper deck, in a little nook among the everywhere predominant cotton-bales, at last we may find him.

Partly from confidence inspired by Mr. Shelby's representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley.

At first he had watched him narrowly through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night unfettered; but the uncomplaining patience and apparent contentment of Tom's manner led him gradually to discontinue these restraints, and for some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honour, being permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat.

Ever quiet and obliging, and more than ready to lend a hand in every emergency which occurred among the workmen below, he had won the good opinion of all the hands, and spent many hours in helping them with as hearty a good will as ever he worked on a Kentucky farm.

When there seemed to be nothing for him to do, he would climb to a nook among the cotton-bales of the upper deck, and busy himself in studying over his Bible—and it is there we see him now.

For a hundred or more miles above New Orleans the river is higher than the surrounding country, and rolls its tremendous volume between massive levees twenty feet in height. The traveller from the deck of the steamer, as from some floating castle-top, overlooks the whole country for miles and miles around. Tom, therefore, had spread out full before him, in plantation after plantation, a map of the life to which he was approaching.

He saw the distant slaves at their toil; he saw afar their villages of huts, gleaming out in long rows on many a plantation, distant from the stately mansions and pleasure-grounds of the master; and as the moving picture passed on, his poor foolish heart would be turning backward to the Kentucky farm, with its old shadowy beeches—to the master's house, with its wide, cool halls, and, near by, the little cabin, overgrown with the multiflora and bignonia. There he seemed to see familiar faces of comrades, who had grown up with him from infancy; he saw his busy wife, bustling in her preparations for his evening meals; he heard the merry laugh of his boys at their play, and the chirrup of the baby at his knee, and then, with a start, all faded, and he saw again the canebrakes and cypresses and gliding plantations, and heard again the creaking and groaning of the machinery, all telling him too plainly that all that phase of life had gone by for ever.

In such a case you write to your wife, and send messages to your children; but Tom could not write—the mail for him had no existence, and the gulf of separation was unbridged by even a friendly word or signal.

Is it strange, then, that some tears fall on the pages of his Bible, as he lays it on the cotton-bale, and with patient finger, threading his slow way from word to word, traces out its promises! Having learned late in life, Tom was but a slow reader, and passed on laboriously from verse to verse. Fortunate for him was it, that the book he was intent on was one which slow reading cannot injure—nay, one whose words, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value. Let us follow him a moment, as, pointing to each word, and pronouncing each half aloud, he reads—

"Let—not—your—heart—be—troubled. In—my—Father's—house—are—many—mansions. I—go—to—prepare—a—place—for—you."

Cicero, when he buried his darling and only daughter, had a heart as full of honest grief as poor Tom's—perhaps no fuller, for both were only men; but Cicero could pause over no such sublime words of hope, and look to no such future re-union; and if he *had* seen them, ten to one he would not have believed—he must fill his head first with a thousand questions of authenticity of manuscript, and correctness of translation. But to poor Tom, there it lay, just what he needed, so evidently true and divine, that the possibility of a question never entered his simple head. It must be true; for if not true, how could he live.

As for Tom's Bible, though it had no annotations and helps in margin from learned commentators, still it had been embellished with certain way-marks and guide-boards of Tom's own invention, and which helped him more than the most learned expositions could have done. It had been his custom to get the Bible read to him by his master's children, in particular by young Master George; and as they read, he would designate, by bold strong marks and dashes, with pen and ink, the passages which more particularly gratified his ear or affected his heart. His Bible was thus marked through from one end to the other, with a variety of styles and designations; so he could in a moment seize upon his favorite passages, without the labor of spelling out what lay between them; and while it lay there before him, every passage breathing of some old home scene, and recalling some past enjoyment, his Bible seemed to him all of this life that remained, as well as the promise of a future one.

Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady, who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl, for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures that can be no more contained in one place, than a sunbeam or a summer breeze; nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten.

Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aerial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was remarkable, less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy earnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why. The shape of her head and the turn of her neck and bust were peculiarly noble; and the long, golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep, spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden-brown—all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her chidish face and around her buoyant figure. She was always in motion, always with a half smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved, as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her, but when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud: and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she chose to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain; and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fleeted along.

The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled, as the picture-like head gleamed through the window of the round-house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces, as she passed; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched involuntarily out to save her, and smooth her path.

Tom, who had the soft impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning toward the simple and child-like, watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she seemed something almost divine; and whenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed that he saw one of the angels stepped out of his New Testament.

Often and often she walked mournfully round the place where Haley's gang of men and women sat in their chains. She would glide in among them, and look at them with an air of perplexed and sorrowful earnestness; and sometimes she would lift their chains with her slender hands and then sigh woefully, as she glided away. Several times she appeared suddenly among them, with her hands full of candy, nuts, and oranges, which she would distribute joyfully to them, and then be gone again.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal before he ventured on any overtures towards acquaintanceship. He knew an abundance of simple acts to propitiate and invite the approaches of the little people, and he resolved to play his part right skilfully. He could cut cunning little baskets out of cherry-stones, could make grotesque faces on hickory nuts, or odd, jumping figures out of elder-pith, and he was a very Pan in the manufacture of whistles of all sizes and sorts. His pockets were full of miscellaneous articles of attraction, which he had hoarded in days of old for his master's children, and which he now produced, with commendable prudence and economy, one by one, as overtures for acquaintance and friendship.

The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her. For a while, she would perch like a canary-bird on some box or package near Tom, while busy in the little arts aforenamed, and take from him, with a kind of grave bashfulness, the little articles he offered. But at last they got on quite confidential terms.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom at last, when he thought matters were ripe to push such an enquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle Tom, way back thar in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood, and Eva, hearing her father's voice, bounded nimbly away. Tom rose up, and went forward to offer his service in wooding, and soon was busy among the hands.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place, the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water. Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

Tom was standing just under her, on the lower deck, as she fell. He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him, to keep afloat in the water, till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more, and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin, where as is usual in cases of the kind there ensued a very well-meaning and kind-hearted strife among the female occupants generally as to who should do the most things to make a disturbance, and to hinder her recovery in every way possible.

It was a sultry close day, the next day, as the steamer drew near to New Orleans. A general bustle of expectation and preparation was spread through the boat; in the cabin, one and another were gathering their things together and arranging them preparatory to going ashore. The steward and chambermaid, and all, were busily engaged in cleaning, furbishing, and arranging the splendid boat, preparatory to a grand *entree*.

On the lower deck sat our friend Tom, with his arms folded, and anxiously, from time to time, turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat.

There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton, while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva's father. There was the same noble cast of head, the same large blue eyes, the same golden-brown hair; yet the expression was wholly different. In the large, clear blue eyes, though in form and color exactly similar, there was wanting that misty, dreamy depth of expression; all was clear, bold, and bright, but with a light wholly of this world: the beautifully cut mouth had a proud and somewhat sarcastic expression, while an air of free-and-easy superiority sat not ungracefully in every turn and movement of his fine form. He was listening with a good-humoured negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley, who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

"All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black morocco, complete!" he said, when Haley had finished. "Well, now, my good fellow, what's the damage? as they say in Kentucky; in short, what's to be paid out for this business? How much are you going to cheat me, now? Out with it!"

"Wal," said Haley, "If I should say thirteen hundred dollars for that ar fellow, I shouldn't but just save myself—I shouldn't, now, re'ly."

"Poor fellow!" said the young man, fixing his keen mocking blue eye on him; "but I suppose you would let me have him for that, out of a particular regard for me?"

"Well, the young lady here seems to be sot on him, and nat'lly enough."

"Oh, certainly, there's a call on your benevolence, my friend. Now, as a matter of Christian charity, how cheap could you afford to let him go, to oblige a young lady that's particular sot on him?"

"Wal, now, just think on't," said the trader: 'just look at them limbs—broad-chested, strong as a horse. Look at his head; them high forrads al'ays shows calculatin' niggers, that'll do any kind o' thing. I've marked that ar. Now, a nigger of that ar heft and build is worth considerable, just, as you may say, for his body, supposin' he's stupid: but come to put in his calculatin' faculties, and them which I can show he has oncommon, why, of course, it makes him come higher. why, that ar fellow managed his master's whole farm. He has a 'strornary talent for business."

"Bad, bad, very bad; knows altogether too much!" said the young man, with the same mocking smile playing about his mouth. "Never will do in the world. Your smart fellows are always running off, stealing horses, and raising the devil generally. I think you'll have to take off a couple of hundred for his smartness."

"Wal, there might be something in that ar, if it warn't for his character; but I can show recommends from his master and others, to prove he is one of your real pious—the most humble, prayin', pious critter ye ever did see. Why, he's been called a preacher in them parts he came from."

"And I might use him for a family chaplain, possibly," added the young man, dryly. "That's quite an idea. Religion is a remarkably scarce article at our house."

"You're joking, now."

"How do you know I am? Didn't you just warrant him for a preacher? Has he been examined by any synod or council? Come, hand over your papers."

If the trader had not been sure, by a certain good-humoured twinkle in the large blue eye, that all this banter was sure, in the long run, to turn out a cash concern, he might have been somewhat out of patience; as it was, he laid down a greasy pocket-book on the cotton bales, and began anxiously studying over certain papers in it, the young man standing by the while, looking down on him with an air of careless, easy drollery.

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."

"What for, pussy? Are you going to use him for a rattle-box, or a rocking-horse, or what?"

"I want to make him happy."

"An original reason, certainly."

Here the trader handed up a certificate, signed by Mr. Shelby, which the young man took with the tips of his long fingers, and glanced over carelessly.

"A gentlemanly hand," he said, "and well spelt, too. Well, now, but I'm not sure, after all, about this religion," said he, the old wicked expression returning to his eye; "the country is almost ruined with pious white people; such pious politicians as we have just before elections—such pious goings-on in all departments of church and state, that a fellow does not know who'll cheat him next. I don't know, either, about religion's being up in the market, just now. I have not looked in the papers lately, to see how it sells. How many hundred dollars, now, do you put on for this religion?"

"You like to be a jokin', now," said the trader; "but then there's *sense* under all that ar. I know there's differences in religion. Some kinds is mis'rable: there's your meetin' pious: there's your singin', roarin' pious; them ar an't no account, in black or white: but these rayly is; and I've seen it in niggers as often as any, your rail softly quiet, stiddy, honest pious, that the hull world couldn't tempt 'em to do nothing that they thinks is wrong; and ye see in this letter, what Tom's old master says about him."

"Now," said the young man, stooping gravely over his book of bills, "if you can assure me that I really can buy *this* kind of pious, and that it will be set down to my account in the book up above, as something belonging to me, I wouldn't care if I did go a little extra for it. How d'ye say?"

"Wal, raily, I can't do that," said the trader. "I'm a thinking that every man 'll have to hang on his own hook in them ar quarters."

"Rather hard on a fellow that pays extra on religion, and can't trade with it in the State where he wants it most, an't it now?" said the young man, who had been making out a roll of bills while he was speaking.

"There, count your money, old boy!" he added, as he handed the roll to the trader.

"All right," said Haley, his face beaming with delight; and pulling out an old inkhorn, he proceeded to fill out a bill of sale, which, in a few moments, he handed to the young man.

"I wonder, now, if I was divided up and inventoried," said the latter, as he ran over the paper, "how much I might bring. Say so much for shape of my head, so much for a high forehead, so much for arms, and hands, and legs, and then so much for education, learning, talent, honesty, religion! Bless me! there would be small charge on that last, I'm thinking. But come, Eva," he said: and taking the hand of his daughter, he stepped across the boat, and, carelessly putting the tip of his finger under Tom's chin, said good-humouredly, "Look up, Tom, and see how you like your new master.

Tom looked up. It was not in nature to look into that gay, young, handsome face, without a feeling of pleasure; and Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily, God bless you, mas'r!"

"Well, I hope he will. What's your name! Tom? Quite as likely to do it for your asking as mine, from all accounts. Can you drive horses, Tom?"

"I've been al'ays used to horses," said Tom. Mas'r Shelby raised heaps on 'em."

"Well, I think I shall put you in coachy, on condition that you won't be drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, Tom."

Tom looked surprised and rather hurt, and said, "I never drink, mas'r."

"I've heard that story before, Tom; but then we'll see. It will be a special accommodation to all concerned, if you don't. Never mind, my boy," he added, good-humouredly, seeing Tom still looked grave; "I don't doubt you mean to do well."

"I sartin do, mas'r," said Tom.

"And you shall have good times," said Eva. "Papa is very good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them."

"Papa is much obliged to you for his recommendation," said St. Clare, laughing, as he turned on his heel, and walked away.

Loss of temper is always a sign of a weak cause. It is a sign of desperation. It is a sign of defeat.

COLONIAL LEGISLATURE.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

MONDAY, March 7.

House in Committee on the Hon. Mr. Coles's Land Purchase Bill.

The Bill having been gone through, it was moved that the SPEAKER take the Chair, and that the Chairman of the Committee report the Bill agreed to: whereupon the—

Hon. Mr. COLES rose and spoke, in effect, as follows: The Bill had been nearly completed before it was introduced; and he was happy to find that so few alterations had been thought necessary in it by the Committee. No alteration, in fact, which had been made in it affected either the principles or the intended operation of the Bill; and, he hoped, he might be permitted to say, that the spirit in which the several clauses had been discussed, and the fair and candid manner in which they had severally been acquiesced in, had afforded him the highest satisfaction. In addition to his expression of the pleasure afforded him by the ready acquiescence of the Committee, not only in the leading principles of the Bill, but also in the principal details of the measure, he hoped he would be permitted to take a brief review of the most important of the legislative measures of the Government, which had been brought forward and passed into law, since the establishment of the Responsible System. The Bill which had just received the unanimous sanction of the Committee was the last measure for the carrying of which he and the majority of the House had stood pledged to their constituents. All were well aware with what pertinacity certain individuals out of doors had, again and again, asserted that the majority had secured their election by promising the people to give them Free Lands, if returned in a majority, to the Assembly; although, whilst making that promise, they well knew that they could never have it in their power to fulfil it. With respect to himself, he could declare, without fear of contradiction, that he never made any such promise—at least in the sense in which it had been so often asserted by some of the enemies of the Responsible System that it was made by members of the majority, before and at the last General Election. He had never promised, or held out to the people any hopes of their ever being put into possession of free lands, through legislative enactment, in any other way than that proposed in the Bill which had just passed the Committee. Whilst the country was agitated on the question of Responsible Government, he visited as many parts of the Island, perhaps, as any other public man engaged in that agitation, and as frequently addressed different bodies of electors upon the subject; but he never, by a single expression, either unambiguous or doubtful, sought to induce a belief on the part of the people, that, as a reward for returning, to the Assembly, a majority of representatives pledged to the Responsible System, they would have free lands bestowed upon them, or that the leasehold tenure could be set aside in any other way than by effecting a purchase of the Township Lands from the Proprietors on fair and equitable terms—that was at a just valuation: and neither had any of his political friends, who accompanied him, or were present, on any of the occasions to which he alluded, ever held out a hope, to those whom they were addressing, that the tenantry could be converted into freeholders in any other way, than by means of a well-devised legislative measure for the purchase of the proprietors' lands, in the first place, and the providing that then they should be resold, to the occupants, and other settlers, at a low rate. It might, indeed be true that some of the active friends of the Responsible System and the Tenantry had not always been so guarded; but he had never heard any promise made on the subject of free lands, otherwise than as he had just stated it to have been made by himself: and now, although the measure which he had had the honor to introduce for the fulfilment of his promise, had not yet passed the other branches of the Legislature, he was happy to say he had no doubts concerning its receiving their sanction, or of its ultimate success when it should be transmitted Home for the Royal Allowance. As respected himself, the approval of the Bill by the Committee had put him in a position which enabled him proudly to say, that he had persevered in the cause of the people, until he had been instrumental in having conferred upon them, either the positive possession of every political privilege and social amelioration, which he had voluntarily stood engaged to endeavour, with whatever ability he possessed, to procure them, or on placing them in the fairest road for securing those which they had not yet actually obtained. The first thing he had promised to the people was that he would faithfully and fearlessly persevere in their cause, until the right to govern themselves should be conceded to them. That promise had been redeemed by the establishment of the Responsible System; and the satisfaction with which he had contemplated its successful working, had been greatly increased—not only by his conviction that the great body of the people who so earnestly desired its introduction were daily becoming more and more convinced of the great advantages which it had already conferred, as well as of some of those which, in time to come, it would further confer upon them—but also by the convincing proofs which had lately been afforded by those—even in that House—who had long steadily resisted the change, that they also were beginning to appreciate the general benefits resulting from the change, and were prepared cheerfully to acquiesce in its future working. As the Leader of the Government, he indeed felt that it was due to the opposition in the House to say, that, from the time of the introduction of the Responsible System, they had never unfairly thrown any impediment in the way of any government measure, and that, whatever opposition they had made to them, on any question, had been candid and honourable—having in no one feature, any resemblance to the factious opposition which had been, and continued to be offered, by the friends of the old system, so disgracefully to themselves, to the measures of the responsible party, in Nova Scotia. In the position which he had the honor to occupy, in the House, with respect to the Government, it would not, perhaps, become him to say much, either in favor of the working of the new system in their hands, or yet to dwell upon the defects or inefficiency of the old mode of managing the affairs of the Colony. He would, therefore, content himself with merely saying, on that subject, that, as the concession of the Responsible System to Prince Edward Island, had been full and complete, so those to whom it had first fallen to assume the management of public affairs, on its introduction, had faithfully endeavoured fully to carry out its principles for the general good—and the best evidence of their having done so was what the Colony was now out of debt, property was secure, trade and commerce prosperous, and peace and order prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the land. There were, indeed, still left a few discontented and factious individuals, eagerly, but vainly, bent upon spreading a spirit of discontent among the people, through the hope of thereby furthering their own private designs. These men had, all along, zealously, endeavoured to give the tenantry erroneous ideas concerning the objects and working of the mea-