HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette.

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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.

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,	" 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.

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

COMMISSARIAT.

CONTRACT FOR OATS.

THE Deputy Commissary General will receive Sealed Tenders, in duplicate, (to be marked on the Envelope "Tender for Oats,") at this Office, until 12 o'clock on SATURDAY, the 18th day of June next, for the supply of the undermentioned quantities of OATS, for Her Majesty's Service in the West India Command, for the year commencing 1st April, 1854, viz.

Berbice	7,260 lbs.
Demerara	41,688 "
Barbadoes	232,992 "
Tobago	44,640 "
Trinidad	54,000 "
Grenada	43,620 "
St. Vincent	44,016 "
St. Lucia	46,500 "
Dominica	46,428 "
Antigua	64,848 "
St. Kitts	37,716 "
Total	663,708 lbs

The Oats to be of the best quality, perfectly free from stones, dirt, weevil, &c., the growth either of the United States or British North America.

One moiety to be delivered into the Commissariat Magazines at each station at the Contractor's expense on or before the 1st April, 1854—and the remainder to be delivered between the *months* of July and September following, and will be subject to the approval of a Board of Officers, and must be warranted to keep sweet and good for six months from the period of issue, viz.—The first moiety from the 1st April, and the second delivery from the 1st October, 1854.

Offers may be sent in for each station separately, or for the whole command collectively, at the option of the Tenderer, and each tenderer must express the rate in Sterling per 100 lbs. net weight, in figures and in words at length, at which it is proposed to supply the article, distinguishing whether the Oats are to be the produce of British North America or the United States, and the color and average weight per bushel to be stated.

Payment will be made by the Senior Commissariat Officer at Barbadoes (on the production of the usual receipts) in Bills at 30 days sight on the Lords Commissioners of H. M. Treasury at par, if the sum be above £50, and if under, in Specie.

The Duties, both Queen's and Colonial, upon the importation of the Oats (Tonnage duty excepted) will be remitted to the Contractor at the period of importation.

The Tenders must be accompanied by a letter signed by two persons of known property engaging to become bound with the party tendering, in a sum not exceeding one-third of the value of the estimated quantity of Oats to be delivered.

The packages containing the Oats will be returned to the Contractor, after their contents have been issued.

Commissariat Office,
Halifax, N. S., 18th May, 1853.

GAS WORKS.

SEALED TENDERS will be received until the Fourth day of June next, by the Subscriber from such persons as may be willing to contract for the following materials or any quantity thereof, for the use of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company, viz.:—

200 Tons HEMLOCK TIMBER for Breastwork.
6000 feet SCANTLING, (dimension)
17,000 feet HEMLOCK BOARDS,
140 M. SHINGLES,
170 feet (cubic) FREESTONE,
100 loads common building STONE,
61 M. good BRICKS,
121 Barrels ROACH LIME,
30 JUNIPER POSTS, 9 × 9, 10 feet long.

Each tender to specify the earliest period at which the article tendered for, can be delivered, and to be accompanied by the names of two responsible persons willing to be surety for the performance of the contract, in case such Tender should be accepted.

Payments to be made in Cash on the delivery of the respective articles contracted for.

DANIEL BRENAN.
24th May, 1853. 4i

CARD.

GEO. P. TANTON'S DAGUERIEN 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 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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

May 14. 3m.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of the late LAWRENCE WILLIAM GALL, Esq. of Charlottetown, deceased, are requested to furnish the same to the subscriber for settlement—and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

LOUISA GALL, Administratrix.
Charlottetown, March 21st, 1853.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

(*Chap. 28, concluded.*)

It was a warm, golden evening; and as St. Clare walked to the other end of the verandah, he saw Tom busily intent on his Bible, pointing, as he did so, with his finger to each successive word, and whispering them to himself with an earnest air.

"Want me to read to you, Tom?" said St. Clare, seating himself carelessly by him.

"If mas'r pleases," said Tom, gratefully; "mas'r makes it so much plainer."

St. Clare took the book, and glanced at the place, and began reading one of the passages which Tom had designated by the heavy marks around it. It ran as follows:—

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." St. Clare read on in an animated voice, till he came to the last of the verses.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: paked, and ye clothed me not: I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they answer unto him, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he say unto them, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

St. Clare seemed struck with this last passage, for he read it twice—the second time slowly, and as if he were revolving the words in his mind.

"Tom," he said, "these folks that get such hard measure seem to have been doing just what I have—living good, easy respectable lives; and not troubling themselves to inquire how many of their brethren were hungry or athirst, or sick, or in prison."

Tom did not answer.

St. Clare rose up and walked thoughtfully up and down the verandah, seeming to forget everything in his own thoughts: so absorbed was he, that Tom had to remind him twice that the tea-bell had rung, before he could get his attention.

St. Clare was absent and thoughtful all tea-time. After tea, he and Marie and Miss Ophelia took possession of the parlour, almost in silence.

Marie disposed herself on a lounge, under a silken mosquito curtain, and was soon sound asleep. Miss Ophelia silently busied herself with her knitting. St. Clare sat down to the ment with the Æolian accompaniment. He seemed in a deep reverie, and to be soliloquising to himself by music. After a little, he opened one of the drawers, took out an old music-book, whose leaves were yellow with age, and began turning it over.

"There," he said to Miss Ophelia, "this was one of my mother's books, and here is her handwriting—come and look at it. She copied and arranged this from Mozart's Requiem." Miss Ophelia came accordingly.

"It was something she used to sing often," said St. Clare. "I think I can hear her now."

He struck a few majestic chords, and began singing that grand old Latin piece, the "Dies Iræ."

Tom, who was listening in the outer verandah, was drawn by the sound to the very door, where he stood earnestly. He did not understand the words, of course: but the music and manner of singing appeared to affect him strongly, especially when St. Clare sang the more pathetic parts. Tom would have sympathised more heartily if he had known the meaning of the beautiful words:—

"Recordare, Jesu pie,	"Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,	Redemisti crucem passus,
Ne me perdas illâ dic:	Tantus labor non sit cassus."*

St. Clare threw a deep and pathetic expression into the words; for the shadowy veil of years seemed drawn away, and he seemed to hear his mother's voice leading his. Voice and instrument seemed both living, and threw out with vivid sympathy those strains which the ethereal Mozart first conceived as his own dying requiem.

When St. Clare had done singing, he sat leaning his head upon his hand a few moments, and then began walking up and down the floor.

"What a sublime conception is that of a last judgment!" said he; "a righting of all the wrongs of ages!—a solving of all moral problems by an unanswerable wisdom! It is, indeed, a wonderful image."

"It is a fearful one to us," said Miss Ophelia.

"It ought to be to me, I suppose," said St. Clare, stopping thoughtfully. "I was reading to Tom this afternoon that chapter in Matthew that gives an account of it, and I have been quite struck with it. One should have expected some terrible enormities charged to those who are excluded from Heaven as the reason; but no—they are condemned for *not* doing positive good, as if that included every possible harm."

"Perhaps," said Miss Ophelia, "it is impossible for a person who does no good not to do harm."

"And what," said St. Clare, speaking abstractedly, but with deep feeling, "what shall be said of one whose own heart, whose education, and the wants of society, have called in vain to some noble purpose; who has floated on a dreamy, neutral spectator of the struggles, agonies, and wrongs of man, when he should have been a worker!"

"I should say," said Miss Ophelia, "that he ought to repent, and begin now."

"Always practical, and to the point!" said St. Clare, his face breaking out into a smile. "You never leave me any time for general reflections, cousin; you always bring me short up against the actual present; you have a kind of eternal *now* always in your mind."

"*Now* is all the time I have anything to do with," said Miss Ophelia.

"Dear little Eva—poor child!" said St. Clare, "she had set her simple little soul on a good work for me."

It was the first time since Eva's death that he had ever said as many words as these of her, and he spoke now evidently repressing very strong feeling.

"My view of Christianity is such," he added, "that I think no man con consistently profess it without throwing the whole weight of his being against this monstrous system of injustice, that lies at the foundation of all our society, and, if need be, sacrificing himself in the battle. That is, *I* mean that *I* could not be a Christian otherwise, though I have certainly had intercourse with a great many enlightened and Christian people who did no such thing; and I confess that the apathy of religious people on this subject, their want of perception of wrongs that filled me with horror, have engendered in me more scepticism than any other thing."

"If you knew all this," said Miss Ophelia, "why didn't you do it?"

"O, because I have had only that kind of benevolence which consists in lying on a sofa, and cursing the church and clergy for not being martyrs and confessors. One can see, you know, very easily, how others ought to be martyrs."

"Well, are you going to do differently now?" said Miss Ophelia.

"God only knows the future," said St. Clare. "I am braver than I was, because I have lost all; and he who has nothing to lose can afford all risks."

"And what are you going to do?"

"My duty, I hope, to the poor and lowly, as fast as I find it out," said St. Clare, "beginning with my own servants, for whom I have yet done nothing; and perhaps at some future day, it may appear that I can do something for a whole class, something to save my country from the disgrace of that false position in which she now stands before all civilised nations."

"Do you suppose it possible that a nation ever will voluntarily emancipate?" said Miss Ophelia.

"I don't know," said St. Clare. "This is a day of great deeds. Heroism and disinterestedness are rising up, here and there, in the earth. The Hungarian nobles set free millions of serfs, at an immense pecuniary loss; and, perhaps, among us may be found generous spirits, who do not estimate honour and justice

"But suppose we should rise up to-morrow and emancipate, who would educate these millions, and teach them how to use their freedom? They never would rise to do much among us. The fact is, we are too lazy and unpractical ourselves ever to give them much of an idea of that industry and energy which is necessary to form them into men. They will have to go north, where labour is the fashion—the universal custom; and tell me, now, is there enough Christian philanthrophy among your northern states to bear with the process of their education and elevation? You send thousands of dollars to foreign missions; but could you endure to have the heathen sent into your towns and villiages, and give your time, and thoughts, and money, to raise them to the Christian standard? That's what I want to know If we emancipate, are you willing to educate? How many families in your town would take in a negro man and woman, teach them, bear with them, and seek to make them Christians? How many merchants would take Adolph, if I wanted to make him a clerk; or mechanics, if I wanted him taught a trade? If I wanted to put Jane and Rosa to a school, how many schools are there in the northern states that would take them in? how many families that would board them? and yet they are as white as many a woman north or south. You see, cousin, I want justice done us. We are in a bad position. We are the more *obvious* oppressors of the negroe; but the unchristian prejudice of the north is an oppressor almost equally severe."

"Well, cousin, I know it is so." said Miss Ophelia. "I know it was so with me, till I saw that it was my duty to overcome it; but I trust I have overcome it, and I know there are many good people at the north who in this matter need only to be *taught* what their duty is to do it. It would certainly be a grater self-denial to receive heathen among us than to send missionaries to them; but I think we would do it."

"*You* would, I know," said St. Clare. "I'd like to see anything you wouldn't do, if you thought it your duty!"

"Well, I'm not uncommonly good," said Miss Ophelia. "Others would, if they saw things as I do. I intend to take Topsy home, when I go. I suppose our folks will wonder, at first; but I think they will be brought to see as I do. Besides, I know there are many people at the north who do exactly what you said."

"Yes, but they are a minority; and if we should begin to emancipate to any extent, we should soon hear from you."

Miss Ophelia did not reply. There was a pause of some moments; and St. Clare's coutenance was overcast by a sad, dreamy expression.

"I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much to night," he said. "I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she were near me. I keep thinking of things she used to say. Strange what brings these past things so vividly back to us, sometimes!"

St. Clare walked up and down the room for some minutes more, and then said—

"I believe I'll go down street, a few moments, and hear the news to-night."

He took his hat, and passed out.

Tom followed him to the passage out of the court, and asked if he should attend him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare; "I shall be back in an hour."

Tom sat down in the verandah. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he sat watching the rising and falling spray of the fountain, and listening to its murmur. Tom thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and able to return to it at will. He thought how he should work to buy his wife and boys. He felt the muscles of his brawny arms with a sort of joy, as he thought they would soon belong to himself, and how much they could do to work out the freedom of his family. Then he thought of his noble young master, and, ever second to that, came the habitual prayer that he had always offered for him; and then his thoughts passed on to the beautiful Eva, whom he now thought of among the angels; and he thought till he almost fancied that that bright face and golden hair were looking upon him, out of the spray of the fountain. And, so musing, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw her coming bounding towards him, as she used to come, with a wreath of jessamine in her hair, her cheeks bright, and her eyes radient with delight: but, as he looked, she seemed to rise from the ground; her cheeks wore a paler hue—her eyes had a deep, divine radience, a golden halo seemed around her head—and she vanished from his sight; and Tom was awakened by a loud knocking, and the sound of many voices at the gate.

He hastened to undo it; and, with smothered voices, and heavy tread, came several men, bringing a body, wrapped in a cloak, and lying on a shutter. The light of the lamp fell full on the face; and Tom gave a wild cry of amazement and despair, that rang through all the galleries, as the men advanced with their burden to the open parlour door, where Miss Ophelia still sat knitting.

St. Clare had turned into a cafe, to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an affray arose between two gentlemen in the room, who were both partially intoxicated. St. Clare and one or two others made an effort to separte them, and St. Clare received a fatal stab in the side with a bowie-knife, which he was attempting to wrest from one of them.

The house was full of cries and lamentations, shrieks and screams; servants frantically tearing their hair, throwing themselves on the ground, or running distractedly about lamenting. Tom and Miss Ophelia alone seemed to have any presence of mind: for Marie was in strong hysteric convulsions. At Miss Ophelia's direction, one of the lounges in the parlour was hastily prepared, and the bleeding form laid upon it. St. Clare had fainted, through pain and loss of blood; but as Miss Ophelia applied restoratives, he revived, opened his eyes, looked fixedly on them, looked earnestly around the room, his eyes travelling wistfully over every object, and finally they rested on his mother's picture.

The physician now arrived, and made his examination. It was evident from the expression of his face that there was no hope; but he applied himself to dressing the wound, and he and Miss Ophelia and Tom proceeded composedly with this work, amid the lamentations and sobs and cries of the affrighted servants, who had clustered about the doors and windows of the verandah.

"Now," said the physician, "we must turn all these creatures out; all depends on his being kept quiet."

St. Clare opened his eyes, and looked fixedly on the distressed beings whom Miss Ophelia and the docter were trying to urge from the aparment. "Poor creatures!" he said, and an expression of bitter self reproach passed over his face. Adolph absolutely refused to go. Terror had deprived him of all presence of mind; he threw himself along on the floor, and nothing could persuade him to rise. The rest yielded to Miss Ophelia's urgent representations, that their master's safety depended on their stillness and obedience.

St. Clare could say but little; he lay with his eyes shut, but it was evident that he wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while, he laid his hand on Tom's who was kneeling beside him, and said, "Tom! poor fellow!

"What, mas'r?" said Tom, earnestly.

"I am dying!" said St. Clare, pressing his hand; "pray!"

"If you would like a cleryman"——said the physician.

St. Clare hastily shook his head, and said again to Tom, more earnesly, "Pray!"

And Tom did pray, with all his mind and strength, for the soul that was passing—the soul that seemed looking so steadly and mounrfully from those large melancoly blue eyes. It was litterally prayer offered with strong crying and tears.

When Tom ceased to speak, St. Clare reached out and took his hand, looking earnestly at him, but saying nothing. He close his eyes, but still retained his hold; for, in the gates of eternity, the black hand and white hold each other an equal clasp. He murmured softly to himself, at broken intervals,

"Recordare, Jesu pie—
* * *
Ne me perdas—illa die
Querens me—sedisti lassus."

It was evident that the words he had been singing that evening were passing through his mind—words of entreaty addressed to Infinite Pity. His lips moved at intervals, as parts of the hymn fell brokenly from them.

"His mind is wandering." said the doctor.

"No! it is coming HOME at last!" said St. Clare, energetically; "at last! at last!"

The effort of speaking exhausted him. The sinking paleness of death fell on him; but with it there fell, as if shed from the wings of some pitying spirit, a beautiful expression of peace, like that of a wearied child who sleeps.

So he lay for a few moments. They saw that the mighty hand was on him. Just before the spirit parted, he opened his eyes, with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and said, "*Mother*" and then he was gone!

* These lines have been thus rather inadequately translated:

"Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou endured'st earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose, in that dread season.
Seeking me, thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thy soul death tasted;
Let not all these toils be wasted."

AN EXCELLENT REPLY.—An infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady with an air of triumph what she thought of his philosophy? "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent, to prove yourself a beast."

Form late English Papers.

SUBTERRANEAN SPORTSMEN.—Sporting extraordinary is, it seems, carried on under the metropolis. Recently, two men named Gardiner and Hawkins, were brought up before Sir Chapman Marshall, at Guildhall, charged with being found unlawfully in the city sewers. Police constable 137 said he saw the prisoners coming up one of the sewers' gratings in Throgmorton-street, and, having questioned them as to their object in going into the sewers, he took them into custody, when he found upon them eighteen live rats, and a key with which they opened the gratings. Sir C. Marshal inquired how the prisoners got their living, when Gardiner, who undertook to be spokesman, said he was a master rat catcher, and that Jack was his assistant. He had been at that kind of work, catching rats for parties who supplied the sporting gentlemen at the West-end for a good many years, but Jack had been only nine months in the profession; they were, nevertheless, very expert in their hunting expeditions underground, frequently succeeding in capturing as many as from fifty to sixty in an hour. When they got into the sewers they kept on running and catching the rats as they ran up the walls, and put them into a bag all alive, and afterwards sold them at two shillings per doxen to the regular dealers, who retailed them at six shillings per dozen. They never injured the walls, and when they met the commissioners' men in their ratting excursions, they were never interfered with by them. On the present occasion they entered the sewers at the Custom-house, and made their way all round Whitechapel, and back to Cornhill, when the officer met them coming out. In fact, they knew their way all through London under ground. Sir C. Marshal said, as the Commissioners of Sewers or the men did not complain or interfere with the prisoners in their extraordinary occupation, he should not do so, and therefore discharged them.

A VERY BAD MEMORY,—A number of gentleman applied to the Court upon diffirent grounds to be excused from serving [illegible] grand jury. In [illegible] lad said he [illegible] him from serving. The Lord Mayor observed that it was rather a singular ground of exemption, and he enquired of the lad whether, If any one owed his father £20, he thought he would forget it?—The boy said he believed he would (a laugh).—The Lord Mayor inquired if his father had sent him to make the excuse?—The boy replied that it was his mother who had sent him, and he added that the fact was that his father had received a summous and forgot all about it (renewed laughter).—The Lord Mayor said he thought that under the circumstance the gentleman might be excused from serving on the grand jury.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN PARAGUAY.—In a series of *Sketches of Paragnay*, written by George S. Raymond, we find the following attractive description of female habits:—"Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above 13 years of age chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and, instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongue, and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich, red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds—she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and, depositing the savory lozenge on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for your salute. I have sometimes seen an over delicate foreigner turn away with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el salvaco* (the savage) applied to him by the offending beauty for his sensitive squeamishness However one soon gets used to those in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one-half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences"

MARK THE END.—A man who often worked on the Sabbath, left a large estate, and died in an almshouse. Before his death, some one in free conversation with him about his past life, asked him if he thought he had gained anything by working on the Sabbath. He answered, "No!" and added, "something would always occur in course of the week, by which I lost more than I gained by working on the sabbath; it was no profit to me,"

Such, it is beleived, has been the experience of many. For a time, by the desecration of the Sabbath, some may have seemed to gain; but mark the end, and you will gennerally find that it has been of no profit. In many cases, men have felt this, and in not a few, have, like this man, frankly acknowledged it.