# HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

## FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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**Haszard's Gazette.**

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. 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.



**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.

**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 9 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.

**R. B. IRVING,**

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, AND ACCOUNTANT.

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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.

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May 14. 3m.

**GAS WORKS.**

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Subscriber until *Saturday the 18th inst.*, for the Framing, Rough-boarding and Shingling of all the Wooden Buildings for the Gas Works, with Doors and Windows, &c. for the same, agreeably to the Plans and Specifications of the same. Also, the construction of a Wooden Tank, 46 feet diameter and fourteen feet deep. All further particulars to be known on application to

N. B.—A second (as well as all arrears due on the first) Instalment, of Twenty-five per cent on each Share taken in the *Charlottetown Gas Light Company* is requested to be paid on or before Saturday the 18th inst.

JOHN GAINSFORD, Superintendant.
7th June, 1853. n404i

**GREAT ATTRACTION.**

MR. G. MOIR having been requested to visit this Town, respectfully announces his arrival. The manufactures of the firm with which he is connected have been pronounced by the Musical talent of Halifax, N. S., to be superior to any imported, and has been favorably noticed by the Press. His present assortment consists of *PIANOS AND MELODEONS.*

The PIANOS are of Moir's Patent, Grand Square. The MELODEONS are of the latest construction—Patent Reed—splendid instruments,—calculated for a Parlour, and sufficiently powerful for any Church.

Also, a choice assortment of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Orders will be received for any article in the line, and a warranty given for the full performance of the contract.

REQUIREMENTS:—Any instrument requiring repairing or tuning, will be attended to with accuracy and despatch.

☞ As Mr Moir's stay, of necessity, will be limited, he requests parties who may require his services to apply at once, and if satisfaction is not given, he will warrant the money to be returned. The character of the house justifies the assertion.

Mr. MOIR can be seen and consulted at the Temperance Hall, from 3 to 5 p. m. every day, except [illegible] Sundays,—and all orders intended for him can be left at the Victoria Hotel.

Mr. Moir's stock of new Pianos and Melodeons having just arrived, can be seen at the Temperance Hall.

G. MOIR, of the firm of H. & G. Moir, Halifax.
June 6, 1853.

**The Laws of Prince Edward Island**

FROM 1773 to 1851, both years inclusive—2 vols. Royal 8 vo., with a copious Index, published under an Act of the Colonial Legislature, and carefully revised and consolidated, by Commissioners appointed for the purpose, may be had at the Bookstore of G. T. HASZARD.


### UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Cassy—Tom's Resignation—Legree's hatred—A new Labourer—Nigger Jealousies—"The Lord never visits these parts"—"Break him in"—The Weighing Room—Real Heroism.

And behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was *power*, but they had no comforter."—*Eccl.* IV. 1.

IT took but a short time to familiarise Tom with all that was to be hoped or feared in his new way of life. He was an expert and efficient workman in whatever he undertook; and was, both from habit and principle, prompt and faithful. Quiet and peaceable in his disposition, he hoped by unremitting diligence, to avert from himself at least a portion of the evils of his condition. He saw enough of abuse and misery to make him sick and weary; but he determined to toil on with religious patience, committing himself to Him that judgeth righteously, not without hope that some way of escape might yet be opened to him.

Legree took silent note of Tom's availability. He rated him as a first-class hand; and yet he felt a secret dislike to him—the native antipathy of bad to good. He saw plainly that when, as was often the case, his violence and brutality fell on the helpless, Tom took notice of it; for, so subtle is the atmosphere of opinion, that it will make itself felt without words, and the opinion even of a slave may annoy a master. Tom in various ways manifested a tenderness of feeling, a commiseration for his fellow-sufferers, strange and new to them, which was watched with a jealous eye by Legree. He had purchased Tom with a view of eventually making him a sort of overseer, with whom he might at times intrust his affairs in short absences; and, in his view, the first, second, and third requisite for that place was *hardness*. Legree made up his mind that, as Tom was not hard to his hand, he would harden him forthwith; and some few weeks after Tom had been on the place he determined to commence the process.

One morning, when the hands were mustered for the field, Tom noticed with surprise a new comer among them, whose appearance excited his attention. It was a woman, tall and slenderly formed, with remarkably delicate hands and feet, and dressed in neat and respectable garments. By the appearance of her face, she might have been between thirty-five and forty; and it was a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten—one of those that at a glance seem to convey to us an idea of a wild, painful, and romantic history. Her forehead was high, and her eyebrows marked with beautiful clearness. Her straight, well-formed nose, her finely-cut mouth, and the graceful contour of her head and neck, showed that she must once have been beautiful; but her face was deeply wrinkled with lines of pain, and of proud and bitter endurance. Her complexion was sallow and unhealthy, her cheeks thin, her features sharp, and her whole form emaciated. But her eye was the most remarkable feature—so large, so heavily black, overshadowed by long lashes of equal darkness, and so wildly, mournfully, despairing. There was a fierce pride and defiance in every line of her face, in every curve of the flexible lip, in every motion of her body; but in her eye was a deep, settled night of anguish—an expression so hopeless and unchanging as to contrast fearfully with the scorn and pride expressed by her whole demeanour.

Where she came from, or who she was, Tom did not know. The first he did know, she was walking by his side, erect and proud, in the dim grey of the dawn. To the gang, however, she was known: for there was much looking and turning of heads, and a smothered yet apparent exultation among the miserable, ragged, half-starved creatures by whom she was surrounded.

"Got to come to it at last—glad of it!" said one.

"He! he! he!" said another; "you will know how good it is, misse?"

"We'll see her work!"

"Wonder if she'll get a cutting up, at night, like the rest of us!"

"I'd be glad to see her down for flogging, I'll bound!" said another.

The woman took no notice of these taunts, but walked on with the same expression of angry scorn, as if she heard nothing. Tom had always lived among refined and cultivated people, and he felt intuitively, from her air and bearing, that she belonged to that class; but how or why she could be fallen to those degrading circumstances he could not tell. The woman neither looked at him nor spoke to him, though, all the way to the field, she kept close at his side.

Tom was soon busy at his work; but, as the woman was at no great distance from him, he often glanced an eye to her, at her work. He saw at a glance that her native adroitness and handiness made the task to her an easier one than it proved to many. She picked very fast and very clean, and with an air of scorn, as if she despised both the work and the disgrace and humiliation of the circumstances in which she was placed.

In the course of the day, Tom was working near the mulatto woman who had been bought in the same lot with himself. She was evidently in a condition of great suffering, and Tom often heard her praying, as she wavered and trembled, and seemed about to fall down. Tom silently, as he came near to her, transferred several handfuls of cotton from his own sack to hers.

"Oh, don't, don't!" said the woman, looking surprised; "it'll get you into trouble."

Just then Sambo came up. He seemed to have a special spite against this woman; and, flourishing his whip, said, in brutal, guttural tones, "What dis yer, Luce—foolin' a'?" and, with the word, kicking the woman with his heavy cow-hide shoe, he struck Tom across the face with his whip.

Tom silently resumed his task; but the woman, before at the last point of exhaustion, fainted.

"I'll bring her to!" said the driver, with a brutal grin. "I'll give her something better than camphire!" and, taking a pin from his coat-sleeve, he buried it to the head in her flesh. The woman groaned, and half rose. "Get up, you beast, and work, will yer, or I'll show yer a trick more!"

The woman seemed stimulated, for a few moments, to an unnatural strength, and worked with desperate eagerness.

"See that you keep to dat ar," said the man, "or yer'll wish yer's dead to-night, I reckin!"

"That I do now!" Tom heard her say; and again he heard her say, "O Lord, how long? O Lord, why don't you help us?"

At the risk of all that he might suffer, Tom came forward again, and put all the cotton in his sack into the woman's.

"Oh, you mustn't! you donno what they'll do to ye!" said the woman.

"I can bar it," said Tom, "better'n you;" and he was at his place again. It passed in a moment.

Suddenly the stranger woman whom we have described, and who had, in the course of her work, come near enough to hear Tom's last words, raised her heavy black eyes, and fixed them for a second on him; then, taking a quantity of cotton from her basket, she placed it in his.

"You know nothing about this place," she said, "or you wouldn't have done that. When you've been here a month, you'll be done helping anybody; you'll find it hard enough to take care of your own skin."

"The Lord forbid, missis!" said Tom, using instinctively to his field companion the respectful form proper to the high-bred with whom he had lived.

"The Lord never visits these parts," said the woman, bitterly, as she went nimbly forward with her work; and again the scornful smile curled her lips.

But the action of the woman had been seen by the driver across the field; and, flourishing his whip, he came up to her.

"What! what!" he said to the woman with an air of triumph, "you a foolin'? Go along! yer under me now—mind yourself, or yer'll cotch it!"

A glance like sheet-lightning suddenly flashed from those black eyes; and, facing about, with quivering lip and dilated nostrils, she drew herself up, and fixed a glance, blazing with rage and scorn, on the driver.

"Dog!" she said, "touch *me*, if you dare! I've power enough yet to have you torn by the dogs, burnt alive, cut to inches! I've only to say the word!"

"What de devil you here for, den?" said the man, evidently cowed, and sullenly retreating a step or two. "Didn't mean no harm, Misse Cassy!"

"Keep your distance, then!" said the woman. And, in truth, the man seemed greatly inclined to attend to something at the other end of the field, and started off in quick time.

The woman suddenly turned to her work, and laboured with a despatch that was perfectly astonishing to Tom. She seemed to work by magic. Before the day was through, her basket was filled, crowded down, and piled, and she had several times put largely into Tom's. Long after dusk, the whole weary train, with their baskets on their heads, defiled up to the building appropriated to the storing and weighing the cotton. Legree was there, busily conversing with the two drivers.

"Dat ar Tom's gwine to make a powerful deal o'trouble; kept a puttin' into Lucy's basket. One o'these yer dat will get all der niggers to feelin' 'bused, if mas'r don't watch him!" said Sambo.

"Hey-dey! The black cuss!" said Legree. "He'll have to get a breakin' in—won't he, boys?"

Both negroes grinned a horrid grin at this intimation.

"Ay, ay! let Mas'r Legree alone for breakin' in! De debil heself couldn't beat mas'r at dat!" said Quimbo.

"Wal, boys the best way is to give him the flogging to do till he gets over his notions. Break him in!"

"Lord, mas'r 'll have hard work to get dat out o' him!"

"It'll have to come out of him though!" said Legree, as he rolled his tobacco in his mouth.

"Now, dars Lucy—de aggravatinest, ugliest wench on de place!" pursued Sambo.

"Take care, Sam; I shall begin to think what's the reason for your spite agin Lucy."

"Well, mas'r knows she sot herself up agin mas'r, and wouldn't have me when he tell'd her to."

"I'd a flogged her into't," said Legree, spitting; "only there's such a press o'work, it don't seem wuth a while to upset her jist now. She's slender; but these yer slender gals will bear half killin' to get their own way!"

"Wal, Lucy was real aggravatin' and lazy, sulkin' round; wouldn't do nothin'—and Tom he tuck up for her."

"He did, eh? Wal, then, Tom shall have the pleasure of flogging her. It'll be a good practice for him, and he won't put it on to the gal like you devils, neither."

"Ho, ho; haw! haw! haw!" laughed both the sooty wretches; and the diabolical sounds seemed, in truth, a not unapt expression of the fiendish character which Legree gave them.

"Wal, but, mas'r Tom and Misse Cassy, and dey among 'em, filled Lucy's basket. I ruther guess der weight's in it, mas'r."

"*I do the weighing;*" said Legree emphatically.

Both the drives again laughed their diabolical laugh.

"So!" he added, "Misse Cassy did her day's work."

"She picks like de debil and all his angels!"

"She's got 'em all in her, I believe!" said Legree; and growling a brutal oath, he proceeded to the weighing-room.

* * * * *

Slowly the weary dispirited creatures wound their way into the room, and, with crouching reluctance, presented their baskets to be weighed.

Legree noted on a slate, on the side of which was pasted a list of names, the amount.

Tom's basket was weighed and approved; and he looked with an anxious glance for the success of the woman he had befriended.

Tottering with weakness, she came forward, and delivered her basket. It was full weight, as Legree well perceived; but, affecting anger, he said:—

"What, you lazy beast! short again! Stand aside, you'll catch it, pretty soon!"

The woman gave a groan of utter despair, and sat down on a board.

The person who had been called Misse Cassy now came forward, and with a haughty negligent air, delivered her basket. As she delivered it, Legree looked in her eyes with a sneering yet enquiring glance.

She fixed her black eyes steadily on him, her lips moved slightly, and she said something in French. What it was, no one knew; but Legree's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression as she spoke; he half raised his hand, as if to strike—a gesture which she regardad with fierce disdain, as she turned and walked away.

"And now," said Legree, "come here, you Tom. You see, I telled ye I didn't buy ye jest for the common work. I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye: and to-night ye may jist as well begin to get yer hand in. Now, ye jest take this yer gal and flog her; ye've seen enough on't to know how,"

"I beg mas'r pardon," said Tom; "hope's mas'r won't set me at that. It's what I an't used to—never did—and can,t do, no way possible."

"Ye'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know before I've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cow-hide, and strkiing Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There;" he said, as he stopped to rest; now will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, mas'r" said Tom putting up his hand, to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to work, night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, mas'r I *never* shall do it—*never*!"

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and an habitually respectful manner, that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly, and easily subdued. When he spoke these last words, a thrill of amazement went through every one; the poor woman clasped her hands, and said, "O Lord!" end every one involuntarly looked at each other and drew in their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst.

Legree looked stupified and confounded; but at last burst forth,—

"What! ye blasted black beast! tell *me* ye don't think it *right* to do what I tell ye! What have any of you cussed cattle to do with thinking what's right? I'll put a stop to it! Why, what do ye think ye are? Maybe ye think ye'r a gentleman, master Tom, to be telling your master what's right, and what an't! So you pretend its wrong to flog the gal?"

"I think so, mas'r," said Tom. "The poor crittur's sick and feeble; 'twould be downright cruel, and it's what I never will do, nor begin to. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but, as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall—I'll die first!"

Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion; but like some ferocious beast, that plays with its victim before he devours it, he kept back his strong impulse to proceed to immediate violence, and broke out into bitter raillery.

"Well, here's a pious dog, at last let down among us sinners!—a saint, a gentleman, and no less, to talk to us sinners about our sins; Powerful holy critter he must be! Here, you rascal, you make believe to be so pious—didn't you never hear, out of your Bible, 'Servants, obey your masters?' An't I your master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is inside yer old cussed black shell? An't yer mine, now body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot! "tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed,

"No, no, no! my soul an't yours, mas'r! You haven't bought it—ye can't buy it! It has been bought and paid for by One that's able to keep it. No matter, no matter, you can't harm me!"

"I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer; "we'll see—we'll see! Here Sambo! Quimbo! give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month!"

The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of powers of darkness. The poor woman screamed with apprehension, and all rose, as by a general impulse, while they dragged him unresisting from the place.

### SINGULAR RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world. They came from South Africa, where they are called *Earthmen*. They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even with the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth; when these are wanting they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Bushmen are the avowed enemies of the Earthmen, and when they meet them will shoot them down like vermin. The poor little defenceless Earthmen have no refuge but in holes, trees or thickets, and the tribe is fast verging to extinction. They are a poor weak people—one of Nature's freaks—and destined not to perpetuate their race.—Few colonists have seen them; and although it is known that a few still linger in the mountains, these are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elvish afrite race of old.

The two individuals above mentioned were carried to Englad from the Cape of Good Hope two or three years ago and have now become domesticated in an English family. The Morning Chronicle, from which we take these particulars, describes these little Earthmen as a boy and a girl, the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age, and "complete little fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet three and a half inches in heigha, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze, and as smooth and polished as marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. The faces, although decidedly African in feature, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence.

They are named Martinis and Flora. In their savage state they fed on locusts, ant-eggs, and such small game as they could take. Till they were carried to England they had no ideas of God or any supreme power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak little English words, to sing little English popular airs, and—the first of Earthmen—to play little airs on a piano.

Few sights are more interesting to a thinking person than that of the last of a race of human beings on the point of being blotted out from the face of the earth. The individuals in question seem to constitute one of the most anomalous forms of our species that have ever yet been brought to the notice of the naturalist or the ethnologist. It is to be hoped that further light will be thrown on their history by scientific researches.—*Boston Courier.*

A VEGETARIAN SPEECH.—In an after-dinner speech a few days ago, the President of the "Leed's Vegetarian Association," revived an extraordinary argument in favour of his peculiar phobia. The stomach of a young Canadian was lately perforated (so runs the story (to cure a gun-shot wound, and on his recovery, the man with the hole in his stomach was hired out for the purpose of exhibiting through the perforation the time required for the digestion of certain articles of food. Here are some of the results:—"The articles of animal flesh most easily digested was one which people usually looked down upon as of an inferior kind. It was, tripe and pig's feet,—(laughter)—and they were digested in this young man's stomach in one hour. Soft boiled rice was also digested in one hour. Chicken required three hours fifteen minutes, and chicken broth three hours. whilst barley broth was digested in one hour thirty minutes, mutton soup in three hours thirty minutes, and bean soup in three hours. Fresh bread and mutton were digested in three hours fifteen minutes. It was found that potatoes, beans, parsnips, and raw cabbage were digested in two hours, and even melted butter in three hours 30 minutes, whilst roast beef required three hours, boiled veal four hours, rost duck four hours fifteen minutes, and when they came to that article of food with which the world was pleased to grease itself perpetually—pork—it required, when roasted, no less a time than five hours fifteen minutes for digestion" (laughter.) Will the worthy president estimate for us the exact time required for the digestion of this story?

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.—When he cuts a certain number of little square bits of paper every night and lays them on his toilet-table ready to wipe his razor when he shaves in the morning—*that's* a symptom. When he leaves a friends house in the middle of the evening, to avoid a walk home with a lady—*that's* a symptom. When he wears a large moustache and beard to conceal certain defects—*that's* a symptom. When he refuses a hymn-book in church because he don,t like to be seen using glasses—*that's* a symptom. When he cant go to sleep till he has ascertained whether the seam of the sheet is *precesely* in the middle of the bed—*that's* a symytom. When an anthracite fire and a wadded wrapper have greater charms for him than a pair of bright eyes—*that's* a symptom. When whisky punch and a flannel nightcap are the *ne plus ultra*, of his earthly felicity—*that's* a symptom. When he calls women "humbugs;" says "pshaw;" to children, and has a growing partiality for stuffed rocking-chairs and well-aired linen—*that's* a symptom.—*Fanny Fern.*

A bell rung under water returns a tone as distinct as if rung in the air.