HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
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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.

COMMISSARIAT SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office until Friday the 9th December next, at noon, for the undermentioned Commissariat Supplies, viz:—

FRESH BEEF.

Such quantities of Ox or Heifer Beef, of good marketable quality, as may be required for the Troops, Staff, and Departments stationed at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, for one year, commencing 1st April, 1854.

The Meat to consist of Fore and Hind Quarters, and to be subject to the inspection and approval of the Commissariat Officer or person appointed by him.

The Tenders to state the price per 100 lbs, in sterling, in words at length, and to be signed by two responsible persons, as Sureties, binding themselves in the penal sum of £200 sterling for the due performance of the Contract. Payment will be made monthly, in specie, at the Army rate; or by Bill on the Lords' Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, at par, should the amount exceed £50.

BAKING BREAD

For one year, commencing the 1st April, 1854, for the Troops, Staff and Departments, in such quantities as may be required. The Tenders to state the number of Pounds of Bread that will be returned for every 100 pounds of Flour furnished by the Commissariat:—the Flour to be taken from the Commissariat Magazines, and the Bread to be delivered at the Quarters of the Officers, Troops, &c., at the Contractor's expense, he being allowed the empty Barrels.

Two Sureties will be required, as above, in the sum of £100 sterling.

FUEL WOOD.

375 Cords of Fuel Wood, consisting of Beech, Black and Yellow Birch, Ash and Rock Maple, no crooked or rotten wood being admissible. The whole of the Wood to be delivered into Her Majesty's Fuel Yard, between the 1st January and the 31st March, 1854, and to be piled six feet high.

Payment will be made on the delivery of every 125 cords, by Bill on the Lords' Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, at par. Two Sureties, as above, in the sum of £75 Sterling.

Tenders to state the price in sterling.

TRUCKAGE

For one year commencing the 1st April, 1854. Tenders to state the prices, in sterling, for the following services, viz:—

Firewood from the Fuel Yard to the Barracks and Quarters of Officers, at per cord.

Do. to the Garrison Guards, when required, (both Guards to be considered one trip) at per load, or trip.

Baggage, Commissariat and Ordnance Stores, &c., to and from Wharves to Barracks, or elsewhere in the Town, at per load of 6 cwt.

Flour, at per load of Barrels.

One or more Carts or Trucks to be employed, as may be ordered by the Commissariat Officer. Two Sureties, as above, in the sum of £20 Sterling. Blank Forms of Tenders and every information, will be given at the Commissariat, to parties desirous of tendering.

Written Tenders will not be noticed.

JAMES B. LUNDY, Dy. Ass. Com. Genl.
Commissariat, Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
14th November, 1853.

BAZAAR.

THE Christian Public are hereby notified, that the Ladies of the *BAPTIST CHURCH* and congregation worshiping in the Baptist Church, in Charlottetown, purpose holding a *BAZAAR* in the Temperance Hall on Thursday the 29th, December, to aid in raising *Funds* for the erection of a *Tower* and *Porch* to the said Chapel.

Contributions in donations or work, will be thankfully received by either of the undersigned Committee

Mrs. W. Barnstead,
" J. McGregor,
" D. Wilson,
" J. Weatherbe,
" J. Scott,
" J. Love,
" T. Desbrisay,
" J. Curry.

Charlottetown, Nov. 1, 1853. (All papers.)

J. S. DEALEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANT AND **Ship Broker,**

No. 7, SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Freights and Vessels procured, at short notice for Europe, the British Provinces, West Indies, Australia and California. Berths secured for the latter places.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public generally that he has commenced business as, **Commission Merchant and Auctioneer.**

At the corner of Queen & Sydney Streets, and hopes by promptness and punctuality to merit a share of their patronage.

ARTEMAS G. SIMMS.

CASH advanced upon articles left for Auction.

Temperance Hall Company.

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

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

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

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 3, 1853.

LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Haszard's Gazette.

Sir,—The following article appeared, not long since in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, and is a truthful, thrilling picture of the privations and sufferings of a poor girl, who earned a living by crying "hot corn" through the streets of New York. Mr. Pease, of the Five Points House of Industry, has since announced that from Aug. 1st, to Sept. 9th, the sum of $1,089, in unsolicited donations, had been received by him, for that philanthropic institution—most of which may be set down to the credit of the article in question. As one among the many striking instances of almost daily occurrence, illustrating the power and influence of the public press, when its columns are devoted to the advocacy of benevolence, and the advocacy of the moral and social condition of the masses of the people, and as a fresh incentive to exertion in every philanthropic enterprise. I send the article to you, for insertion in your widely-circulated and useful Journal. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."

Yours, &c.

C.

(From the New York Tribune.)

HOT CORN; OR, LIFE IN THE CITY.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LITTLE KATY.

"Hot Corn! Here's your nice Hot Corn, smoking hot, "smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour, last evening, as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft, plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out the means of subsistence in this overburdened, ill-fed and worse-lodged home of misery—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notorious dirty City, where they are exposed to the daily chances of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New-Orleans and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably-provided-for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country. Here they live—barely live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark until midnight.

"Hot corn hot corn! here's your nice hot corn," rose up in a faint child-like voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City Hall clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started, as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance, forbidding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way one of the aforesaid posts, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court yard, or livery stable grounds of the City Hall, which, in consideration of the growth of a few colored miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful grass patches, we call "the Park."

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot corn cry, in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimmed with dirt until nearly of the same color. There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were coursing their way over that naturally beautiful face.

"Some corn, Sir," lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as "give me some corn. you little wolf's whelp," or a name still more opprobrious both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said piteouly, "please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night."

"Oh dear, then, what shall I do?"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad City at this time of night."

"I can't go home—and I am so tired and sleepy. Oh dear."

"Cannot go home. Why not?"

"Oh, Sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. Oh, sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left, and I am sure she might let little Sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and our part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn, what shall I do!"

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home! tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"Wont that be a lie, Sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that wont be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, Sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you and Sis. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier, and tell your mother you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, Sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

Away she ran down the street toward that reeking centre of filth, poverty and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class grogshops—we almost involuntarily cried "hot corn" as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin"—"old rum"—"pale brandy"—"pure port"—"Heidsick"—or "Larger-beer"—poured down the hot throats of men—and ah, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be "Give, "give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leache's daughters.

Again as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side-street, came up the cry of "hot corn—hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and the "bad man" at the corner grocery, and that her's was the best, the strongest Main Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring st., the glare and splendor of a thousand gas lights, and the glittering cut-glass of that for the first time lighted-up bar room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first class Hotels must have such Five Point denizen-making appurtenances as this glittering room, shamelessly inviting, open to the street; when that watch-word cry, like the pibroch's startling peal, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the midnight air—"Hot corn, hot corn,—here's your nice hot corn—"smoking hot—hot—hot corn"

"Yes, yes! I hear you cry—it is a watch-word a glorious watch-word, that bids us do or die—until the smoking, hot, fiery furnace like gates of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets, crying "Hot corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first-class liquor selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then, be the watch-word of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children than into the insatiable hot maw of the whisky still.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight cry, that you will devote, if nothing more—

"Three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn."

toward the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the inciting cause of this present dish of "Hot Corn—smoking hot!"

THE HOME OF LITTLE KATY.

About a week ago we published a little story under this title, detailing some of the sufferings which crime and misery bring upon the poor of this City, and hinted at the cause. That story is not yet finished. The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "Hot corn, hot corn here's your nice hot corn," came up through our open window, on the midnight air, while the rain came dripping down from the overcharged clouds in just sufficient quantity to wet the thin single garment of the owner of the sweet young voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew faint, and then ceased and then we knew that exhausted nature slept—that a tender house plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night rain—that an innocent little girl had the curb-stone for a bed and an iron post for a pillow—that by and by she would awaken, not invigorated with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the sleep-inhaled miasma of the filth reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but like the malaria of our Southern coast, is death to the sleeper. Not soothed by a dreamy conciousness of hearing a mother's voice, turning the soft lullaby of

"Hush my child, lie still and slumber;"

but starting like a sentinel upon a savage frontier post, with alarm at having slept; shivering with night air and fear, and finally compelled to go home trembling like a culprit, to hear the hard words of a mother—yes a mother—but Oh! what a mother—cursing her for not performing an impossibility, because exhausted nature slept—because her child had not made a profit which would have enabled her more freely to indulge in the soul and-body-destroying vice of drunkenness, to which she had fallen from an estate when "my carriage," was one of the "household words" which used to greet the young ears of that poor little death stricken neglected street sufferer.

It was past midnight when she awoke, and found herself with a desperate effort just able to reach the bottom of the ricketty stairs which led to her *home.* We shall not go up now. In a little while, reader, you shall see where live the City poor.

Tired—worn with the daily toil—for such if the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers—we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and next, and still on we listened in vain—that voice, was not there. True the same hot-corn cry, came floating upon the evening breeze across the park, and wormed its way from some cracked fiddle voice down the street, up and around the corner; out of some dark alley with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "larger bier" as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence, wished to sell.

All over this great poverty burdened, and wicked waste extravagant City, at this season, that cry goes up, nightly proclaimed one of the habits of this late supper eating people.

Yes, we missed that cry. "Hot corn", was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the treble string was broken, and, to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that voice to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, just as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice, as some others have, did not haunt us, but its absence, in spite of all reasoning made us feel uneasy. We do not believe in spirit manifestations half as strongly as some of the nincompoops of this world would have their long-eared listeners think, yet we do believe their is a spirit in man, not yet made manifest, which makes us yearn after coexisting spirits in this sphere and in this life, and that there is no need of going beyond it, seeking after strange idols.

We shall not stop to inquire whether it was a spirit of "the first, third or sixth sphere," that prompted us as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor, with a feeling of certainty that we should see or hear something of the lost voice, for that spirit led us on; perhaps it was the spirit of curiosity; no matter, it led, and we followed in the route we had seen that little one go before—it was our only cue—we knew no name—had no number, nor knew any one that knew her whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good Missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would he know her from the hundred just like her? Perhaps, it will cost nothing to inquire. We went down Centre st. with a light heart; we turned into Cross st. with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water-st. and looked round inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, "which way now!" The answer was a far-off scream of despair. We stood still with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark, a step approaches. Our unseen guide whispered, "ask him." It were a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over-much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over work in young years, as his furrowed face and almost phrensied eye hurridly indicates, as we see the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at railroad speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us! What if he is a crazy man! No; the spirit was right—no false raps here! It is that good missionary. That man who has done more to reform that den of crime, the Five Points of New York, than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police-hunting, and Prison-punishing City, where misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than Prison bars. "Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object; can I aid you?"

"Perhaps, I don't know—a foolish whim—a little child—one of the miserable, with a drunken mother."

"Come with me, then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one, who will die before morning—a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now—but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save."

We were soon threading a narrow alley, where pestilence walketh in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty and filthy misery, go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold said our friend, "the fruits of our City excise. Here is the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul." Proven by the awful curses and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society, and exemplary member of a Christian Church, that came up out of one of the low cellars, which human beings call by the holy name of home.

The fetid odour of this filthy lane had been made more fetid by the late and almost scalding hot rains, until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnel house. With the thermometer at 86, at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth. Has rum rendered them proof against the effect of carbonic acid gas?

We groped our way along to the foot of an outside stairs case, where our conductor paused for a moment, calling our attention to the spot. "Here," said Mr. Pease, "the little sufferer we are going to see, fainted a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her miserable mother, because she had not sold all her corn."

"Great and unknown Cause, hast thou brought us to her door?" Our friend stared, but did not comprehend the expression. "Be careful," said he, "the stairs are very old, and slippery."

"Beat her!" said we, without regarding what he was saying.

"Yes, beat her, while she was in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has never spoken rationally, since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies."

"Oh, if I could see him once more—there—there—that is he—no, no, he did not speak that way to me—he did not curse and beat me."

"Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man. 'Will he come?' she says, every time I visit her; for, thinking to soothe and comfort her, I promised to bring him."

We had reached the top of the stairs and stood a moment at the open door, where sin and misery dwelt, where sickness had come, and where death would soon enter.

"Will he come?"

A faint voice came up from a low bed in one corner, seen by the very dim light of a miserable lamp.

That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not enter. Let us wait a moment in the open air, for there is a choking sensation coming over us. "Come in" said our friend.

"Will he come?"

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of his voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to-night," said her mother, in quite a lady like manner, for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober, ever since she had been sick, "but she is quite delirious, and all the time talking about some man who gave her money, and told her not to let her mother have it, and after a while spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy bread."

"Will he come?"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unseen paths, through dark places, *he has come.*"

The little emaciated form started up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes glanced around the room, peering through the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy, darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he, mother? He is here I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent, he is here, kneeling by your bedside. There, lay down, you are very sick."

"Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once, when we lived in the big house—there, there—Oh, I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and the cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good—and little Sis, she waked up, and she ate hers and sat up after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; havn't I been asleep a good while? I thought I was asleep in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipped me for it, but I could not help it. Oh dear, I feel sleepy now. I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see; the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you; I wanted to thank you for the bread—Ithought you would not come. Good bye—Sissee, good bye, Sissee—you will never drink—mother—don't —drink—any more—Mother—good b—."

"'Tis the best of earth," said the good man at our side—let us pray.

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. There are in this City a thousand just such cases. Prayers for them are unavailing. Faith without works wont work reform. A faithful, prayerful resolution, to work out that reform which will save you from reading the recital of such scenes—such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and others' good. Go forth and listen. If you hear a little voice crying *hot corn* think of poor Katy, and the blood of innocence slain by that remorseless tyrant, rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to rule over us. Cry aloud, "will he come;" and the answer will be, "yes, yes, he is here."

THE NEW SYSTEM OF TANNING LEATHER.—We are informed by Mr. A. S. Hayward, the agent for the British Provinces, that in the new discovery of tanning leather, nothing of the nature of lime is used, and the great excellence and superiority of this system consists in the rapid and perfect preparation of skins or hides for receiving the tanning. Therefore, the stock is not diminished in weight, or the fabric injured, as it necessarily is by the old limeing process, and the leather is by far heavier, stronger and firmer; is capable of taking a better finish and in every way superior to that manufactured by the present system. This process is very easily acquired, and can be introduced into any ordinary tannery, at little expense, as it does not interfere with the system, the tannage being the same. There is a great saving of time and labour by this new system. It has already been adopted by the most extensive manufactures in the New England States and in Canada, with the most signal success. This discovery has been subjected to the most rigid tests for the past two years, in the use of the leather in every department of consumption, with the most satisfactory results as to its value and durability.

THE BOSTON DANDIES.—The ponpinjay tribe of the "city of notions" have come out in a new and rather extravagant style of dress, which is thus described by the *Transcript:*

"The most fashionable cravats are sold for five dollars. The Fall styles of velvet vests range from ten to twenty-five dollars each.—Most of the desirable patterns of the best quality, have been already taken at prices above twenty dollars. In the matter of vest buttons, there is great extravagance. We hear of sales of single sets at upwards of a hundred dollars, and the jewelers on Washington street have elegant styles at prices ranging from ten to twenty dollars a button, or from sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars a set of six. As the later prices a superb set, with diamond centres, can be obtained. The first shirts on exhibition in Faneuil Hall, cost twelve dollars each; and a small fortune is required for a 'fashionable suit' of gentlemen's clothes."

QUEEN VICTORIA.—At a meeting lately held in New York, Bishop Wainwright related a happy anecdote of the Archdeason of London, who once catechising the young Princes, and being surprised at the accuracy of their answers in the Catechism, said to the Prince:—"Your Governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly in the Catechism;" whereupon the Royal boy responded, "O! but it is Ma who teaches us our Catechism."

Solution of a haunted house—A haunted house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is an extra-ordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.