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.

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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.

Charlottetown GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

THE Shareholders of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company are hereby notified that two-thirds of all the Shares of the said Company having been subscribed for, a Public Meeting is hereby ordered to be held, at the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday, the 10th day of May next, at 11 o'clock, a.m., for the purpose of electing Directors of the said Company, pursuant to the Act of Incorporation passed the last Session of the General Assembly of Prince Edward Island.

The public are likewise informed, that in pursuance also of the directions of the said Act, a Book for additional subscriptions has been opened at the Office of the Chairman (Mr. Brenan), and that such Book will continue open for Twenty Days from this date, for Subscribers to the amount of not more than twenty Shares each.

Shareholders and intending Shareholders are hereby notified, that a call of Twenty-five per cent. upon each Share has been this day ordered; and that payment of the same will be received by the said Chairman (Mr. Brenan), with whom the original Share Lists have been deposited, on or before the 5th day of May next.

DANIEL BRENAN.
CHARLES YOUNG.
CHARLES HENSLEY.
JOSEPH POPE.
GEORGE BIRNIE.
JAMES WALKINSHAW.
FRANCIS LONGWORTH.
HENRY HASZARD.
JAMES ANDERSON.
JAMES DOUGLAS HASZARD.
GEORGE BEER.
GEORGE W. DEBLOIS.

Committee Room, Charlottetown Gas Light Company, April 19, 1853.

Charlottetown Horticultural Society.

AT a Meeting of the Committee of Management of the above Society, it was determined that there should be three Exhibitions of Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables for the ensuing year, viz: on the last Wednesday in May, the last Wednesday in August, and the last Wednesday in October.

The following are the articles for which Prizes will be awarded in the Exhibition of May, viz:—

Geraniums, or Pelargoniums,	2	prizes
Roses in pots, crimson,	1	do.
" " pink,	1	do.
" " white,	1	do.
" " yellow,	1	do.
Calceolaria,	1	do.
Cineraria,	1	do.
Begonia,	1	do.
Cactus, prickly,	1	do.
Do. smooth leaved,	1	do.
Aloe,	1	do.
Wallflowers, single,	1	do.
Do. double,	1	do.
For the rarest Plant,	1	do.
Chinese Primrose,	1	do.
Myrtles, broad leaved,	1	do.
Do. narrow do.,	1	do.
Do. Flowering,	1	do.
Fuchsia, fulgens,	1	do.
Do. best of sorts,	1	do.
Carnations, do. do.,	1	do.
Lily in pot,	1	do.
Best Balsam in pot,	1	do.
" Pansey, do.,	1	do.
" Bouquet of Flowers,	1	do.
" do. Moss Roses, red and white,	2	do.
" Pot or box of Mignionette,	1	do.
For the best group of Geraniums, in bloom, not less than 4 plants, the property of one person,	1	do.
Best group of Roses, do do.,	1	do.

No Plant having taken a 1st Prize, will be allowed to compete except as belonging to a group.

VEGETABLES:

Best Dish of Lettuce.
" " Radishes.
" " Cress and Mustard.
" Hundred of Cauliflower Plants, raised under glass.
" bundle Asparagus, not less than 25.
" " Rhubarb, " " 6.
" Hundred of Cabbage Plants, raised in the open air.

There will also be Prizes given for the first dish of Green Peas, not less than a pint; first do. of French Beans, not less than 50; do. Spinage, peck; do. Cartrots, 12; do. Asparagus, 50;—brought into Market for sale, on production of certificate of Market Clerk and Article to Secretary or Treasurer.

By Order,
JOHN LAWSON, Sec'y.

31st March, 1853 Sin22

BOATS.

THE Subscriber having been for several years employed in building Ship, Fishing, and Pleasure BOATS of all kinds, begs leave to return thanks for the generous support he has hitherto experienced in that line, and to notify his friends and the public at large, that he is making preparations for a larger and more extended business, and that, for the purpose of accommodating persons who may favor him with Orders, the following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as his Agents:—

Captain MATHEWSON, of the Steamer 'Rose.'
Mr. G. T. HASZARD, Charlottetown.
Captain HUBBARD, Tignish.
Mr. WM. M'EWEN, Innkeeper, Summerside.
NICHOLAS CONROY, Esq., Kildare.

Boats of any description, dimensions or build (whether Clinker or Carvel), delivered in Charlottetown, or elsewhere, with promptitude. Workmanship and materials warranted of the best description. Produce or cattle will be taken in payment, if desired.

CHARLES M'QUARRIE.

De Sable, April 19, 1853.

☞ A handy LAD, of about 14 or 15 years of age, may find employment by application as above.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXII.

"The grass withereth—The flower fadeth"—Master George's Letter—Tom and Eva's Friendship—The New Jerusalem—Eva becomes ill—A child's desire to benefit her Inferiors.

LIFE passes with us all, a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom, till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear and though often yearning for what lay beyond, still was he never positively and consciously miserable; for, so well is the harp of human feeling strung, that nothing but a crash that breaks every string can wholly mar its harmony; and, on looking back to seasons which in review appear to us as those of deprivation and trial, we can remember that each hour, as it glided, brought its diversions and alleviations, so that, though not happy wholly, we were not, either, wholly miserable.

Tom read, in his only literary cabinet, of one who had "learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." It seemed to him good and reasonable doctrine, and accorded well with the settled and thoughtful habit which he had acquired from the reading of that same book.

His letter homeward, as we related in the last chapter, was in due time answered by Master Geo. in a good, round, schoolboy hand, that Tom said might be read "most across the room." It contained various refreshing items of home intelligence with which our reader is fully acquainted; stated how Aunt Chloe had been hired out to a confectioner in Louisville, where her skill in the pastry line was gaining wonderful sums of money, all of which, Tom was informed, was to be laid up to go to make up the sum of his redemption money; Moses and Pete were thriving, and the baby was trotting all about the house, under the care of Sally and the family generally.

Tom's cabin was shut up for the present; but George expatiated brilliantly on ornaments and additions to be made to it when Tom came back.

The rest of this letter gave a list of George's school studies, each one headed by a flourishing capital; and also told the names of four new colts that appeared on the premises since Tom left; and stated, in the same connexion, that father and mother were well. The style of the letter was decidedly concise and terse; dut Tom thought it the most wonderful specimen of composition that had appeared in modern times. He was never tired of looking at it, and even held a council with Eva on the expediency of getting it framed, to hang up in his room. Nothing but the difficulty of arranging it so that both sides of the page would show at once, stood in the way of this undertaking.

The friendship between Tom and Eva had grown with the child's growth. It would be hard to say what place she held in the soft, impressible heart of her faithful attendant. He loved her as something frail and earthly, yet almost worshipped her as something heavenly and divine. He gazed on her as the Italian sailor gazes on his image of the child Jesus—with a mixture of reverence and tenderness; and to humour her graceful fancies, and meet those thousand simple wants which invest childhood like a many-coloured rainbow, was Tom's chief delight. In the market, at morning, his eys were always on the flower-stalls for rare bouquets for her, and the choicest peach or orange was slipped into his pocket to give to her when he came back; and the sight that pleased him most was her sunny head looking out at the gate for his distant approach, and her childish question, "Well, Uncle Tom, what have you got for me to-day?"

Nor was Eva less zealous in kind offices, in return. Though a child, she was a beautiful reader: a fine, musical ear, a quick, poetic fancy, and an instinctive sympathy with what is grand and noble, made her such a reader of the Bible as Tom had never before heard. At first she read to please her humble friend; but soon her own earnest nature threw out its tendrils, and wound itself around the majestic book; and Eva loved it, because it woke in her strange yearnings, and strong dim emotions, such as impassioned, imaginative children love to feel.

The parts that pleased her most were the Revelation and the Prophecies—parts whose dim and wondrous imagery and fervent language impressed her the more, that she questioned vainly of their meaning; and she and her simple friend, the old child and the young one, felt just alike about. All that they knew was, that they spoke of a glory to be revealed—a wondrous something yet to come, wherein their soul rejoiced, yet knew not why, and though it be not so in the physical, yet in moral science that which cannot be understood is not always profitless. For the soul awakes, a trembling stranger, between two dim eternities—the eternal past, the eternal future. The light shines only on a small space around her; therefore she needs must yearn towards the unknown; and the voices and shadowy movings which come to her from out the cloudy pillar of inspiration have each one echoes and answers in her own expecting nature. Its mystic imageries are so many talismans and gems inscribed with unknown hieroglyphics; she folds them in her bosom, and expects to read them when she passes beyond the veil.

At this time in our story, the whole St. Clare establishment is, for the time being, removed to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The heats of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city to seek the shores of the lake, and its cool sea-breezes.

St. Clare's villa was an East India cottage, surrounded by verandahs of bamboo-work, and opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure grounds. The common sitting-room opened on to a large garden, fragrant with every picturesque plant and flower of the tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there rising and falling in the sunbeams—a picture never for an hour the same, yet every hour more beautiful.

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory, and makes the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where white-winged vessels glided hither and thither, like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled in the water.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat, in an arbour at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read, "And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping, and pointing to the lake, "there 'tis."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see—there!" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky. "There's a 'sea of glass, mingled with fire.'"

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sang—

> "Oh, had I the wings of the morning,
> I'd fly away to Canaan's shore:
> Bright angels should convey me home,
> To the New Jerusalem."

"Where do you suppose New Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds! they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far far off—it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sang the words of a well-known Methodist hymn—

> "I see a band of spirits bright,
> That taste the glories there;
> They all are robed in spotless white,
> And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all: it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice—

> "They all are robed in spotless white,
> And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I am going there."

"Where Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radience, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there!*" she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; *I'm going, before long.*"

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed, within six months, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough, that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been; but their names are always on grave-stones, and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of one who *is not!* It is as if Heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye—when the little soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children—hope not to retain that child; for the seal of Heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes.

Even so, beloved Eva! fair star of thy dwelling! Thou art passing away; but they that love dearest know it not.

She colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a hasty call from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva—Eva! why, child, the dew is falling; you mustn't be out there!"

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was old, and skilled in the tactics of nursing. She was from New England, and knew well the first guileful footsteps of that soft, insiduous disease, which sweeps away so many of the fairest and loveliest, and before one fibre of life seems broken, seals them irrevocably for death.

She had noted the slight, dry cough; the daily brightening cheek; nor could the lustre of the eye and the airy buoyancy born of fever deceive her.

She tried to communicate her fears to St. Clare; but he threw back her suggestions with a restless petulance, unlike his usual careless good-humour.

"Don't be croaking, cousin—I hate it!" he would say; "don't you see that the child is only growing! Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"Oh, nonsense of that cough—it is not anything! She has taken a little cold, perhaps,"

"Well, that was just the way Eliza Jane was taken, and Ellen and Maria Sanders."

"Oh, stop these hobgoblin nurse-legends! You old hands get so wise, that a child cannot cough or sneeze, but you see desperation and ruin at hand. Only take care of the child, keep her from the night air, and don't let her play too hard, and she'll do well enough."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day, as might be told by the frequency with which he repeated over that "the child was quite well"—that there wasn't anything in that cough it was only some little stomach affection, such as children often had. But he kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home, every few days, some receipt or strengthening mixture—"not," he said, "that the child *needed* it, but then it would not do her any harm."

If it must be told, the thing that struck a deeper pang to his heart than anything else was the daily increasing maturity of the child's mind and feelings. While still retaining all a child's fanciful graces, yet she often dropped, unconsciously, words of such a reach of thought, and strange unwordly wisdom, that they seemed to be an inspiration. At such times, St. Clare would feel a sudden thrill, and clasp her in his arms, as if that fond clasp could save her; and his heart rose up with wild determination to keep her, never to let her go.

The child's whole heart and soul seemed absorbed in works of love and kindness. Impulsively generous she had always been, but there was a touching and womanly thoughtfulness about her now that every one noticed. She still loved to play with Topsy and the various coloured children; but she now seemed rather a spectator than an actor of their plays, and she would sit for half an hour at a time laughing at the odd tricks of Topsy—and then a shadow would seem to pass across her face, her eyes grew misty, and her thoughts were afar.

"Mamma," she said suddenly, to her mother, one day, "Why don't we teach our servants to read?"

"What a question, child! People never do."

"Why don't they?" said Eva.

"Because it is no use for them to read. It don't help them to work any better, and they are not made for anything else."

"But they ought to read the Bible, mamma, to learn God's will."

"Oh, they can get that read to them all *they* need."

"It seems to me, mamma, the Bible is for every one to read themselves. They need it a great many times when there is nobody to read it."

"Eva, you are an odd child," said her mother.

"Miss Ophelia has taught Topsy to read," continued Eva.

"Yes, and you see how much good it does. Topsy is the worst creature I ever saw!"

"Here's poor Mammy!" said Eva. "She loves the Bible so much and wishes so she could read! And what will she do when I can't read to her?"

Marie was busy, turning over the contents of a drawer, as she answered,—

"Well, of course, by and by, Eva, you will have other things to think of, besides reading the Bible round to servants. Not but that is very proper; I've done it myself, when I had health. But when you come to be dressing and going into company, you won't have time. See here!" she added, "these jewels I'm going to give you when you come out. I wore them to my first ball. I can tell you, Eva, I made a sensation."

Eva took the jewel-case, and lifted from it a diamond necklace. Her large, thoughtful eyes rested on them, but it was plain her thoughts were elsewhere.

"How sober you look, child!" said Marie.

"Are these worth a great deal of money, mamma?"

"To be sure they are. Father sent to France for them. They are worth a small fortune."

"I wish I had them," said Eva, "to do what I pleased with!"

"What would you do with them?"

"I'd sell them, and buy a place in the free States, and take all our people there, and hire teachers, to teach them to read and write."

Eva was cut short by her mother's laughing.

"Set up a boarding-school! Wouldn't you teach them to play on the piano, and paint on velvet?"

"I'd teach them to read their own Bible, and write their own letters, and read letters that are written to them," said Eva, steadily. "I know, mamma, it does come very hard on them that they can't do these things. Tom feels it—Mammy does—a great many of them do. I think it's wrong."

"Come, come, Eva; you are only a child! You know nothing about these things," said Marie; "besides, your talking makes my head ache."

Marie always had a headache on hand for any conversation that did not exactly suit her. Eva stole away; but after that she assiduously gave Mammy reading lessons.

THE FISHERIES AND RECIPROCAL TRADE.

(From the New-Brunswicker.)

We have received the joint Address of both Houses of the Legislature of this Province as ordered to be printed, to Her Most Gracious Majesty, on the Fisheries and Reciprocal Trade with the United States. It is a manly document, couched in respectful but energetic language, and will no doubt receive that careful consideration from the Imperial Government which its importance demands.

After entreating Her Majesty to continue the protection to the Fisheries which was extended last year, and declaring that this source of wealth belongs exclusively to the people of these Colonies, and that no foreigner should be permitted to participate therein, upon any terms or conditions whatever, the Address proceeds as follows:—

We most urgently press upon Your Majesty's consideration the anomalous position in which the North American Colonies are placed by the present Commercial relations with the United Statee. While Your Majesty's Government, with unexampled liberality, has opened the Ports of the Colonies to that Republic, by which American Ships are permitted to enter therein on the same terms as Britsh Ships, and take on board cargoes either for the United Kingdom or any other Colony; Colonial, as well as other British Vessels, are precluded from carrying cargoes from one State of the Union to another, and this restriction is extended even to the State of California. American Ships and Steamers are built and equipped in the United States, sold in the British and Colonial Markets, evade the high Import Duties on the various articles used in their construction, receive British Registers, and have all the advantages connected with these privileges while British and Colonial Ships possess no such privileges and advantages in the United States: American Manufactures are admitted into the Provinces at the same rates of Duties as are charged on British Merchandise; and while such Manufactures are admitted into this Province at a Duty of eight and a half per cent, *ad valorem*, the products of New Brunswick are subject, upon importation into the United States, to Duties from twenty to thirty per cent: they enjoy the privilege of sending their staple commodities of Wheat, Flour, and other Breadstuffs, to the British Markets free of duty, competing with Your Majesty's Colonial Subjects upon equal terms in our own Markets, while they impose a Duty of twenty per cent. on similar Colonial productions imported into the United States. The present state of the respective Tariffs is one which creates vexatious and harrassing impediments to the general Commerce of the Country, and added to the exclusion of Colonial built Ships to Registry in American Ports, is the cause of well grounded complaint by your Majesty's Colonies; and the unequal pressure serves only to implant feelings of disappointment and retaliation.

We regret to observe that these important and gratuitous concessions, which have conferred upon the citizens of the neighbouring Republic commercial advantages not possessed by your faithful Colonial Subjects, have not been met by the Government of the United States in the same enlightened and liberal spirit with which they were granted; and that had they been witheld by Your Majesty's Government, we believe, to obtain them, the American people would willingly have ceded to the Colonies an equal participation in similar privileges to those they have thus obtained without an equivalent.

The Address then recommends that separate treaties on the subject of the Fisheries and Reciprocal Trade do not be entertained by Her Majesty's Government; but that in the event of any such negotiaton, one convention shall embrace all the objects now under discussion by the two Governments. Upon condition that the United States will grant reciprocity in certain articles, the growth, production or manufacture of the North American Colonies, and admit Colonial built ships to registry in American ports, in the same manner and with the like privileges that American vessels are admitted to registry in any port of the British empire, and permit the vessels of New-Brunswick to trade and carry cargoes between the different States of the Union, the same as American ships are now permitted to do from one British port to another,—then this Colony would be willing to admit the same articles on the like terms, and also admit American fishermen to a free participation with British subjects in the in-shore and bay fisheries on the coasts of New Brunswick with permission to land upon the coasts for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish; provided also that our fishermen are pemitted to enjoy the like privileges along their American coasts.

Should no disposition be manifested by the United States to extend to these Colonies advantages similar to those which the American people have obtained from Great Britain, Her Majesty is urged to withdraw the restrictions imposed on the Colonial Legislatures, and to leave them to exercise their own discretion with regard to differential duties. They would then be at liberty to impose the same amount of duties on American articles as are now imosed in the ports of the United States on Colonial products. The Address then continues:

Such a course of legislation, securing as it would to the Colonists a preference in their respective markets, would lead to a much more extensive exchange of the Agricultural productions of Canada for the produce of the Mines and Fisheries of the Lower Colonies; it would impart a stimulus to these various branches of industry; and by enlarging their Commercial intercourse, draw the Colonists more closely together, while it would place the people of the United States in a position to form a more accurate estimate of the value of our Colonial Trade, and to judge whether it is for their own interest to have the intercourse between the two Countries clogged with those Commercial restrictions which still continue to form a part of their policy.

DARLINGS.—Very few people are without their "petting" propensities. One of the commonest objects is a "darling child;" another is a "darling" dog; and this animal must have its china plate and delicate food thrust before it untill it becomes a mass of obesity alike troublesome to itself and others. It must be led through crowded streets by a dainty ribbon or exquisitely-wrought chain, at the risk of upsetttng the wayfarers, and with the cruel deprivation of its natural liberty, The "darling" cigar may become as conspicuously objectionable as any old maid's parrot or pug. Another unfortunate "darling is "the bottle." Oh! what a bitter curse is engendered by this morbid infatuation!

DURING a hunting expedition, they were preparing for Nushervan the Just some game as roast meat. There was no salt, and they despatched a slave to the village to bring some. Nushervan said, "Pay for the salt you take, in order that it may not become a custom, and the village be ruined." They said, "What harm will this little quantity do?" He replied. "The origin of injustice in the world was at first small, but every one that came added to it, until it reached its present magnitude."