HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette.

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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.

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 appro val 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 Com missioners 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.

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.

Saint John Sale Stables.

M. A. CUMMING, Veterinary Surgeon, begs to intimate to parties having *HORSES* to dispose of, that he is about to open as a Sale Stable, those premises next the Catholic Chapel, head of King's Square, St. John; where Horses will be kept at livery, and bought or sold on commission.

There being no well-understood place in St. John where those *having* Horses, and those *wanting* Horses, know where to find each other, M. A. C. flatters himself that a HORSE BAZAAR, or Sale Stable, properly conducted, may in some measure supply a want often felt by the public; while from the knowledge of horses derived from his profession, he may be able at times to give useful advice both to seller and purchaser.

N. B.—Two or three good young Harness Horses wanted; and a STRONG HEAVY PAIR, full mouthed for shipyard work.

Saint John, 26th April, 1853.

FOR SALE,

A STRAWBERRY COLOURED PONY in good condition. Apply to the Subscriber,

DAVID WILSON, Richmond St.

Charlottetown, May 24, 1853.

PAPER HANGINGS

JUST RECEIVED, per *Sir. Alexander*, 2000 Pieces of the above from 9d to 6s per piece.

DANIEL DAVIES.

Charlottetown June 8, 1853. 6w 1s

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXI.

The Middle Passage—Mr. Simon Legree—Brute Force—Legree's System—Emeline and the Mulatto Woman.

"Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look upon iniquity: wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he?"—*Hab.* i. 13.

ON the lower part of a small mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sky—moon and star; all had passed by him, as the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners; St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendours; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seeming careless, yet ever-kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure—all gone! and in place thereof, *what* remains?

It is one of the bitterest apportionments of a lot slavery, that the negro, sympathetic and assimilative, after acquiring, in a refined family, the tastes and feelings which form the atmosphere of such a place, is not the less liable to become the bond-slave of the coarsest and most brutal—just as a chair or table, which once decorated the superb saloon, comes at last, battered and defaced, to the bar-room of some filthy tavern, or some low haunt of vulgar debauchery. The great difference is, that the table and chair cannot feel, and the *man* can; for even a legal enactment that he shall be "taken, reputed, adjudged in law, to be a chattel personal," cannot blot out his soul, with its own private little world of memories, hopes, loves, fears, and desires.

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer *Pirate*, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red River.

Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterised him, to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows:—

"Stand up."

Tom stood up.

"Take off that stock!" and as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him, by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it in his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which, previous to this, he had been ransacking, and, taking from it a pair ef old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom's hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes—

"You go there, and put these on."

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"Take off your boots," said Mr. Legree.

Tom did so.

"There," said the former, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves, "put these on."

In Tom's hurried exchange he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Tom's Methodist hymn-book, which, in his hurry, he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

"Humph! pious, to be sure. So, what's yer name?—you belong to the Church, eh?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom, firmly.

"Well, I,ll soon have *that* out of you. I have none of yer bawling, praying, singing niggers on my place; so remember. Now, mind yourself," he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his grey eye, directed at Tom, "*I'm* your Church now! You understand—you've got to be as *I* say."

Something within the silent black man answered *No!* and, as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words of an old prophetic scroll, as Eva had often read them to him—"Fear not; for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name. Thou art MINE!"

But Simon Legree heard no voice. That voice is one he never shall hear. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the forecastle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense ef niggers who tried to be gentlemen, the articles very readily were sold to one another, and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke, they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that; and then the auction of the trunk, that was funnier than all, and occasioned abundant witticisms.

This little affair being over, Simon sauntered up again to his property.

"Now, Tom, I've relieved you of any extra baggage, you see. Take mighty good care of them clothes. It'll be long enough before you get more, I go in for making niggers careful; one suit has to do for one year, on my place."

Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting, chained to another woman.

"Well, my dear," he said, chucking her under the chin, "keep up your spirits."

The involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion with which the girl regarded him, did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"None o'your shines, gal! You's got to keep a pleasant face when I speak to ye—d'ye hear! And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!" he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, "don't you carry that sort of face! You's got to look chipper, I tell yer!"

"I say, all on ye," he said, retreating a pace or two back, "look at me—look at me—look me right in the eye—*straight*, now!" said he, stamping his foot at every pause.

As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring, greenish-grey eye of Simon.

"Now," said he, doubling his great, heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, "d'ye see this fist? Heft it!" he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. "Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron *knocking down niggers*. I never see the nigger yet I couldn't bring down with one crack," said he, bringing his fist down so near to the face of Tom that he winked and drew back. "I don't keep none o'yer cussed overseers; I does my own overseering; and I tell you, things *is* seen to. You's every one on ye got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick, straight—the moment I speak. That's the way to keep in with me. You won't find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So, now, mind yourselves; for I don't show no mercy!"

The women involuntary drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected faces. Meanwhile, Simon turned on his heel, and marched up to the bar of the boat for a dram.

"That's the way I begin with my niggers," he said to a gentlemanly man who had stood by him during his speech. "It's my system to begin strong—just let 'em know what to expect."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, looking upon him with the curiosity of a naturalist studying some out-of-the-way specimen.

"Yes, indeed. I'm none o'yer gentlemen planters, with lily fingers, to slop round and be cheated by some old cuss of an overseer! Just feel of my knuckles, now; look at my fist. Tell ye, sir, the flesh on't has come jest like a stone, practising on niggers—feel on it."

The stranger applied his fingers to the implement in question, and simply said—

"'Tis hard enough; and I suppose," he added, "practice has made your heart just like it."

"Why, yes, I may say so," said Simon, with a hearty laugh. "reckon there's as little soft in me as in any one going. Tell you, nobody comes it over me! Niggers never gets round me, neither with squalling nor soft soap—that's a fact!"

"You have a fine lot there."

"Real," said Simon. "There's that Tom, they tell'd me he was suthin' uncommon. I paid a little high for him, tending him for a driver and a managing chap; only get the notions out that he's larn't by bein' treated as niggers never ought to be, he'll do prime! The yellow woman I got took in in. I rather think she's sickly, but I shall put her through for what she's worth. She may last a year or two. I don't go for savin' niggers. Use up and buy more's my way; makes you less trouble, and I'm quite sure it comes cheaper in the end;" and Simon sipped his glass.

"And how long do they generally last!" said the stranger.

"Well, donno; 'cordin' as their constitution is. Stout fellers last six or seven years; trashy ones gets worked up in two or three. I used to, when I fust begun, have considerable trouble fussin' with 'em and trying to make 'em hold out—doctrin' on 'em up when ther's sick, and givin on 'em cloths and blankets, and what not, tryin' to keep 'em all sort o'decent and comfortable. Law, 'twasn't no sort o' use; I lost money on 'em, and 'twas heaps o' trouble. Now, you see, I just put 'em straight through, sick or well. When one nigger's dead I buy another; and I find it comes cheaper and easier, every way."

The stranger turned away, and seated himself beside a gentleman who had been listening to the conversation with repressed uneasiness.

"You must not take that fellow to be any specimen of Southern planters," said he.

"I should hope not," said the young gentleman, with emphasis.

"He is a mean, low, brutal fellow," said the other.

"And yet your laws allow him to hold any number of human beings subject to his absolute will, without even a shadow of protection; and, low as he is, you cannot say there are not many such."

"Well," said the other, "there are also many considerate and humane men among planters."

"Granted," said the young man; "but, in my opinion, it is your considerate, humane men that are responsible for all the brutality and outrage wrought by these wretches; because, if it were not for your sanction and influence, the whole system could not keep foot-hold for an hour. If there were no planters except such as that one," said he, pointing with his finger to Legree, who stood with his back to them, "the whole thing would go down like a mill-stone. It is your respectability and humanity that licenses and protects his brutality."

"You certainly have a high opinion of my good nature," said the planter, smiling; "but I advise you not to talk quite so loud, as there are people on board the boat who might not be quite so tolerant to opinion as I am; You had better wait till I get up to my plantation, and there you may abuse us all, quite at your leisure."

The young gentleman coloured and smiled, and the two were soon busy in a game of backgammon. Meanwhile another conversation was going on in the lower part of the boat between Emmeline and the mulatto woman with whom she was confined. As was natural, they were exchanging with each other some particulars of their history.

"Who did you belong to!" said Emeline.

"Well, my mas'r was Mr. Ellis—lived on Levee-street. P'raps you've seen the house!"

"Was he good to you!" said Emeline.

"Mostly, till he tuk sick. He's lain sick, off and on, more than six months, and been orful oneasy. 'Pears like he warnt willin' to have nobody rest, day nor night; and got so curous there couldn't nobody suit him. 'Pears like he just grew crosser every day; kept me up nights till I got fairly beat out, and couldn't keep awake no longer; and 'cause I got to sleep one night, Lors, he talked so orful to me, and he tell me he'd sell me to just the hardest master he could find; and he'd promised me my freedom, too, when he died."

"Had you any friends?" said Emmeline.

"Yes, my husband; he's a blacksmith. Mas'r generally hired him out. They took me off so quick, I didn't even have time to see him; and I'se got four children. Oh, dear me!" said the woman, covering her face with her hands.

It is a natural impulse in every one, when they hear a tale of distress, to think of something to say by way of consolation. Emmeline wanted to say something, but she could not think of anything to say. What was there to be said? As by a common consent, they both avoided, with fear and dread, all mention of the horrible man who was now their master.

True, there is religious trust for even the darkest hour. The mulatto woman was a member of the Methodist church, and had an unenlightened but very sincere spirit of piety. Emmeline had been educated much more intelligently—taught to read and write, and dilligently instructed in the Bible, by the care of a faithful and careful mistress; yet, would it not try the faith of the firmest Christian to find themselves abandoned apparently of God, in the grasp of ruthless violence? How much more must it shake the faith of Christ's poor little ones, weak in knowledge and tender in years!

The boat moved on—freighted with its weight of sorrow—up the red, muddy, turbid current, through the abrupt, tortuous windings of the Red River; and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep red-clay banks, as they glided by in dreary sameness. At last the boat stopped at a small town, and Legree with his party disembarked.

THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

(From the London Athenæum, April 9th.)

The departure of the *Isabel* screw steamer for Bering's Straits, furnishes another proof of Lady Franklin's devotion to her husband and his companions, and of her zeal in carrying out measures for their rescue. It is due to the Admrality to state, that they have rendered some assistance in the equipment of the *Isabel*, and that this vessel will be towed by a Government steamer as far as the Isle of Wight. The heavy expences, however, of provisioning and stoing the vessel, with a part of the crew—fifteen in number—is defrayed by Lady Franklin. The *Isabel* is provisioned with every requisite for her long voyage. Mr. Kennedy hopes to reach Vancouver's Island with his stock of fuel. There he will take in a fresh supply—that Island having valuable coal mines on the north-eastern side, about fifty miles from the chief settlement of Fort Victoria. He will take in a stock of dried beef and vegetables. His provisions include an abundance of various anti-scorbutic and preserved meat and vegetables. Mr. Kennedy will sail on temperance principles, taking with him only such a quantity of spirits as may be necessary for medical purposes. His first object will be to communicate with Commander Maguire, at Point Barrow, which is 600 miles beyond the entrance to Behring's straits. If he succeed in affecting this, he will, should the sea be sufficiently open, make his steampower available in any manner that may be deemed most desirable for prosecuting the search for Sir John Franklin, and for the Captains Collinson and M'Clure. To this paragraph we may add, that the enterprising Arctic traveller, Dr. Rae, leaves Liverpool this day (Saturday) for New York, from whence he will journey as fast as possible to Lake Superior, and thence by canoes, to the North American shores. He hopes to be able, by a dint of long marches, to effect his proposed exploration this summer; and if he discovers, as we think he will, a continuity of water between Bellot Strait and the passage between America and Wollaston and Victoria Land, he will have discovered a northwest passage! not, in all probality, a passage practicable for ships, but water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to the north of the American continent.

THE SOCIETY OF LADIES.

THE following pertinent remarks occur at the close of an article on the dangers of "College Life," from the pen of a New York clergyman, which appeared in the New York *Times*:

The society of ladies has done much for me all my life long; and it was the salutary, softening influence of such associations that, with God's blessing, restrained me from many an excess into which I might otherwise have been led while receiving my education. It is a bad sign when a young man has no relish for such company. Whatever be a man's station in life, whether higher or lower, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster, if he will listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent and the refined among the other sex. Not only do they generally excel us in their nice perception of the proprieties of life, and in their tender sense of duty to both God and man, but they are equally before us in their instinctive faculty of forseeing evil before it is upon us, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men. It was not all a dream which made the wife of Julius Cæsar so anxious that he should not go to the Senate Chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and, had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon, from the time that he ceased to feel the balance wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Our own Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often has said he should like to carry the subject to his bedchamber before he had his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purposes of Mrs. Washington, thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor. Indeed, the great majority of men who have acquired for themselves a good and great name, were not only married men, but happily married;—"both paired and matched."

HOW TO DRESS.—A friend of ours says the Portland *Transcript*, who had long been absent, returned recently, and called upon two beautiful young ladies of his aquaintance. One came quickly to greet him in the neat, yet not precise attire, in which she was performing her household duties. The other, after the lapse of half an hour, made her stately entrance, in all the primness of starch and ribonds, with which, on the announcement of his entrance she had hastened to bedeck herself. Our friend, who had long been hesitating on his choice between the two, now hesitated no longer. The cordiality with which the first hastened to greet him, and the charming carelessness of her attire, entirely won his heart. She is now his wife.

Young ladies, take warning from the above, and never refuse to see a friend because you have on a wash gown. Be assured that the true gentleman will not think less of you because he finds you in the performance of your duties, and not ashamed to let it be known. Besides, there may positively be a grace, a witching wildness about an every day dress, that adds to every charm of face and feature. Old Herric expresses this "delight in disorder" far better than we can:

"A sweet disorder in the dress,
(A happy kind of carelessness):
A lawn upon the shoulders thrown,
Into a fine distraction:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful; and thereby,
Ribands that flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than where art
Is too precise in every part."

ARTIFICIAL STONE FRONTS.—A great number of houses are built with coarse brick fronts, which afterwards receive two or three coats of boiled oil, and are then covered with a coat of peculiar mastic cement, which is composed, we are told, mostly of dried sand, some boiled oil, some red lead, and a little plaster of Paris. This cement resembles moist sand when put on, but it sticke well and in a short time, becomes as hard as freestone, which it greatly resembles. This plaster is streaked off in blocks, and a building so covered, looks like one built of hard brown polished freestone. We have heard objections made to such buildings, but not one by a person who had taste and experience in architecture. This cement does not scale off; it endures and forms a thorough coating of artificial stone.

A NEW SETTLEMENT DISCOVERED.—Capt. Skinner, of the ship Hermann, from Baltimore to San Francisco, touched at the island of Jnan Fernandez on the 27th of March, for water, and says he was surprised to find there a settlement of about three hundred inhabitants, who were directed by a governor.

A BUSY PAY DAY.

A profligate young fellow, a son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, and engaged to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note; but instead of inspection, he inserted the word resurrection, making it payable on the resurrection day!

When the inspection day had come, and the farmer, unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call on him before the note was out.

"But it is out," said the farmer; "you promised to pay me the next inspection day; the time has come, and I want my money."

"If you look at the note again," said the young man, coolly, "you will find it has a very long while to run yet!"

The farmer was sure the note was due, or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found, to his astonishment, that it was not due till the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scape-grace; but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the case before his father, the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the thing at once.

"For" said he, "though the pay day is far distant, you are in a fair way to have business enough on your hands that day, without having your notes to settle." The advice was taken.

SURE ENOUGH—'Mother,' asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin, 'Why don't the book never mention Topsey's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it spoke, but it has never once spoke,'

'Why, she had no other name, child.'

'Yes she had mother, and I know it.'

'What was it?'

'Why, Turvey—Topsey Turvey.'

'You had better go to bed my dear,' said the mother. 'You are as bad as your old grandmother for she can't say pork without beans for the life of her.'