HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

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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 fellowing 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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GEO. P. TANTON'S DAGUERRIEN 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.

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May 14. 3m.

To the Electors of the Second District of Queen's County

GENTLEMEN;

AT the request of many of yourselves, whose opinions and good wishes I highly value, I am induced to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages at the ensuing general Election.

Although born and bred amongst you, yet having hitherto moved only in private life, I feel it right to state freely my opinion on the present form of our Constitution. I am desirous to extend to the furthest every privilege which ought to be enjoyd by a British subject, and to protect and reward the honest industry of the people, by the extension and establishment of Free Trade with the United States, as well as with the surrounding Colonies. And while I am most anxious to support a Liberal system of Responsible Government, I am persuaded that, in carrying out the same, in its purity, most, if not all, those intrusted with the receipt or expenditure of the Public Revenue, ought to be *excluded from the Legislature*. These being the views which I have imbibed while living by my industry on my farm, I have only to add that, if honored by your support, so as to be returned one of your Representatives, I shall not fail to advocate such principles, for the advancement of your interests, to the best of my humble ability.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your most obedt. servant.
ALEXANDER M'DONALD.

Glenroy, June 17th, 1853.

To the Electors of Georgetown and Royalty.

GENTLEMEN;

I AM induced to offer myself as a Candidate for your suffrages at the forthcoming General Election, in consequence of the many generous offers of support which I received from my friends during my recent visit amongst you. I am no Office-holder, and therefore I can represent you fearlessly and independently, without being shackled in my votes by the undue influence of the Government. The true interests of this my native country will never be studied or cared for, so long as the popular branch of the Legislature is compose of greedy Officials, who are bound hand and foot to support the Government, upon every measure, without consulting the views of their Constituents upon the subject. Under such a despotic system, a Member of the House of Assembly is not the People, a servant but the Government's willing slave. Should I obtain, for the third time, the distinguished honor of being returned as one of your Representatives to the Colonial Parliament, rest assured I will be second to none in attempting to carry out all measures that may have the slightest tendency to advance the prosperity and local improvement of Georgetown and Royalty.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
T. HEATH HAVILAND.

June 10, 1853.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Emmeline and Cassy—Misery and Despair—Legree's Dreams—Cassy's Advice—Legree's Visit to Uncle Tom—The Helper of the Oppressed.

CASSY entered the room, and found Emmeline sitting, pale with fear, in the furthest corner of it. As she came in, the girl started up nervously; but, on seeing who it was, rushed forward, and, catching her arm, said, "O Cassy, is it you? I'm so glad you've come! I was afraid it was——Oh, you don't know what a horrid noise there has been down stairs all this evening!"

"I ought to know," said Cassy, dryly. "I've heard it often enough!"

"O Cassy, do tell me; couldn't we get away from this place? I don't care where—into the the swamp among the snakes—anywhere? *Couldn't* we get *somewhere* away from here?"

"Nowhere but into our graves," said Cassy.

"Did you ever try?"

"I've seen enough of trying and what comes of it," said Cassy.

"I'd be willing to live in the swamps, and gnaw the bark from trees. I an't afraid of snakes! I'd rather have one near me than him," said Emmeline, eagerly.

"There have been a good many here of your opinion," said Cassy,

"But you could not stay in the swamps—you'd be tracked by the dogs, and brought back, and then—then"—

"What would he do?" said the girl, looking with breathless interest into her face.

"What *wouldn't* he do, you'd better ask," said Cassy. "He's learned his trade well among the pirates in the West Indies. You wouldn't sleep much if I should tell you things I've seen—things that he tells of, sometimes, for good jokes. I've heard screams here that I haven't been able to get out of my head for weeks and weeks. There's a place way out down by the quarters, where you can see a black, blasted tree, and the ground all covered with ashes. Ask any one what was done there, and see if they will dare to tell you.

"Oh, what do you mean?"

"I won't tell you. I hate to think of it. And I tell you, the Lord only knows what we may see to-morrow, if that poor fellow holds out as he's begun."

"Horrid!" said Emmeline, every drop of blood receding from her cheeks. "O Cassy, do tell me what I shall do!"

"What I've done. Do the best you can; do what you must, and make it up in hating and cursing."

"He wanted to make me drink some of his hateful brandy," said Emmeline; "and I hate it so"——

"You'd better drink," said Cassy. "I hated it, too; and now I can't live without it. One must have something; things don't look so dreadful when you take that."

"Mother used to tell me never to touch any such thing," said Emmeline.

"*Mother* told you!" said Cassy, with a thrilling and bitter emphasis on the word mother. "What use is it for mothers to say anything? You are all to be bought and paid for, and your souls belong to whoever gets you. That's the way it goes. I say, *drink* brandy; drink all you can, and it'll make things come easier."

"O Cassy! do pity me!"

"Pity you! don't I? Haven't I a daughter?—Lord knows where she is, and who she is now! Going the way her mother went before her, I suppose, and that her children must go after her! There's no end to the curse for ever!"

"I wish I'd never been born!" said Emmeline, wringing her hands.

"That's an old wish with me," said Cassy. "I've got used to wishing that. I'd die, if I dared to," she said, looking out into the darkness with that still, fixed despair, which was the habitual expression of her face when at rest.

"It would be wicked to kill one's self," said Emmeline.

"I don't know why; no wickeder than things we live and do day after day. But the sisters told me things when I was in the convent that make me afraid to die. If it would only be the end of us, why then"——

Emmeline turned away, and hid her face in her hands.

While this conversation was passing in the chamber, Legree, overcome with his carouse, had sunk to sleep in the room below. Legree was not an habitual drunkard. His coarse, strong nature, craved and could endure a continual stimulation, that woud have utterly wrecked and crazed a finer one. But a deep underlying spirit of cautiousness prevented his often yielding to appetite in such measure as to lose control of himself.

This night, however, in his feverish efforts to banish from his mind those fearful elements of woe and remorse which woke within him, he had indulged more than common; so that, when he had discharged his sable attendents, he fell heavily on a settle in the room, and was sound asleep.

Oh; how dares the bad soul to enter the shadowy world of sleep?—that land whose dim outlines lie so fearfully near to the mystic scene of retribution! Legree dreamed. In his heavy and feverish sleep a veiled form stood beside him, and laid a cold, soft hand upon him. He thought he knew who it was; and shuddered, with creeping horror, though the face was veiled. Then he thought he felt *that hair* twining round his fingers; and then, that it slid smoothly round his neck, and tightened, and tightened, and he could not draw his breath; and then he thought voices *whispered* to him—whispers that chilled him with horror. Then it seemed to him he was on the edge of a frightful abyss, holding on and struggling in mortal fear, while dark hands stretched up, and were pulling him over; and Cassy came behind him, laughing, and pushed him. And then rose up that solemn veiled figure, and drew aside the veil. It was his mother; and she turned away from him, and he fell down, down, amid a confused noise of shrieks, and groans, and shouts of demon laughter:—and Legree awoke.

Calmly the rosy hue of dawn was stealing into the room. The morning-star stood, with its solemn, holy eye of light, looking down on the man of sin, from out the brightening sky. Oh, with what freshness, what solemnity and beaty is each new day born! as if to say to insensate men, "Behold! thou hast one more chance! *Strive* for immortal glory!" There is no speech nor language where this voice is not heard; but the bold, bad man, heard it not. He woke with an oath and a curse. What to him was the gold and purple, the daily miracle of morning?—What to him the sanctity of that star which the Son of God has hallowed as his own emblem? Brute-like, he saw without perceiving; and stumbling forward, poured out a tumbler of brandy, and drank half of it.

"I've had a h—l of a night!" he said to Cassy, who just then entered from an opposite door.

"You'll get plenty of the same sort by and by," said she, dryly.

"What do you mean, you minx?"

"You'll find out, one of these days," returned Cassy in the same tone. "Now, Simon, I've one piece of advice to give you."

"The devil you have!"

"My advice is," said Cassy steadily, as she began adjusting some things about the room, "that you let Tom alone."

"What business is't of yours?"

"What? To be sure, I don't know what it should be. If you want to pay twelve hundred for a fellow, aud use him right up in the press of the season, just to serve your own spite, its no business of mine. Ive done what I could for him."

"You have? What business have you meddling in my matters?"

"None, to be sure. I've saved you some thousands of dollars, at different times, by taking care of your hands—that's all the thanks I get. If your crop comes shorter into market than any of theirs, you won't lose your bet, I suppose? Tompkins won't lord it over you, I suppose; and you'll pay down your money like a lady, won't you? I think I see you doing it!"

Legree, like many other planters, had but one form of ambition—to have in the heaviest crop of the season; and he had several bets on this very present season pending in the next town. Cassy, therefore, with woman's tact, touched the only string that could be made to vibrate.

"Well, I'll let him off at what he's got," said Legree; "but he shall beg my pardon, and promise better fashions."

"That he won't do," said Cassy.

"Won't, eh?"

"No, he won't," said Cassy.

"I'd like to know *why*, mistress," said Legree, in the extreme of scorn.

"Because he's done right, and he knows it, and won't say he's done wrong."

"Who a cuss cares what he knows? The nigger shall say what I please, or"——

"Or you'll lose your bet on the cotton crop, by keeping him out of the field just at this very press."

"But he *will* give up, course he will; don't I know what niggers is? He'll beg like a dog this morning."

"He won't, Simon; you don't know this kind. You may kill him by inches, you won't get the first word of confession out of him.

"We'll see. Where is he?" said Legree, going out.

"In the waste-room of the gin-house," said Cassy.

Legree, though he talked so stoutly to Cassy, still sallied forth from the house with a degree of misgiving which was not common with him. His dreams of the past night, mingled with Cassy's prudential suggestions, considerably effected his mind. He resolved that nobody should be witness of his encounter with Tom, and determined, if he could not subdue him by bullying, to defer his vengeance to be wreaked in a more convenient season.

The solemn light of dawn, the angelic glory of the morning-star, had looked in through the rude window of the shed where Tom was lying, and, as if descending on that star-beam, came the solemn words, "I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning-star.' The mysterious warnings and intimations of Cassy, so far from discouraging his soul, in the end had roused it as with a heavenly call. He did not know but that the day of his death was dawning in the sky; and his heart throbbed with solemn throes of joy and desire, as he thought that the wondrous *all* on which he had often pondered, the great white throne, with its ever radiant rainbow; the white-robed multitude, with voices as mary waters; the crowns, the palms, the harps—might all break upon his vision before that sun should set again; and therefore, without shuddering or trembling, he heard the voice of his persecutor as he drew near.

"Well, my boy," said Legree, with a contemptuous kick, "how do you find yourself? Didn't I tell yer I could larn yer a thing or two? How do you like it, eh? How did yer, whaling agree with yer, Tom? An't quite so crank as ye was last night? Ye couldn't treat a poor sinner now to a bit of a sermon, could yer, eh?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up, you beast!" said Legree, kicking him again.

This was a difficult matter for one so bruised and faint, and as Tom made efforts to do so, Legree laughed brutally.

"What makes you so spry this morning. Tom? Cotched cold, maybe, last night."

Tom by this time had gained his feet, and confronting his master with a steady, unmoved front.

"The devil you can!" said Legree, looking him over. "I believe you haven't got enough yet. Now, Tom, get right down on yer knees and beg my pardon for your shines last night."

Tom did not move.

"Down, you dog!" said Legree. striking him with his riding whip.

"Mas'r Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do just so again, if ever the time comes. I never will do a cruel thing, come what may.

"Yes; but ye don't know what may come, Master Tom. Ye think what you've got is something. I tell you 'tant anything—nothing 'tall. How would ye like to be tied to a tree, and have a slow fire lit up around ye? Wouldn't that be pleasent—eh, Tom?"

"Mas'r," said Tom, "I know ye can do dreadful things; but"—he stretched himself upward and clasped his hands—"but after ye've killed the body, there an't no more ye can do. And oh, there's all ETERNITY to come after that!"

ETERNITY! The word thrilled through the black man's soul with light and power as he spoke—it thrilled through the sinner's soul, too like the bite of a scorpion. Legree gnashed on him with his teeth, but rage kept him silent; and Tom, like a man disenthralled, spoke in a clear and cheerful voice.

"Mas'r Legree, as ye bought me, I'll be a true and faithful servant to ye. I'll give ye all the work of my hands, all my time, all my strength; but my soul I won't give up to mortal man. I will hold on to the Lord, and put his commands before all, die or live, you may be sure on't. Mas'r Legree, I an't a grain afraid to die. I'd as soon die as not. Ye may whip me, starve me, burn me—it'll only send me sooner where I want to go."

"I'll make you give out, though, 'fore I've done!" said Legree, in a rage.

"I shall have *help*," said Tom. "You'll never do it."

"Who the devil's going to help you?" said Legree, scornfully.

"The Lord Almighty!" said Tom.

"D—n you!" said Legree, as with one blow of his fist he felled Tom to the earth.

A cold, soft hand fell on Legree's at this moment. He turned—it was Cassy's; but the cold, soft touch, recalled his dream of the night before, and flashing through the chambers of his brain, came all the fearful immages of the night-watches, with a portion of horror that accompanied them.

"Will you be a fool?" said Cassy in French. "Let him go! Let me alone to get him fit to be in the field again. Isn't it just as I told you?"

They say the alligator and the rhinoceros, though enclosed in bullet-proof mail, have each a spot where they are vulnerable; and fierce, reckless unbelieving reprobates, have commonly this point in superstitious dread.

Legree turned away determined to let the point go for this time.

"Well, have it your own way," he said doggedly to Cassy.

"Hark ye!" he said to Tom, "I won't deal with ye now, because the business is pressing, and I want all my hands; but I *never* forget. I'll score it against ye, and some time I'll have my pay out o' yer old black hide—mind ye!"

Legree turned, and went out.

"There you go," said Cassy, looking darkly after him; "your reckoning's to come yet! My poor fellow, how are you!"

"The Lord God hath sent his angel, and shut the lion's mouth for this time," said Tom.

"For this time to be sure," said Cassy; but now you've got his ill-will upon you, to follow you, day in, day out, hanging like a dog on your throat! sucking your blood! bleeding away your life, drop by drop! I know the man!"

ARTIFICIAL FISH BREEDING.

The increased and increasing demand for the products of our Inland Fisheries together with the alleged decrease of the fihny tribe in our rivers, invests this subject with more than ordinary interest. It will be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers that a *first class* Diploma was awarded to Messrs. HOLIDAY & SHERIDAN, of this city, for the excellence of the preserved Salmon exhibited by them at the World's Fair in London. Nor has the matter rested there; for we understand that these gentlemen have received orders, from parties in England, for several thousand cases of a similar description To fulfil this order a suitable vessel and competent persons have been sent to the Labrador coast, where it is expected the requisite supyly will be caught and cured on the spot. Nothing can be more evident than that this trade is destined to increase to the full extent of our ability to supply the markets of the old world and the new. The wonderful discoveries just brought to bear on the artificial of fish in rivers open up a new source of profit to the speculator, of interest to the human family. We cannot forbear commending the subject to the people of the Provinces generally, and more especially to the Association recently formed in our midst for the laudable purposes of protecting the river fish and game of Nova Scotia. Here is indeed a wide field for enlightened operations, on all of which persons of every diversity of opinion may act in unison. The recent proposition of an eminent naturalist in Canada to breed fish in the Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton, was a startling but by no menns a novel one. Not only has it been tested by the stocking of the French rivers and streams of the Vosges, the Moselle, the Upper and Lower Rhine, but the spawn has been successfully transported to New Zealand.

A recent number of the "Journal of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, attributes the discovery of the plan to Mr. John Shaw, of Drum Laurig, so far back as 1833, and further proved by the Rev. T. S. Williamson, ten years afterwards. But the scientific world seems to have been still earlier at work; for, in 1764, Professor Jacobi, of Berlin, discovered that the roe of fish was fecundated after ejected by the female; and more, that the roe and milt extracted even from dead fish possessed the vital power, and even when dead two or three days that this power is not lost. The Professor also explains how fish may be thus introduced into new new districts, and even carried into other countries. In the summer of 1852 Reev & Co, published a pamphlet on the artificial production of fish calling particular attention to the French adoption of the joint discoveries to the German professor and the Scotch gardiner, in filling the rivers of France with millions of fish of the most valuable kind. Mr Boccius last year undertook to transport fecundated trout spawn to New Zealand by placing gravel in large iron boxes, with a supply of river water, in order to effect the necessary change; for in water totally stag nant the fish will not be produced. The usual period varies from 70 to 100 days; but owning to the tropical atmosphere on the voyage, the young were yroduced in in about 42 days. The effect of a stream was obtained by constant dropping from a tank above the iron box; the water in which was hurified by the valisneria.

The originators of the French practice were two fishermen of La Bresse, who, finding the fish fail in there streams, began to collect the spawn and and apply the milit themselves, which they deposited in baxes or baskets full of holes, and placed them in safe situations in running streams. A French paper says Applying this operation, the year afterwards, te a great number of fish, they obtained several thousand trout; and in a year or two more, the numbers had literally increased to millions. The French government considered the matter of sufficient importance to take it up, and these two fishermen were taken into its pay, and made to apply the principle to the streams of the district already mentioned. The same paper says; They have been, completely successful, and rivers and lakes, in which there were no fish, now literally teem with them. The plan is to be further encouraged. A commissary of 'savans' is appointed to superintend the process. Salmon, perch, and even lobsters are to be domesticated—so far at least as being bred and reared, out of the reach of their numerous enemies.

Perhaps no animal will multiply so fast as the fish. The mackarel produces 546,000 eggs, the codfish 1,357,000, and the herring also produces vast numbers. But if only 2000 of any of these came to perfection there would be, in the second year, 12,000,000, in the third 2,000,000,000. To protect only there fore, is to ensure the production of millions of fishes; but how any fish now happens to escape their enemies, natural and artificial, seems positively more wonderful than their powers of production. The breeders of fish artificially in Great Britian are Mr. Boccius, Mr. Gurney, of Carshalton and Mr. Young, of Lochshire. The latter appears to have been the first to show the parr and the smoult to be only stages of the salmon, and to prove that by the construcuction of side pouds, with a small stream running over them with sufficient water to keep them covered but not to be too deep, so as to favor the development of the spawn with as much rapidity as possible the work will be done. The small fish will thus be preserved from their larger enemies until they have an opportunity of shifting better for themselves, and vast supplies will be afforded to the sea to return again either to the same spot or most certainly to the same river, in another year. The grisle or young salmon of from 2¼ to 6 lbs. weight, has been sent to market, the spawn from which they have come having only been deposited in the preceding October or November three months of this to be allowed for hatching—and often a longer period. A grisle, weighing 6 lbs. in the month of February, has after spawning, in its return from the sea in September, weighed 13 lbs.; and according to Jessie, a salmon fry of April will in June weigh 4 lbs., and in August 9 lbs. These experiments—if such they can be called after success so abundant—certainly place the subject before the naturalist and political economist in a most interesting point of view and it is not at all suprising that so much interest should be manifested in the matter elsewhere.

"THE PRESS."—There is no book so cheep as a newspaper, nothing so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured out in suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every week or day it invites a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individual and community. It causes many an hour to pass away pleasantly and profitably, which would otherwise have been spent in idleness, if not in mischief.

PROOF DEMONSTRATIVE.—A poor cornet having got his skull severely fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible on which he remarked, "Do write and tell my father, for he always swore I had none."

An indignant tailor intends opening a shop opposite to the 'Spirtual Rappers,' with a tremendous notice over his door to the following effect:—'Do not be deceived! This is the best shop for rap-rascals