

# HASZARD'S GAZETTE

## FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, December 7, 1853.

New Series, No. 92.

**HASZARD'S GAZETTE.**  
GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.  
Published every Wednesday and Saturday morning.  
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Terms: Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including hand, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—12 lines, 4s.—24 lines, 6s.—36 lines, 8s.—48 lines, 10s.—60 lines, 12s.—72 lines, 14s.—84 lines, 16s.—96 lines, 18s.—108 lines, 20s.—120 lines, 22s.—132 lines, 24s.—144 lines, 26s.—156 lines, 28s.—168 lines, 30s.—180 lines, 32s.—192 lines, 34s.—204 lines, 36s.—216 lines, 38s.—228 lines, 40s.—240 lines, 42s.—252 lines, 44s.—264 lines, 46s.—276 lines, 48s.—288 lines, 50s.—300 lines, 52s.—312 lines, 54s.—324 lines, 56s.—336 lines, 58s.—348 lines, 60s.—360 lines, 62s.—372 lines, 64s.—384 lines, 66s.—396 lines, 68s.—408 lines, 70s.—420 lines, 72s.—432 lines, 74s.—444 lines, 76s.—456 lines, 78s.—468 lines, 80s.—480 lines, 82s.—492 lines, 84s.—504 lines, 86s.—516 lines, 88s.—528 lines, 90s.—540 lines, 92s.—552 lines, 94s.—564 lines, 96s.—576 lines, 98s.—588 lines, 100s.—600 lines, 102s.—612 lines, 104s.—624 lines, 106s.—636 lines, 108s.—648 lines, 110s.—660 lines, 112s.—672 lines, 114s.—684 lines, 116s.—696 lines, 118s.—708 lines, 120s.—720 lines, 122s.—732 lines, 124s.—744 lines, 126s.—756 lines, 128s.—768 lines, 130s.—780 lines, 132s.—792 lines, 134s.—804 lines, 136s.—816 lines, 138s.—828 lines, 140s.—840 lines, 142s.—852 lines, 144s.—864 lines, 146s.—876 lines, 148s.—888 lines, 150s.—900 lines, 152s.—912 lines, 154s.—924 lines, 156s.—936 lines, 158s.—948 lines, 160s.—960 lines, 162s.—972 lines, 164s.—984 lines, 166s.—996 lines, 168s.—1008 lines, 170s.—1020 lines, 172s.—1032 lines, 174s.—1044 lines, 176s.—1056 lines, 178s.—1068 lines, 180s.—1080 lines, 182s.—1092 lines, 184s.—1104 lines, 186s.—1116 lines, 188s.—1128 lines, 190s.—1140 lines, 192s.—1152 lines, 194s.—1164 lines, 196s.—1176 lines, 198s.—1188 lines, 200s.—1200 lines, 202s.—1212 lines, 204s.—1224 lines, 206s.—1236 lines, 208s.—1248 lines, 210s.—1260 lines, 212s.—1272 lines, 214s.—1284 lines, 216s.—1296 lines, 218s.—1308 lines, 220s.—1320 lines, 222s.—1332 lines, 224s.—1344 lines, 226s.—1356 lines, 228s.—1368 lines, 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lines, 342s.—2052 lines, 344s.—2064 lines, 346s.—2076 lines, 348s.—2088 lines, 350s.—2100 lines, 352s.—2112 lines, 354s.—2124 lines, 356s.—2136 lines, 358s.—2148 lines, 360s.—2160 lines, 362s.—2172 lines, 364s.—2184 lines, 366s.—2196 lines, 368s.—2208 lines, 370s.—2220 lines, 372s.—2232 lines, 374s.—2244 lines, 376s.—2256 lines, 378s.—2268 lines, 380s.—2280 lines, 382s.—2292 lines, 384s.—2304 lines, 386s.—2316 lines, 388s.—2328 lines, 390s.—2340 lines, 392s.—2352 lines, 394s.—2364 lines, 396s.—2376 lines, 398s.—2388 lines, 400s.—2400 lines, 402s.—2412 lines, 404s.—2424 lines, 406s.—2436 lines, 408s.—2448 lines, 410s.—2460 lines, 412s.—2472 lines, 414s.—2484 lines, 416s.—2496 lines, 418s.—2508 lines, 420s.—2520 lines, 422s.—2532 lines, 424s.—2544 lines, 426s.—2556 lines, 428s.—2568 lines, 430s.—2580 lines, 432s.—2592 lines, 434s.—2604 lines, 436s.—2616 lines, 438s.—2628 lines, 440s.—2640 lines, 442s.—2652 lines, 444s.—2664 lines, 446s.—2676 lines, 448s.—2688 lines, 450s.—2700 lines, 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**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 Peasants of Bread that will be returned for every 100 pounds of Flour furnished by the Commissariat:—the Flour to be taken from the Commissariat Magazine, 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, or 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.

**TRUCKAGE.**  
Tenders to state the price, in sterling, for the following services:—

Flourwood from the Fuel Yard to the Barracks and Quarters of Officers, at par cost.

Do, to the Garrison Guards, when required, (both Guards to be considered one trip) at par cost, or trip. Baggage, Commissariat and Ordnance Stores, &c., to and from Wharves to Barracks, or elsewhere in the Town, at par load of 6 cwt.

Flour, at par 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 Ladies of the BAPTIST CHURCH and congregation, are hereby notified, that the annual Bazaar, for the purpose of raising a BAZAAR in the Temperance Hall on Thursday the 29th December, to aid in raising Funds for the erection of a Tower and Faneuil for the said Chapel.

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

Mrs. W. BARNWELL,  
" J. McGRIGOR,  
" B. WILSON,  
" J. WATSON,  
" 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.**  
Best Cast 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:—

"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, Secy.  
Charlottetown, March 17, 1853.

**Georgetown Mail.**  
THE MAILS for Georgetown will further Notice, I will be made up and forwarded every Monday and Friday morning at nine o'clock.

**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 \$1,000, 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 our most daily occurrences, 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 you may see, and in the evening without rest your 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, late 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 portions 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 foremost posts, which is not always done, because one of them often, if not always in out of its place, giving free ingress to the court yard, or lively 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 grimed 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 wretch, who's not fit to do, because one of them often, if not always in out of its place, giving free ingress to the court yard, or lively 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."

"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 one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I want 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 a bad girl, like Lexy 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! I tell you mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

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

"No, my dear, that went 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 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 center of filth, poverty and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

We had picked 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 brands of "pure gin"—"old rum"—"pale guinea"—"pure port"—"Haidick"—"Larger-Beer"—"pure stout"—"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-leech and leeching mother.

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, and ever as we shall through all years to come, 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 to the daily chances of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New-Orleans and swallow 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.

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