HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, June 15, 1853. New Series. No. 42.

Falling Remedy!

WAY'S OINTMENT.

CTS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AF-
EN YEARS SUFFERING.
r from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Le-
, dated August 20, 1852.
OLLOWAY,
I am enabled to furnish you with a
ary cure effected by your invaluable
tts which has astonished every per-
with the sufferer. About 14 years
Dunmiss, of Saltney Street, in this
rn from his horse, whereby he receiv-
injuries; he had the best medical ad-
e, and was afterwards an inmate of
ries, yet he grew worse, and at length
ning ulcer settled in his hip, which so
pled him, that he could not move
s for nearly 10 years; recently he be-
Ointment and Pills, which have now
nd, strengthened his limb, and enabled
e with his crutches, so that he can
greatest ease, and with renewed health
(Signed) J. THOMPSON.

RAORDINARY CURE OF A DREAD-
SEASE, WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID
HAD FAILED.
er from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Ken-
Gainsbro', dated March 1st, 1852
HOLLOWAY,
time since, one of my children was af-
readful eruptions over the body and
ined the advice of several eminent Sur-
icians, by all of whom the case was
peless. At length I tried your Oint-
, and without exaggeration, the effect
ss, for by persevering in their use, all
quickly disappeared, and the child was
fect health.
lost a child from a similar complaint,
elieve, had I in her case adopted your
e would have been saved also. I shall
ntify the truth of this to any enquirer.
(Signed) J. HIRD, Draper.

URPRISING CURE OF ULCERATED
, DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL
HEALTH.
tter, from Mr. J. M. Clennell, of New-
Tyne, dated September 20th, 1852.
HOLLOWAY,
—I am authorised by Mrs. Gibbon, of
reet, in this town, to inform you, that for
e period she had been a sufferer from de-
neral ill health, accompanied by a dis-
ach, and great derangement of the sys-
ition to this, she was terribly afflicted
d wounds, or running sores, in both her
she was totally incapable of doing her
In this distressing condition she adopted
our Pills and Ointment, and she states
nderful short time, they effected a perfect
legs, and restored her constitution to
trength; and that she is now enabled to
with ease and comfort. Several other
his neighbourhood have also received ex-
benefit from the use of your invaluable
emain dear Sir, yours faithfully,
) JOHN MORTON CLENNELL.

REMEDY FOR SCORBUTIC HUMOURS
ASTONISHING CURE OF AN OLD
ENTY YEARS OF AGE OF A BAD LEG.
Letter from Messrs. Walker and Co.,
Chemists, Bath.
r HOLLOWAY.
—Among the numerous cures effected
of your valuable medicines in this neigh-
re may mention that of an old lady living
ge of Preston, about five miles from this
had ulcerated wounds in her leg for many
hatever they increased to such an alarming
o defy all the usual remedies; her health
g way under the suffering she endured.
essing condition she had recourse to your
and Pills, and by the assistance of her
e enabled to persevere in their use, until
d a perfect cure. We have ourselves been
nished at the effect upon so old a person,
bove 70 years of age. We shall be hap-
y any enquiries as to the authenticity of
wonderful case, either personally or by
e in the Bath Police Force, also, has been
ured of an old scorbutic affection in the
all other means had failed. He states that
y by the use of your Ointment, and speaks
a praise.
We remain, Dear Sir,
Your's faithfully,
(Signed) WALKER & Co.
should be used conjointly with the Ointment
n most of the following cases:—

Chings-foot	Fistulas
Chilblains	Gout
Chapped hands	Glandular
Corns (Soft)	swellings
Cancers	Lumbago
Contracted and Stiff	Piles
Joints	Rheuma-
Elephantiasis	tism
Skin-diseases	Sore Nip-
Tumours	ples
Yaws	Scurvy

the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY,
ad, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all
ble Druggists and Dealers in Medicines
t the Civilized World, in Pots, at 2s 9d, 4s
. There is a considerable saving by taking the
ZE.
—Directions for the guidance of patients in
ounder are affixed to each pot.
GEORGE T. HASZARD Agent.

LAW BOOKS.
TY on Pleading, Chitty on Contracts; Blunt's
mmercial Digest and Shipmaster's Assistant,
Common Law Reports, for sale at Geo. T.
ze's Book Store.

POTHECARIES HALL.
Old Established
1810.
USE,
RLOTTETOWN, JANUARY, 1853.
T. DESBRISAY & Co.
e just received, per late arrivals from Lon-
n, Dublin, United States and Halifax, their
for the Season, comprising, in the whole, an
Extensive and Varied Assortment
GS & CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY,
, Combs, Soaps, and other Toilet requisites;
Oils, Colours, and Dye Stuffs; Fruits, Spices,
ceery, Medicated and other Lozenges; with
ous Medicines in repute, and every other
usually kept in Drug Warehouses in Great
(See Spectator Hall Advertise.) The
which they can with confidence recommend
able; and, if quality be considered, at as low
ed prices, as they can be purchased in the
on.

Hazzard's Gazette,

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher, Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings, Office, Southside Queen Square, P. E. Island.

TERMS—Annual Subscription, 10s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of any number of lines not exceeding 12 lines, 2s. 6d. 9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—24 lines, 5s.—28 lines, 5s. 6d.—32 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.

Advertisements 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.

TREASURY BILLS.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Commissariat at noon, on Friday the 17th instant of British Coin, or Mexican Dollars, to the extent of £500 Sterling, in sums of One Hundred Pounds each, in exchange for Bills on the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, at Thirty Days' sight.

The Tenders of British Coin to state the premium per cent and those of Dollars, the number of Shillings and Pence Sterling, per Dollar, to be given in Exchange for the Bills.

JAMES B. LUNDY D. A. C. G.

Commissariat, P. E. Island, 10th June, 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.

Bermuda	7,980 lbs.
Demerara	41,993 "
Barbadoes	232,992 "
Tobago	44,640 "
Trinidad	54,000 "
Grenada	43,680 "
St. Vincent	44,016 "
St. Lucia	46,428 "
Dominica	46,500 "
Antigua	54,946 "
St. Kitts	37,716 "
Total	662,705 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 approval of a Board of Officers; and must be thoroughly 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 consumed collectively, at the option of the Tenderer, and such offers 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 rate and amount 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 Commissioners of H. M. Treasury at par, if the sum be above £50, and if under £50, 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., 12th May, 1853.

GAS WORKS.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Subscriber until *Saturday* the 18th inst., for the Pressing, Rough-boarding and Shingling of the Wooden Buildings for the Gas Works, with Doors and Windows, &c. for the same, agreeable to the Plans and Specifications of the same. Also, the construction of a Wooden Tank, 48 feet diameter and fourteen feet deep. All further particulars to be known on application to

M. Bell could (as well as all others the on the first) Instalment, of Twenty-five per cent on each Share taken in the *Charlottetown Gas Light Company* is requested to be paid on or before Saturday the 18th inst.

JOHN GAINSFORD, Superintendent.

June, 1853. 3m.

CARD.

GEO. P. TANTON'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY, 24 Great George Street, opposite Mr. J. R. Weir's, where Portraits are taken by the most improved Northern Sky-light—the only Sky-light in the province of Canada.

A good assortment of Lockets, Frames, and plain and fancy Cases, kept constantly on hand.

Rooms open from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Ladies and Gentlemen, particularly invited to call and examine, &c.

May 14. 3m.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXXII.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

A weary Journey—Music the Language of Despair—Legree's Residence—Sambo and Quimbo—Drop by Drop—Where is the Lord?—The Dream.

TRAILING wearily behind a rude wagon, and over a ruder road, Tom and his associates faced onward.

In the wagon was seated Simon Legree; and the two women, still fettered together, were stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it, and the whole company were seeking Legree's plantation, which lay a good distance off.

It was a wild, forsaken road, now winding through dreary pine barrens, where the wind whispered mournfully, and now over long causeways, through long cypress swamps, the doleful trees rising out of the slimy, spongy ground, hung with long wreaths of funeral black moss, while ever and anon the loathsome form of the moccasin snake might be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there, rotting in the water.

It is disconsolate enough, this riding, to the stranger, who, with well-filled pocket and well-appointed horse, threads the lonely way on some errand of business; but wilder, drearier, to the man enthralled, whom every weary step bears further from all that man loves and prays for.

So one should have thought that witnessed the sunken and dejected expression on those dark faces; the wistful, patient weariness with which these sad eyes rested on objects after object that passed them in their sad journey.

Simon rode on, however, apparently well pleased, occasionally pulling away at a flask of spirit, which he kept in his pocket.

"I say you!" he said, as he turned back and caught a glance at the dispirited faces behind him; "strike up a song, boys—come!"

The men looked at each other; and the "come", was repeated, with a smart crack of the whip which the driver carried in his hands. Tom began a Methodist hymn—

"Sweet is the work, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I"—

"Shut up, you black cuss!" roared Legree; "did yer think I wanted any o' yer infernal old Methodism? I say, tune up, now, something real rowdy—quick!"

One of the other men struck up one of those unmeaning songs common among the slaves—

"Massy send me catch a coon,
High, boys, high!
He hang I to split—d'ye see the moon?
Ho! ho! ho! boys, ho!
Ho! yo! hi—e! oh!"

The singer appeared to make up the song to his own pleasure, generally hitting on rhyme, without much attempt at reason; and all the party took up the chorus at intervals—

"Ho! ho! ho! boys, ho!
High—e—oh! high—e—oh!"

It was sung very boisterously, and with a forced attempt at merriment; but no wail of despair, no words of impassioned prayer, could have had such a depth of woe in them as the wild notes of the chorus. As if the dumb heart, threatened—prisoned—took refuge in that inarticulate mastmery of music, and found there a language in which to breathe its prayer to God! There was a prayer in it which Simon could not hear. He only heard the boys singing noisily, and was well pleased; he was making them "keep up their spirits."

"Well my little dear," said he, turning to Emmeline, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "we're almost home!"

When Legree scolded and stormed, Emmeline was terrified; but when he laid his hand on her, and spoke as he now did, she felt as if she had rather he would strike her. The expression of his eyes made her soul sick, and her flesh creep. Involuntarily she clung closer to the mulatto woman by her side, as if she were her mother.

"You didn't ever wear earrings," he said, taking hold of her small ear with his coarse fingers.

"No, mas'r!" said Emmeline, trembling and looking down.

"Well, I'll give you a pair when we get home, if you're a good girl. You needn't be so frightened! I don't mean to make you work very hard. You'll have fine times with me, and live like a lady—only be a good girl."

Legree had been drinking to that degree that he was inclining to be very gracious, and it was about this time that the inclosures of the plantation rose to view. The estate had formerly belonged to a gentleman of opulence and taste, who had bestowed some considerable attention to the adornment of his grounds. Having died insolvent, it had been purchased at a bargain by Legree, who used it as he he did everything else, merely as an implement for money making. The place had that ragged, forlorn appearance, which is always produced by the evidence that the care of the former owner has been left to go to utter decay.

What was once a smooth shaven lawn before the house, dotted here and there with ornamental shrubs, was now covered with frowzy tangled grass, with horse-posts set up here and there in it where the turf was stamped away, and the ground littered with broken pails, ears of corn, and other slovenly remains. Here and there a withered jessamine or honeysuckle hung negligently from some ornamental support, which had been pushed to one side by being used as a horse-post. What once was a large garden was now all grown over with weeds, through which, here and there, some solitary exotic reared its forsaken head. What had been a conservatory had now no window sashes, and on the mouldering shelves stood some dusty, forsaken flower-pots with sticks in them, whose dried leaves showed they had once been plants.

The wagon rolled up a weedy gravel-walk, under a noble avenue of China trees, whose graceful forms and ever springing foliage seemed to be the only things there that neglect could not daunt or alter—like noble spirits, so deeply rooted in goodness as to flourish and grow strong, amid discouragement and decay.

The house had been large and handsome. It was built in a manner common at the South; a wide verandah of two stories running round every part of the house, into which every outer door opened, the lower tier being supported by brick pillars.

But the place looked desolate and uncomfortable; some windows stopped up with boards, some with shattered panes, and shutters hanging by a single hinge—all telling of course neglect and discomfort.

Bits of board, straw, old decayed barrels and boxes, garnished the ground in all directions; and three or four ferocious looking dogs, roused by the sound of the wagon-wheels, came tearing out, and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions, by the efforts of the ragged servants who came after them.

"Ye see what ye'd get!" said Legree, caressing the dogs with grim satisfaction, and turning to Tom and his companions; "Ye see what ye'd get if ye try to run off. These yer dogs has been raised to track niggers; and they'd just as soon chaw one on ye up as eat their supper. So, mind yourself! Hoy now, Sambo!" he said to a ragged fellow, without any brim to his hat, who was officious in his attentions. "How have things been going?"

"Fust rate, mas'r."

"Quimbo," said Legree to another, who was making zealous demonstrations to attract his attention, "ye minded what I telled ye?"

"Guess I did, didn't I?"

These two coloured men were the two principle hands on the plantation. Legree had trained them in savageness and brutality as systematically as he had his bull-dogs; and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities. It is a common remark, and one that is thought to militate strongly against the character of the race, that the negro overseer is always more tyrannical and cruel than the white one. This is simply saying that the negro mind has been more crushed and debased than the white. It is no more true of this race than of every oppressed race, the world over. The slave is always a tyrant, if he can get a chance to be one.

Legree like some potentates we read of in history, governed his plantation by a sort of resolution of forces. Sambo and Quimbo cordially hated each other; the plantation hands, one and all, cordially hated them; and by playing off one against another he was pretty sure, through one or the other of the three parties, to get informed of whatever was on foot in the place.

Nobody can live entirely without social intercourse; and Legree encouraged his two black satellites to a kind of coarse familiarity with him—a familiarity, however, at any moment liable to get one or the other of them into trouble; for, on the slightest provocation, one of them always stood ready at a nod to be a minister of his vengence of the other.

As they stood there now by Legree, they seemed an apt illustration of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals. Their coarse, dark, brutish forms; their great eyes rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous, guttural, half-brute intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind—were all in admirable keeping with the vile and unwholesome character of everything about the place.

"Here, you Sambo," said Legree, "take these yer boys down to the quarters; and here's a gal I've got for you," said he, as he separated the mulatto woman from Emmeline and pushed her towards him. "I promised to bring you one, you know."

The woman gave a sudden start, and, drawing back, said suddenly—

"O mas'r! I left my old man in New Orleans."

"What of that you——? won't you want one here? Nobo o' your words—go 'long!" said Legree, raising his whip.

"Come, mistress," he said to Emmeline, "you go in here with me."

A dark, wild face was seen, for a moment, to glance at the window of the house; and, as Legree opened the door, a female voice said something in a quick imperative tone. Tom, who was looking with anxious interest after Emmeline, as she went in, noticed this and heard Legree answer angrily, "You may hold your tongue! I'll do as I please, for all you!"

Tom heard no more; for he was soon following Sambo to the quarters. The quarters were a little sort of street of rude shanties, in a row, at a part of the plantation far off from the house. They had a forlorn, brutal, forsaken air. Tom's heart sank when he saw them. He had been comforting himself with the thought of a cottage, rude, indeed, but one which he might make neat and quiet, and where he might have a shelf for his Bible, and a place to be alone out of his labouring hours. He looked into several; they were mere rude sheds, destitute of any species of furniture, except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread confusedly over the floor, which was merely the bare ground, trodden hard by the trampling of innumerable feet.

"Which of these will be mine?" said he to Sambo, submissively.

"Dunno—kin turn in here, I s'pose," said Sambo; "s'pose that's room for another thar; there's a pretty smart heap o' niggers to each on 'em now; sure I dunno what I'e to do with more."

It was late in the evening when the weary occupants of the shanties came flocking home—men and women, in soiled and tattered garments, surly and uncomfortable, and in no mood to look pleasantly on newcomers. The small village was alive with no inviting sounds; hoarse, guttural voices contending at the band-mills, where their morsel of hard corn was yet to be ground into meal, to fit it for the cake that was to constitute their only supper. From the earliest dawn of the day they had been in the fields, pressed to work under the driving lash of the overseers for it was now in the very heat and hurry of the season; and no means were left untried to press every one up to the top of their capabilities. "Time," says the negligent hunger, "picking cotton isn't hard, nobody 'll say that. And is it so, mas'r? I ain't lazy—I'm willing to work, if I can have my own time. But to be whipped and driven, mas'r, to have one drop of water fall on your head; yet the worst torture of the inquisition is produced by drop after drop, falling moment after moment, with monotonous succession, on the same spot! and work in itself not hard becomes so by being pushed, hour after hour, with persecuting, unremitting attention, with not even the compunction of free-will to take from its tediousness. Tom looked in vain among the gang, as they poured along, for companiable faces. He saw only sullen, scowling, embruted men, and feeble, discouraged women, or women that were not women—the strong pushing away the weak—the gross, carnivorous animal selfishness of human beings, of whom nothing good was expected and desired; and who, treated in every way like brutes, had sunk as nearly to their level as it was possible for human beings to do. To a late hour in the night the sound of the grinding was protracted; for the mills were few in number compared with the grinders, and the weary and feeble ones were driven back by the strong, and came on last in their turn.

"Ho yo!" said Sambo, coming to the mulatto woman, and throwing down a bag of corn before her, "what a cuss yo name?"

"Lucy," said the woman.

"Wal, Lucy, yo my woman now. Yo grind dis yer corn, and get my supper baked, ye far?"

"I ain't your woman, and I won't be!" said the woman, with the sharp sudden courage of despair; "you go 'long!"

"I'll kick yo, then!" said Sambo, raising his foot threateningly.

"Ye may kill me, if ye choose—the sooner the better! Wish't I was dead!" said she.

"I say, Sambo, you go to spilin' the hands, I'll tell mas'r o' you," said Quibo, who was busy at the mill, from which he had viciously driven two or three tired women, who were waiting to grind their corn.

"And I'll tell him yo won't let the women come to the mills, yo old nigger!" said Sambo.

"Yo jus keep to yo own row."

Tom was hungry with his day's journey, and almost faint for want of food.

"Thar, yo!" said Quimbo, throwing down a coarse bag, which contained a peck of corn; "thar, nigger, grab—take car on't, yo won't get no more dis yer week."

Tom sitted till a late hour to get a place at the mills; and then, moved by the utter weariness of two women, whom he saw trying to grind their corn there, to ground for them, put together the decaying brands of the fire, where many had baked cakes before them, and then went about getting his own supper. It was a new kind of work there—a deed of charity, small as it was; but it woke no answering touch in their hearts—no expression of womanly kindness came over their hard faces. They mixed his cake for him, and tended its baking; and Tom sat down by the light of the fire, and drew out his Bible—for he had need of comfort.

"Which that?" said one of the women.

"A Bible," said Tom.

"Good Lord! hain't seen un since I was in Kentuck."

"Was you raised in Kentuck?" said Tom, with interest.

"Yes, and well raised, too; never 'spected to come to dis yer!" said the woman, sighing.

"What's dat ur book, say way?" said the other woman.

"Why, the Bible."

"Laws a me, what's dat?" said the woman.

"Do tell! you never hearn on't?" said the other woman. "I used to har missis a readin' on't sometimes, in Kentuck; but, laws o' me, we don't har nothin' here but crackin' and swearin'."

"Read a piece, anyways!" said the first woman, curiously, seeing Tom attentively poring over it.

Tom read, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Them's good words enough," said the woman; "who says 'em?"

"The Lord," said Tom.

"I jest wish I knew'd whar to find Him," said the woman; "I would go. Feers the I never should get rested again. My flesh is fairly sore, and I tremble all over, every day, and Sambo's allers a jawin' at me, 'cause I doesn't pick faster; and nights it's most midnight afore I can get my supper; and then 'pears like I don't turn over and shut my eyes afore I hear de horn blow to get up, and it's agin in de mornin.' If I know whar de Lord was, I'd tell him."

"He's here, he's everywhere," said Tom.

"Lor! you can't gwine to make me believe dat ar! I know de Lord ain't here," said the woman; "can't no one talking, though. I's jest gwine to camp down, and sleep while I kin."

The women went off to their cabins, and Tom sat alone, by the smouldering fire, that dickered up redly in his face.

The silver, fair-browed moon rose in the purple sky, and looked down, calm and silent, as God looks on the scene of misery and oppression—looked calmly on the lone black man, as he sat with his arms folded and his Bible on his knee.

"Is God anywhere?" Ah! how is it possible for the untaught heart to keep its faith, unswerving, in the face of dire miracle and palpable, unrebuked injustice? in that simple heart waged a fierce conflict; the crushing sense of wrong, the forestalling of a whole life of future misery, the wreck of all past hopes, mournfully bearing in the souls' sight, like dead corpses of wife, and friend, rising from the dark wave, and urging in the face of the half-drowned mariner. Ah, was it easy for him to believe and hold fast the great pure word of Christian faith that God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him?

Tom was miserable, and stumbled into the cabin that had been allotted to him. The floor was already strewn with weary sleepers, and the foul air of the place almost repelled him, but the heavy night-dews were chill and his bones weary, and wrapping about him a tattered blanket which fell to his share, he laid down, he stretched himself in the straw, and fell asleep.

In dreams, a gentle voice came over his ear; he was sitting on the mount near to the garden by Lake Genesareth, and Jesus, with his serious eyes bent downward, was reading to him from the Bible; and he heard her read—

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Gradually the words seemed to melt and fade, as in a divine music, the child raised her deep eyes, and fixed them lovingly on him, and rays of warmth and comfort seemed to go from them to his heart; and, as if wafted on the music, she seemed to rise on shining wings, from which flakes and spangles of gold fell off like stars, and she was gone.

Tom woke. Was it a dream? Let it pass for one. But, who shall say that that sweet young spirit, which in life so yearned to comfort and console the distressed, was forbidden of God to assume this ministry after death?

"It is a beautiful belief;
That ever round our head,
Are hovering, on angel wings,
The spirits of the dead."

NEWSPAPER LETTERS FOR A PENNY TO THE COLONIES.—Many persons imagine that the mail matter between great Britain and countries beyond the sea must be increased to a large and inconvenient bulk in order to produce, under an ocean penny postage, the amount of revenue derived from the present rates. But this is a great mistake, newspapers and other publications now constitute probably more than half the weight and bulk of the mails conveyed across the ocean, the proposed reduction of postage on letters would not affect newspapers. These are now transported to most of the colonies for nothing, the penny stamp that pays the postage on a copy of the London *Times* from London to Edinburgh pays it also from Scotland to Nova Scotia. To some of the colonies an additional penny is charged. The difference of the postage on this printed matter in comparison with the charge imposed upon manuscript correspondence works in this way: a vast number of old newspapers and other periodicals are sent to the colonies and other countries, not with the slightest expectation that they will be read, but merely to convey to distant friends what may be expressed in the manuscript direction on the band or cover; and the eye of parental, filial, or fraternal affection can read many lines of precious meaning in a simple direction written by a well known hand. John Hawkins, Greytown, Newzealand receives an old English newspaper by a sailing packet, post marked Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. No one but John Hawkins knows whose hand penned those simple words. He knows full well, and they gladden his heart with the message:—"This is from your affectionate motherake remembers you with a mother's memory and a mother's good wishes. She is pretty well Look at these words. They are not written with a feeble or fever stricken hand." A nice and comforting letter that for John Hawkins for a penny. The words are few, without a verb or adjective to connect or qualify them, but they are full of meaning to John. They are all the Post Office will allow his mother or father to send him for a penny; so they are written on the cover of an old newspaper weighing two or three ounces, instead of a sheet of note paper weighing half an ounce. The poorest of the poor can send these newspaper letters to their friends across sea and send them they do by tens of thousands weekly there are in them only a few kernels of wheat to a gushel of chaff but as the chaff is transported for nothing, the bulk is not regarded by either party.

No mockery in this world ever sounds so hollow as that of being told to *cultivate* happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mould and filled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew, which the soul on certain of its summer mornings feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

Two loafers met upon the wharf yesterday, and passed the "compliments of the season" "Jim," said one, "have you seen Hall he's looking for you?" "Hall—what Hall?" was Jim's answer. "Why, Alcohall, you fool!" "Pshaw," responded Jim, "that's a poor sell, and you wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't been hurt last night when John tripped me up." "John—what John?" said Jim. "Demijohn, you sawskull."

The *Yankee Blade* says—Asinillo, the poet declared to his Phoebe in thirty-seven stanzas, that he was "On fire, on fire, on fire with passion;" upon which his Phoebe's father cashed to put him out of the front door.

A man attempted to seize a favourable opportunity a few days since, but his hold slipped, and he fell to the ground, injuring him considerably.

Epitaph—Here lies Hope—The wishes this wishes to die an old maid.