HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. Published every Tuesday evening and Saturday morning. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

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.

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces and the United States, will be made up and forwarded via Pictou, every *WEDNESDAY* afternoon at Four o'clock, and *SATURDAY* morning at Nine o'clock, until further notice. Those on *WEDNESDAY* by the Steamer *Lady Le Marchant*, and on *SATURDAY* by a Sailing Packet.

Mails for England, will be closed every alternate *WEDNESDAY* at Four o'clock, afternoon, viz:

Wednesday, July	5.	Wednesday, Sept.	13.
Wednesday, July	19.	Wednesday, Sept.	27
Wednesday, Aug.	2.	Wednesday, Oct.	11.
Wednesday, Aug.	16.	Wednesday, Oct.	25.
Wednesday, Aug.	30.		

Mails will also be forwarded to New Brunswick and the United States via Shediac by the *Lady Le Marchant*, every *THURSDAY* morning, on the arrival of that vessel from Pictou.

THOMAS OWEN, Postmaster General,
General Post Office, June 24, 1854.

THOMAS DOUGLASS,
SOLE AGENT FOR
BEE'S BRACE.
Commission Merchant, Importer, Manufacturer, and Wholesale Dealer in every description of
AMERICAN HARDWARE,
NO. 5 PLATT STREET,
THOMAS DOUGLASS, (Four doors from Pearl.)
ASA FARR, Jr., (late of the firm of Child, Farr & Co., St Louis. NEW-YORK.
June 28. 6m

WANTED, an ORGANIST for St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown. Apply to
ROBERT HUTCHINSON, } Church
or HENRY HASZARD. } Wardens.
June 20th, 1854.

THOMAS MANN, TAILOR, (*Late of Upper Queen Street,*) begs to inform his numerous friends that he has just REMOVED his Business to the House lately occupied by MRS. WOOD, in POWNAL STREET, next door to Mr. Dodd's Brick Store. June 2.

Royal Agricultural Society.

CATTLE SHOW FOR 1854.

THE QUEEN'S COUNTY CATTLE SHOW, will be held in Charlottetown, on Wednesday, 20th September, 1854.

PREMIUMS.

For the best Entire Blood Colt, foaled in 1852,		£2	0 0
For the second best	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
" best Blood Filly,	do	1	10 0
" 2d do	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
" best Entire Colt for Agricultural purposes, 1853,		2	0 0
For the second best	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
" best Filly,	do do	1	10 0
" 2d do	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
CATTLE.			
For the best Bull, dropped since the 1st January, 1852,		2	0 0
For the second best	do do	1	1 0
" 3d do	do do	1	0 0
" 4th do	do do	0	10 0
" best Bull, of any age,		1	10 0
" 2d do	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
" best Cow, giving milk, of any age,		1	10 0
" 2d do	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
" best Heifer, dropped since 1st January, 1852,		1	10 0
" 2d do	do do	1	0 0
" 3d do	do do	0	10 0
SHEEP.			
Best pen of 5 Ewe Tegs, of Leicester breed,		2	0 0
2d do	do do	1	0 0
3d do	do do	0	10 0
Best Ram under 3 years old (Lambs excluded),		2	0 0
Second best	do do	1	0 0
3d do	do do	0	10 0
Best Ram Lamb,		1	10 0
2d do		1	0 0
3d do		0	10 0
PIGS.			
Best Sow, having reared a litter this season,		1	10 0
2d do	do do	1	0 0
3d do	do do	0	10 0
Best Boar,		1	10 0
2d do		1	0 0
3d do		0	10 0

At the Cattle Show in Charlottetown, the following Premiums, offered by the undermentioned gentlemen, will be awarded, viz:

By Judge Peters, £1 for the best half-bred Galloway Bull.
By Mr. Walkinshaw, £1 for the best yearling Ayrshire Heifer.
By Mr. Walkinshaw, £1 for the best yearly Heifer of any breed.
By Mr. J. D. Hazard, £1 for the best Poll Bull of any age
By Mr. J. D. Hazard £1 for the best Poll Cow of any age.
By Mr. S. E. Wright, £1 for the best two year old Heifer of Alderney breed.

All Cattle intended for Exhibition must be entered at the Society's Depot on or before Saturday the 16th September.

Regulations will be published in a future advertisement.

The same amount of Premiums will be given, to be competed for at Saint Eleanor's, in Prince County, and at Finlay's, Cross Roads, in King's County (the place of holding the Shows to be determined by the Local Committees in each County.

By Order,
CHARLES STEWART, Sec'y.
Committee Room, May 9, 1854.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
MASONIC REGISTER, AND GAZETTE OF NEWS.

IT is proposed to give this paper a character which shall make it equal, if not superior, to any Masonic periodical in the United States, and a valuable Journal to be forwarded to every part of the globe. It will contain each week a new and well-written story of a useful and moral tendency, well-digested Summaries of Foreign and Domestic News and Masonic Intelligence, the movements of the various Benevolent Associations, Literary, Religious and other Societies of this city, Public Amusements, Notices of Foreign and Domestic Publications, Original Poetry by admired authors, Original Moral Essays, with an Editorial leader on some appropriate topic of the day.

It will give the most impartial statements of matters, in and out of the Order, and be at the same time particularly devoted to the interests of the Fraternity. It will contain from time to time fine Wood Engravings and descriptions of all the principal Public Institutions in the United States. Also original Biographies of distinguished Free-Masons, and other bright worthies in the catalogue of fame. Recent discoveries in the Arts and Sciences, and important Masonic Statistics, will be regularly given.

We do not intend to follow in the wake of our unsuccessful predecessors, for we have marked out an entirely different course. We intend, as here intimated, to introduce into the columns of this Journal, the latest *Foreign and Domestic General Intelligence*, knowing that masons, as well as those not of the Order, want such news,—thus making it a paper in which *all* will feel interested. This, it must be admitted, is an entirely new feature in Masonic Periodicals, and will, no doubt, prove as great a desideratum to the country as well as the city Free-masons.

We pledge ourselves that this paper will be "always on hand"—*will be delivered when expected.* We would fraternally request all brothers, who approve of our undertaking, to use their good word—their influence in procuring subscribers for this—the FREE-MASON'S NEWSPAPER.

Finally, every department of the Paper will be properly attended to, and every aid that talents, means, position and industry can bring to the task, is secured for this enterprise, to make it in all respects the MASON'S NEWSPAPER. To the Masons of America, and the Fraternity wherever they may be found, we offer a sheet that will be entirely worthy of their favorable consideration and support.

Office, 343 *Broadway*, (*Third Floor.*)

J. F. ADAMS, M. D.,
S. LAZARUS,
HENRY N. MARQUAND.

TERMS.—To Subscribers supplied by mail, payable in advance, $2 00 PER ANNUM.

Subscriptions received at GEO. T. HASZARD'S Book Store.

ROSS' ARTIFICIAL SLATE.

Truro, Nov. 5, 1853.

To JOHN ROSS, Esquire, Patentee of Artificial & Metallic Paints.

SIR,

WE the Subscribers, House Joiners and Painters, by trade, having been using your "Artificial Slate" for upwards of three years deem it a pleasing duty to express our opinion, that this composition far exceeds any other paint for covering the Roofs of Houses,—apart from its *fire proof* quality its value for protecting wood from the decaying influence of the weather is exceedingly important. We know of many buildings covered with *sawed* shingles painted with Artificial Slate, which have stood the test of summer heat and winter cold, which are now as smooth, as when first laid—the whole roof appears to be *cemented* together, impervious to moisture and consequently not subject to decay.

We regard the application of "Artificial Slate" to *sawed* shingles as a matter of great economic value, and feel desirous that it should be generally known that sawed shingles so covered are superior in point of finish and durability, to those split and shaved—We are sir, yours, &c.

GEORGE COOK, THOS. M. CROW,
SAMUEL J. BLAIR, D. B. FLETCHER,
RICHARD UPHAM, SYDNEY, S. CROW,
FRANCIS LAYTON, DAVID C. WILSON,
GEORGE GUNN,

Agents for Charlottetown, Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE, and Mr. GEORGE T. HASZARD.

DR KIDDER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY PILLS

FOR the CURE of LIVER Complaints, Jaundice Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Indigestion Gout, Dysentry, Diarrhœa, Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Erysipelas, and all Diseases of the Skin Eruptions, Typhoid and Inflamatory Fevers, Sick, Headache, Costiveness, Pains in the Head, Breast, Side, Back and Limbs, Palpitation of the Heart, Female Complaints, and all Diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

These invaluable Pills have been used with unparalled success in private practice for more than thirty years, and are now offered to the public, with the fullest conviction that they will prove themselves a public benefit.

They possess the power of stimulating the deparative organs throughout the body to a healthy action, thus assisting nature to subvert disease after her own manner. Prepared only by D. TAYLOR, JR. & Co., No. 25, Hanover street, Boston.

W. H. WATSON, Charlottetown, General Agent for P. E. Island.

Sold also by M. W. SKINNER, and T. DESBARATS.

LEAVING THE ISLAND.

MR. J. WEATHERBIE intending to remove from this Island, in a few weeks from this date, requests all persons having any claims against him to furnish their accounts for settlement, and all who are indebted to him, are respectfully and earnestly requested to come forward and settle the same, without delay, and thereby prevent the unnecessary trouble and expense of falling into the hands of an Attorney, which Mr. W. would much regret. Office next door on Prince Street to Temperance Hall.

BRASS FOUNDRY. AND MACHINE SHOP.

BY W. C. HOBB.

NOW open in Great George Street, on the old Stand. Old Copper and Brass bought. An Apprentice wanted.

May 13, 1854.

MRS. JUDSON—FANNY FORRESTER.

A mind more gifted, a temperament more sensitive, and a heart more woodrously tried by all that could blind the crown of thorns which shines brightest in heaven, never passed from the earth, we may well believe, than in the death of her, whose names (by which she is known to the world) we have here written. Of the two lives that she lived successively, while a tenant of the fragile frame whose pulses are now still—the first, a brilliant and brief one of literary success, and the last a slow and painful martyrdom of sacrifices and sorrow—genius and an almost unparalleled sensibility deepened, a thousand-fold, the varied experience. Few will have ever gone to the right hand of God, we reverently feel, with more about which the angels will gather, to read the record in eyes tearful no longer. She was of that heavenly spirit, and selfsacrificing and humble goodness, which, it is the mystery of an inscrutable Providence should be selected for such trial on earth. To those who knew her she was, in every sense, sainted; yet none who knew her well, and what she so changefully suffered, would believe there was ever another lot so apparently deepened but to be filled with bitterness. Before saying the few words by which we would recall the points of her varied life to our readers, let us give one of the drops of agony wrung from this heaven-child while here on trial—a poem written for her mother's eye only, and certainly the most manifest *first breath of a soul's utterance* that we have ever seen in human language. It was sent to us some years ago, by one of her friends, under a seal of privacy which we presume is removed by her death. She wrote it while at Maulmain, the missionary station in India at which she had been left by her husband, Dr. Judson, when he embarked on a nearly hopeless voyage for health. At the date of this poem he had been four months dead, although it was ten days before the sad news was communicated to her.

SWEET MOTHER.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stains;
Mould gathers on the walls—would heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown;
It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round,
Since love upon it smiled,
And everything of earth has frowned
On thy poor sriken child, sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in his bosom wept—O, God!
How had I prayed and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—Alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in tears, we came,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room!"
Well, mine were just the same that day—
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charlie came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name.
But O! he brought no joy—my child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitying lips bent over me.
And whispered, "He is dead!"—Mother!
'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me—
So weary, worn, and weak—
Death's shadowy peleness seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join Death's pale phantom throng—my boy
To join that grizzly throng!

O, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly-gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears, sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

O, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms,
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling trustingly to me—poor babes!
To have no guide but me.

With weary foot, and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backwards sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on heaven—her heart
Grow strong in Christ and heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but *to do*
To work at heaven's behest—my pains
Come at the same behest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ!
To thy dear cross I cling.

Maulmain, August 7th, 1850.

Of the hymns in human language *for the soul only*—low and holy and full of meaning as the commandments—this is one.

Our readers—those who have kept with us through years gone by—will remember our reception and announcement of the first writings of "Fanny Forrester." She was at that time a school-teacher at Utica, and with one or two intimate and most talented friends among her pupils. Knowing nothing of her real name, or her circumstances, we were exceedingly captivated by the off hand brilliancy of her style, and its undercurrent of good sense never out of sight; and she and the friends she wrote of (and who wrote with her) became soon, to the public as well as to us, the nucleus of a new kind of literary interest. It was the beginning of a new school of female authorship—*immediate and familiar expression, made sacred and rose-coloured by the personalness of woman.* By writing as if she were talking, she secured the respect and attention that would be given to her presence. She embellished our journal for a while, and then appeared as an authoress, with "Alderbrook" and other volumes.

We had never seen "Fanny Forrester" till she came to New York with Dr. Judson, having devoted herself to missionary life, and about to embark with her husband for India, to share his exile of apostleship and his many and dangerous cares. Looking upon her, we saw, at [illegible], that it was a spirit which had already outworn its frame—a slight, pale, delicate and transparent creature, every thought and feeling shining through, and every word and movement tremulous with fragility of mortal tenure. We said farewell with no thought that she would ever return—hardly a hope that she would reach her far-off destination. She did arrive there, however. The poem above tells in deathless tears what was one hour of the years she suffered there. She returned, utterly bereaved and a wreck in health, two years since, and, in the retirement of her mother's humble home, sank gradually to the grave.—*Home Journal.*

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

General characteristics of the Turks.—Their virtues and defects.—The civilized Turk.—What he has gained and lost.—Women in Turkey.

The books recently published upon this subject are very contradictory. Some of them represent the Turks as worthy of the highest eulogy; others give an opposite opinion. Travellers judge the Turks after their own passions and prejudices, not after a thorough acquaintance with the people. They go to pass a few months at Constantinople, and the other large Eastern cities, without even having learned the language. They are not admitted into the families of Mahommedans. Their domestic life consequently escapes their observation. They meet with adventurers, exceptionable persons, with whom they converse for a short time; and then they return to the West, to publish, with foolish confidence, their superficial impressions. How, then, can they furnish us with correct information.

One of the latest English travellers has had the good sense to say: "After the first month of my residence in Constantinople, I could have expressed, very decidedly, my opinions in regard to the institutions and customs of the Turks. After three months I began to perceive the falsity of most of my impressions; and when six months had elapsed, I discovered that I knew almost nothing upon the subject of my study. But I had learned the useful lesson, that my first judgment had been incorrect because my position was a false one. I had undertaken to study the East with a Western spirit." It is, therefore, only by making extreme reservations that we can judge of the present state of the Turks.

They are generally indolent, and without energy in the industrial arts. The only occupation they have inherited from their ancestors is to carry arms and figure on the battle field. As long as their fanaticism existed in all its force, and they preserved the persuasion of their superiority over Christian nations, they exhibited much military courage. But since they have experienced terrible defeats in their struggles against Europeans, this warlike enthusiasm has grown cool, and they have fallen into extreme discouragement. Their doctrine of fatalism also contributes to hold them in this state of prostration. They accept their humiliation as heaven's decree; and when a nation has fallen so low, it is difficult to know what can restore it, unless all its religious persuasions are changed.

The Turks are ignorant. They have little or no instruction. They have left commerce, industry, the sciences, all which elevates man and enlarges the sphere of his thoughts, to the conquered nations. Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil, agriculture is in a deplorable condition. Robbery and plunder were so common, a few years ago, that the cultivator feared to plant more than was necessary for his own consumption.

A distinction has been made between the barbarous and civilized Turk,—between the Turk of the *old school*, as he might be called, and the Turk of the *new school*. The two types are indeed very different. They each have their good and bad side.

The old Turk is unsociable, especially during the seasons of *Ramazan* and *Bairam*, when he is absorbed in the celebration of the Mahommedan rites. Members of every other religion appear to him to belong to an inferior race. He detests and despises them. Whenever he can oppress the *infidels*, he does so with savage pleasure. No sympathy, love, or pity, can be expected from him. He will not share their joys or griefs. He regards himself as too far above them to have anything in common with their destiny. The old Turk is also exceedingly apathetic. He will pass whole days in majestic or rather stupid silence, thinking that slaves or Christians are made to work for him, while he has nothing to do for them. The old Turk believes with all his heart, in Mahomet and the Koran. He admits the most extravagant prodigies, without the shadow of a doubt. He even believes that the Ottoman Empire would be yet capable of resisting Russia, and all its enemies. He is a gross mixture of ignorance, pride, superstition and indolence. But, at the same time, the old Turk is temperate, honest in his word, sincere in his deals, open in his proceedings. He is sometimes capable of heroic devotion; he will sacrifice his property and life for what he considers a just and holy cause. In a word, he has uncommon morality and integrity; he promises little and rarely; but you may trust in his promise.

The Turk of the new school is very different. He has travelled over a part of Western Europe, has visited the German and French universities, and mingled with Christians in their studies and life; or if he has not left his native country, he has at least, learned the French language, read some books, and knows something of European sciences. He heartily rejects Mahomet and his pretended revelations. If he still professes the Mussulman religion, it is through necessity, and hypocrisy is the rule of his existence. He certainly more humane than the Mahommedan fanatic; he esteems Christians more, acknowledges the superiority of their civilization, and is disposed to imitate it as much as he can. His manners are more amiable. The foreigner can easily entertain agreeable relations with him. But this half-civilized Turk is false, immoral, perfidious, and lying; he abandons himself to intemperance, and has no higher rule of conduct than his personal interest.

Which of the two types is the best? I shall not decide; but, taken altogether, the old Turk, having defects which the other has not, still shows a respectable side; he has a kind of *conscience*, while the new Turk presents only egotism and passion, under the mask of deceitful amiability.

The women of Turkey have been less in contact with Christian civilization than the men. Their ignorance is extreme. They are the passive instruments of their lords and masters. The degradation of these women is so great that they do not even feel their bondage. When a European lady interrogates them upon their condition, they express neither regret nor desire. The only recommendable trait in the Turkish women is their complete devotion to their children. It is touching to see the reciprocal affection of the mothers and children. Since all their days are passed in the interior of their houses, the women concentrate there all which they possess of tenderness and love. Ah! if they would become Christians, how much they would contribute to change the aspect of the Ottoman Empire! X.

AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF DESTROYING BUGS.—It is not a very uncommon idea, that where bugs once are, there they must and will be; as if they were some indestructible sprites, that laugh and evade all endeavors to destroy them. This however, is quite a fallacy, and one successful mode of getting rid of them, is to mix half a pint of turpentine and half an ounce of camphor. The camphor should be broken into small bits and shaken in a bottle with the spirits, it will soon dissolve, and the mixture be fit for use. The bed furniture or hangings should be taken off, and, if of a material to bear washing, it should be washed; and the parts that have been near the wood should be sponged with the mixture, which will not injure. The bedstead should be unscrewed and the mixture, thoroughly applied to all the joints and cracks, by which means, not only the bugs, but the eggs will be destroyed. It will be well at the same time to scour the floor of the room with strong lime-water, and wash any other piece of furniture which have any cracks where bugs might secrete themselves, with the camphor and spirits. Although it is by no means always a proof of dirtiness when bugs appear, it certainly will be the part of cleanliness to speedily take means to destroy them.

CAUTION.—We commend the following to the attention of all whom it may concern—both the "authorities," and individual householders:—"Those charged with attention to such matters should see that disinfecting agents are freely used. Chloride of lime cannot be used too freely in sprinkling the gutters and all places emitting unsavory smells. A solution of copperas is also an excellent article to throw into cesspools, as it prevents the escape of noxious gasses."—*Quebec Gazette.*

The New York Tribune suggests the following amendment to the original draft of the Declaration of Independence: "All *white* men are created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, property, and the pursuit of niggers."

MISERABLE CHARLATANRY.—A Cincinati paper says that "the spirit rappers have been consulted in relation to the fate of the steamship, City of Glasgow, and have answered that the steamer took fire from the engine when eighteen days out from Europe, and that forty-one persons were lost,—thirty by fire and eleven by water—the survivors, 279 persons, escaped by the small boats. The captain and the first mate were among those saved. After fifteen days' exposure, they made Prince Edward's Island, April 7, since which twelve have died." If this turns out to be all *bosh*, the answer of the charlatans will be their information came from *evil* "spirits," and that they have lied.—*Week-stock Journal.*