

R REMEDY! OINTMENT.

RE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER UFFERING. William Galpin, of 70, Saint h, dated May 15, 1851.

(who is now 61) caught a violent ever since that time they have been ned. Her agonies were distracting, eprived entirely of rest and sleep, rised was tried, but without effect; state of her legs was terrible. I had d advised her to fry your Pills and fier every other remedy had proved e commenced six weeks ago, and, alth. Her legs are panishes, without and undisturbed. Could you have uring the last 45 years, and contrast ealth, you would indeed feel delightereatly alleviating the sufferings of a

WILLIAM GALPIN.
E CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF
S' STANDING.

1. Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens,
ield, dated May 31, 1861.

hirty years from a bad leg, the result at Gas Works; accompanied by ree to a variety of medical advice, was even told that the leg must be at opinion, your Pills and Ointment ort a time, that few who had not wit-

rsfield. T CURED IN ONE MONTH. rederick Turner, of Penshurst, uber 13, 1850.

ed from Bad Breasts for more than period had the best medical attend-are healed an awful wound in my own stermined again to use your Pills and a trial in her case, and fortunate it at hard in her case, and fortunate it ath a perfect cure was effected, and hes of my family have derived from ow strongly recommend them to all

FREDRICK TURNER. DANGEROUS SWELLING OF KNEE. ar, an Agriculturist, residing at am, dated May 15, 1850.

rlling on eachs ide of the leg, rather re, which increased to a great size. Surgeous here, and was an immate of wks. After various modes of treatged as incurable. Ilaving heard so I determined to try them, and in cured. What is more remarkable in the Hay Hayrest, and although I stion throughout the winter, I have haint.

JOHN FORFAR. SIDE PERFECTLY CURED. Francis Arnot, of Breahouse, dated April 29th, 1851.

ars my wife has been subject, from ation in the side, for which she was still the pain could not be removed. e papers, the wonderful cares effect-thought she wondid give them a trial, ight, she got immediate relief from r three weeks, the pain in her side e enjoyed the best of health for the

FRANCIS ARNOT.

Fistulas Gout
Glandular
Swellings
Lumbago
Piles
Rheumatism
Scalds Skin diseases Scurvy
Sore heads
Tumours
Uleers
Wounds Yans

of l'atients are affixed to each Pot

BELL,
E TAILORS.
HARLOTTETOWN.
constantly on hand, and all work
e on the shortest notice, and in the

E !! FIRE!!!

PERTY AT A SAVING PER CENT. ring in the MUTUAL FIRE

Y. laims · for loss can be met, without any other information can be ob-urer's Office, Kent Street.

d Life and Equitable mpanies of London.

Fire Insurance for P. E. Island.
T. H. Haviland, Esq.,
F. Longworth, Esq.

other information, may be obtained , Charlottetown. L. W. GALL, Agent.

REYGAN.

ang horse GREYGAN of match-metry, and beautiful action, and first prize from the "Agricultural 350—aut of a fine Canadian marc gh; perfectly free from any vicious a—commissing 1st May—at Mr. John Heattz, Charlottelown, on Charlottetown, on ne at my own Farm,

DONALD M'KINNON.

PROSE."

rill run between this Island and g the present season, and will leave to every Tessday and Thursday iving the Mails, between the hour ill return the days following, bar-mornings of Wednesdays and Fri-

THOMAS OWEN, Manager.

np, at his Office, Queen Squere April 36, 1802.

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1985

Gazette

VOL. 22.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1852.

NO. 1160.

Agriculture.

(From the Correspondent of the Albany Cultivator.) AGRICULTURAL ECONOMY.

AGRICULTURAL ECONOMY.

Do our agriculturists study economy as attentively as they ought to do? I do not mean economy in the ordinary sense—in expenditure, saving every cent they can and stlating supplies. I mean the economy of management. True economy adapts means to sude, applying no more or less of the one than is necessary for the completion of the other. For example, ten acres of land well propared and thoroughly tilled, will produce five hundred bushels of corn. The economical farmer, therefore, who intends to produce that amount of corn, will not use twenty acres in plowing and tilling, however imperfectly performed, than it will on ten acres, however well it shall be prepared. Again, if a farmer have a hundred loads of manure only, if he study economy, he will rather supply it all to a small piece of land and thus manure it well, than to a large piece and thus manure it imperfectly; because, in the former case, it will require less labour to produce a given amount of corp, than in the latter. Again, a farmer that has a given amount of manure will apply it in sufficient quantity to as much land only as it will supply with sufficient fertilization, and thus, by annually improving a small piece, at length render the whole fertile. So, also, the owner of a large tract of land will attempt to cultivate only just so smuch of it an his forces can cultivate theroughly. Two farmers, each with the same number of acres, and the same amount of labour, shall show very different balance sheets at the end of the year, the one footing up \$1000 profits, and the other \$500, simply because the one studies economy in the application of means to ends, and the other takes no thought of the matter.

One great fault of many farmers, may be found in a peculiar passion for large fields. How much wheat will you produce this year? and the passion should be, for the large yield, instead of the large surface seeded. The New England farmers differ from our Middle and Northern State farmers in this. The former study economy in all thin

result of their forces by diffusion, but strengthen them by concentration.

There is much want of economy also and much loss in not closely attending to times and seasons. We continually hear farmers complaining, that they have not yet got their land prepared for fall seeding, and now the weather will not admit of its preparation; can has not fissished planting his corn yet; another had not secured his harvest before the rain set in, and it is beginning to sprout. As a general rule, there is a time and season for every thing to be done on a farm, and those who are late in any thing must expect to suffer the consequences. To study the economy of times and seasons, is as much a part of the science of agriculture as is the proper adaptation of means to ends; and both are as necessary to success in farming, as a correct application of skill in mechanics is necessary to success in any mechanical employment. Many of our farmers a season to sleep all the winter, wate up in the spring, late or early as it happens; and go to work when the humour moves them, without system or forethought, go a-head as chance may lead in the summer, and in the fall gramble at the failure of their crops from unfavourable seasons. If any one takes this to himself, let him,—I mean it for him.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay, As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away; While self-dependent toil can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

While self-dependent toil can time defy. As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

To her unsurpassed agriculture, England is most indebted for support in the midst of the tremendous pressures which so often have threatened to crush her. It is the unparalleled cultivation of her soil that has enabled the British people, placed upon a rock island, to axed the world in every article of fabric, to maintain an unrivalled navy, and plant their power in every quarter of the Globe. Firm are the foundations of the strength of that nation, which in time of peace is contribued from the resources of its own industry, and in war can rely upon the strong arms and unquanted yeomanry, to sustain its rights in the dia of strife or in the roar of battle!

Upon agriculture in addition to the necessaries and common comforts of life, depends the success of every other employment. It is agriculture that supports our gignatic manufactories, ringing from the basement to the attic with the unisic of free labour, and causes our ten thousand ships to dance up every rolling hillow, and spread their sails to every propitions gale. Says Lord Erakine, in his political Romance, called Armata: You might as well hope to see the human body in active motion, when palsy had reached the heart of a tree flourishing after its roots were decayed, as expect to see the human body in active motion, when palsy had reached the heart of a tree flourishing after its roots were decayed, as expect to see manufactures, or arts, or industry of any description, progressive, when agriculture has declined. "Paralyze it, and "Me weaken the pulse of enterprise, stiffen the finger of machinery, and elip the wings of commorce. Destroy it, and you bury in one common grave, national power and individual prosperity.

Miscellaucous. .

PRIVILEGES OF LABOR AND PENALTIES OF IDLENESS. The first duty imposed on man is relation to society, is labour—a duty, the origin and benefit of which is easily discovered. Man is sent into the world naked, unprotected, and unprovided for. He does not, like the brutes, find his stic lethed with a sufficient covering, but must provide garments for himself. He cannot perchon a bought or burrow in a hole; but must rear a house to protect him

from the weather. He does not, like the ox find his nourishment under his feet, but must hant or caltivate the ground. To capacitate him for these necessary duties, he has received a body fitted for labour, and a mind calculated to direct his exertions; while the external world has been created with the wisset adaptation to his constitution—having the material for every necessary comfort and elegance he can innegine, or desire, or create by labour.

No man has a right to live, that does not carn his living. The Scripture tella us, "if ye work not neither shall ye eat." No class is exempted, and for this alone is man's body saited. He cannot defy the doom without a heavy punishment. If he must not carn his bread himself, he must work harder than a post boy under the name of hunting, or he must walk up and down the same street, play at billiards, bowling, cards, cricket, gardening, or at navigation; if he does none of those things, or similar, he must grow fat, have indigestion, consult dectors, with the vain hope to baffle Nature with impunity for some longer, and after a few years of perpetual uneasy feelings, it is found, that his heart is discussed, his liver dried up, his joints ossified, he becomes dropsical, loses the use of one half of his body, and is wheeled about in a chair, imbecile in mind as well as in limbs, or he becomes melancholy or suspicious of his best friends, or by some such winding up, he arrives at the last scene that ends his common-place eventless history.

"Such are the cursings. Lazineza, and thus the does."

"Such are thy cursings, Laxiness, and thus thy days Roll heavy, dark, and unenjoyed along.

No product of the vineyard, the field or the sea, however aided by inventive arts, will farnish a welcome repast to one who sits half the day on downy cushions. It is by labour that man comprehends the existence of the Deity, and the beauty and utility of his works, to adorn the earth and bring forth its productive power, and to expand the human mind and body.

Every person in society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society should produce physically or mentally, as much for society for its full enjoyment. No father can transmit to his son the right to be useless to his fellow creatures. The man who earns not his bread, but eats that of idleness, is, so far as the original intention is concerned, leading a life of doubtful morality. A moral and intellectual being disdains to leads a life of uselessness, for rich or poor, strong or weak, every idle member of society is either a knave or a fool. Even at the risk of being antiquated, we cannot help quoting the following beautiful extract.

"Why. man of idleness, labour rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life; without labour, the woven silks and wool upon your back, would be in the silkworm's nest, and the fleece in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air of God's wise ordination, is breathed with labour." It is only the drones who toil not, who infeat the hive of activity, like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are working men, who can build up or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the soft-handed by pointing

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.-GOLD.

say to recease in any mechanical employment. Many of our farmens was not sleep all the site, who is not seen and the site, who is all the site, who and as chance may lead in the summer, and in the fall gramble at the fallure of their cryptopion unflywourable seasons. If any one takes this to himself, let him,—I mean it for him.

It is the basis, the soil of our national prosperity. Commonere and manufactures conduce in a great measure to wealth; but the entity of the soil ever has been and ever will continue to the cultivation of the soil ever has been and ever will continue to the dates. It is the basis, the soil of our national prosperity. Commonere and manufactures conduce in a great measure to wealth; more cellivation of the soil ever has been and ever will continue to the the state of the soil of our national prosperity. The summer continue to the soil of our national prosperity. Compose the distance of the soil of our national prosperity. The summer continue to the soil of our national prosperity. The summer continue to the soil of our national prosperity. The summer continue to the soil of our national prosperity. Compose the summer continued to the soil of our national prosperity. Compose the summer continued to the soil of the soil continued to the soil of the

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELDS.

The following is an extract from a letter, dated "Melbourne, January 5, 1832;"—"The first excitement caused here was the discovery of gold at Ballarat, about 50 miles from Geelong. The whole of the population in Melbourne immediately flocked there, and many of them did extremely well; the majority of them, however, got nothing, and returned to their several occupations. These dignings have been totally eclipsed by the new ones discovered at Mount Alexander, about 75 miles from Melbourne and 20 from Mount Macedon; there everybody is doing well, find I could fill a quire of paper with instances of success. Men are coming down daily with pounds weight of the precious metal, and like fool many of them are throwing away their money and killing themselves with drink. Men who have been servants all their lives are now, after a few weeks' work at the 'diggins,' independent. Society is completely upset, and it is a common thing to be stopped in the street by dranken diggers, and offered 23 a week to go and work for them at the 'diggins.' This is a and state of things; but there is no doubt that diggers, at present, are better off than unfortunate squatters. Men of course now, are not to be had at any price less than £100 a year; in fact an able-bodied man can easily get an engagement in town to proceed with a party to the 'diggings,' they finding him in every thing, and guaranteeing him an ounce of gold (which is worth 25 here) a woek. In fact, I know a man who has only just arrived in the colony, who has just started for the diggings with a party on those terms. I was rather astonished a day or two ago: sitting in M'a office, who is a purchaser of gold, about twenty ragged-looking reseals came in, and the average amount of the cheques they got for their gold dast was about £300. M. showed me one cheque he gave to a digger for £1,310. To give you an idea of the way-in which the gold has been bount £300. M. showed me one cheque he gave to a digger for £1,310. To give you an idea of the way-in

pesterday. I saw at once he had just come from the diggins, so asked whether he was successful. "Oh!' he said, 'I done a good deal better, nor when I was with you.' I asked him how much he had made. 'Oh!' he said 'we only worked for a fortnight or three weeks, and me and my mates cleared £50 a-plees. He started next day back again. A friend whom I met at Geelong told me, that he and his party dag 29 holes and only got II oz. They were nearly giving it up in despair, when they determined to try snother. They accordingly went to work, and after getting down about two feet, they hit upon a voin of gold, which after washing and passing through the cradle yielded 13th. weight. A man very tipsy indeed, cames up to me in the street a day or twe ago, and addressing me in a very similar way, asked me, whether I could sell thim a station? Of course I said, 'Cortainly, but let me have a look at your gold?' 'Oh!' he said, 'you don't think, I have got any, don't you?' whereupon he pulled out a bag with about 5th weight in it. I fully expect to find my partner shepherding the whole of the sheep on horseback, with not a man on the establishment. I tried to hire men to send up to the station, but found it utterly impossible at absolutely ruinous wages. There is little or no law or order in this town now. The police have all resigned their offices, Government not being prepared to give them the wages they asked—10s. a day; and I believe there are only six policemen in the town, besides a few horse patrols. Men are being constantly stopped and robbed, and a digger was rescued from the hands of the police for some daring robbery only two days ago. The mails also, on the principal line of roads up the country, are discontinued."

The following is an extract from a letter dated "Melbourne, bec. 24, 1851.":—The sailing of any ship from this quarter of the world is now rendered a matter of great difficulty and uncertainty by reason of the all-absorbing and astounding fact of gold being found here in many localities in quantities unpr

THE DRUNKARD'S FUNERAL.

A SCENE IN NEWARK.

"Can you attend a funeral this afteranoa at 2 o'clock!" inquired a man beyond the meridian of life, who stood at my door, with an expression of sympathy upon his countenance—"Can you attend a funeral at the corner of — and — streets? There is a man dead there, sir; and although he is poor, yet we do not like to hury him, without some kind of religious service. We should be very glad, sir, if you could attend."

"I am sorry to say, that it is out of my power to comply with your reguest," replied, "inasmuch as I am previously engaged to attend a funeral at that hour, in another direction."

"I am very sorry, sir," he replied; but after a moment's reflection, again inquired—"Could you not come at little later, if we were to defer it an hour? Could you not come at 3 o'clock?"

"I think I can, I replied. "At all events, I will come as near that hour as possible."

He left me, and at the appointed time I went to fulfil my first engagement. A man of four-score years was sleeping his last long sleep. Relatives and friends were occupying the comfortable and well-furnished apartments absorbed in grief. The services being over, the lengthy procession moved slowly onward to the peaceful mansions of the dead. It was not a costly burial, but such as we could desire for ourselves—plain, solemn, appropropriate—mothing extravagant, yet nothing wanting; and while we felt that the burial was such as we could desire, there was a congeniality also in the place selected for the last sleep of death, even our own beautiful and quiet cemetery.

I hasten from these solemn, orderly and appropriate obsequies, to obey my second summons. An open waggon, with one horse attached, and four or five individuals were standing near the door. I felt a chill run through my veins. Part of a fearful trath was now revealed. The keen November wind was blowing, the sky wore its gloomy astumnal aspect; but I feared there was keener anguish and deper gloom within. I entered, and at one glance at the table, was told, it was the funeral of a drunkard? I was

the coffin, made of rough pine beards, slightly stained with red, in which was placed the corpse. He was a man, perhaps, of fifty; coarsely clad with grave clothes. His countenance, if an index to his state of mind, bespoke nothing but gloom. Around and underneath has head, where in other places, I had often seen the downy pillow and the rich satin linings, were stuffed a few of the shavings roughly taken from the boards which composed his coffin.

I looked with a spirit almost crusised within me, first at this new trophy of the reign of death, and then at the living seene around me. Both were expressive of the deepest wretchedness. In an opposite corner, upon a pile of old clothes, rudely thrown together, sat the unhappy widow, a tall spare woman, pale as the corpse before me. Her eyes were large and suaken, and she was thinly and poorly clad; and as she sat, she wrang her hands as if to relieve the agony she felt within, while with almost avery breath she gave a low, hollow, consumptive cough, which told me too plainly that death had marked her for his victim also. Several little children were standing around and beside the table were coffin the rested, shivering with cold, and weeping from some cause—whether they understood the meaning of a father's death or not—and the tears rolled down tunis pale and hollow cleeks, upon the uncarpeted floor, in large and bring drops. A few of the neighbours had gathered to attend the solomn services connected with the funeral. They were seated, some on boxes, others upon an old wom-out trank, while others stood. It was a gloomy scene, gloomier than the day without, and the anguish keener than the biding blast.

I stood there, in the midst of that group, a minister of Christ. The Bible was before me—the Bible so full of denunciations against sin. But as I looked around ms, it seemed as if in had denounced itself. There were the visible, tangible, heart-rending fruits of a godless life, and if possible, the more revolved spectacle of a godless life, and if possible, the more

THE POWER OF THE PENCE. A TRUE MANGRESTER STORY.

The Rev. J. B. Owen, M. A. of Bilston, in the course delivered in the Liverpool Concert Hall, in co

the Church of Eagland Institution, upon "Popular Insurance," related an aucedote, strikingly illustrative of the power which lies in the hands of the working men to promote their own occial comfort and independence, if they would only exert it. A Manchester calico-printer, was, on his wedding-day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day, as her share. He rather winced under the bargain, for though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard, and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public house as soon as the factory closued. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for house-keeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times, she succeeded, by dist of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening at his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, "Mary, we'n had no heliday sin's we were wed; and, only that I haven't a penny? th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mother?" "Would'st like to go, John?" asked she seftly, between; a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, Pil stand trent." "Thou stand trent!" said he, "The pint o' ale!" was the reply. John still die'nt understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and containing out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 three pences (i. e. &4 11 °8), and put it into his hand, exclaiming "Thee shall have the holiday, John." John was shanned, astonished, conscience

that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country-sent, a carriage, and for aught Mr. Owen knew, John was Mayor of his native borough at last.

MARKET FOR YOUNG WOMEN IN HUNGARY.

Every year, at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of this district (Bihar) ment together at a certain place, for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and young maidens, for it is there, that whilst purchasing househeld utensils, and family necessaries, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring their marriageable daughters, with each one her little dower accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dower is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers; some sheep, sometimes a few hogs, or even chickens. The girs are attired in their best, or what gold or silver they may possees or strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of the hair. Thus fitted out, every girl who desires a husband, betalken herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father, perhaps, forever; and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant et what roof is to shelter her, or what fate awaits her journey?s end. As to her fortune, it is in the cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, nobody wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair, arrayed in the very best skin-garments their chests contain. These savage looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, proceed with a great deal of interest and zest, to inspect the fair mountain lasses that are brought thinker by they fathers and their mulest, casting many side girls and the same of the chees. The same proceed with a great deal of interest and active the proceed with a great deal of interest and the melescopy of the hands together, annou the necessities of this pasteral race, all such orders have been dis-regarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavaleades as we have described, may be seen descending into the plains of Kalimasa, there to barter off these precious jewels of the household, as though they were senseless beeves or more produce of the soil.

(From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

INDUSTRIAL HEROES.

Richard Arkwright, it would seem was not a beautiful man; no romance hero, with haughty eyes, Apollo lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain, almost gross, bag-cheeked, pot-bellied, Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion—a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the northern part of England, at a half-penny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident, and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping rezors, in lathering dusty beards, and the contradictions and confinions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his; spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances, plying ideally with the samo—rather hopelessly looking—which, however, did he at last bring to bear, not without difficulty. His townsfolk rose in mobs around his—for threatening to shorten labor—to shorten labor—to shorten bear—to shorten labor—to sh INDUSTRIAL HEROES.

solute that he should stick to his regors rather; for which, however, he decisively, as thou will rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors.

Oh render! what a historical phenomenon is that pot-bellied, much enduring, much inventing man and barber! French Revolations were a-browing; to resist the same is any measure, imperial knisars were impotent, without the cotton and cloth of England; and it was this man, that had to give England the power of cotton.

Nor had Watt of the steam engine a heroic origin—any kindred with the princes of this world. The princes of this world were shooting their partridges—noisy in Parliament, or elsewhere, solving the question, head or tail—while this man, with blackened lingers, and grim brow was searching out, in his work slop the fire secret; or having found it, was painfully wending to and fee in quest of a moneyed man, 'a sindispensable man-midwite of the same. Reader, then shalt admire what is admirable, not what is drawed in admirable. Thou shalt learn to know the British lion, en when he is not throne supporter, and also the British jackaus, even when he is and throne supporter, and also the British jackaus, even when he is and throne supporter, and also the British jackaus, even when he is and throne supporter, and also the British jackaus, even when he is and throne supporter, and also the British jackaus, even when he is not throne supporter, and also the British jackaus, even when he is and through Academy, or any English Useful Knowledge Society dispovered for instance, who scratched earth with a stick, and threw in gorns, the biggest he could find—seed grains of a cestain grass,