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.

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Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

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BY W. C. HOBS.

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

May 18, 1854.

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Importer and Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE,

HEAVY ENGLISH GOODS BY THE PACKAGE.

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☞ Goods from England or the United States may be forwarded to any part of this Province, Nova-Scotia or P. E. Island by consigning the same to G. & M., enclosing Invoice, to prevent delays.

☞ Charges Moderate. ☜ 3mx

The National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.

CAPITAL £500,000 Sterling. Empowered by Act of Parliament, 2d Victoria. A Saving Bank for the Widow and the Orphan.

T. HEATH HAVILAND, jr.
Agent for Prince Edward Island.

☞ Office, Queen Square, Charlottetown.

September 5, 1853. 1si

Commission Merchant and Auctioneer.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to announce to his friends and the Public, that he offers his services in the above line of business.

Those who may favour by confiding to him their property for Sale, may rely on his acting under their instructions, as well as on his best efforts to serve their interest.

BENJAMIN DAVIES, Queen Street, near the wharf.

P.S. Mr. DAVIES intimates advice of the shipment of a considerable consignement of

BRITISH GOODS, TEA, &C.

now daily expected per the ships *Peeping Tom*, the *Sir Alexander* from Liverpool, and by the *Cicely* from London; they are well worth the consideration of country customers and will be held on Sale some time for their accommodation.

October 16th.

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public, that he offers his services in the above line of business.

WILLIAM B. TUPLIN.

Margate, Lot 19, Oct. 25. 3in

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.

WILLIAM M. HOWE,

ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER.

Office in Grafton Street, in the building formerly occupied by the Hon. Edward Palmer.

All Island papers 1m

WANTED TO CHARTER.

SEVERAL SCHOONERS to carry COAL from Pictou or Sydney to Halifax, for which liberal Freights will be given. Apply to

G. W. DEBLOIS, Charlottetown or
S. CUNARD & Co., Halifax.

August 4th, 1854.

BARLEY!

WANTED a quantity of good clean four-rowed Barley, for which the highest price in CASH will be paid.

GEO. BEER, Jun.

October 4th, 1854.

Charlottetown Mutual Insurance Company,

Incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1848.

THIS COMPANY offers the best guarantee in case of loss, and accepts Risks at a saving of fully 50 per cent, to the assured.

The present reliable Capital exceeds £1700. Persons having property in Charlottetown, or vicinity, should lose no time in applying to the Secretary of this Company for Policies or Information.

☞ One of Philips' Fire Annihilators has been purchased by the Company, for the benefit of persons insured in this Office. In case of Fire, the use of it can be obtained immediately, by applying at the Secretary's Office.

W. HEARD, President
HENRY PALMER,
Sec'y and Treasurer.

Secretary's Office, Kent Street, August 5th, 1853.

ALLIANCE

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital £5,000,000 Sterling.

CHARLES YOUNG,
Agent for P. E. Island.

Equitable Fire Insurance Company of London

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS for P. E. Island.—*Hon. T. H. Haviland, Hon. Charles Hensley, Francis Longworth, Esq., Robert Hutchinson, Esq., Thomas Dawson, Esq.*

Detached Risks taken at low Premiums. No charge for Policies Forms of Application, and any other information, may be obtained from the Subscriber, at the Office of G. W. Deblois Esq. Charlottetown.

H. J. CUNDALL.
April 7th, 1854. Agent for P. E. I.

Notice of Co-partnership.

THE undersigned having this day taken his Cousin, Mr. GEORGE DAVIES into Partnership, the business hitherto carried on by him individually, will in future be conducted under the style or firm of D. & G. DAVIES. All person indebted to him will please make payment of their respective Accounts to the new Firm; and all those to whom he is indebted will please furnish their Accounts for liquidation.

DANIEL DAVIES,
Queen's Square, Oct. 2. All papers 6w

CHAMPAGNE.

THIRTY CASES of prime CHAMPAGNE, just received *ex* "Peeping Tom," from Liverpool.

Also, a quantity of *OAKUM.*
Pitch and Coal Tar,
Kegs of White and coloured paints,
Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil,
For sale by

CHARLES STEWART.

June 7, 1854. tf

LOOK HERE.

ANY persons wanting COOKING STOVES, FRANKLIN STOVES, or FARMER'S BOILERS, just call at Dodd's Auction Room, Queen's Square, and they will get suited at their own prices.

Hides! Hides!! Hides!!!

FOUR pence per. lb. in CASH will be given for any quantity of GREEN HIDES, delivered at the Tannery of the Subscriber.

W. B. DAWSON.

Oct. 21. (All the papers.)

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED a general assortment of STOVES which he offers at most reasonable prices, at his Tin Shop, (old tand) Great George Street, near the Catholic Chappel.

JAMES MILLNER.

Notice to Travellers.

IT has become an established fact that accidents will happen notwithstanding the care and attention which may be paid to the safety and convenience of travellers. Explosions will take place, bridges will be left open, and cars ran off the track as usual.

It is well enough for the public and legislators to caution companies to "beware," and "take heed," yet these casualties will occur, which result in severe contusions, broken limbs, burns, bruises, &c.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment,

Upon such occasions, is invaluable! The wonderful effects of its soothing and healing properties have induced many, who have tried it, to always carry a bottle of it with them when they are travelling.

Frequent tests have proven it to be efficacious in curing Rheumatism, Piles, Scrofulous diseases, Cancers, Ulcers, Off Sores, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, &c. Also Spavin, Ring-bone, Scratches, Cracked Heels, Chafes, Galls, &c., on *Horses* and *other animals.* It is external in its application, and we GUARANTEE it to cure PERMANENTLY in every case for which we recommend it.

Many Physicians use it because they can depend upon it—so can their patients.

Farmers and Livery-stable Keepers.

Say they WILL have it, and will not be satisfied without it, after giving it a fair trial. Therefore we say to travellers upon highways and by-ways use *the Mustang Liniment!* It has become so thoroughly introduced throughout the United States, British Possessions, and West Indies, that it is almost impossible to step off the cars at any Station without beholding the gay banner of the "Mustangs."

The prices are as follows:—25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 per bottle; the 50 cent being three times as large as the 25 cent size, and the $1 size nearly three times as large as the 50 cent size, so that the large bottles are cheapest.

D. TAYLOR, jun. & Co., 25 Hanover street, Boston, General Agents.

Agent for P. E. Island, M. W. SKINNER, and sold by dealers generally. 6m

Timothy and Flax Seed.

THE highest price will be paid for TIMOTHY and FLAX SEED, during the present year, at George T. Haszard's Book Store.

A RUSSIAN REMINISCENCE.

Upon one of the coldest days of February 1853, I left Paris by the Orleans Railway. The weather was extremely severe, the frozen snow lay thick in the streets, the asphalt of the boulevards was slippery as glass, sledges scoured the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne. An icy wind whistled round the train as we quitted the shelter of the station, and I regretted, as I buttoned myself to the chin, and shrank into my corner, that the carriage was not full, instead of having but one occupant besides myself.

Opposite to me sat a hale man of about sixty-five, with a quick bright eye, an intelligent, good-humoured countenance—somewhat weather-beaten—and the red rosette of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole. During the first half-hour he pored over a letter, whose contents, judging from the animated expression of his physiognomy, interested him strongly. He seemed scarcely aware of my presence. At last he put up the letter and then for the first time looked me in the face. I had been but a few days out of a sick-bed, and was sensitive to the cold, and doubtless my appearance was chilly and woebegone enough, for I detected a slight approach to a smile at the corners of the stranger's mouth. To one or two commonplace remarks he replied courteously, but laconically, like a man who is neither unsociable nor averse to conversation, but who prefers his own thoughts to that bald talk with which travellers sometimes weary each other rather than sit silent. So our dialogue soon dropped. The cold increased, my feet were benumbed, and I stamped them on the floor of the carriage to revive the circulation. My companion observed my proceedings with a comical look, as if he thought me a very tender traveller.

"This carriage must be badly closed," I remarked. "It is bitter cold to the feet."

"For that discomfort I have little pity," replied the Frenchman. "A ride on the railway is soon over, and a good fire or a brisk walk is a quick and easy remedy. Mine is a different case. For forty years I have never known warm feet."

"For forty years!" I repeated, thinking I had misunderstood him.

"Yes, sir, forty years; since the winter of 1812—the winter of the Russian campaign."

"You were in that terrible campaign?" I inquired in a tone of interest and curiosity. My companion, previously taciturn, suddenly became communicative.

"All through it, sir," he replied; "from the Niemen to the Kremlin, and back again. It was my first campaign, and was near being my last. I was in others afterwards; in Germany in 1813, when the combined Germans and Russians drove us before them, for want of the brave fellows we had left in Muscovy's snows; in France in 1814, when the Emperor made his gallant struggle against overwhelming forces; and at the closing scene in Flanders; but not all those three campaigns put together, nor, as I believe, all that this century has witnessed, can match the horrors of that dreadful winter in Russia."

He paused, and, leaning back in his corner, seemed to revolve in his mind events of powerful interest long gone by. I waited a while, in hopes he would resume the subject. As he did not do so, I asked him to what arm he belonged, when in Russia.

"I was assistant-surgeon in a regiment of hussars," he answered, "and in my medical capacity I had abundant opportunity to make acquaintance with the horrors of war. On the 27th of September, for instance, at the Moskwa—Heavens! what a shambles that was! Ah, it was fine to see such valour on both sides—for the Russians fought well—gallantly, sir, or where would have been the glory of beating them! But Ney! Ney! Oh! he was splendid that day! His whole countenance gleamed, as he again and again led the bloody charge, exposing himself as freely as any corporal in the ranks. And Eugene, the Viceroy, with what vigour he hurled his masses against that terrible redoubt! When at last it was his, what a sight was there! The ground was not strewn with dead; it was heaped, piled with them. They had been shot down by whole ranks, and there they lay, prostrate in line as they had stood."

The surgeon paused. I thought of Byron's beautiful lines, beginning, "Even as they fell, in files they lay;" but I said nothing, for I saw that my companion was now fairly started, and needed no spurring.

"*Monsieur*," he presently resumed, "all those things have been brought strongly to my mind by the letter you saw me just now reading. It is from an old friend, a captain in 1812, a general now, who went through the campaign, and whom I was so fortunate as to save from a grave in those infernal plains, where most of our poor comrades perished. I will tell you how it happened. We were talking of the battle of Borodino. Seventy thousand men, it is said, were killed and wounded in that murderous fight. We surgeons, as you may well think, had our hands full, and still could not suffice for a tithe of the sufferers. It was a rough breaking-in for a young hand, as I then was. Such frightful wounds as were there, of every kind and description—from shot, shell, and bullet, pike and sabre. Well, sir, all the misery and suffering I then saw, all that vast amount of human agony and bloodshed, whose steam, ascending to Heaven, might well have brought down God's malediction on His creatures, who could thus destroy and deface each other, was nothing compared with the horrible misery we witnessed on our retreat. I have read everything that has appeared in France concerning that campaign—Segur, Labaume, and other writers. Their narratives are shocking enough, but nothing to the reality. They would have sickened their readers, had they told all they saw. If anybody, who went through the campaign, could remember and set down all he witnessed, he would make the most heart-rending book that ever yet was printed, and would be accused of gross exaggeration. Exaggeration, indeed! there was no need to heighten the horrors of the winter of 1812. All that frost and famine, lead and steel, could inflict, was then endured; all the crimes that reckless despair and ruthless cruelty could prompt were then perpetrated."

"And how," I asked, "did you escape, when so many, doubtless as strong and courageous, and more inured to hardship, miserably perished?"

"Under Providence, I owed my preservation to the trustiest and most faithful servant even master had. Paul had been several years in the hussars—was an old soldier, in fact, although still a young man; and at a time when all discipline and subordination were at an end, when soldiers heeded not their officers, officers avoided their generals, and servants and masters were all alike and upon a level, Paul proved true as steel. As if cold and the Cossacks were not enough, hunger was added to our sufferings: there was no longer a commissariat or distribution of rations;—rations forsooth!—dead horse was a luxury I have seen men fight for till death, lean meat though it was, for the poor brutes were as starved as their riders. What little there was to eat in the village we passed through fell to the share of the first comers. Empty larders—often smoking ruins—were all that remained for those who came behind. Well, sir, when things were at the worst, and provender at the scarcest, Paul always had something for me in his haversack. One day it would be a bit of bread, on the morrow a handful of grain or some edible roots, now and then a slice of horse-beef—and how delicious that seemed, grilled over our smoky scanty fires! There was never enough to satisfy my hunger, but there was always a *something*—enough to keep body and soul together. Paul, as I afterwards discovered, husbanded his stores, for he well knew that if he gave me all at once, I should have nothing, and then I must have fasted for days, and perhaps have fallen from my horse for weakness. But think of the courage and affection of the poor fellow himself half-starved, to carry food about him day after day, and refrain from devouring the share secretly set aside for me! There were not many men in the army, even of general's rank, capable of such devotion to the dearest friend they had, for extreme misery had induced a ferocious selfishness, which made us more like hyenas than Christians."

"I should think the cold must have been even worse to endure than hunger," said I screwing up my chilly extremities, which the interest of the doctor's conversation had almost made me forget.

"It was, sir, harder and more fatal—at least a greater number died of it; although, to say the truth, frost and famine there worked hand in hand, and with such unity of action, that it was often hard to say which was the cause of death. But it was a shocking sight, of a morning, to see the poor fellows lying dead round the bivouac fires. Unable to resist fatigue and the drowsy influence of the cold, they yielded to slumber, and passed from sleep into death. For, there, sleep *was* death."

"But how then," I asked, "did any ever escape from Russia, for all must have slept at times?"

"I do not believe that any who escaped *did* sleep, at least not of a night, at the bivouac. We used to rouse each other continually, to prevent our giving way, and then get up and walk as briskly we could, to quicken the sluggish circulation. We slept upon the march, in our saddles, and, strange as it may seem to you, even those on foot slept when marching. They marched in groups or clusters, and those in the centre slept, propped and supported by their companions, and moving their legs mechanically. I do not say that it was a sound, deep sleep, but rather a sort of feverish dozing. Such as it was, however, it was better than nothing, and assuredly saved some who would otherwise have sunk. Others, who would have given way to weariness upon the long monotonous march, were kept from utter despair and self-abandonment only by the repeated harassing attacks of the Cossacks. The excitement of the skirmish warmed their blood, and gave them, as it seemed, fresh hold upon life. In one of those skirmishes, or rather in a sharp combat, a dear friend of mine, a captain in the same regiment, had his left arm carried off by a cannon-shot. After the affair was over, I came suddenly upon him, where he lay moaning by the roadside, his face ashy pale, his arm still hanging by the sinews. His horse had either galloped away, or been taken by the fugitives.

"'*Ah, mon ami!*' he cried, when he saw me. 'all is over—I can go no further. I shall never see France again!'

"I saw that like the majority of those who received severe wounds in that retreat, his moral courage was subdued, and had given way to despair. I was terribly shocked, for I felt how slight was his chance of escape. I need hardly tell you, there was very little dressing of wounds during that latter part of the retreat; most of the surgeons were dead, the hospital-waggons with medicine and instruments had been left on the road; transport for the sick was out of the question. I assumed as cheerful a countenance as I could.

"'Why, Preville,' I cried, 'this will not do; we must get you along somehow. Come! courage, my friend! You *shall* see France again, in spite of all.'

"'Ah, doctor,' replied he, in piteous tones, 'it is no use. Here I shall die. All you can do for me is to blow my brains out, and save me from the Cossack lances.'

"By this time I had dismounted and was at his side. The intense cold had stopped the bleeding of his wound. I saw that there was no lack of vitality in him, and that, but for this mishap, few would have got out of the campaign in better plight. Even now, his despondency was perhaps his greatest danger. I reminded him of his wife and child (he had been married little more than a year, and news of the birth of a daughter had reached him on our forward march), of his happy home, his old mother—of all the ties, in short, that bound him to life. While speaking, I severed the sinews that still retained his shattered arm, and bound it up as best I might. He still despaired and moaned, but suffered me to do as I would. He was like an infant in my hands—that man who, in the hour of battle, was a very lion for courage. But long suffering and the sudden shock—occurring, too, when we seemed on the verge of safety—had overcome his fortitude. With Paul's help I got him upon my horse. The poor brute was in no case to carry double, so I walked and led it, although at that time I could hardly hobble.

"'It is all useless, my dear doctor,' Preville said; 'this is my last day; I feel that. Far better shoot me, or leave me by the roadside, than risk your life for my sake.'

"I took no heed, but tried to cheer him. Those unclean beasts, the Cossacks, were hovering around us as usual, and at times the bullets fell pretty thick. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed since I set Preville on my horse, when a shot struck his right eye—not entering the head, but glancing across the globe, and completely destroying the sight. Well, sir, then there occurred a physiological phenomenon which I have never been able satisfactorily to account for. This man, whom the loss of an arm had reduced to despair, seemed to derive fresh courage from the loss of an eye. At any rate, from that moment he complained no more of his fate, resumed his usual manly tone, and bore up like a hero. Paul was lucky enough to catch a riderless horse, which I mounted. The worst was over, and we soon got a respite. Without troubling you with details, and incredible though it may seem to you, my poor friend escaped with life, although with a limb and an eye the less."

"There must have been many extraordinary escapes from that campaign," I remarked.

"Innumerable. There was a sergeant of dragoons, a former comrade of my servant's who, for many days, marched beside me and Paul. He received a severe wound. There were some vehicles still with us at that time, and we got him a place in one of them, and made him as comfortable as we could. The following night we stopped at a town. In the morning, as we were about to march, the Cossacks came down. There was great confusion; several baggage-carts were captured in the street, and some of the wounded were abandoned in the houses where they had passed the night. Amongst these was Sergeant Fritz. Not many houses in the town were still in good condition—most of them had been burned and knocked to pieces by the soldiers. The house in which Fritz lay had still its doors and windows, and was one of the most comfortable in the place, on which account it had been converted into a temporary hospital. Well, the Russians came in, brought their wounded, and turned out our poor fellows to make room for them. Some, who could not move quick enough, were brutally pitched through a low window into a garden behind the house, there to perish miserably. Fritz was one of these. Only just able to crawl, he made his way round the garden seeking egress. He reached a gate communicating with another garden. It was locked, and pain and weakness forbade him climbing over. He sat close to the gate, propped against it, and looking wistfully through the bars at the windows of a house, and at the cheerful glow of a fire, when he was perceived by a young girl. She came out and opened the gate, and helped him into the house. Her father was a German clock-maker, long settled in Russia, and Fritz, a Swiss, spoke German well. The kind people put him to bed, hid his uniform, and tended him like a son. When, in the following spring, his health was restored, and he would have left them, the German proposed to him to remain and assist him in his trade. He accepted the offer, married the German's daughter, and remained in Russia until his father-in-law's death, when he was taken with a longing to revisit his native mountains, and returned to Switzerland with his wife and family. I met him since at Paris, and he told me his story. But although his escape was narrow, and romantic enough, there must have been others much more remarkable. Most of the prisoners made by the Russians, and who survived severe cold and harsh treatment, were sent to Moscow, to labour at rebuilding the city. When the fine season came, some of them managed to escape, and to make their way, in various disguises, and through countless adventures, back to their own country."

I have set down but the most striking portions of our conversation—or rather, of the doctor's narrative, since I did little but listen; and occasionally, by a question or remark, direct his communicativeness into the channel I wished it to take. We were now near Orleans.

"The letter I was reading when we started," said my companion, "and which has brought back to my memory all that I have told you—at risk, perhaps of wearying you," he added with a slight bow, and a smile, "and a host of other circumstances, to me of thrilling and everlasting interest, is from General Preville, who lives in the south of France, but has come unexpectedly to Orleans to pass a month with me. That is his way. He lives happily with a married daughter; but now and then the desire to see an old comrade, and to fight old battles over again, comes so strongly upon him, that he has his valise packed at an hour's notice, and takes me by surprise. He knows well that 'The General's Room' and an affectionate reception always await him. I received his letter—full of references to old times—yesterday evening, and am now hurrying back to Orleans to see him. He may very likely be waiting for me at the station; and you will see that, for a man who gave himself up for dead forty years ago in the snows of Russia, and begged, as a favour, a bullet through his brain, he looks tolerably hearty and satisfied to live."

"There is one thing, *Monsieur le Docteur*," I said, "which you have not yet explained to me, and which I do not understand. Did you mean literally what you said, that since the Russian campaign you have never had your feet warm?"

"Literally and truly, sir. When we got to Orcha, where Jomini was in command, and where the heroic Ney, who had been separated from the army, rejoined us with the skeleton of his corps—having cut his way, by sheer valour and soldership, through clouds of Platoff's Cossacks—we took a day's rest. It was the 30th of November, the last day of anything approaching to comfort which we were to enjoy before crossing the Russian frontier. True, we made one more halt at Molodetschino, whence Napoleon dated his bulletin of our terrible disasters, but then only a portion of us could find lodging; we were sick, half-frozen, and numbers died in the streets. At Orcha we found shelter and tranquillity; the governor had provided provisions against our passage, the enemy left us quiet, and we enjoyed a day of complete repose. My baggage had long since been lost, and my only pair of boots were torn to