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April 19, 1855.

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Particular attention given to Freight and
Voyage for the British Provinces and West Indies.
Also, the sale of Coal, Fish, Lumber, and other
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in great variety. 5mz

MR. HOWE'S OFFICE
IN MR. BOVVER'S BUILDINGS,
WATER STREET,
Charlottetown, April 20, 1855.

O. & J. BELL,
MERCHANT TAILORS, and Manufac-
turers of Ready Made Clothing, Queen Square,
opposite the Market, Charlottetown.
IMPORTERS OF
Cloths, Whiteings, Doeskins, Tweeds, Vestings and
Tailors' Trimmings, and keep in their employ-
ment the largest number of the best Journey-
men Tailors on the Island.
All Orders attended to with punctuality and des-
patch.
Jan. 11.

WILLIAM C. HOBBS,
Brass Founder and Machinist.
Shop—Corner of Great George and King Street,
Charlottetown.
KEEPS constantly Manufacturing all kinds of
Brass and Composition Castings, such as, Ships'
Rudder Braces, Spikes, Bolts, Hinges, ornamental
Fastenings for Ships' Wheels and Caps and
Bells, Composition Mill Bashes and Threshing Machine
Brasses, &c. &c. All of which are warranted of
the best material.
P. S. The highest price will be given for old Cop-
per, Brass and Composition.

Just Try
WEE JAMIE DUNCAN'S
New Establishment of
Tin, Copper, Iron, and Plumber Work.
Next door to the residence of the Hon. Geo. Cole.
From his late experience in the Old Country, and by
strict attention to the execution of orders, he hopes
to merit a share of public patronage.
P. S.—Jobbing punctually attended to.

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

**SUPPOSED DEARTH OF AMMUNITION IN SEBASTO-
POL.**—Soon after dark the French opened on the
left a more vigorous bombardment against the
town than has yet been attempted. All their
new mortar batteries opened, and a terrific
charge followed. A series of cascades of stars,
as it were, played into the town, falling with
such regularity, that seen from the distance of
the right attack, it appeared more like *feu
d'artifice* than the discharge of so much heavy
metal. Behind the batteries of minor weight
some of the large 13-inch mortar works were
opened, the shells from which rose to an
amazing height before they fell on the devoted
town. The crash of their explosion reverberated
among the hills. This continued shelling
was kept up for some hours, and must have
caused vast destruction. The fire of the Rus-
sian riflemen against the embrasures of the
advanced works, active enough at first, gradually
subsided. But the most wonderful part of the
spectacle was the almost total absence of any
flash from the Russian batteries. A complete
silence reigned along their whole line. To
fifty or a hundred shells thrown from the
French, and from some of the works on Green-
hill, scarcely one replied from the Russians.
This formed so remarkable a contrast with the
usual activity of the enemy's batteries, that it
became the subject of much speculation. Whether
there was really a dearth of ammunition,
or whether from such a terrible shower of
metal it had been thought prudent for the
gunners to conceal themselves as they best
could, until the hottest part of the storm was
over, was equally uncertain. During the
French attack on the night of the 14th instant,
an Irishman, who had been two years in Sebas-
topol, managed to effect his escape to our lines,
and he represented, that there was great ap-
prehension in the garrison respecting our opening
the new batteries. Whatever the cause, while
an uninterrupted shower of shells was being
poured into the town, scarcely a shell or shot
was returned to check the fire or in retaliation.
There was equal silence preserved in the Rodan,
and in the works around the Malakoff Tower,
on the right—although from time to time the
Lancaster and 21-gun batteries, and the French
battery at Inkerman, maintained a fire against
the parties supposed to be working in the new
Mamelon redoubt. We must look to time alone
for the explanation. The bombardment of last
night on the left is a sample of what will be
the fire against the town and arsenal, when all
the new works are opened.—*Letter from the
Camp, March 19.*

SEBASTOPOL AND ARMAGEDDON.—The following
letter appears in the *Morning Chronicle*:—"SIR,
your correspondent, referring to an extract
from a sermon of mine, preached on the Fast
Day, and reported in your columns, asks very
naturally, on what ground I explain Armaged-
don as meaning in Greek Sebastopol. The
word in Greek is made up of *sebastos*, august,
and *polis*, city—Sebastopol, "august city."
The Hebrew word Armageddon is made up of
ar, a city; and *magad*, august, the on final
being formative. I do not say, and did not
say, that Sebastopol with its terrible slaughter
is the great war of Armageddon, but this great
war seems between the sixth and seventh vials
—our present place in prophecy; and in all
probability it is the beginning of that war, the
duration and havoc of which will be terrible.
—Your obedient servant, JOHN CUMMING."

LIFE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—M. C. Richards
Weld, a London barrister, is preparing for
publication a life of his uncle, Sir John Franklin,
embracing his early naval career, which was
chequered by many remarkable events, and his
various Arctic explorations, with the measures
taken to search for his last unfortunate expedition

A READING COMMUNITY.—There are sixteen
million fifty thousand four hundred and sixty
newspapers printed in the course of the year in
the city of Albany. This is 321 to each inhabit-
ant, or more than one to each person every week-
day in the year. "The man that don't take the
papers" does not live in Albany.

GENIUS NOT ALWAYS UNREWARDED.—It is stated
in the *Boston Traveller*, that Little, Brown & Co.
of Boston, having paid the family of the late Judge
Story \$150,000 for copyrights of the various
works written by the Judge. His copyrights
have sometimes yielded his family \$8000 per
annum. Of Daniel Webster's writings, the same
house have sold 50,000 volumes, and of Bancroft's
History of the United States, 30,000 copies have
already been sold. For one series of works (the
Cambridge Mathematics) they paid \$30,000 for
the copyright.

Colonel Phillips, of Mobile, member of the
late Congress, was on his way from Weldon to
Charleston, when the cars stopped at a station-
house, and he went out into the air to smoke a
cigar. While thus engaged, another train ran
into the one in which he was a passenger, and
the seat which he had occupied a few minutes
before was completely demolished, and his
cloak, which was lying upon it, perforated by
a bar of iron, and carried out through the top
of the car.

MARRIAGE IN A SROUD.—Calling recently
upon a young bride, (a very pleasing custom)
we saw spread upon the table some beautiful
silver ornaments of elegant workmanship.
Books were there also, with richly chased covers
and golden clasps. Gilded baskets and em-
broidery adorned this beautiful table. They
were bridal gifts, and the bride, a blushing
creature, light-hearted and happy, seemed
proud of the many and exceedingly rich testi-
monials. It is a pretty custom to give presents
to a bridal pair, and one that is in vogue every
where, both in civilized and uncivilized life;
and we thought, how varied the character and
meaning those gifts imply in different countries.

In Japan, strange as it may seem, the bride
receives from the hands of her dearest friends
a sermon in disguise. On the wedding-day,
when light hearts and innocent mirth prevails,
and the guests move lightly among flowers and
perfumes, as soon as the bride enters, a long
white veil is thrown over her, which covers her
from head to foot. Whether the material is
transparent or not, we cannot tell, but after the
ceremony is over, she carefully lays aside this
covering among her treasures, not to be dis-
turbed, and there it is to lie, until the day she
is to be carried over the threshold for the last
time. For the wedding veil at her death is to
be her shroud.

What would our ladies think of having a
shroud around them to partake in the festivities
of a wedding day?—*Olive Branch.*

FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-DAY.—The New York
Typographical Society celebrated the one hun-
dred and forty-ninth anniversary of Franklin, in
the Broadway Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening
the 17th inst. They departed, judiciously, and
we think, from the programme of former years,
and instead of having a supper and ball, with the
commensurate expenses to all who attended, confined
the celebration to literary exercises alone, and
made the admission to the Tabernacle free by
ticket. The result was a noble gathering of
upward of three thousand people, composing an
audience which for decorum, intelligence, and
right good humour, we have rarely seen equalled.
The evening passed off most pleasantly and
delightfully to all concerned, and produced a sub-
scription of upward of five hundred dollars on
behalf of the Society's free library. His Honor,
Mayor Wood, presided with much suavity and
ability, and in a neat opening address introduced
the Rev. L. W. Bacon of New Haven, Connecti-
cut who offered prayer. The speeches were
good, the music was good, the house was filled,
and everybody appeared to be highly pleased. It
was, altogether, a delightful and successful affair.

The statue which has recently been erected in
St. Paul's cathedral, London, to the memory of
Bishop Heber, is said to be unsurpassed in beauty
of design and excellence of execution. He is
kneeling, attired in his robes, with one hand
resting on the Bible, as his support, and the other
upon his breast. On the pedestal, beautifully
done in bas-relief, he is represented in the act
of confirming two Indian converts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GENTLEMEN'S EXTRAVAGANCE VERSUS LADIES.
—A contemporary thinks that "too much has
lately been said by many persons and journals
concerning ladies ruining their husbands by
extravagance, in buying silk dresses and such
other expensive articles." He says that "not
once has the use of tobacco, cigars, and liquors,
by gentlemen, been alluded to, which I am sure
is quite as important an item as ladies' silk
dresses." This is a fair hit. The value of the
cigars imported into the United States in the
fiscal year, 1854, was \$3,311,935, and of
unmanufactured tobacco about \$1,000,000 more
in value was imported. And the tobacco and
cigars which pass through the Custom House is
but a small proportion indeed, of the quantity
consumed in this country. The value of the
liquors imported during the same year was
\$7,188,820.

FAT MEN.—There is something cordial about
a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes
everybody. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a
barboned race; a lank tribe they are, skeleton
and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings
to him; it fructifies on him; he swells nobly
out; and fills a generous space in life. He is
a living, walking minister of gratitude to the
earth, and the fulness thereof; an incarnate tes-
timony against the vanities of care; a radiant
manifestation of the wisdom of good-humour.
A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being
a fat man, is, *per se*, a popular man, and com-
monly he deserves his popularity. In a
crowded vehicle, the fattest man will over-
be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he
seems to be half-sorry for his size, lest it be
in the way of others; but others would not have
him less than he is, for his humanity is usually
commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has
abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his
system are well oiled; the springs of his being
are noiseless; and so he goes on his way
rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. A
fat man feels his position solid in the world;
he knows that his being is cognisable; he
knows that he has a marked place in the uni-
verse, and that he need take no extra pains to
advertise mankind that he is among them; he
knows that he is in no danger of being over-
looked. It does really take a deal of wrong to
make one really hate a fat man; and if we are
not always as cordial to a thin man as we
should be, Christian charity should take into
account the force of prejudice which we have
to overcome against his thinness. A fat man
is nearest to that most perfect of figures, a
mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most
limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple
line. A fat man is a being of harmonious
volume, and holds relations to the material
universe in every direction; a thin man has
nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but
the continuation of a point.—*Lectures of Henry
Giles.*

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.—We passed an
elephant working on the road, and it was most
interesting to watch the half-reasoning brute;
he was tearing out large roots from the ground
by means of a hook and chain fastened around
his neck with a species of collar. He pulled
like a man, or rather like a number of men,
with a succession of steady hauls, throwing
his whole weight into it, and almost going
down on his knees, turning around every now
and then to see what progress he was making.
Really, the instinct displayed by the elephant
in its domestic state is little short of reason to
its fullest sense. There is no doubt they do
think, and also act upon experience and
memory, and their capacity seems to increase
in an extraordinary degree from their inter-
course with man. The remarkable nicety and
trouble they take in squaring and arranging
the blocks of hewn stone when building a bridge
is incredible, unless seen; they place them
with as much skill as any mason, and will
return two or three times to give the finishing
touches when they think the work is not quite
perfect. They retire a few yards and consider
what they have effected, and you almost fancy
you can detect them turning their sagacious
old noddles on one side, and shutting one eye
in a knowing manner to detect any irregulari-
ties in the arrangement.