

# HASZARD'S GAZETTE

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, January 28, 1854.

New Series. No. 107.

Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

EDITH MAY.

A lover's quarrel! A few hasty words, a formal parting between two hearts that neither time nor distance could ever disunite, such a lifetime of misery.

Edith May stood before me in her bridal-dress. The world was to be made to believe she was happy and heart-whole. I knew better. I knew that no woman who had once loved Gilbert Almire could ever forget him—least of all, such a heart as Edith's. She was pale as a snow-wreath, and bent her head gracefully as a water-lily in recognition of her numerous friends and admirers.

What a sacrifice! the other murmured, between their set teeth. What a sacrifice! my heart ached back.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was an ossified old bachelor. He had but one idea in his head, and that was to make money. There was only one thing he understood equally well, and that was to keep it. He was angular, prim, cold, and precise; mean, grumbling, contemptuous, and cunning.

And Edith! our peerless Edith, whose lovers were "legion"! Edith, with her passionate heart, her beauty, grace, taste, and refinement—Edith, to whom "love and honour" to such a soulless block! It made me shudder to think of it!

I felt as though my very gills were proflation.

Well, the wedding was over; and she was duly installed mistress of Jefferson House. She had fine dresses, fine furniture, a fine equipage, and the stupidest possible incubancy in the shape of a husband.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was very proud of his bride; firstly, because she added to his importance; secondly, because he plumed himself not a little in bearing off so dainty a prize. It gave him a malicious pleasure to meet her old friends, with the graceful Edith upon his arm. Of course he referred to them all: else, why did she marry him?

It was a driving storm: Mr. Jones concluded to dine at a restaurant instead of returning home. He had just seated himself, and given his orders to the obsequious waiter, when his attention was attracted by the conversation of two gentlemen near him.

"How you see to tell Edith since her marriage Harry?"

"No; I feel too much vexed with her. Such a spiritless specimen of flesh and blood to marry such an idiot! All for a foolish quarrel with Almire! You never saw such a wretch as it has made of him. However she is well punished for, with all her consummate tact and effort to prop up appearance, it is very plain that she is the most miserable woman in existence: as Mr. Jefferson Jones, whom I have never seen, might perceive, if he was not, as all the world says, the very prince of donkeys."

How deferential she was in her manner since their marriage; how very polite, and how careful to perform her duty to the letter! Mr. Jones decided, with his usual sagacity, that there was no room for a doubt on that point: He nodded; indeed, that her girlish naivete was gone; but that was a decided improvement, according to his views. She was Mr. Jones' new and meant to be his all whiskered population of the house.

He liked it.

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## MABEL'S SOLILOQUY.

"This is a heartless life to lead," said Mabel Gray; as she unbound her long hair, and laid aside her rich robe. "It is a life one might lead were there no life beyond." When I left the heated ball-room to-night, the holy stars, keeping their tireless watch, sent a thrill through me; and the little prayer I used to say at my dead mother's knee came unbidden to my lip. There's Letty, now; she's happier than her mistress. Come here, child; unbind my hair, and sing me that little Methodist hymn of yours, 'Jesus, I my cross have taken.'

"That will do—thank you, child; now you may go. What a sweet voice she has! Either that or my tears have eased my heart. I'm too restless to sleep. How softly the moonlight falls to-night—and years hence, when these myriad sleepers shall have sunk to their dreamless rest, earth will still be as fair, the silver moon will ride on as triumphantly. How many and hearts she looks down upon to-night; and never a thanksgiving has gone up from my lips for countless blessings! Soft sleep with balmy touch has closed these thankless eyes; the warm, fresh blood of youth and health has flowed on, unchecked by disease. I have sat at the table of Dives, while Lazarus has starved at the feet of the gold and purple robe of sunset has been woven for me; the little vault of heaven arched over my head; the ever-changing, fleecy cloud has gone drifting by; the warm sunlight has kissed open the flowers I love; the green moss has spread a carpet for my careless foot; and I have reposed in all this beauty and luxury—God forgive me!—unmindful of the Giver!"

"But never did I bless God so fully, so gratefully, for the gift of song, as when, with that little sensitive heart held close to mine, I made him forget his pain by some simple strain. I had sung for my own amusement; I had sung with dazzling lights, and fairy forms, and festal hours, were inspiration; but never with such a zest, and with such a thrill of happiness, as when, in that wretched room, I soothed the suffering of 'little Charley.' The garland-crowned prima donna, with half the world at her feet, might have envied me the tightened clasp of that little hand, the snuffed, earnest gaze of that speaking eye, and that half-whispered, plaintive, "One more! Charley is so happy now!"

Ay! Charley is happy now! Music such as only the blessed host can hear fills his soul with rapture. Never a discordant note comes from the harp swept by that cherub hand, while for ever that majestic anthem rolls on, in which his infant voice is joining. "Worthy the Lamb!"

## THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed since the heart that for years had beat against his own was for ever stilled, when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his widow home. Not father nor mother, brother nor sister, claimed any part of the orphan heart that he had so loved and won. No expense or pains had he spared to decorate the mansion for her reception. Old familiar objects, fraught with tenderest associations, had been removed to make way for the upholsterer's choicest fancies. There was no picture left upon the wall, with sweet, sad, mournful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach. Everything was fresh and delightful as the new-born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said he, fondly pushing back the hair from her forehead, "there should be no shadow in your path, but I have tried in vain to induce Nelly to give you the welcome you deserve; however, she shall not annoy you. I shall compel her to stay in the nursery till she yields to my wishes."

"Oh, no! don't do that," said the young stepmother anxiously. "I think I understand her. Let me go to her, said Walter," and she tripped lightly out of the room.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness. The room seemed to him to grow suddenly darker when the door closed after her. Reaching out his hand, he almost unconsciously took up a book that lay near him. A slip of paper fluttered out from between the leaves, like a white-winged messenger. The joyous expression of his face faded into one of deep sorrow as he read it.

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were "blessed" with holy hands; said Harry Lee, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." God keep us undefiled, little earth's pilgrim! I would fain drift along,

## KITTY'S RESOLVE.

It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell why Kitty Grey looks so serious as she sits by her lattice window this bright winter morning. Is she not the undisputed belle of the season, adored by the young men, envied by the girls, who try to find out what it is which she monopolizes all hearts. Has she, at last, found one insensible mortal, cold-hearted enough to resist all love's artillery? That would be a novelty for Kitty! Has she detected a grey hair stealing in among her tresses, or an incipient crow's-foot at the corner of her eye? Banish the thought, at sweet eighteen!

Miror never reflected back lovelier tresses, brighter eyes, a fairer brow, a more symmetrical form. The hand, her check roses on its fairness, and her foot, so perfect as a model. At Miss Kitty, you were cut out for a coquette, but spoilt in the making. Nature gave you a smile. You are neither making a female Alexander of yourself by sight for fresh hearts to conquer, nor considering profitably the fashion of your next ball-dress. You have lived eighteen years in this blessed world, and your life has been all sunshine. Why not?

Beauty and health have made you omnipotent; but you are weary of your crown. My little queen has on her thinking cap," and it becomes that sweet brow passing well. She wonders "Is this all of life?" Has a pretty woman nothing to do but smile and look captivating, and admire herself? She might as well be the marble Venus in her dressing-room! And then she casts her mental eye over the circle of her acquaintance. For ought she sees, they are quite satisfied with the same butterfly existence. Woman frivolous; men or the coxcomb order—all but Harvey Fay. He is talented; owns soul; is not dependent on a moustache or French boots for happiness; is refined in all his tastes, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word; can sing the soul out of you, and make time fly faster than any man you ever saw. Alas that there must be a "but!" Harvey, the peerless Harvey Fay, had one sad fibile, and it was that which had clouded Kitty's brow and heart. True, it had not as yet become a fixed habit, but where was the security for the future?

And so Kitty sat leaning her cheek upon her hand, and wondering if a woman's power, if her nice fact and delicacy, were not bestowed upon her for something better than to further her own selfish purposes! Harvey was sensitive and high-spirited—it must be a very gentle hand that would turn him back from that dizzy precipice. Could she not save him? She resolved to try; she would exert her power—for once—for some noble purpose.

It was a gay scene—that ball-room! The fairy forms that floated down the dance, with flowing tresses, and sparkling eyes, and snowy necks, might have bewildered the sober head of age. Soft, entrancing music, brilliant lights, and the overpowering perfume of myriad sweet flowers, all lent their aid to complete the spell. Kitty shone, as usual, the brightest star of the evening. One cannot gaze long at a "star" without being dazzled; so how can I describe it? I can only say Kitty was irresistible. One minute you'd think it was her eyes; then the little dimpled hand that rested on your arm; then her golden ringlets, or the tiny feet that supported that swaying, graceful figure. As to her eyes, whether black, or blue, or hazel, you could not tell. You only knew it was very dangerous looking at them long at a time, unless you had made up your mind to surrender.

Well, Kitty had received her usual share of homage, with her usual sweet nonchalance; and now accepted the arm of a gentleman to the supper-table, where wit flew like champagne-corks, and hearts were lost and won with a colorless worthy this progressive age. Harvey was as handsome as he could be, and mortal; in high good-humour, and felicitous as only he knew how to be, in saying a thousand brilliant nothings.

Kitty followed him with her eyes, and saw him, eve long, retire to a side-table, and, turning out a glass of wine, hold it to his lips. In an instant she was by his side.





## HASZARD'S GAZETTE, JANUARY 28.

### VARIETIES.

**Good Packing.**—The American water-places are all so crowded now that they have to resort to expedients in order to stow away the visitors to sleep at night. The following ingenious plan is spoken of as working admirably: "As the boarders go to sleep, a good memetic manipulator goes round, and after making a few passes gets them rigid; and then they are removed from the bed and placed against the wall. The mesmerist receives, as his pay for his adroitness, the right to exhibit them by candle-light as 'the Curious Brothers in Wax!'

**UNANSWERABLE.**—"Madam," said John Wilkes, to a lady to whom he was wished to make himself agreeable, "I am a plain man." "Exceedingly plain, sir," rejoined the lady. John Wilkes was silenced.

A friend of ours who has a taste for natural history, is at present engaged in cultivating mosquitoes, and hopes to have them in full season during the winter. He keeps the larvae in glass jars half filled with water, and covered at the top with coarse muslin; and as the mosquitoes emerge from their tad-pole condition, they occupy the upper part of the cylinders, where they disport themselves for four days in a living manner, and on the fifth lay their eggs, and die. In this way he keeps up "a succession of crops," and by regulating the temperature of the breeding-room, will be able to continue the mosquito business until the natural season commences. The development of the mosquito is a curious process. In the first place the egg becomes what it is called the "water tiger"—a brash little clock-faced devil, that devours all the small animalcules with insatiable appetite. In a spectrum of a water projected from a hydrogen microscope, we have seen the shadow of one of the water "fends" swallow the shadow of a dozen smaller imps—the larva midges and such "small deer"—in less than three minutes. In a due time a change comes over the monster. Nature envelopes it in a pellicle or semi-transparent shroud, from which the attenuate of the mosquito stick out at one end and its tail at the other. Finally the creature rises to the surface, the caud bursts and out flies the insect like an internal illustration of the fable of Psyche. In five days the machinery of its existence, which is wound to go for that time and no longer, runs down. Such is the biography of the mosquito.

**ELEGANT EXTRACT.**—The annexed beautiful lines are copied from a tombstone in the Protestant grave yard at New Orleans:—

"There's not an hour, or a day, or dreaming night, but I am with thee; there's not a wind but whispers of thy name, and not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon, but in its hour of fragrance tells a tale of thee."

**Widows as Painters.**—The Pittsburgh *Gazette* says, the attempt to introduce women as *compositors* in that city has been remarkably successful, and that widows make the most rapid advancement, "as their intellects are more mature, and their knowledge is superior to the most of boys when they commence their apprenticeship to the printing business." Besides this, says the *Pittsburgh Whig*, "we presume their previous experience in small caps, bodkins, washing forms, and press work generally, has already initiated them in several details of the craft."

The Model Widower may be seen assisting young girls to find a seat in church, or ordering carts off dry crossings for pretty feet that are waiting to pass over; it is convinced he "never was made to live alone;" draws a deep sigh every time a dress rustles past, with a female woman in it; is very particular about the polish of his boots and the fit of his gloves, thinks he looks very interesting in black; don't walk out in public much with his children, when he does, he takes the youngest; revives his old taste for moonlight and poetry; pines single men with all his heart; wonders how they contrive to exist; sets his face against the practice of women's going home "alone and unprotected;" tells the widows his heart aches for them; wonders which of all the damsels he sees shall make up his mind to marry—is sorry he shall be obliged to disappoint them all but one; has long since preferred orange-blossoms to the cypress-wreath; starts up, some fine day, and refurnishes his house from garret to cellar; hangs his first wife's portrait in the attic, and marries a playmate of his oldest daughter.

**EDUCATION.**—Education, briefly, is the leading human soul to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means the training which makes men happiest in themselves, also makes them most serviceable to others.

"Pie or pudding, sir?" shouted a waiter to one of the innumerable guests at a hotel during the spring season. "What kind of pie have you?" "Rhubarb," said the waiter, as he started for a plate. "Hold on," said the stranger, as he rose from the table; "never mind it, I always take my medicine in the morning."

### TO CONTRACTORS.

**TENDERS** will be received from competent persons by the Committee of St. Michael's Church, and WEDNESDAY, 1st February next, for the building thereon. It consists of Stone, and good freestone, and six good rooms. There is also a Stable for eight Horses, and new Well of Water in the yard. It will be let altogether or in two parts. On £200 being paid down, the remainder could be on mortgage for four or five years.

All materials delivered on the ground, and payment secured.

The Frame, Sashes, and Doors to be constructed for together, or separately.

Plans to be seen at the office of the Hon. D. D. DAWSON, Charlottetown; or PAYNE, DESBERRY, & CO., Montague, 19th Jan., 1854.

### NOTICE.

**THE** Subscribers having been duly empowered by **GILBERT HENDERSON** of Liverpool, Merchant, surviving Executor and Trustee named and appointed by the last Will and Testament of Gilbert Henderson, late of Liverpool, aforesaid Merchant, deceased; to collect all Debts and Claims of Money due to the Estate of the said Gilbert Henderson, deceased, within this Island, and to dispose of all Lands and Chattel Belonging to said Estate situated in this Island, and belonging to said Estate of Gilbert Henderson, deceased, are duly required without delay to pay into my hands the several amounts due by them; and those persons who may be in possession of any part of such Lands and Premises, are required to make an immediate and satisfactory arrangement with me, otherwise they will be treated as Trespassers.

JOHN LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, April 8th, 1854.

### NOTICE.

**THE** Tenants on Townships Numbers Sixteen and Twenty-two, in this Island, the Property of The Right Honourable, Laurence Sullivan, are hereby required to make immediate payment of all arrears of rent due by them, otherwise proceedings will be instituted for the recovery thereof.

WILLIAM FORGAN.

12th April, 1854.

### NOTICE.

**ALL** Persons indebted to Mr. RICHARD FAUGHAN, by Note of hand, or Book Account, are requested to make immediate payment to the amount due, which is duly authorized by Power of Attorney to collect the same.

THOMAS ALLEY.

Charlottetown, Sept. 21st, 1853.

Ledgers, Account Books, &c.

**G**EORGE T. HASZARD has received from the manufacturers a good stock of the above goods in a variety of size and Bindings.

Large Post Ledgers bound in calf Russia Bands.

Footscap, do. do.

Fooscap and Pott Ledgers and Day Books a variety.

**GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.**

**O**n the first of January next, *Gleason's Pictorial* will commence its sixth volume, and will appear weekly improved in all respects, with a superb new heading, new type and dress throughout, and will be printed upon the finest paper. As the proprietor of *Pictorial* has purchased the entire good will of **Bureau's** *Graphic*, *Illustrated News*, & *Advertiser*, the journal in the *Pictorial*, the public will reap the advantage of this concentration of the strength of the two papers upon one, both in the artistic and the literary departments. The same brilliant host of contributors and artists will be engaged on *Gleason's Pictorial* as heretofore, and a large addition is also made to the corps, both in talent and number. The most liberal arrangements have been concluded, and as far as possible the new issues, giving a large amount of reading matter and illustrations, and forming a magnificent weekly journal yet published, and destined superior to the present issue of the paper. The columns of the *Pictorial* will constantly be beautified by all that can please and instruct in art and nature, and its literary department will fully sustain the high reputation it has so long enjoyed.

The pages of *Gleason's Pictorial* will contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all nations of men in the various departments of life, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service; with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, and will present in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It will contain fifteen hundred and sixty-four square pages, giving a large amount of reading matter and illustrations, and forming a magnificent weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages.

**TERMS.**—Three dollars per annum.

Published every SATURDAY by F. GLEASON.

Corners of Tremont and Bromfield Streets,

Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions received at G. T. Haszard's Book Store.

To be Sold,

BY PRIVATE SALE, the following VALUABLE REAL ESTATE of the late Hon. Colonel Loring, situated in Charlottetown, containing the following Lots:

TOWN Lot No. 57, 58, 59, 60 and 61, in the Fourth Hundred of Lots in Charlottetown containing nearly two Acres of Land, fronting on Rockford Square, tastefully laid out with ornamental fruit trees, and Garden; it contains also the Family Residence, out houses of the deceased, of the most commodious description.

TOWN Lot Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, in the Third Hundred of Lots in Charlottetown, containing

one-half acre of Land, fronting on Rockford Square,

and in close proximity to Charlottetown, containing Twenty-four Acres; in lots to suit purchasers.

Part of Common Lot No. 16, in the Common of Charlottetown, and which forms the Western side of the approach from Town to Government House, in lots to suit purchasers.

TOWN Lot Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, in the Fifth hundred of Lots in Charlottetown, aforesaid, in lots to suit purchasers.

TOWN Lot No. 64, in the Fourth hundred of Lots in Charlottetown, adjoining the residence of the Chief Justice, and fronting on Queen Street, in lots to suit purchasers.

Common Lots. 12 and 13, in the Common of Charlottetown, containing twenty acres, in lots to suit purchasers.

Part of Common Lot No. 16, in the Common of Charlottetown, and which forms the Western side of the approach from Town to Government House, in lots to suit purchasers.

PASTURE Lot No. 344, in the Royalty of Charlottetown, containing twenty acres.

Also, TOWN Lot No. 31, in the South Aisle of St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown.

For further particulars, apply to W. FORGAN,

Esq., Barrister at Law, Charlottetown; or F. J. HAMILTON LANE, the Acting Executor of, and one of the Trustees named in the Will of the late Colonel A. Lane.

Charlottetown, 26th October, 1854.

**PAPER MACHIE GOODS**

JUST RECEIVED at George T. Haszard's Book Store, a handsome variety of Fancy Goods consisting of—

Paper Machie Writing Desks

Work Boxes

Portfolios

Tortoiseshell Card Cases, Parian Statuettes, Wax Baskets, Bronze Figures, Mantel Stands, &c. and Paper Machie Watch Stands, with a variety of useful articles.

CHARLOTTETOWN, JANUARY, 1854.

T. DESBERRY & CO.,

Have just received, for late arrivals from London, United States and Halifax, their Supplies for the Season, comprising, in the whole, an Extensive and Varied Assortment of

DRUGS & CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY,

Bronzes, Cosm. Boxes, and other Toilet articles.

Paints, Oils, Colours and Dye Stuffs; Fruits, Sweets, Confectionery, Medicated and other Lollipops; with all the Patent Medicines in repute, and every other article usually kept at various Establishments in Great Britain (*See Apothecaries' Hall Advertiser.*) The whole of which they can with confidence recommend to the public, and, if quality be considered, at an low, if not lower price, than they can be procured in the market.

NO. 204, WEN RIVER, June 27, 1854.

### FAIR FOR SALE.

**TO** the numerous guests at a hotel during the spring season. "What kind of pie have you?" "Rhubarb," said the waiter, as he started for a plate. "Hold on," said the stranger, as he rose from the table; "never mind it, I always take my medicine in the morning."

### House in Kent Street.

**THE** subscriber offers for sale, or lets, the dwelling house in Kent Street, situated in his residence. It consists of three Rooms, and good Kitchen, good Cellar, and six good Rooms. There is also a Stable for eight Horses, and new Well of Water in the yard. It will be let altogether or in two parts. On £200 being paid down, the remainder could be on mortgage for four or five years.

JOHN DRENN.

June 13th 1853.

### FOR SALE.

**THE** subscriber offers plot of GROUND at the head of Prince Street, formerly the site of the Baptist Chapel, fronting 100 feet on Easton Street, and 104 on Upper Prince Street. It consists of the most desirable land in the Island, and is well suited for a Gentleman's residence, or is capable of being divided into three good Building Lots. For Terms, &c. apply to

W. H. POPE.

June 5.

### Cottage to Let.

**T**O LET, the Cottage immediately above Apothecary's Hall, fronting on Queen Street, immediate possession given.

Also; the Store and Counting House adjoining Apothecary's Hall, Cellar underneath, and Ware Room attached. Rent moderate.

THEOPHILUS DESBRISAY.

October 12th, 1853.

### LAND FOR SALE.

**N**INE Hundred acres of LAND, with a Marsh attached, which cuts annually Forty tons of Hay situated on Township No. 25, head of the Hillsborough River.

For terms apply to SAMUEL NELSON.

Charlottetown, Nov. 24th, 1853.

### Charlottetown Mutual Insurance Company.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1848. **T**HIS COMPANY offers the best guarantee in case of loss, and accepts Risks at a saving of 50 per cent, to the assured.

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

**One** of Philip's 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,

Secty. and Treasurer.

Secretary's Office, Kent Street, 1.

August 6th, 1853.

### ALLIANCE

**LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON.** ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT. CAPITAL £20,000 Sterling.

CHARLES YOUNG,

Agent for P. E. Island.

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

GOVERNOR—THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, Governor General of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE—23 St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh.

Board of Management in Halifax for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

M. B. ALMON, Almon.

H. A. BLACK, Banker.

Lewis Blane, Esq.

Charles Twiss, Esq., Barrister.

John Bayley Blant, Esq.

Hon. Alexander Keith, Merchant.

James Stewart, Esq., Solicitor.

Medical Advisor—A