

HASZARD'S GAZETTE

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Mary!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving-day before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep; I want something nice to think about."

"Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma hear you. Come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fish on the side-table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa—you can't remember papa, Letty—he was tall, and grand, like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He bought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Ronco's live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door to jump in his arms. He was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy! We sat around such a large table, with so many people; aunts, and uncles, and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now. Letty—and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a big, big turkey, and papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me 'Red Riding Hood,' and call me 'pet,' and 'bird,' and 'fairy.' O Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I'm going to cry."

"I am very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know, up in heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, and to reconcile her ideas of heaven with such a thought.

"Mamma had 'heard.' The coarse garment upon which she had tailed since sunrise dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

"It is really very unfortunate, that forgery of Mr. Grant's I don't see what will become of Emma. I presume she will expect to be on the same terms with her friends as before; but the thing is—"

"Quite impossible!" said the gay Mrs. Blair, arranging her ringlets; "the man has dragged his family down with him, and there's no help for it that I can see."

"He has no family but Emma," said her friend, "and I suppose some benevolent soul will look after her; at any rate, it don't concern us;" and the two friends (tied on their hats for a promenade.

Emma Grant was, in truth, almost broken-hearted at this sad fate of her father's; but, with the limited knowledge of human nature gleaned from the experience of a sunny life of eighteen happy years, she doubted not the wisdom of her father's friends in her determination to become a teacher. To one after another of these summer friends she applied for patronage. Some "couldn't" in conscience recommend the daughter of a defaulter; some, less free-spoken, went on the non-committal system, "would think of it and let her know," taking very good care not to specify any particular time for this good purpose; others, more than the rest, were troubled by the sight of her, advised her, very disinterestedly, to "go back in the country somewhere, and occupy the independent position of making herself generally useful in some farmer's family;" others still dodged the question by humbly recommending her to apply to persons of greater influence than themselves; and one and all "wished her well, and hoped she'd succeed," thought it very praise-worthy that she should try to do something for herself, but seemed nervously anxious that it should be out of their latitude and longitude; and so, day after day, foot-sore and weary, Emma reached home with a discouraged heart, and a sad conviction of the selfishness and hollow-heartedness of human nature.

In one of these discouraged moods she recollected her old friend Mr. Bliss. How strange she should not have thought of him before! She had often hospitably entertained him as she presided at her father's table; he stood very high in reputation as a pious man, and very benevolently inclined; he surely would befriend with his influence the child of his old though fallen friend. With renewed courage she tied on her little bonnet, and set out in search of him. She was fortunate in finding him; but ah! where was the old frank smile, and extended hand of friendship! Mr. Bliss might have been carved out of wood for any demonstration of either that she could see. A very stiff bow and a nervous twitch of his waistband, was her only recognition. With difficulty she choked down the rebellious feelings that sent her back to her cheek and the indignant tears to her eyes, as she recollected the hospitable bedside, and timidly explained the purpose of her visit. Mr. Bliss, employing himself during this interval in the apparent arrangement of some business papers, with an air that said, "If you were not a woman, I shouldn't hesitate to show you the door in a civil way; but as it is, though I may listen, that's all it will amount to." Like many other persons in a like dilemma, he quietly made up his mind that, if he could succeed in irritating her sufficiently to rouse her spirit, he would in all probability be sooner rid of her; so he remarked that it was "a very bad affair; that of her father's; there could be but one opinion about its dishonest and dishonourable nature; that of course she wasn't to blame for it, but she couldn't expect to keep her old position now; and that, in short, under the circumstances, he didn't feel as if it would be well for him to interfere in her behalf at present. He had no doubt in time she might 'live down' her father's disgrace;" and so he very comfortably seated himself in his leather-backed arm-chair and took up a book.

A deep red spot burned on Emma's cheek as she retraced her steps. Her little form was drawn up to its full height; there was a fire in her eyes, and a firmness and rapidity in her step, that betokened a new energy. She would not be crushed by such selfish cowardice and pusillanimity; she would succeed!—It must be that she should triumph yet.

"Will it be night," said Emma, as she bent all her powers to the accomplishment of her purpose; and when was that motto ever known to fail, when accompanied by a spirit undaunted by obstacles!

It did not. True, Emma rose early and set up late; she lived on a bare crust; she was a stranger to luxury, and many times to necessary comforts. Her pillow was often wet with tears from over-taxed spirits and falling strength; the malicious sneer of the ill-judging, and the croaking prophecy of the ill-natured, fell upon her sensitive ear; old friends, who had eaten at her table, "passed by on the other side;" and there were the usual number of good,

so, food father? See, her head droops heavily, her limbs relax, she has faint! They gather round her—they bathe her pale face and powerless hands; then they bear her to her dressing-room, and she lies on that silken couch like some rare piece of sculpture. The revellers disperse; the garlands drop; darkness and silence reign where merry feet tripped lightly. The physician sits by the bedside of his fair patient, and, with mistaken kindness, he says to the frantic parents, "She will be easier soon—she will be free from pain to-morrow;" and then he leaves her with the anxious watchers.

Morning dawned. Yes, Cecile was "better"—so her father said; and she sat up, and put her fair arms about his neck, and called him "her own dear father," and he smiled through his tears, and parted the bright, damp locks from her brow, and said, "she should have another ball, gayer than the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and then her mother laid a bandeau of pearls across her pale forehead, and said, "they become her passing well." Cecile smiled faintly when she replaced them in their case, and then her mother came back again to the bedside. Ah! what a fearful shadow in that momentary interval had crept over that sweet face! "Cecile! Cecile!" said the bewildered woman, shivering with an indefinable terror; "speak to me, Cecile! What is it?"

"Am I dying, mother! O mother! you never taught me how to die!"

In the still grey dawn, at sultry noon, in the hushed and stormy night, long after that bright young head was covered with the violets, ran that plaintive, reproachful voice in the parental ear, "You never taught me how to die!"

CHILDHOOD'S TRUST.

"I asked God to take care of Johnny, and then I went to sleep, and a little boy, giving an account of his wandering in the wood.

How sublime! how touching! Holy childhood! Let me sit at thy feet and learn of thee. How dost thou rebuke me, with thy simple faith and earnest love! O earth! what dost thou give us in exchange for its loss!—Rainbows, that melt as we gaze; bubbles that burst as we grasp; dewdrops, that exhale as our eye catches their sparkle. The warm heart, chilled by selfishness, fused in by doubts, and thrown back upon itself. Ev'ning, trained to forego the light, the portal of what passes within the temple. Tears locked in their fountain, save when our own household gods are shivered. The great strife, not which shall "love most," but "which shall be the greater;" and aching hearts the stepping-stones to wealth and power. Immortal, yet earth-bound! Playing with shells upon the shore of time with steady feet, and solemnly before the Cathedral of Heaven about trifles, forgetting to "ask God to take care of Johnny," and so, the long night of death comes on, and we sleep our last sleep!

ELISE DE VAUX.

Well, doctor, what do you think of her! She has set her heart upon going to that New Year's ball, and it will never do to disappoint her, poor thing!"

The old doctor bit his lip impatiently, and, striking his gold-headed cane in no very gentle manner upon the floor, said, "Think! I think it would be perfect insanity for her to attempt it. I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"Pshaw! my dear sir; she has had a dozen attacks, before, quite as bad, and—"

"No, that is the very reason she should be more cautious now, madam. Good morning—good morning! Heaven save me from these fashionable mothers!" he muttered, as he banded the door to behind him. "She'll kill the girl, and then her death will be laid at my door—ugh! It would be a comfort if one could meet a sensible woman occasionally."

Elise was sitting in bed, propped up by pillows, when her mother entered. If youth, grace, and beauty could bribe the Destroyer, or turn aside his unerring aim; then had she been spared. Her cheek was marble pale, and rested wearily on one little hand; the eyes were closed as if sleeping, and from the other hand a few choice flowers had escaped, and lay scattered upon the snowy counterpane.

"Oh, in that case, mamma! I hope you have made that stupid doctor give you something that will set me on my feet, and have a ruche placed around the wrist of my kid gloves; and, mamma, do 'not forget to send Tom to Anster's for that pearl spray I selected for my hair; and, by the way, just hand me that mirror—I am afraid I'm looking awfully pale."

"Not now," said the frightened mother; "you are too weary. Wait till you have had some refreshment; and the pale beauty sank back on her pillow, craning a wealth of dark ringlets, and closed her eyes wearily, in spite of her determination to be well.

A ring at the door. A bright flush came to her cheek. "That's Vivian, mamma! Tell him—tell him!"—and a sharp pain through her temples forced her to pause—"tell him I'm better, and he may call for me at ten to-morrow night. And, mamma, hand him this;" and she drew a little perfume note from beneath her pillow, with a ruche crushed in its folds.

"Draw aside the curtain, Jeannot. Oh, we shall have a nice evening for the dance! Now hand me my dressing-gown. Mamma, that medicine is perfectly miraculous; I never felt better. Heaven knows where I should have been had you not called in that better counsellor than Dr. Wynn. He would like me for a patient a year, I dare say; but I know better than to line his pockets that way;" and she skipped gaily across the door to a large fountain, and called Jeannot to arrange her hair.

"Softly, softly, Jeannot! My head isn't quite right yet. There, that will do," said Elise, as the faithful attendant bound her tress after tress in complicated glossy braids around her well-formed head. "Now, place that pearl spray a little to the left, just over my ear. Pretty, is it not, mamma! Here, Jeannot!" and she extended the dainty foot for its silken hose and satin slipper.

"Rest awhile, Mrs. Bliss," said her mother, as she looked apprehensively at the bright crimson spot on her cheek, that grew deeper every moment, and contrasted so strikingly with the marble paleness of her brow. "I'm afraid you are going beyond your strength."

"Mamma, what are you thinking about! Look at me, and see how well I look! Besides, I'd go to this ball to-night if it cost me my life. Mabel has triumphed over me once! she shall not do it a second time. Besides, there is really no danger. I feel well with spirits to-night, and anticipate a most brilliant evening!" and she clasped the pearl pendants in her small ears; and the light, floppy dress fell in soft folds about her graceful person, and upon her fair arm she placed her gift; and, taking in her hand the rich bouquet, very flowers of which whispered hope to her young heart, she held up her cheek with a smile, and said, "Now kiss me, mamma, and say that you are proud of Elise."

"And now, Jeannot, with officious care, draws the rich opera-cloak about her shoulders, and with a thousand charges from mamma, "to buyers of the daughter, parks sparingly of ice, and not fatigue herself with dancing;" the carriage-wheels roll away from the door, freighted with their lovely burden.

"Elise de Vaux here!" said a tall, queenly girl, attired in black velvet, and she curled her pretty lip with ill-concealed vexation. "I thought her flying, or near it." And, as Elise glided gracefully past in the dance, every eye following her, and every tongue eloquent in her praise, Mabel's cheek paled with anger.

"How radiant she is—how dazzling! Sickness has but enhanced her beauty; and how proudly Vivian bears her through the waltz! Every step she takes is on my heart-string. This must not be!" Courage, onward heart! and, mastering her feelings with a strong effort, she joined the dancers. Excitement and exercise soon brought the rose to her cheek, her eyes grew wildly brilliant, and had Vivian not been magnificently past recall, his eye would have been caught by the dazzling vision.

All eyes were fixed upon the rival belles; and amid the voluptuous swirl of music, the flashing of lights, the overpowering sweetness of myriad flowers, and the rapid, whirling motion of the dance, every brain and heart were wild with excitement.

"Heavens! that is not Elise de Vaux!" said a nephew of Dr. Wynn's. "What mad folly! My uncle told me, if she came, it would be the price of her life. How surpassingly beautiful she is!"

Still on, they whirled, the dancers, till the stars grew pale, and the sweet flowers dropped in the heated atmosphere.

No sleep till more when youth and pleasure meet. To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

"What unearthly beauty!" said an old gentleman to a young man, upon whose arm he was leaning, as Elise glided past. "Who is she? Tell me, young man, mechanically, his eyes riveted to her figure."

"Do you know what you are saying?" said he, tapping him gently on the arm.

"Yes, Elise de Vaux."

"Well, why do you look at her so wildly! Has Cupid aimed a dart at you from out those blue eyes?"

"Good God!" said the young man, leaping forward, as a piercing shriek came upon the air. "Make room!—help!—throw up the windows!" and Elise was borne past, gasping, senseless, to the cool night air.

Ay, Vivian! Kneel at her side, chafe the little jewelled hands, put back the soft hair from the aure-voined temples, press the sunken wrist, listen for the beating heart—vain! Elise is dead!

And in the arms of him for whom she had thrown away her young life she was borne to her home; the diamond sparkling mockingly on the clay-cold finger; the pearls still lingering amid her soft ringlets; the round, symmetrical limbs still fair in their beautiful proportions. The heart she coveted was gained—the death-bought victory was won!

THE WAIL OF A BROKEN HEART.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Oh, no, no; else you have never passed from the shield of a broad, true breast, where for long years you have been lovingly folded, to a widow's woe, and the rude jostling and curious gaze of the heartless crowd; never knew long, wretched days, that seemed to have no end; never turned, with a stifled sob, from the clasp of loving little arms, and the uplifted gaze of an eye upon whose counterpart you had watched the death-struggle; never pressed the sunken wrist, listen for the beating heart—vain! Elise is dead!

No, no; or you have never turned shudderingly away, in the crowded street, from the outline of a form, or the cast of a withering, golden brightness! Agonising in the death-struggle the shipwrecked mariner who perishes in sight of shore and home! Harshly fall careless words upon the ear trained to the music of a loving voice! Wearily stumble the tender feet unguarded by love's watchful eye! Oh, no, no! better never to have loved! He whose first breath was drawn in a dungeon never pines for green fields, and blue skies, and a freer air! God pity the desolate, loving heart, the only star of whose sky has gone out in utter darkness!

"While Washington lived in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, he used often to ask the good Doctor Green to dine with him. At one of these dinner-parties, the whole diplomatic corps were invited, and the precise hour of dining very particularly and plainly named on the card of invitation.

"Punctually to the moment, Washington, with the few who had assembled, took their seats at the table. The other guests came in one by one, and finally, towards the close of the dinner, the last man arrived. When he was seated at the table, Washington, with cheerful gravity, said:

"Gentlemen, I have a 'cork' who never asks whether the guests have arrived, but whether the hour has come!"

An ANGRY FEAT.—A female in this city, a few days since, entered a recess where her husband had been in the habit of getting the "cutter," and vindicated her wrongs by demolishing the bottles, tumblers, &c., from which the cause of her woes had flowed down the throat of her "worse" half. The feat so edified our friends in the lower village, that a contribution was raised for the purpose of presenting the heroine a new dress as a reward for her valour.—Ann Arbor, (Miss), Wis.

RESIGNATION OF LORD PALMERSTON.

(From the London Times)
Viscount Palmerston has tendered his resignation to the Queen...

But, beyond this, we are satisfied that the course which the government are prepared to adopt in the East will suffer no change...

Another great grief is that the government are at work in high places, will not long be able to withstand the exposure of the press...

THE NEW YORK TIMES has some particulars in regard to the burning of Messrs. Harper & Brothers printing and publishing establishments...

REMARKABLE EVENT AND MARROW STAFF. At the Broadway theatres, last evening, a programme of performances, not attended to...

THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW SCOTIA is summoned to meet at Halifax on the 30th of January next...

COYEN COURT.—We are informed that arrangements have been made with parties in England for such a supply of Copper Coins...

THE EDITOR OF THE ROYAL GAZETTE has given a gratifying review of the P. E. Island Calendar...

THE STEAMER FROM DIGBY, yesterday, brought intelligence of the destruction of the American ship Staffordshire...

LOSS OF THE "GYPFORDSHIRE," OF BOSTON. Two Telegraphic despatches were yesterday received by the American Consul...

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Georgetown Mails. THE MAILS for Georgetown will further Notice...

THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces. They will be forwarded on and after the 15th...

COMMISSARIAT. DRAFTS at Commissioned Clerk at Halifax...

A BAZAAR. WILL be held at the Temperance Hall, at Charlottetown...

NOTICE. ALL Persons indebted to Mr. RICHARD A. FAUGHT...

NOTICE. THE Subscriber having been duly empowered by GILBERT HENDERSON...

NOTICE. THE Tenants on Township Numbers Sixteen and Twenty-two...

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Charlottetown Mutual Insurance Company. Incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1848...

ALLIANCE LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON. ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT...

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. GOVERNED BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF ELGIN...

FARM FOR SALE. TWO to be sold by private sale, the Leasehold for 200 years...

House in Kent Street. THE subscriber offers for sale, or to let, the dwelling house in Kent Street...

FOR SALE. THAT valuable plot of GROUND at the head of Prince Street...

FOR SALE. A Schooner nineteen Tons, nearly new, built and rigged one year...

FOR SALE. A Cottage to Let. TO LET, the Cottage immediately above Appellate's Hall...

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL. ON the first of January next, Gleason's Pictorial will commence its sixth volume...

NOTICE. The Charlottetown Mutual Fire Insurance Company. NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting...

NOTICE. ARCHIBALD SCOTT, Esq. SIR, As the Agent of various Fire Insurance Companies...

NOTICE. THE Wonder of the World! Devine's Compound Pitch Lotion. THE Great Remedy is at last discovered...

NOTICE. ROWLANDS KALYDOR. For improving and beautifying the Complexion, and eradicating cutaneous eruptions...

NOTICE. PEARL DENTIFRICE. Is a most innocent and effective preparation for beautifying the Teeth...

NOTICE. ALL THE FAVORITE TOILET SOAPS. Prepared in the most perfect form of a Toilet without any deleterious ingredients...

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DR. CHALMERS' WORKS. TO be commended, these works in importance they have not with universal approbation from the British press and public...

1. Natural Theology, 2 vols. £2 8 0. 2. Christian Evidences, 2 vols. 0 8 0. 3. Moral Philosophy, 0 4 0. 4. Astronomical Discourses, 0 12 0. 5. 10. Congregational Sermons, 3 vols. 0 12 0. 6. 11. Sermons on Public Occasions, 0 4 0. 7. 12. Church Extension, 0 4 0. 8. 21. Sufficiency of a Parochial System 0 4 0.

THE Laws of Prince Edward Island FROM 1775 to 1851, both years inclusive...

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Twelvrees Brothers' Useful and Economical Preparations. THEIR British Furniture Cream, at 6d. Their Ineffable Furniture Polish, at 2d. Their Universal Metal Paste, at 2d. Their Incomparable India Rubber Blacking, 1d. per box.

1. ORIGINAL WRITINGS. As re-published by the Author, in 25 volumes, 12mo, cloth. 1. 2. Natural Theology, 2 vols. £2 8 0. 2. 3. Christian Evidences, 2 vols. 0 8 0. 3. 4. Moral Philosophy, 0 4 0. 4. 5. Astronomical Discourses, 0 12 0. 5. 6. 10. Congregational Sermons, 3 vols. 0 12 0. 6. 7. 11. Sermons on Public Occasions, 0 4 0. 7. 8. 12. Church Extension, 0 4 0. 8. 21. Sufficiency of a Parochial System 0 4 0.

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THE MAILS for the neighboring Provinces. They will be forwarded on and after the 15th...

COMMISSARIAT. DRAFTS at Commissioned Clerk at Halifax...

A BAZAAR. WILL be held at the Temperance Hall, at Charlottetown...

NOTICE. ALL Persons indebted to Mr. RICHARD A. FAUGHT...

NOTICE. THE Subscriber having been duly empowered by GILBERT HENDERSON...

NOTICE. THE Tenants on Township Numbers Sixteen and Twenty-two...

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