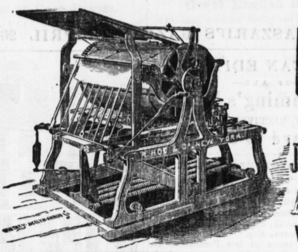
HASZARD'S GAZETTE,



FARMERS' JOURNAL, & COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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HASZARD'S GAZETTE

Published by Haszard & Owen

Queen Square,

Is issued twice a week, at 15s. per year.

AND CONTAINS,

THE LATEST NEWS, AT HOME & ABROA.

BOSTON HOUSE.

Refreshment and Coffee Saloon!

Tanton's Building, Upper Great George Street.

THE subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of this City and the Island generally, that he has moved to the above stand, where he will continue to carry on the SALOON in connection with a HOTEL, and he trusts by strict attention to his business to merit a continuance of public patronage.

G. J. McDOUGALL.

☞ Private entrance for ladies.

N. B.—The above establishment will be open to the public on and after Saturday, the 22nd instant.

Charlottetown, March 17, 1856.

F. A. COSGROVE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND WATCH MATERIALS,

English, American, French & German

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

No. 106, Prince William-Street, St. John N. B.

Notice to the Trade.

WE offer inducements to purchase of us before going to the United States. 1st: being connected with one of the largest Fancy Goods' Houses in Boston, we are prepared to furnish American manufactured Goods at the lowest possible rates. 2d; We import our English, French and German Goods direct, therefore saving to the Provincial Purchasers from 15 to 30 per cent duty, which must be paid when purchased in the United States. And we hope by strict attention to business, aided by the superior facilities which we possess to merit and receive a liberal share of your patronage.

Very respectfully yours,

F. A. COSGROVE & CO.

P. S. All orders promptly attended to.

WILLIAM CONROY,

IMPORTER & DEALER IN BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOODS,

OF THE BEST QUALITY, IN ALL THEIR VARIETY.

Scale of prices as cheap as any in the City.

STORE IN RIDER'S BUILDING, NEAR THE TEMPERANCE HALL, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Tea, Sugar, &c Cutlery,

Confectionery, Jewelry.

Fancy articles of beauty and durability.

Bonshaw Farm for Sale.

THIS well-known and eligible Property, situated at West or Elliot River Bridge, consists of 300 acres of excellent LAND. 200 acres, (on which the Dwelling House and Farm Buildings are erected,) are Freehold; and 100 acres are held under a Lease for 999 years, at an Annual Rent of £5 11s. 2d., currency, with a right of purchase at the rate of 20s. (one-ninth sterling,) per annum, within 30 years. 75 acres on the rear of the Freehold are leased to different parties for short terms.

On the Leasehold portion of the Farm there is a substantial Building, shingled all over, 40 feet square and 20 feet post, with 3 floors, capable of being converted into an excellent Store, which is much wanted in the District. The Farm fronts on the West River, and the post Road to Tryon divides the Freehold from the Leasehold. The Property is well watered, and there is an ample supply of Firewood, Fencing stuff. There are Grist, Saw, and Carding Mills within a quarter of a mile of the Farm; also, a Blacksmith's Forge on the property, and Carpenters and other tradesmen in the immediate vicinity.

A portion of the purchase money may remain on the Property, and for full particulars apply to WM. W. IRVING, at the Royal Agricultural Society's Office, Charlottetown, or to the Hon. CAPT. RICE.

April 8, 1856.—All papers.

FOR SALE!

OR TO BE LET, for a term of years, in whole or in Building Lots, TOWN LOT No. 73, in the Fifth Hundred, at the East Corner of Euston and Hillsborough Streets. There are on it two small DWELLING HOUSES. It is a pleasant site for a private Residence. Apply to Mrs. CRISP on the premises, or to—

H. J. CUNDALL.

March 12th, 1856.—Ex

LIVER COMPLAINT.

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver or stomach, such as Constipation, inward Piles, fullness, or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking, or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression o spirits, can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED

GERMAN BITTERS,

prepared by DR. C. M. JACKSON, German Medicine Store,

No. 120 Arch St., one door below Sixth Philada.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of Invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching power in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal safe, certain, and pleasant.

Testimony from Maine.

CAPT. DANIEL ABBOTT, Brooklyn, Maine, July 16, 1843, says: "I was taken sick one year ago, last April, upon my passage from Havanna to Charleston, S. C. At the latter place I took medicine and procured a physician, but for ten days could obtain no relief, no sleep or appetite. At last taking up a newspaper having your advertisement of 'Hoofland's German Bitters' in it, I sent for some immediately, this was about 10 o'clock, at 11 o'clock I took the first dose, and another at 6 o'clock. The effect was so rapid on me, that I had a good appetite for supper, and rested well that night, and the next day found me a well man. I have not been without your medicine since, having been sailing between Baltimore, Charleston and the West India Islands ever since. I have now given up going to sea, and reside in this place, where you should have an agency, as you could sell large quantities of it."

JOS. B. HALL & Co., Presque Isle, Aroostook Co., Maine, April 24, 1854, say: "We herewith send you a certificate of a cure performed by the use of *only one bottle* of the German Bitters, we think Mr. Clark to be a man of veracity, and have no doubt of the truth of his story."

Messrs. Jos. B. Hall & Co.—Gentlemen—In answer to your inquiries, I will state that my daughter, aged about 16 years, had been complaining of a pain in her side, for six or seven years, and about the first January last, was taken down and confined to her bed. The pain in her side was very severe, besides being troubled with pains between her shoulders and in her breast. From reading a number of cures performed by "Hoofland's German Bitters" I was induced to try it in her case, and sent to your store and purchased *one bottle.* She had taken it but a few days when she began to improve, and now, after taking *only one* bottle, she is enjoying better health than she has for years. She feels no pain in her side or in any part of her body, and attributes her cure *entirely* to the German Bitters. WILLIAM CLARK,

Salmon Brook, Aroostook Co., Me.

You should bear in mind that these Bitters are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, thereby possessing advantages over most of the preparations recommended for similar diseases.

For sale by respectable dealers and storekeepers generally.

T. DESBRISAY. & Co.,

General Agency

And by

Mr LEMUEL OWEN, Georgetown,
" EDWARD GOFF, Grand River,
" EDWARD NEEDHAM, St. Peter's Bay,
" J. J. FRASER, St. Eleanor's,
" GEORGE WIGGINTON, Crapaud,
" JAS. L. HOLMAN, do.
" WM. DODD, Bedeque,
" JAMES PIDGEON, New London.

[From the Anglo-Saxon.]

THE STEAMER PACIFIC—IS SHE LOST?

The following narrative, for the truth of which we vouch, may be of interest to the reader, as teaching us never to despair while there is yet hope; and as showing, in a very remarkable degree, the providence of God.

The town of Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, situated about sixty miles from Halifax, is a place of some magnitude for a colonial outport. It is, and always has been remarkable for the neatness and comfort of its houses, for the activity and enterprise of its people, and for the wealth and wellbeing of all who choose to be industrious and inclined to lay up worldly goods. The intercourse with Halifax, the capital of the Province. was at the period of which we speak, chiefly kept up by a smart little craft, called the Liverpool Packet, commanded by Captain Bass, which plied weekly between the two places throughout the spring and summer months, laying up during the severity of the winter, when the communication with Halifax was, for the most part, limited to a weekly post by land.

About the year 1815 or 1816, as the season for navigation was drawing to a close, a great number of passengers went to Halifax, as was the custom, to replenish their stores for the winter, while many heads of families proceeded thither to make purchases of clothing, groceries, &c., for their private winter stock; and as this was to be the last trip of the season, the little bark was crowded with some forty or fifty passengers, chiefly fathers and mothers of large families who were left at home.

The voyage to Halifax was prosperous; the voyagers made their purchases, and in due time the Liverpool Packet was ready to return. All the passengers embarked in good spirits and the bark sailed cheerly down the harbour and proceeded for her destination.

A few hours after her departure, there sprung up one of those terrific north-westers, so well known on the coast of Nova Scotia, and blowing with the utmost fury for several days, attended with intense frost; it was clear, that no vessel could keep the coast; she must either put herself before the wind and run out to sea, or all perish miserably by wreck and the rigor of an atmosphere twenty or thirty degrees below zero. A change of weather so sudden, so severe, and so unexpected, gave rise to great fears for the safety of the little Packet, and the next post by land was anxiously waited for by friends and relatives at both towns.

The post at length arrived, but brought no tidings of the Liverpool Packet; another post and another came in, and yet no news of the missing vessel. Search was then made along the shore to see if the wreck could be found, but as in the case of the *Pacific*, not a vestige could be discovered. The bold began to doubt and the timid to despair, and the opinion was at last arrived at, that the vessel had been blown off the coast or sunk in the gale. If the latter, she and her passengers were, of course, irretrievably gone, as no person could live in boats in such weather; if the former, there was still hope, that the next arrival from Bermuda would bring some intelligence.

We will not attempt to describe the deplorable state of mind of the people in once happy little town, for nearly all had a relative on board; either father, mother, brother, or sister. Prayers were put up in the churches, and a gloom mantled over the countenances of every one.

Advices were in due time received from Bermuda, but nothing was heard of the little packet and her passengers. Accounts were also received from several of the West India islands, but still without intelligence of the missing vessel.

Three months at last passed away, and the Packet was given up for lost. Those who had friends on board went into mourning, and prayers were even offered up for the repose of the souls of the departed; and so connected were the different families with each other throughout the town, that the Sunday on which all who had friends put on the black, put nearly the entire population into the habiliments of woe.

Four months had now passed away; the mourners, notwithstanding the irreparable loss, were becoming reconciled to their bereavement, for there is a philosophy in the human heart which teaches us to bear with fortitude great losses, when those of less severity are met with impatience. All hope had now fled; the vessel had, without doubt, foundered and gone to the bottom with all on board; but when, or in what part of the vast ocean, was to remain veiled in the secrets of the deep until the sea should give up her dead.

Sixteen weeks had now elapsed, when one fine morning in the spring, some seafaring people down at the Fort, descried a strange *brig* approaching the harbour. She attracted attention from the circumstances that although a stranger, she was navigated by one who well knew the entrance of the harbour, for she came in without pilot or shortening sail. The quick eye and watchful habits of seamen could not lightly pass over such a circumstance, and the report of a strange vessel coming in soon spread through the little town, and many persons assembled. The best telescopes were put in requisition, but none could make out who or what the stranger was. As she drew nearer to the anxious group, her deck was discovered to be crowded with male and female passengers. Ah! exclaimed one who had a certain indefinable hope, as that hope sank within him, "an emigrant ship after all," and a deep sigh came from his bosom, for he had a near and a dear friend on board the little packet. "An emigrant ship," said another, "how can any captain of an emigrant ship know so well his way into this harbour? Besides, emigrant ships do not come to Liverpool." A pause ensued, during which one with a quick eye was gazing through the best glass the town afford; he was on one knee resting his telescope, when he suddenly sprang on his feet and declared, that Captain Bass was among the passengers! Nonsense! was the incredulous reply, Captain Bass and the Liverpool Packet are at the bottom of the sea, and will there remain till the day of resurrection. Not daunted by their incredulity he said, give me the trumpet, I will speak the brig; in a few moments she will be near enough.—"What brig is that?" The response was given "Are you Captain Bass!" *Yes*, was the reply! A few words sufficed to reveal, that the vessel had been blown off, and for many days went before the wind with great rapidity. As the gale abated, Captain Bass found he could better reach the West Indies than he could get back with so small and so crowded a vessel. Using their provisions economically, and slackening their thirst with the cider and barrels of apples that were on board, they reached Barbadoes. There the Captain sold his sloop, bought the brig, and came back safe *with all his passengers!!!*

The joyful news flew through the town with the impetuosity of lightning, and ere the vessel could be brought to the wharf the entire population of the place had assembled to meet and embrace their friends. It would be in vain to describe such a scene—all were in mourning—yet all with a smile of joy beaming in their countenances. As the long lost friends and relatives leaped on shore, fathers, mothers, and brothers were locked in each others' arms, and then the smiles became tears of joy.

But how was such a scene to end—how could it, or how ought it to end with a moral and Christian people? There is in the depths of the fountains of the human heart an ever-living spring from which flow its purest and most sacred emotions. There arises the principle of religion, the sense of accountability to God and love for all his goodness. The impulsive feeling came forth in a gush of spontaneous gratitude, and the tears and sobs had scarcely ceased, when with one sudden impulse the whole assemblage sank on their knees, and in a burst of pious fervour poured out thanks to that great and merciful Being who had so singularly preserved them—and who holds us in the hollow of his hand.

—The first pew in a Congregational church recently erected in Brooklyn, N. Y., was sold for five thousand five hundred dollars.