HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, December 28, 1853. New Series. No. 98.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—25 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 5s. 6d.—36 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.

Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, &c., will be forwarded on and after the 15th December instant via Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine.

They will be made up on that day, and every following Friday, at 12 o'clock noon, and a mail for England will be made up every week at the same time, and forwarded to Halifax.

THOMAS OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Dec. 5, 1853.

Georgetown Mails.

THE MAILS for Georgetown until further Notice, will be made up and forwarded every Monday and Friday morning at nine o'clock.

THOS' OWEN, Postmaster General.
May 2, 1853.

COMMISSARIAT.

DRAFTS at sight on the Commissariat Chest at Halifax, will be given in exchange for British Coins, or Mexican Dollars, at par.

JAMES B. LUNDY, D. A. C. G.
Commissariat, P. E. Island. 22d Nov., 1853.

Religious Tract Society's Publications.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the publications of the London Religious Tract Society are now sold for cash at the book store of Mr. G. T. Haszard. The stock has been much enlarged by recent importations, and many works of the best English divines will be found on their shelves—The Parent Society has also entrusted this Committee with six Libraries to be sold at half price to Sunday Schools. These libraries numbering from 80 to 1000 volumes, can thus be purchased for £25 cy. As it will materially advance the interests of religion amongst our scattered population to have grants of books towards the formation of libraries and the establishment of Sunday Schools, especially in the country parts; it is earnestly hoped that Christian friends will help us with their subscriptions. A few pounds subscribed now, would enable the Committee to do much towards supplying the most destitute settlements with sound, wholesome religious reading.

Mr. Hubbard, the depositary, is instructed to receive any contributions, however small—and will keep an account of the same,

By order
JOHN ORLEBAR.

BAZAAR.

THE Christian Public are hereby notified, that the Ladies of the *BAPTIST CHURCH* and congregation worshiping in the Baptist Church, in Charlottetown, purpose holding a *BAZAAR* in the Temperance Hall on Thursday the 29th, December, to aid in raising *Funds* for the erection of a *Tower* and *Porch* to the said Chapel.

Contributions in donations or work, will be thankfully received by either of the undersigned Committee

Mrs. W. Barnstead,
" J. McGregor,
" D. Wilson,
" J. Weatherbe,
" J. Scott,
" J. Love,
" T. Desbrisay,
" J. Curry.

Charlottetown, Nov. 1, 1853. (All papers.)

A CARD.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public gene rally that he has commenced business as,

Commission Merchant and Auctioneer.

At the corner of Queen & Sydney Streets, and hopes by promptness and punctuality to merit a share of their patronage.

ARTEMAS G. SIMMS.

☞ Cash advanced upon articles left for Auction.

Temperance Hall Company.

AT A MEETING of the Directors of the above Company, held in the Temperance Hall, this evening, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted viz:—

"Resolved, That the Treasurer (Mr. John W. Morrison) be instructed to take the necessary legal measures for the recovery of all unsettled Subscriptions to the Temperance Hall Company."

By Order,
J. B. COOPER, Sec'y.
Charlottetown, March 17, 1853.

A CARD.

THE undersigned having this day entered into *CO-PARTNERSHIP* as GENERAL and COMMISSION MERCHANTS, their Business heretofore carried on by them individually, will in future be conducted under the Name and Firm of *LONGWORTH & YATES.*

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
ALBERT H. YATES.
Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
June, 16th, 1853.

N. B. The AUCTION business will at all times receive their best attention.

J. S. DEALEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT AND
Ship Broker,
No. 7, SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

☞ Freights and Vessels procured, at short notice for Europe, the British Provinces, West Indies, Australia and California. Berths secured for the latter places.

FOR SALE, a double Sleigh, fitted for one or two Horses, with Furs &c., complete. It can be obtained at a very low price on early application at Haszard's Gazette Office.
December 11, 1,538

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE!

THE TRAFFIC IN MAPLETON.

(From the New York Home Journal.)

The letter which poor Mrs. Durham was amusing herself with detailed these facts. She read it over and over again, listening to the storm as she read, trembling with fear, and tormented with apprehensions, which none can realize who have not been in her condition; not the least of which was that her husband might have fallen into this very groggery which had been a cause of so much trouble to young Douglass. She at length took her pen and wrote her full approval of Charles' conduct in the matter, and then proceeded to detail the more recent doings of the alcoholic traffic in Mapleton. She stated the sufferings of poor Ma'am Tobey, and that her husband had gone to bring her to their house. She informed him that the worthy and venerable Mr. Robson, after inveighing against the groggery with all his might, had been drawn in, and added to the number of its victims. He had been an early prey to intemperate habits, from which he refrained for some years, but was now taken the more easily by the destroyer. His age and infirmities could not withstand his late return to this vice, delirium tremens soon ensued, and he had died in the most dreadful torments. "He begged his friends to kill him at a blow, for the devils that tormented him were more unendurable than hell itself. O Charles, Charles! what are we to say to these things? How happens it that this alone, of all our diseases, produces such a sense of being tormented by devils? Is it real, or is it altogether imaginary? Do tell me, in your next, what you think."

Then her pen seemed to float at random, as if to divert her own corroding thoughts, more than from any intention of transmitting the uncopied document. "Charles, Charles! what are we to do? Dear me! dear me, husband! why don't you come,—come to your agonized Amelia! The storm howls, howls! O, God: when will he come? The clock strikes eleven. Eleven! O,—O! eleven of this dismal night! and I.—I and my little ones away in this howling wilderness!—alone, so many miles from all help and all relief! I can't be quiet! no! no! no! I scream,—I can't help screaming! O, my husband! where are you, dearest, that you do not come to the help of your terrified wife, who loves, who adores you?—My God, take care of him,—take care of me,—take care of my little ones! Do! do! do!—yes, to heaven, to heaven take us all!—all, if one must go! O,—O! there I'm screaming again! I can't help it! O,—O,—O! mad,—mad,—mad! I must to bed." These broken sentences were almost illegible from the tears with which they were bedewed, and doubtless followed by covulsions.

The explanation of this sad delay was as terrific to Mr. Douglass as to poor Durham. It seems that these two gentlemen had unfortunately met nearly opposite that hell of the town, the groggery. It was cold, and snowing fiercely. They sat a short time talking from each other's sleighs, when that emissary of the devil, the landlord, came running out, his face covered with seductive smiles and his tongue dropping sweet words like honey-dew, and saying to Mr. Douglass that he had been striving many days to see him upon a pressing matter of business, and if that gentleman and Mr. Durham would come in and warm themselves a single moment, he would see their horses well cared for, and it would be much to their own comfort. "With his fair speech he caused them to yield; with the flattery of his lips he forced them; and they went straightway as an ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart struck through their liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knew not that it was for their life."—The wind swept over the plain, the lake roared in the distance, with waves as sluggish from anchor ice as a boiling caldron of quicksilver, and the whole scene of wintry cold and desolation without conspired to give point and power to the serpent's power within, and to the deadly coil in which he was enfolding their hearts.

Their horses all sweating with fatigue in wallowing through the snow, they reined up under the shed, and followed their tempter into his hell. Durham hesitated, and hesitated; but still he followed. The landlord offered them something to drink, and expatiated on the necessity of it on so cold a day, and after so much exposure. They at first declined, seeming to feel their danger, and to be conscious that they stood on the brink of a precipice. But after warming themselves a while, and being further, plied with fair words by their host, Douglass said he was all in a tremor and chilled to his very vitals; he believed that a mug of hot ginger cider would do him good, and he ordered it. He poured a glass for his friend, and also for himself, and they drank it together.

But no sooner had the poison entered their veins than they lost sight of every motive to sobriety, and alcoholic fancies swarmed around them, like devils in the plumage of paradise. Glass after glass of brandy was called in; Durham began to sing, and Douglass to fight; and the inn was a hell indeed, and they its devils. Douglass staid till twelve of the night, when his two sons, George and Samuel, with a posse of men from the farm, came to hunt for him, suspecting the fact, and by main force, drew a straight-jacket over him, and took him home, howling to the wintry winds like a fiend from the realm of darkness. That incarnation of evil, the publican, finding Durham peaceable, and, withal, flush of money, hustled him into another room when the young Douglasses came, so that they left without the knowledge of his presence. Nor did their father in the long-continued series of drunken fits which ensued, mention the fact. The consequence was, that Durham lay two weeks drunk in the groggery. At the expiration of this time, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake for twelve hours; and when he did finally awake, the insanity of intoxication had passed, and his first thought was of his wife and children. He had no idea of the time of his seperation, more than if he had laid all of these days in a fit. He sprang convulsively to his feet, and hastened to the shed; but found his horses so nearly starved by the avaricious landlord that he could not trust to their taking him home through the snow. His next thought was to run to Mr. Holliston's, which he did, and acquainted him with the state of his affairs, trusting he might prove a comfort to his wife, both as physician and minister. Mr. Holliston got up his own horses, and took poor Durham to his family with all despatch, being also ignorant of the length of time that he had been absent from them. They passed Ma'am Tobey's, but found the house sunk in a snowdrift, and not a soul in it. This excited alarm in Durham's mind. They then hurried as fast as the unbroken road would admit, struggling on till sundown, when they succeeded in reaching the house; but found it also buried in the snow, and no sign of life near, except a few half-starved and half-frozen cattle. Durham jumped out of the sleigh, and, rushing ahead, pushed his way by force through the closed door, when he found the interior a complete drift, that had come down the chimney, and sifted through every unguarded crevice. By this time Mr. Holliston was upon his heels, anxious to find how matters stood within

But O, horror! horror! God have mercy on the drunkard's family! There lay Mrs. Durham on her own bed, cold and stiff,, with a new-born infant, naked, at her side, also dead and frozen! Behind the mother, and pressed close against her person, was dear little Charles, with his icy arms enfolding her, and every drop of blood congealed in his veins. They then hastened to the little girls' room, and found them in their bed, emaciated to mere skeletons, but not so long dead as to be completely frozen. They, too, were locked in each other's little arms. The fears of poor Mrs. Durham had evidently brought on a premature birth, ending in convulsions, the very night of her husband's departure, and she and the infant had frozen together. Little Charles, with a child's instinct, had clung to his dead mother, and his arms were soon frozen by the icy contact, from which point the frosts of death gradually spread over his whole body. The little girls had kept up as long as they could, without wood or food, and then had crept together into their bed, to find an icy grave. Poor little Amelia's prophetic dream was more than fulfilled.

No words, no description, can reach the reality. It was a charnel-house of the horrible traffic in intoxicating drinks.—The frozen victims of this worse than Moloch, in his thirst for innocent blood, with the lines of sorrow still visible in their indurated features, uttered, in the dumb accents of death, such a remonstrance against our legislation on this subject, as to appeal and confound those who have given their voice and vote in its favor. O, detestable legislation! Who can number thy dead? Who can estimate thy crimes? Who can tell the extent of thy pauperage, the poverty and wretchedness, which owe their being to thee?

Mr. Holliston was silent. And so was Durham. It was a case to baffle feeling, and beggar language. They dug some wood from under the snow, and lighted a fire. Durham was helpful in all this. Mr. Hilliston then proposed to go and bring in the neighbors.

"Mr. Durham," said he, "perhaps you will feel better to go with me."

"No," said Durham, quietly, "You go, and I'll stay and watch the fire and keep the house."

"Very well; I'll be back soon," said Mr. Hilliston, not a little surprised at the self possession of the miserable man. But had he looked cautiously, he would have seen in it the suicide's calmness. His eyes were glassy and fixed. It was the repose of despair; it was the self-possession of one to whom living is death, and death is only life. Not a tear did he shed, not a groan did he utter, not a complaint did he make. As soon as Mr. Holliston was gone, he took the pen that had dropped from the fingers of his dying wife, thawed out the inkstand, and wrote on the paper, under the last tear besmeared lines of her agitated hand, the following note:—

"This world is my hell. There can be no worse. I have a duty to do to my departed wife and children, which I go to discharge. I must confess at their feet my crime, and beseech them to forgive me. Dear, dear ones, I follow you to the spiritland!

Charles Durham."

When Mr. Holliston returned, with the neighbours, they found him hung with a rope to one of the beams of his house, and quite dead!

At the funeral, which was attended by the whole town—yea by neighbouring towns, also, Mr. Holliston delivered an address on the evils of the liquor-traffic, in which he detailed its sad ravages in their once peaceful and prosperous town. They then buried the whole family in one grave laying the dear litte infant on the breast of its sorrow-stricken Mother, and the others side by side, according to their ages. After the burial Thomas Bludgeon harangued the assembled multitude.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what's to be done? Here is a den in our town which the sober, respectable and industrious, enter, to come out drunkards, paupers and beggars. Here is a den into which our children are decoyed, and come out a blight to parental hopes. Here is a den which the happy wedded couple visit, only to violate their plighted vows, and become a curse to their children. Here is a den to sink forever the hard earnings of labor; yea, worse, to make them a blight and curse to those by whose sweat they were acquired. This den is inhabited by a sorcerer, the touch of whose wand converts ministers and churches into hypocrites, Sabbaths into scenes of bacchanalian riot and revelry, school-houses into kennels, and earth into hell. Here is a monster before whom law is a rope of sand, and the bonds of society a gossamer web, to be blown to the winds.—Here is a school which graduates moderate drinkers confirmed drunkards, honest people knaves, cut-throats assassins. Will you suffer this den longer to exist among you? Will you allow this sorcer longer to exercise his damnable magic? Will you allow this monster to seize more victims, and this school to multiply among us its detestable pnpils!"

"No, no, no!" cried many thousands, all bathed in tears at the spectacle they had witnessed, and mad with indignation against its guilty cause. Law or no law,—no, no, no! Down with the groggery!"

"Yes, law or no law," replied Bludgeon; and, raising his hands to heaven, shaking his iron frame in defiance, and casting his flaming eyes in the direction of the inn, he added, "I swear, by the eternal God, *that* hell shall not pollute this town another day. Who dares stand by right against law? Let him speak."

"I dare!" "I!" "I!" "I!" cried innumerable voices. "Down with the groggery! down with the groggery! down with the groggery!"

"Come on, then!" said Bludgeon; "come on, come on, ye men of Mapleton, who are for casting out the devil in spite of priests and lawyers! follow me to the assault!"

"To the assault! to the assault! lead on, and we'll follow! Down with the groggery! down with the groggery!" repeated a thousand stentorian voices, in tones that made the welkin ring. Off rushed the infuriated multitude, headed by Bludgeon, and began their work, by emptying the detestable sink of all its valuables, pouring its alcohol into the gutter, and ending by making a bonfire of the building.

"Where's the landlord?—this hell-hound,—where is he? where is he? cried innumerable voices.

"Here he is! here he is, hid in the stable!" replied some.

"Bring him out! bring him out!" was the imperious demand on all sides. The trembling publican was brought out, and, after a mock trial, was condemned to a coat of tar and feathers, and to be rode out of town upon a rail. The decree was no sooner passed than executed, and the miserable wretch was dipped into a cask of tar, and then rolled him in the feathers of one of his own beds, and, in this plight, was mounted on a rail, which which was carried, in solemn procession, a distance of seven miles, where he was placed out of town, with a threat of being worse dealt by if he ever entered it again.

THE PROFFESSIONS.

In every community there are a few young men who can deliberately choose their profession. There are only a few; for accident, not choice, determine the career of most of us.—But, here and there is a youth who owing to the circumstances of his parents or the strength of his own determination, is able to make up his mind what he will do in life; and does it.

In former times, young men of this fortunate class embraced as a matter of course, the profession of arms; and in some of the less progressive countries of Continental Europe, the majority of "well-born" youth do so to this day. The girls of Copenhagen still prefer that the arms of a soldier should encircle them, when they waltz, and the highest honours of the court and cabinet are still worn with the epaulette In those countries, not to be a soldier, is not to belong to the *elite* of society. Happily, our own army is so small, that arms, as a profession for educated gentlemen, can scarcely be said to exist among us. Millions of our citizens live and die without ever seeing a man entitled to paint on his trunk the letters U. S. A.

In this republic, the Law has been, till within a few years, the favourite profession of the fortunate few. The Law was the beaten path to the highest honours. Every President but two has been chosen from the legal profession and one would not have been chosen, if he had not been of that profession. Every Vice President whose name we can now call to mind, was a lawyer. Every man in our time who has been a prominent, but unsuccessful candidate for those offices, was a lawyer. Every Secretary of State, we believe, has been a lawyer. Almost every Governor of a State has been a lawyer.—Nearly every man that has been distinguished in Congress was a lawyer. The leading persons in counties, towns and villages, have generally been lawyers; and down even to the present time the profession retains something of its former *prestige*. It is only within the last few years that great merchants, great manufacturers, great writers, great engineers, great railroad men, great architects, have begun to overtop and overshadow the wealth and consequence of great lawyers.—Lawyers know better than we do, that the best days of the legal profession are over, and over forever. Simplified codes reduce fees. Improved manners and increasing enlightenment diminish litigation. The more men know, the better friends they are; and the better friends men are, the more likely they are to be able to settle their disputes without the assistence of a court. Moreover the great honours of the State, once so mnch coveted—once so august and overwhelming—are now of far less account because the whole country understands that those high honours cannot, except by accident, fall upon the deserving; but are merely the stock in trade of a small, disreputable class of men, who have made a business of politics, and whose jargon in the newspapers is even unintelligible to the public. Emphatically, the palmy days of the law are over.

We believe, there is no diminution in the number of candidates, left; but in the quality of those candidates, there is a palpable deprecation. We cannot speak for other places, but in New-York, the *elite* of the young men do not, as a general thing, become students of law. When they do, it is because an uncle, or a father, or an intimate friend, is the possessor of a business in which there is an opening and a prospect. In fact, to create a legal business in New-York; is understood to be just one degree within impossibility. In the country, it is less difficult; but to an honourable man, sometimes quite impossible. For example, there is a town about a hundred miles from New-York, in which reside four young lawyers, whose united practice (a year ago) would have kept a cow in tolerable pasture. They were not the men to sit at their desks and patiently starve.

In this country, they had no sooner got a licence to practice, and their tinplates painted, then they set about making a stir in the country, "to get," as one of them happily termed it, "their names up." A embraced the "temperance cause," and spoke at meetings. B plunged into Odd-Fellowship and passed his leisure moments in visiting lodges and advocating the interest of the Odd-Fellows generally C went into extremities on politics, and got his name in the papers. D devoted himself to the church and advanced so far on the road to preferment as to be allowed to hand round the plate.—These expedients, we are informed, have not been employed in vain; and this fact alone—the fact that such expedients *could* be successful—is almost enough of itself to put a stamp of infamy on the profession. We do not think it is going too far to say, that the law is among the last professions that one would recommend to a young man of honour, spirit and talent.—Among the elder members of the legal professions, there are men of the first respectability, of eminent talent and great worth; but it is not the profession for a young man to choose in the year of our Lord, 1853.

It is a talking profession; and what is wanted in these days is action, and the power of directing action. We want architects, who, to use the language of Mr. Greenock, can apply Greek principles, without imitating Greek forms. This nation, in the course of the next fifty years, is so be torn down and built up better. Of the two hundred and fifty churches standing this day in New York, not twenty will exist in the year of 1900—but will have been replaced by better ones, if architects can be found to build them. When we cousider on the one hand, the rapidity with which property is accumulated here, and on the other hand, the taste universally different for magnificence, we cannot resist the conclusion, that the Uuited States is about to furnish the largest and best field for the practice of ihe architectural profession, than has ever been afforded at any period, in any country. But those who practice that profession must have ideas. Copyists we have already, and copies we have already. We want men who will thoroughly *master* their art, not be enslaved by it: men who will seize the great idea, that *Beauty is utility perfected*, and make it live in structures that shall answer their purpose to admiration, yet gladden the eye and exalt the taste of those who behold them. There is a great deal of glory in reserve for the men who shall adapt the art of architecture to the wants, the climate, the genius of America—and not glory alone.

We want engineers, too. Within the next fifty years, a thousand tunnels will have to be excavated, ten thousand bridges will be built, a million miles of railroad must be laid out, the whole Rocky Mountain region is to be laid accessible; and things are to be done which we can no more anticipate now, than the people of the year 1800 could have anticipated railroads, telegraphs and steamships. What a field for men of science and talent! The American mind is singularly adapted to the enterprises of this kind; and it is with the utmost confidence, that we urge young men who can choose what they will do and who have no fancy for an ordinary, humdrum career, to give the profession of engineering serious consideration. It is a profession for a MAN! It takes him out of doors up mountains, along torrents, across prairies. through forests. He becomes intimate with nature, while he uses the forces of nature to subdue nature; and there is something so honestly palpably and greatly beneficial in what he does, that the narrowest of utilitarians cannot refuse him his respect. Look at Colonel Serrell, who bridged the Niagara before he was twenty-two years old, and did the same service for the St. John's on his wedding trip. There is something better in that than stupifying the mind over "moral philosophy" and other antiquated trash in the "senior year." And there is the great difficulty. We want men of action; but the main effort of onr schools is to produce men of talk. An engineer who had occasion, some time ago, for two assistants in surveying for a railroad, addressed the following question to three professors of mathematics attached to three colleges of high repute:—"In the class about to graduate from your institution, are there any young men competent to go upon the road immediately and make surveys, without any assistance from me." *There were none*, and the professors frankly said no. What a fact is this! As a preparation for the duties of modern life our college course is scarcely of any use at all; and we care not who hears us when we say, if a young man is resolved to run a great career in an active, manly profession let him keep out of college. That younge man has no four years to waste! *His*