HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette.

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

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

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.

A BAZAAR.

WILL be held at the Temperance Hall, at Charlottetown, on *Thursday*, the 12th day of *January*, 1854, to aid in the erection of the Parson age House, in connection with St. John's Church, at Crapaud. Contributions will be thankfully received by the following Ladies.

MRS. JENKINS, MRS. T. DESBRISAY,
" FITZ. GERALD, " E. PALMER,
" CUNDALL, " R. T. ROACH,

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.)

Charlottetown Gas Works.
NOTICE.

IT is requested that all parties wishing to become Gas Consumers, this season, will give early notice in writing to the Companies' Engineer, at the Works, so that no time may be lost in laying the service pipes, and internal fittings, which will be done according to priority, of application.

The Gas Company have engaged an experienced Gas fitter, from Scotland, and have imported an assortment of Lamps, Pendants, Brackets, &c., which may be seen in a few days at the Works.

By Order,
JOHN GAINSFORD, Secty.

Oct 24, 1853. In all the papers.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public generally 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.

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.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Copartnership heretofore subsisting between the Subscribers under the firm of CROSS & RENDLE, Tanners & Curriers, hath been this day dissolved, by mutual consent. And all persons indebted to the said firm are hereby requested to make payment to Christopher Cross.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS.
JOHN RENDLE.

Charlottetown, 14th Sept., 1853.

N. B.—Likewise all persons having any demands against the said parties will please to render their accounts for settlement.

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.

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.

TO LICENSED TEACHERS.

WANTED a District Teacher of the first Class for the Stanhope and Covehead District—An experienced person will find it to his advantage to apply to

JAMES CURTIS LAWSON

June 22d, 1853

PLINY MILES, THE ICELAND TRAVELLER.

MR. PLINY MILES, the subject of our sketch, is pretty well known as a young and enterprising traveller, and our readers have heard of him from Iceland and elsewhere We learn that he is a native of Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y., one of six brothers, all of whom are living, sons of Captain Jonathan E. Miles. Captain Miles removed to his present location from New Hempshire over fifty years ago. He purchased a farm in Watertown, when all central New York was a wilderness, and has superintended its cultivation ever since; and, according to the verdict of several agricultural societies, has the finest cultivated farm in Northern New York. He is one of the first citizens of the county, and now about the oldest resident, and was one of the most active participants with Mr Leray de Chaumont, Senior, in organizing the first Agricultural Society ever formed in this State. He is now over seventy years of age and though possessing a competence, has lately received a bounty in land from the United States Government, for military services during the last war with Great Britain.

The subject of our sketch, Mr. Pliny Miles, felt like many others in youth, that agricultural was too "slow" an occupation for him, and on coming of age commenced life as a merchant. Growing tired of this he studied law, and finally commenced travelling. He says the first wish or resolution that he had to be a traveller was while reading Robinson Crusoe, before he was twelve years old He supported himself by giving lectures, and corresponding for newspapers. He spent five years in travelling in this country, and then crossed the Atlantic, and spent near five years in the Old World.

But he gives the best account of his adventures. His published correspondence would fill several volumes, and has been principally contributed to the Boston Post and Philadelphia Saturday Courier, under the signature of "Communipaw." In the former paper, a few weeks since, he wrote a letter on railroads, dated at Washington, in which he showed the probable course of the great lines destined to connect the Mississippi with the Atlantic. The article attracted attention, and was published in a number of Western papers. One of these, the Semi-Weekly Press, at Peoria, Illinois, took the writer to task for neglecting to show that one of the great railroads was destined to pass through that place. The editor accounts for it, however, by remarking that the writer was the "*stationary* correspondent of the Poet," and then he fortifies. the position of the Peoria Railroad, by quoting a letter from the New York Tribune, and remarked that the writer of that had probably "travelled some." But Mr. Miles was acquainted with the locality personally; had travelled "some" himself, and gave the following amusing and characteristic reply:

"In the name of buffaloes and sea breezes, what would you have, my dear fellow? I've been in every seaport on the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to Key West; danced over the sparkling waves off the Moro Castle; 'schoonered' it through the Gulf of Mexico; travelled every foot of the Mississippi from the Belize to the Falls of St. Anthony, 2,300 miles, and the most of it several times over; wandered five hundred miles into the Indian territory beyond the white settlements; stopped in Iowa at 'a city of some size and pretensions, named Burlington;' steamed up the Illinois; stayed a while at Peoria, got caught there in an awful snow storm, and then went through the great lakss and the St. Lawrence to the Falls of the Montmorency. I have visited every great curiosity, nearly every State capital, and every State in the Union, except California and Texas. Across the 'herring pond' I travelled through almost every kingdom, and saw nearly every crowned head in Europe: wandered over the Highlands of Scotland, stoned the cormorants, in Fingal's Cave, shot sea-gulls in Shet and eat plovers and other wild birds in Iceland, cooked my dinner in the geysers, cooled my punch with the snows of Mount Hecla, and toasted my shins at the burning crater on its summit. I trod the rough mountains of Norway, celebrated 'Independance Day' off the coast, fished in the Maalstrom—or near it: ate sour krout with the Dutch, frogs with the Frenchman, and maccaroni with the Italians; walked over the top of Vesuvius in one day from Pompeii to Naples; lay all night near Ætna's summit, seeing an eruption, with red hot rocks shooting a thousand feet in the air sailed by Stromboli at midnight, landed where St. Paul did at Regium saw the Coliseum by moonlight, visited Corsica's rocky Isle, Sardinia, and Elba, and streamed close to Monte Cristo's home; admired the Chateau D' If at Marseilles, and spent months among the vine-clad hills of la belle France. Why yes man, I've been up in a balloon and down in a diving bell, shot alligators on the Mississippi, and sparrows in Northumberland, eaten 'corn dodgers' in Tennessee, black bread in Denmark, white bread in London, and been where I found it precious hard work to get any bread at all, I've rode in a Jersy waggon in Florida, a go-cart in Illinois, and on an English express train at fifty miles an hour; and gone afoot, and carried a knapsack, when I found travelling dear, and wanted to save my money. I've been sixty five voyages at sea, rode over nearly every railroad in Europe, and more than one half in this country, and travelled over a hundred thousand miles and scarcely slept six nights in a place for more than ten years. And here I am, a man of extreme modesty (!) and obliged to vindicate my character in this seeming boastful way, and tell all this about myself. And while I thought the world was giving me credit for being quite a traveller, this editor out of an Illinois prairie—as broad as all out doors!—pounces down on my poor laurels, and calls me '*stationary*, and quotes as a sample of my ignorance, the mere fact that I had neglected to chronicle the location of his printing office! But I had seen it, notwithstanding. Well, this is an ungrateful world. Call up the editors of the New York Tribune—Bayerd Taylor not excepted—go to John Banvard—summon J. Ross Browne; and get all the good clever fellows together that *have* travelled "some," and find one that in a decade of years has travelled farther or seen more variety than the author of railroad article. Mr. Editor of the Peria Press, I am a very humble individual; Miles is my name; Pliny Miles, at your service, sir; and 'miles I have travelled,' and thousands more I hope to and I hope some day to meet you, and take a glass of Illinois champagne with you: and I hope' too, you'll live on the track—close to it, I mean— of the longest, the straightest, the swiftest, and the best railroad between this and sundown, and I hope I shall mark it A No. 1 sn my catalogue of railroads.

The editor of the Peoria Press will doubtless give it up after this splurge.

Mr. Miles is one who does not believe in shaving. At one time, while travelling in Iceland, in crossing a rapid icy river, his horse got out of his depth, and they were carried down the stream till they lodged on an island, and from that they swam ashore. Speaking of this in one of his letters, he says:

"My swim did me no damage—the rain for some days past having seasoned me, so that, like the skinned eels, I was used to it. Be it here recorded, for the benefit of poor erring and sinful man—the slave of habit, fashion's minion, Plato's biped without feathers—all erring mortals who mar what God hath made—those who scrape their faces with villanous steel—those who doff dame nature's garb and find no substitute;—all these, and any others, if such there be, are informed that this wanderer has never once 'caught cold'—not the slightest—since this 'beard' of mine had six weeks pith. And this, with the deep fogs of England; steamboating in the Baltic; coasting by Norway; 'schoonering' in the Arctic Sea; camping out in Iceland; swimming the cold rivers; sleeping on the ground; climbing snowy mountains, and various 'moving accidents by flood and field'—this is saying something for near three years experience of throwing away the razor. But I see how it is, Mr. Editor: 'you and yours' will never know what a 'magnificent Turk' I am, until I send you my phiz—all engraved—brass on wood!—or else in 'dagger o'type,' and this will enable you to say to all your miserable chin-shaved brethren, 'go and do likewise.'"

Colonel Greene, the factious and witty editor of the Boston Post, says that Mr. Miles has served him and the public faithfully for seven years, and like the man in sacred history, he would be glad to have him serve seven years more, but he is "not so ungrateful as to wish to deny so handsome a bachelor a Rachel for that long period." Of course the ladies are the best judges in this case, and we hope and trust, as the wandering planet has now become a "fixed fact," that some one of them will look out that he is not a "handsome bachelor" for another "long period." Mr. Miles is now a resident of Washington, and has a responsible government clerkship. Being a "man of letters," with education, wide experience, and business talents of a high order, he is well fitted for a "corresponding clerk" in the Post Office. Our engraving is a very good likeness, from a daguerreotype by E. C. Thompson of Washington, and represents the traveller in his travelling costume, enveloped in a tartan plaid and slouch hat. Mr. Miles is about publishing a volume of "Travels in Iceland," and, judging from the interest of two lectures which he read before the Historical and Geographical Societies in this city, last winter, the book will be one of novelty and interest.

A FIRST RATE ANECDOTE.

AN American Journal, under the head of "*Quaker Shrewdncss*," relates the following admirable anecdote. It conveys a most excellent moral lesson.

An aged Quaker who had kept a grocery in the vicinity of Albany, at one time became notorious for selling small eggs. The village gossips were ready to testify that they saw the eggs he bought, and found them to be very large and fine looking, and where he could find so many small sized eggs as he daily sent to his customers, was a mystery that even the Mrs Grundies could not fathom. There were two mysterious looking holes in his counter, about the size of an egg, and publice curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to ascertain what use they were put to; no one saw him use either in any way, and he seemed desirous to keep them covered with wrapping paper constantly.

The fact only excited the curiosity of his good neighbours the more. Some said that he had some way of squeezing the eggs through these holes, to substract, in a slight of hand manner, the substance therefrom for his own use. The only answer anybody could get from the old man, when questioned concerning the use of the holes, was.—"My friend, if I tell the truth, it would not benefit thee nor me, and I don't wish to lie. It is a pity that lying is a sin, for it comes so easy in trade,"

At last it was resolved by some of the spinsters to watch his motions through the cracks of his shutters after he had closed his shop for the night, and thus endeavour to find out their use.

The resolution was put into execution one night, and sure enough they caught him actually passing eggs through the holes by the light of the penny dip. All those that would pass through the smallest one he placed in the basket, and those that passed through the other he plaed in another. And all that would not pass through, he placed in a tin pan, and took them to his house, which was at the rear of his shop. On his way thither he heard the rustling of womens' dresses, and in an instant he was caught; so he called them to him, and in the blandish manner said—

"Sisters" ye have given yourselves much trouble to appease this curiosity, and I will therefore tell all to you. Ye see I sort my eggs into three sizes by means of these holes. the largest I use in my own family; the next size I sell for half penny cheaper on the dozen than any of my neighbours for cash; the smallest I send to [illegible] who will buy no other way than on c[illegible]!"

The ladies were satisfied with the lesson in trade, and spread the news abroad till we heard it.

HUSBANDS ATTEND.—Few young wives are so perversely blind to the advantages of knowledge as, not to be prepared to receive the information the husband of her affections is desirous of imparting to her. Hence it would be clearly his duty to devote his evenings to her instruction ; and to spare no pains in enlightening her understanding, to better fit her for the duties of a wife aad mother instead of such wise and necessary conduct, we too often see the young wife left to muse in solitude, or to indulge in idle and unprofitable gossip with her neighbonrs; while the husband is spending his leisure hours with kindred spirits or boon companions, and indulging in pursuits and pleasures his wife may not share in.

WIVES, ATTEND.—To render a home attractive is chiefly the wife's duty. If however instead of industriously despatching her household duties in proper time to be ready for her husband's coming, she foolishly wastes it in gossiping and gadding, her home will soon cease to be cheerful, and, in his eyes, will lose much of its charms.

FRENCH POETS.—Poets in France must have a pretty good time. Beranger receives every week more sugar, more coffee, more pots of jelly, than would stock a grocer's shop; he gets the rarest fruits and the best game; casks of wine and cases of brandy arrive at his house daily, "whilst," says the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Cazette*, "more night-caps and more socks are knitted for him than a regiment of soldiers could wear out in a year."

WORKING CN THE SABBATH.—There are a great many people who profess to keep the Sabbath day, according to the Fourth Commandment but who, somehow or other, always find a multitude of "works of necessity" to be attended to. We have seen a capital anecedote, lately, about a family of such people, who were pretty severely rebuked by a coloured man in their employ. The family were farmers. One Sabbath morning, the coloured man was not up, as usual, at breakfast. The son was sent to call him; but Cæsar said they need not wait for him, as he did not wish for any breakfast.

"Why Cæsar," said the young man, "we shall want you, as soon as the dew is off, to help about the hay."

"No," said he, "I can not work any more on the Sabbath; it is not right."

"Is not right!" said the other; "is it not right to take of what Providence has given us?"

"O there is no necessity for it," said he "and 'tis wrong to do it."

"But would you not pull yeur cow or sheep out of a pit, on the Sabbath, [illegible]?"

"No, not if I had been trying all the week to shove them in; I would let them lie there."

A SIMPLE CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Mr. Wakefield, at an inquest held lately in England, states that a few days before, the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stuttered so excessively that he could hardly articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. Mr. Wakefield, however, had him called, and telling him that a shot would not be discharged from a gun without powder, so words could not come from the mouth unless the lungs had their powder, viz., air. He told the lad to inhale air, or draw his breath strongly—the boy having done so, Mr. W. asked him—

"Can you talk now?"

The boy to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly—

"Yes, Sir, I can, well,"

The coroner added that inhalation or self-inflation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the Faculty had not until lately, and then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation.

A POET'S SENTIMENT.—When Sir Francis Chantrey was building his mausoleum. he said to Allan Cunningham, his friend and principal assistant, that he would make the vault large enough to contain him also. "No," said Allan, "I should not like, even when I am dead, to be shut up. I would far rather rest where daisies will grow over my head."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF MATRIMONY.—A marriage took place recently with the following peculiarities: The bridegroom measured six feet four, and the bride four feet six.

Gold watches used to be estimated in worth altogether by "carrots;" hence silver watches took the name of "turnips."

VICTORIA AND HER MOTHER.—*The Contrast.*—One of the pleasantest churchyards I know of, is in the Isle of Wight; and many years ago I was sauntering among its graves, when I saw a lady in deep mourning, with a little girl, sitting on a tomb-stone. The former was reading a book to the latter, who was looking with tearful eyes into her mother's face. When they turned away from the spot, I saw that they had been looking on the tomb of the "Dairyman's Daughter," whose simple epitaph was engraved on the headstone. That lady was the Dutchess of Kent, and the little child was the Princess Victoria, now a queen, on whose dominions the sun never sets. Perhaps the book the lady was reading was the delightful and affecting narrative of Leigh Richmond. Striking was the contrast in the condition of the sleeper and her who watched by her grave—the one a peasant's daughter in her dreamless slumbers, the other a child, who, ere many years had passed over her head, was to take her place among the rulers of the nation? The humbler of the two had worn her palm, and was wearing her crown, whilst the "daughter of a royal line" was fated to endure the perilous splendor of dominion, and become the mother of more kings ere she should lie down in the vaults of Windsor. *Local Loiterings.*

CHANTREY.—It is related, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman in the neighbonrhood of Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; when, with great simplicity of manner, but with great courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head."

Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done; and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, gave the youth a sixpence. And this may be reckoned the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art.

"I DID AS THE REST DID."—This tame, yielding spirit—this doing as "the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invitedb y vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness.—He becomes dissipated—spends his time—loses his credit—squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave.—What ruined him? Simply "doing as the rest did."

A father had a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situations of life do so and so—are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers—triflers—and fops. Their father wonders why his children do not succeed better—He has spent much money on their education—has given them great advantages.—But, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor, man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others learn, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry—their husbands are unable to support their extravagance—and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly, "says she, "I did as the rest did."

What powder should a yonng lady use to keep off a young gentleman from kissing her? (Oh! don't, oh!) *Oh!*

Two men were conversing about the ill-humour cf their wives. "Ah!" said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a Tartar!" "Well," replied the other, mine is worse than all that—mine is the *Cream of Tartar!*"

"Give the devil his due." Certainly; but it is better to have no dealings with the devil, and then there will be nothing due to him.

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instrnct his daughters in the different languages? To which he replied' "No sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

The young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart, has been bound over in the bond of matrimony to keep the piece.

A toast given a few years ago for the shoe and leather manufacturers of Danvers. 'May they have all the women in the country to *shoe*—and the men to *boot*.'

Common sense is an excellent article, although there are but few men or women either who use it, except in homœopathic doses.

LEISURE AND LAZINESS.—Leisure is time for doing something usefnl; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as poor Richard says, "A lie of leisure and a lie of laziness are two things."

What wind would a hungry sailor wish for at sea?—A wind that blows *fowl* and then *chops*.

Do not sigh for the world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel thou canst get a sight at Heaven.