HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. Published every Tuesday evening and Saturday morning. 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.

BRASS FOUNDRY. AND MACHINE SHOP.

BY W. C. HOBS.

NOW open in Great George Street, on the old Stand. Old Copper and Brass bought. An Appretnice wanted.

May 18, 1854.

The National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.

CAPITAL £500,000 Sterling. Empowered by Act of Parliament, 2d Victoria. A Saving Bank for the Widow and the Orphan.

T. HEATH HAVILAND, jr.
Agent for Prince Edward Island.

☞ Office, Queen Square, Charlottetown.

September 5, 1853. Isl

Commission Merchant and Auctioneer.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to announce to his friends and the Public, that he offers his services in the above line of business.

Those who may favour by confiding to him their property for Sale, may rely on his acting under their instructions, as well as on his best efforts to serve their interest.

BENJAMIN DAVIES, Queen Street, near the wharf.

P. S. Mr. DAVIES intimates advice of the shipment of a considerable consignment of

BRITISH GOODS, TEA, &C.

now daily expected per the ships *Peeping Tom*, the *Sir Alexander* from Liverpool, and by the *Cicely* from London; they are well worth the consideration of country customers and will be held on Sale some time for their accommodation.

October 16th.

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public, that he offers his services in the above line of business.

WILLIAM B. TUPLIN.

Margate, Lot 19, Oct. 25. 8in

THOMAS MANN, TAILOR, (*Late of Upper Queen Street,*) begs to inform his numerous friends that he has just REMOVED his Business to the House lately occupied by MRS. WOOD, in POWNAL STREET, next door to Mr. Dodd's Brick Store. June 2.

WILLIAM M. HOWE,

ATTORNEY AND BARRISTER.

Office in Grafton Street, in the building formerly occupied by the Hon. Edward Palmer.

All Island papers 1m

WANTED TO CHARTER.

SEVERAL SCHOONERS to carry COAL from Pictou or Sydney to Halifax, for which liberal Freights will be given. Apply to

G. W. DEBLOIS, Charlottetown or
S. CUNARD & Co., Halifax.

August 4th, 1854.

BARLEY!

WANTED a quantity of good clean four-rowed Barley, for which the highest price in CASH will be paid.

GEO. BEER, Jun.

October 4th, 1854.

Charlottetown Mutual Insurance Company,

Incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1848.

THIS COMPANY offers the best guarantee in case of loss, and accepts Risks at a saving of fully 50 per cent, to the assured.

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

☞ One of Philips' Fire Annihilators has been purchased by the Company, for the benefit of persons insured in this Office. In case of Fire, the use of it can be obtained immediately, by applying at the Secretary's Office.

W. HEARD, President
HENRY PALMER.
Sec'y and Treasurer.

Secretary's Office, Kent Street, August 5th, 1853.

ALLIANCE

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital £5,000,000 Sterling.

CHARLES YOUNG,
Agent for P. E. Island.

Equitable Fire Insurance Company of London

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS for P. E. Island.—*Hon. T. H. Haviland, Hon. Charles Hensley, Francis Longworth, Esq., Robert Hutchinson, Esq., Thomas Dawson, Esq.*

Detached Risks taken at low Premiums. No charge for Policies. Forms of Application, and any other information, may be obtained from the Subscriber, at the Office of G. W. Deblois Esq. Charlottetown.

H. J. CUNDALL.
April 7th, 1854. Agent for P. E. I.

CHAMPAGNE.

THIRTY CASES of prime CHAMPAGNE, just received ex "Peeping Tom," from Liverpool.

Also, a quantity of *OAKUM.*
Pitch and Coal Tar,
Kegs of White and coloured paints,
Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil,
For sale by

CHARLES STEWART.

June 7, 1854. tf

LOOK HERE.

ANY persons wanting COOKING STOVES, FRANKLIN STOVES, or FARMER'S BOILERS, just call at Dodd's Auction Room, Queen's Square, and they will get suited at their own prices.

Hides! Hides!! Hides!!!

FOUR pence per. lb. in CASH will be given for any quantity of GREEN HIDES, delivered at the Tannery of the Subscriber.

W. B. DAWSON.

Oct. 21. (All the papers.)

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

THE Subscriber has JUST RECEIVED a general assortment of STOVES which he offers at most reasonable prices, at his Tin Shop, (old tand) Great George Street, near the Catholic Chappel.

JAMES MILLNER.

Notice to Travellers.

IT has become an established fact that accidents will happen notwithstanding the care and attention which may be paid to the safety and convenience of travellers. Explosions will take place, bridges will be left open, and cars run off the track as usual.

It is well enough for the public and legislators to caution companies to "beware," and "take heed," yet these casualties will occur, which result in severe contusions, broken limbs, burns, bruises, &c.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment,

Upon such occasions, is invaluable! The wonderful effects of its soothing and healing properties have induced many, who have tried it, to always carry a bottle of it with them when they are travelling.

Frequent tests have proven it to be efficacious in curing Rheumatism, Piles, Scrofulous diseases, Cancers, Ulcers, Old Sores, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, &c. Also Spavin, Ring-bone, Scratches, Cracked Heels, Chafes, Galls, &c., on *Horses and other animals.* It is external in its application, and we GUARANTEE it to cure PERMANENTLY in every case for which we recommend it.

Many Physicians use it because they can depend upon it—so can their patients.

Farmers and Livery-stable Keepers.

Say they WILL have it, and will not be satisfied without it, after giving it a fair trial. Therefore we say to travellers upon highways and by-ways *use the Mustang Liniment!* It has become so thoroughly introduced throughout the United States, British Possessions, and West Indies, that it is almost impossible to step off the cars at any Station without beholding the gay banner of the "Mustangs."

The prices are as follows:—25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 per bottle; the 50 cent being three times as large as the 25 cent size, and the $1 size nearly three times as large as the 50 cent size, so that the large bottles are cheapest.

D. TAYLOR, jun. & Co., 25 Hanover street, Boston, General Agents.

Agent for P. E. Island, M. W. SKINNER, and sold by dealers generally. 6m

Timothy and Flax Seed.

THE highest price will be paid for TIMOTHY and FLAX SEED, during the present year, at George T Haszard's Book Store.

Dixon's Fulling, Dyeing and DRESSING ESTABLISHMENT,

ST. PETER'S BAY.

THESE MILLS are now in full operation, and finish the Cloth in a superior manner. Specimens of the work can be seen of the following

AGENTS:
Charlottetown.—GEO. T. HASZARD's Book Store.
Georgetown.—Hon. JOSEPH WIGHTMAN.
Mount Stewart.—Mr. KEMBLE COFFIN.
Pinette Mills.—Mr. ALEX. DIXON.
Vernon River.—Mr. JAMES HAYDEN, Alexander's son.

☞ Two Prizes were awarded to pieces of cloth full dressed at the above Establishment.

Mr. Jacob Lippincott, of the firm of Lippincott & Co., Nova Scotia, is the Superintendent of the above Establishment.

JOHN DIXON.

BENJAMIN CHAPPELL

HAS the following, among other things, for sale, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms:—Rubber Boots and Shoes; Leather Boots, Shoes and Brogans; Oil Cloth Suits, Glazed Hats, Sou' Westers, Striped and Unbleached Cotton; Cotton Warp, Time Pieces, Brooms, Buckets, Indigo and other dye stuffs; Crackers, TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES, Soap, Candles, Rice, Chocolate, Blue, Starch, Tobacco, Spices, Table Salt, Shovels, Hay and Manure Forks.

150 Bushels *LIVERPOOL SALT,*
200,000 Shingles, 15,000 feet Pine Boards,
6000 feet Refuse Deals, 6000 feet Studding,
3000 feet Scantling, 50 Cords Firewood.

Also,

100 acres of Land, being No. 55 [Fifty-five], situate on the Road leading from Frederick Cove to Barlow's Mills, on Lot or Township Number Eleven, in Prince County.

Charlottetown, Oct. 3.

FOR SALE.

200 ACRES of land on Township No. 51 having a front of 20 Chains on Montague River.

200 Acres on Lot No. 8, embracing the West Point of the Island.

100 Acres on Township No. 60.

Pasture Lot No. 188 in the Royalty of Georgetown and

Town Lot No. 95 in the 4th hundred of Lots in Charlottetown. Apply to

WILLIAM FORGAN.

Feb. 7th, 1854.

NEEDLES.

WE have been to Redditch, that remarkable little Worcestershire town, to see needles made. While on that perch—for Redditch crowns a high hill—while looking abroad, in all directions, over a true English country scene of hill and dale, orchard and sloping fallow, humble churchtower, and comfortable farmstead, we were compelled, by our errand, to contrast this with some very different places in which we had studied needles. People who invent and use such articles of convenience as needles must have a good deal in common, however widely different they must appear on the whole. How many wants and wishes, designs and plans, efforts and achievements, must be common to the minds of all sorts of persons who sew things together to make garments, and do it by means of the same invention—of an instrument which shall pierce the material, and draw a thread after it, to tie two edges together! We could not but think, while on the tableland of Redditch, of the odd places in which, at intervals of years, we had observed this process, or the records of it.

In the Lebanon, high up among the defiles and rocky platforms, which succeed each other till the celebrated cedars are reached, there is a village, nestling among mulberry groves and orchards, called Eden, and believed by many people in the East to be the real first home of Adam and Eve. We did not, when we were there, see anybody sewing fig-leaves together; but we mention that place, not only because it is a wide-spread belief that the first sewing ever done was done there, but because we had, a little while before going there, seen a piece of sewing of extremely old date. The work that we saw was a piece of darning, with the threaded needle still sticking in it, after the lapse of several thousand years. The old Egyptians had a custom of burying in their handsome, roomy rock-tombs, specimens of the works and possessions of the deceased; and the cotton fabric that we saw, with the pretty unfinished darn, (more like herring-bone stitch than our ordinary darning,) and the needle sticking in it, was, no doubt, the property and the handiwork of the lady in whose tomb it was found. It may be seen in Dr. Abbott's collection of curiosities at Cairo. Those old Egyptians seem to have known the use of steel. They used it for armour; but not, we suppose, for needles; for this needle—the one remaining needle from the world of above five thousand years ago, is of wood. The wood is hard, and the needle is made as small, probably, as it can be, but it is sadly clumsy—harder to use, no doubt, than the sail-makers' needles we saw under the file at Redditch. It is a curious thing, however, to glance back, through all those thousands of years, to the Egyptian lady, sitting in her elegant chair, mending her muslin garment, (whatever it might be,) while surrounded by her children—one of whom was playing with her doll, (still in mummified existence,) with a face and hair uncommonly like the Sphinx—and another, a baby, handling—not a woolly bow-wow dog like those that yelp in our nurseries—but a little snapping crocodile, of wood, with a loose under-jaw. And then—what a long step it is over space and time!—to the place where we have seen another sort of needle, with its thread—no more to be compared with the Redditch needles than the Egyptian one—the green shores of Mackinaw, on Lake Michigan, where, in some of the long rows of wigwams, there are, at this day, Indian women, sewing with a needle of stout porcupine quill, and thread of the sinews of the deer. Again, among those that we have not seen, there are the fish-bones that the Greenlanders and the South Sea Islanders use—the women of the one race sitting in their snow-burrow, stitching by the light of their oil-lamps; and the women of the other race wearing, while at work, a great palm-leaf on their heads for shade; and cooling themselves occasionally by a swim in the calm water within the coral reefs. Again—but we must not stop to tell of all the different kinds of needles used in the world—though the list would now be a short one. It would be a short list, because the English needles of to-day are spreading all over the known world, wherever exchange of commodities is going on.

Some of us may feel uncomfortable at this thought—uncomfortable at the recollection of a sad story about that. Do we not know of certain purchases, made of certain simple Africans—the purchase-money on our side being needles—"Whitechapel sharps," duly gilded at the head—which were found, after the departure of the traders, to be without eyes? It is a sad story. The Redditch makers, who used to prepare gilt "Whitechapel sharps" for the African market, say that they don't believe it; that the needles were of a coarse and ill-finished kind; but that they were never "blind." Yet the testimony is so strong, and the effects of the cheat were so serious in damaging our commercial character among the savages, that we fear there can have been no mistake. It was, no doubt, a parallel case with that of the Anglo-Saxons, who sold a handful of gunpowder for a bale of furs, to the Red Indians, instructing their customers to sow the gunpowder in furrows, to get valuable crops next summer; and with that of the Dutch traders, who used their own hands and feet for weight—the hand for half a pound, and the foot for a pound, and eternally astonished the Indians at the quantity of furs they had to heap up, and squeeze into the scale, to weigh down the Dutchman's pound. If we laugh at such stories, it is with a weeping heart; for tricks like these, done in any corner where new races are found, are a grave misfortune to the whole human race.

It is not so very long since every needle of every size was made separately, from beginning to end, as sail-makers' needles and packing needles are made still. It is hard to say which is most perplexing to the imagination: the old method, by which nails, hooks and eyes, and needles, were separately fashioned by hand; or the present amount of production by machinery. We saw, the other day, hooks and eyes made by a machine, which gave us a strong impression of its being alive, (some one said it could do every thing but speak,) by which one manufactory sends out a ton per week of hooks and eyes. No comment can add to the marvel of the thought—a ton of hooks and eyes per week! In needle-making there is no such marvellous machinery: the marvel consisting chiefly of the dexterity attainable by human fingers; but the monstrous numbers made are simply overwhelming. We saw, on a counter of a warehouse yesterday, a set of little parcels, such as a lady might carry home all at once in a hand-basket, and found that they contained a quarter of a million of needles! Comparing that set of parcels with what else the room contained, we gave up the attempt to comprehend what we saw. The room was surrounded by compartments, each of which was filled with similar packets. The effort to imagine their contents, when in use, was like undertaking to count the grains of a square yard of sea-beach. Yet this was only one room of one manufactory of one little town!

The best wire comes from Yorkshire; the inferior from Birmingham. There is a small chamber, really pretty in its way, from being hung round with coils of bright wire, suspended from hooks. This wire is of all thicknesses, from the stout kind required for fish-hooks for Newfoundland cod, and for packing and sailmaking needles, to the finest for cambric-needles. In the dark and dingy rooms below, bits of wire, each the length of two needles, are cut by a pair of vast shears, well fixed to the wall. The "measure" is a steel instrument, furnished with a screw, which determines the length of the bundle of wires cut at once. Two iron rings, about five inches in diameter, are placed on edge, and nearly filled with the cut wires, of which there is thus a pretty large fagot before us. These wires, having come off coils, are curved, and they must be straightened. A sort of hooked poker is thrust into the rings, and transports the fagot to the furnace, where it is presently heated red hot. It is taken out; a curved iron bar is laid between the rings, and the bundle is rolled backward and forward on a table until the wires are straight. This is called "rubbing straight."

We now find ourselves in a mill in the country—a pretty place, with its pond, its unceasing gush of water, its little ravine, its cheerful farmstead, its fields with cows grazing, even at this season. There is a miller peeping out at us. What does *he* do here? One end of the mill is let for grinding flour; the other, for grinding needles. We go down some steps to a basement-room, where straps are revolving with all possible zeal. The water-wheel is under our feet; and round us are placed four grindstones. Each grindstone is furnished with a cap or cover, like a collapsing Dutch oven. It does not fit closely, but leaves a space, through which the deadly dust is blown. Here is the secret of the salvation of the dry-grinders. A comfortable looking needle-pointer is seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of wires, and applies the ends to the grindstone. While doing this, he has to roll every wire between his finger and thumb. Backward and forward he makes them revolve, in contact with the wheel; and off flies a shower of sparks. One end being done, he presents the other; for it must be remembered that these wires are of the length of two needles. As he works, we see the dust rushing under the cover, quite away from the workman's face; and we are invited to go and see what becomes of it. There is a covered fan-wheel in the middle of the chamber, turned by water-power; and this it is which sucks away the dust from all the four grindstones at once. We pass outside to the end of the building, and go down some more steps, to the brink of the stream which is flowing away down the little ravine. We observe that a patch of the opposite bank, some way down, is whitened—crusted over with dust; and, looking carefully, we see puffs, as of a thin smoke, coming from behind a gray stone on our side of the bank. Behind that stone is the outlet from the fan-wheel, and the whitening on the grass and brambles is the dust which would have hung about the men and within the men, but for this saving measure.

We now have the wires straight, and pointed at both ends. Next, we see a stamping machine and die, which flattens and prints a space precisely in the middle of each bit of wire. The print shows where the eye is to be, and at the same time the "guttering" is done—the forming the little channel seen in the heads of all needles. The workman strikes off five thousand of these in an hour; that is, he flattens and "gutters" the heads of ten thousand needles per hour—rather an advance upon the old method of doing each one by hand! Then comes the punching of the eyes. The punch is double, of course; and the boy who works it, perforates four thousand wires, or eight thousand needles per hour. This is dexterous work, the wires being laid and removed almost faster than the eye can follow.

The next boy we noticed was seven years old; a little fellow hired by the woman under whom he worked. Before him lay bits of wire almost as fine as hairs; and these wires he was running through the eyes of the twin needles which had come from the punch. He ran a wire through each line of eyes, "spitting" two dozen or so on his two wires. A woman, whose wrists and arms were obviously of unusual strength, received these spitted needles, laid them on a prepared steel plate, and filed off all roughness on both sides. The twin needles had yet to be separated, and the fragments of flattened steel surrounding the heads to be removed. This was done by a woman close at hand, who sat before her little anvil, filing with precision between the rows of heads, so that they separated easily; and then, by another movement, clearing away all extraneous bits and sharp edges, delivering her spitsful of needles complete in form.

They are still rough and rusty-looking; and, what is worse, they are soft—so soft as to bend with a touch. The hardening comes next. They are heated, in batches, in the furnace, and, when red hot, are soused into a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered; and this is done by heaping them (all lying the same way) on a very hot metal plate, where a man with a metal slice, called "a knife," in each hand, shifts them incessantly backward and forward, upon each other, taking care that all get, as nearly as possible, an equal quantity of heat. If any get too little, they bend in the using; if too much, they break. As they turn blue upon this plate, they are removed, the shade of blueness showing when they are tempered enough.

The polishing remains to be done. The best needles are polished no less than six times; and there are three stages of polishing for all. The final scouring is the most emphatic affair. To see it, we must find ourselves at the mill again. The water-power there appears to be moving half a dozen mangles; and very like mangling the process is. On a very coarse cloth, which lies upon another coarse cloth, needles are spread, to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them; oil is sprinkled upon them, and soft soap is daubed by spoonfuls on the cloth. The whole precious mess is then rolled up compactly, and tied at both ends, and round and round, as tight as packthread can bind it; and we have before us a disgusting black "roly-poly" dumpling. Several of these are put into one of the mangles, where they roll to and fro for eight hours. By that time, the emery is worn smooth, the packets are taken out, and the needles are dressed with fresh emery, oil, and soap; and another eight hours' mangling succeeds. From this, the needles come out dirty enough, and smelling horribly; but they are capable now of showing their brightness. They are washed with hot water and cleansing materials in iron pans, by boys, who seem to enjoy the shaking and boulting of the needles with real zest. When clean, the needles are tossed into saw dust, and tossed about in it until they are dry, and then the sawdust is tossed out from them; they are tossed into bundles, and sent to the manufactory, to be sorted and put up for sale.

We shall not come back to the unsavoury mill any more; so we will ask what that boy is doing, and how any stone-breaking can be necessary to the making of needles? He is breaking into smaller pieces those not large white stones, from which emery powder comes. We follow his barrowful of pieces into a little shed, and find that the water-power is working up and down the pestle of a great mortar, where the boy's fragments are broken into dust. A man is sifting what comes out of the mortar, and returning whatever will not go through his sieve.

Once more in the manufactory, we find the faulty needles separated from the perfect. Among so many, some must be broken, some bent, some with bad eyes or dull points. We inquire what becomes of the refuse, which is called "scrap;" and the answer appears to us so curious that we are glad we did not miss the information. The bright needles, which happen only to have lost their heads, are eagerly bought by picture-frame makers and cabinet-makrs. They are invaluable for delicate fastenings, for veneering, and where a nail is wanted of extreme fineness and without a head. The rest of the "scrap" is equally prized for another object—for making gun-barrels. It is sold by cartloads, as the finest tempered steel that gun-barrels can be made of. What an idea this gives—or would give, if we could receive it—of the extent of the manufacture!

The manufacture is now complete, but the making ready for sale exhibits a miracle of dexterity; at least, to unpractised eyes.

A handful of needles, lying all manner of ways, is put into a tray, which is shaken backward and forward until the needles lie all one way. Those whose points lie left, from those whose points lie right, are separated. A little girl spreads a heap on her counter into a rough row, wraps a bit of cloth round the fore-finger of her right hand, shakes the needles a little, and brings out a batch, with their points sticking lightly in the cloth, and their heads supported by her other forefinger. These she lays aside, and does the same thing again, until all are separated. A heap is thus separated more quickly than we can tell how it is done. But these needles are of different lengths. How should *we* set about sorting them? Certainly not in the actual way. The operation just described is called "heading." This is called "handling." A narrow piece of wood, like a thick flat ruler, is heaped with as many needles as will lie upon it, almost from end to end. A woman feels along both sides with the lower edge of her hands, and lifts from the rest, with her little fingers and the palms of her hands, the longest needles, which she places on one side. Then follow the next longest, which she places on the other side. It is altogether an affair of tact; and fine must be the touch, and long the experience, required to do such sorting with accuracy.

Then we arrive at the seat of another wonderful woman, who is pronounced by her employer the most rapid worker he has ever seen. Her business is to count the needles into quarter-hundreds, and paper them up. The squares of paper lie ready; the needles are before her. She separates twenty-five of them, whips them into a paper, and counts again with incredible rapidity; folding the filled papers when about half a dozen are ready. We are so persuaded that our readers could never believe how many packets this woman folds in a day, that we will not say how many thousands they number. That so many should go forth into the world from one house, is wonderful enough; that one woman should put them up for their journey, is more than any readers, not needle-makers, could be expected to believe on the declaration of an anonymous writer.

Next, we come among boys and girls. One little boy is cutting out the printed labels, which have had their figures neatly filled in by an older lad. A third is spreading the cut labels on a board smeared with paste. A girl is putting them on the packets of needles. Another is putting on the warranty ticket, in like manner. Another is "tucking"—slipping one end of the needle paper into the other. A lad is looking to the drying of the papers in the warm drying-closet, in the same room, where they remain about two hours; and he and another are tying up the papers into packets. Finally, we return into the warehouse, and see the piles of gay boxes, which are to be filled with an assortment of needles for presents or for foreign sale.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it is *pasture-age.*

A man being commiserated with, on account of his wife running away, said, "Don't pity me, till she comes back again."