Haszard's Gazette.

VOL. 22. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1852. NO. 1173.

Equitable Fire Insurance Company of LONDON.

[COPY.] Office, 26 Cornhill, London, July 23, 1852.

AT a Meeting of the Court of Directors of the EQUITABLE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY: held July 23rd, 1852. *Resolved*, That the Court having learned by report from America, that an extensive Fire occurred at Montreal, on the 8th inst., and although no particulars are yet received, there is reason to fear that it has involved claims of more than ordinary amount upon this Company, the Court therefore request that the Local Directors at Montreal will promptly proceed to the adjustment of any claims which may arise from the said Conflagration, and draw upon the London Office for such amount as may be sufficient to enable them to pay such claims in full.

A true extract from minutes.

(Signed) HUGH CROFT, for the Board of Directors.

National Loan Fund Life and Equitable Fire Insurance Companies of London.

Incorporated by Acts of Parliament.

BOARD of DIRECTORS of Fire Insurance for P. E. Island.
Hon. E. J. Jarvis, *T. H. Haviland, Esq.*,
Robert Hutchinson, Esq., *F. Longworth, Esq.*
Daniel Hodgson, Esq.,

Forms of Application, and all other information, may be obtained from the Subscriber, at his Office, Charlottetown.

L. W. GALL, Agent.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

SECURE YOUR PROPERTY AT A SAVING OF FIFTY PER CENT.

THIS can only be done by Insuring in the MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This is the only Office where claims for loss can be met, without reference to a foreign Company.

Blank forms of application, and any other information can be obtained at the Secretary and Treasurer's Office, Kent Street.

April 6, 1852.

The Colonial Life Assurance Company.

GOVERNOR.
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.
Governor-General of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE,
22 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT IN HALIFAX FOR
Nova Scotia & Prince Edward Island,

Hon. M. B. Almon, Banker.	Charles Twining, Esq Barrister.
Hon. William A. Black, Banker	John Bayley Bland, Esq.
Lewis Bliss, Esq.	Hon. Alexander Keith, Merchant.

James Stewart, Esq., Solicitor.
Medical Adviser—A. F. Sawers.
Agent & Secretary—Matthew H. Richey, Solicitor.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Officers of the Company in Prince Edward Island, and will be prepared to furnish information as to the principles and practice of the Company and the rates of Assurance.

Charlottetown—Medical Adviser—H. A. Johnson, M. D., Agent—E. L. Lydiard.
Georgetown—Medical Adviser—David Kaye, M. D., Agent—William Sanderson.
St. Eleanor's—Medical Adviser—Joseph Bell, M. D., Agent—Thomas Hunt.

MATTHEW H. RICHEY.

August 3.

TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS
SCHOOL BOOKS

THE Subscriber has since his entering into the stationery and book business commenced by his father, endeavoured to furnish and keep up a supply of suitable School Books; and while he has kept in view the difficulty experienced by Teachers, in changing from one book to another, occasioned by a want of uniformity in the series of works in use, he has studied to improve those formerly used; and in adopting new ones, has been guided by the leading members of the Board of Education, and some of the best teachers who have given their sanction to his publications. Many of the books imported from the Mother* Country, being found to be too expensive, and the reprints from the neighbouring provinces, not only incorrect, but badly printed, it was thought than attempt to print some of them at home, might meet with success. In order to be able to sell the books at a price within the reach of the bulk of the people, a large number of each work has been printed of those books in general use. The Irish national series, imported by the Board of Education as one of the cheapest sets of books that could be procured, has been taken as the basis of the series of books now reprinting. They have been made applicable to the circumstances of the country by alterations only in such passages as have appeared to require them. In order to suit them to the locality of the Island a fuller and more correct abstract of the Geography of North America, has been substituted, and several slight errors in Spelling and Grammar amended.

The books already published are—
Murrays First Book,
Murray's Second do, with an appendix from Professor Sullivan's Spelling book,
Irish National Second, Third, and Fourth books,
Lennie's Grammar.

GEO. T. HASZARD.

VOCAL MUSIC,

JOHN ROSS, Teacher of VOCAL MUSIC, respectfully begs to inform his friends and the public that he has been induced to appropriate a portion of his time to the instruction of Private Pupils, on the following terms: one-half payable in advance.

For 1 Pupil per Quarter, 2 lessons per week,	£1	10s.
2 " " " "	2	15
3 " " " "	3	15
And for each additional Pupil,	0	15

Application may be made at Mr. M. W. Skinner's or at Mr. William Heard's, Charlottetown.

He would further intimate that he is prepared to open Schools throughout the Country; he would therefore beg leave to suggest to persons desirous of aquiring a knowledge of this useful and pleasing Science, the propriety of an early application. All letters (post paid) will be punctually attended to.

Also, on hand and for sale, a quantity of MUSIC BOOKS, GAMUTS, &c., &c., adapted to the wants of persons studying Music

Charlottetown, August 2, 1852.

To the Tenants on Lots 9 & 61.

THE Subscriber having, by Power of Attorney, dated the 6th day of March, 1851, been appointed Agent to take charge of LOTS 9 & 61, in this Island, the Property of *Lawrence Sulivan Esq.*, notifies the Tenants on those Townships, that all rents, and Arrears of Rent, due on the said Property, are required to be paid to him forthwith, he alone being authorized to receive the same.

JAMES YEO.

Port Hill, April 9, 1851.

(*From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*)

THE ROMANCE OF SEA-LIFE.

We personally know something of the sea, of sailors, and of their life both ashore and float, in the forecastle and the cabin, both abroad and at home. We know also, that there isa marvellously prevalent notion among landsmen that a sailor's life is the most romantic of all lives, and that he is himself a very romantic personage individually. We know that the mere name of 'sea,' 'ship,' or 'sailor' excites emotion in the breast of novel-reading lads, and adventurous youth in general. There seems to be an inherent witchery in the very idea of the 'glad waters of the dark blue sea;' but this has been stimulated a thousand fold by the popular songs of Dibdin and others, portraying sailors in such colours that they cannot recognize themselves, and also by certain modern fictions, which, however admirable as works of art, convey anything but a correct notion of the real work-day life of the gallant, but plain, honest fellows who man England's wooden walls. In the books in question, everything which can throw a charm over the sea—everything which tends to impress the reader with a vague idea that sailors are a separate race of mortals, with most fascinating characteristics—is skilfully dwelt upon; but the stern, homely, matter-of-fact, monotonous life they lead is carefully kept in the background, or alluded to in a very slight and deceptive manner. Can we wonder, therefore, that boys of ardent imaginations are absorbingly attracted by such an idealized profession? So enthralling is the love of the sea thus generated, that a good authority declares that he has known youths, who could not bear the creaking of a block used in hoisting sugar to the upper floor of a grocer's warehouse, without their imaginations being fired with vivid dreams of ships and the ocean! Once let a stripling become impressed with a longing for the sea, no matter how generated, and the very means you adopt to check his diseased fancy will only strengthen and confirm it. Yet his case is precisely analogous to that of a youth falling passionately in love with a maiden whom he has never seen!

We can give a case in point in which we were personally concerned. About eight years ago, we ourselves were guilty of writing a sea-novel, a copy of which fell into the hands of a boy, a first cousin of ours. He told us that he had read it over and over till he knew it by heart, and nothing would serve his turn but he must go to sea. His parents were distressed and we had a long interview with him, and did our utmost to disabuse his mind of the romantic notions which our own book alone had created. All in vain! He would believe his own wild impression from our fiction rather than our sober, truthful *viva voce* advice. He went a short first voyage on liking, and on his return frankly told us, that had he known what a hard, harsh life a sailor's really was, he would never have quitted land. 'But,' said he, 'I shall be laughed at, if I give it up now! I am a sailor for life, and all through that book of yours!' He was then regularly apprenticed to a merchantman, but the mate treated him so cruelly, that he deserted to a man-of-war, and, if living, he is probably yet in the navy.

The two great classes of boys who go to sea are those who have imbibed romantic notions concerning it, and long to realize them; and those who are sent by their friends as a means to reform them of bad habits. Of the two, the latter class generally make the best sailors; the others are too much disgusted at the reality, too heart-broken at the utter annihilation of all their fine dreams, to take kindly and well to their rough calling. There are of course numerous exceptions in both classes; and of the former many cling to the sea, and learn to become good sailors out of sheer desperation and stubborn resolve to make the best of a bad bargain, rather than acknowledge themselves to be wofully deceived.

Let us not be misunderstood. We ourselves enthusiastically loved the sea when young, and we love it yet, but in a very different degree. It is a noble profession, that of the wild waves' mastery, but it is emphatically one of the hardest, worst paid, and *most prosaic*! Yes, young readers of Fennimore Cooper, we say it is right down prosaic, and we know what it is to lay out on a yard in a hurricane. We say, moreover, that sailors themselves are, with very few exceptions, the most prosaic and matter-of-fact among mortals. You may sneer at this; but one week, one day, nay, even one hour of actual sea service would perhaps convince you that we are speaking advisedly. Let truth be spoken above all things. A sailor's life brings him in occasional contact with sublime manifestations of the Divine power, but he little regards them. His duties absorb all his attention, and there is no time for sight-seeing and reflection, nor is sentiment of any kind allowed to be indulged in on shipboard. On the other hand he will for weeks and months lead the dullest and most unexciting life conceivable. Day after day, the same monotonous round of commonplace duties are exacted with iron discipline.—Work, work, nothing but work, and not a minute spent in idleness. It is all very pleasant to you, young gentleman, to sit with your feet on a parlour fender, and gloat over picturesque and highly wrought descriptions of nautical manœuvres, but we can tell you, that not one of these is felt to be but ordinary work by those who actually perform then. There is nothing very delightful in the hourly act of running up and down ladders like a bricklayer's labourer, and hauling rough ropes, till your back feels ready to break and your heart to burst; there is nothing peculiarly elevating and chivalrous in the act of picking oakum, and making spun yarn and sinnet—and sailors are steadily kept at these and similar labours in the intervals between shifting sails; nor is there any inexpressible charm in the act of scraping and oiling masts and yards, and washing decks and tarring rigging.

Now suppose, young friend, that your parents have at length yielded to your frantic entreaties that you may be a sailor, and that you are regularly apprenticed to an East Indiaman. The dream of your life, the cherished prayer of your heart, is fulfilled. You set your foot on the snowy decks with thrilling feelings—proud and glowing aspirations and anticipations. The ship sails, and for a day or so you are too sick to do any duty, and too much a piece of mere lumber in everybody's way during the hurry of departure; so you are unceremoniously kicked below, to rough it out as you may. On the morning of the second day you find yourself included to the first mate's watch, which happens to be the morning watch—4 A. M. to 8 A. M.—and are called on deck. You stagger up, feeling very queer, very weak, very miserable. It is a fine summer morning, with a steady breeze, and the ship is calmly gliding along on a taut-bowline. You have no heart to look much about you, but you see that every soul on deck is at work. You sit down on the booms, greatly exhausted, and the next moment a rope's end is smartly laid across your shoulders, and the mate, with an oath, asks you whether you have shipped to sit for a figurehead, and the sailors chuckle, and the ship boys wink and grin, and put out their tongues. You rub your shoulders in amazement, and think of your poor mother at home, and burst into tears. The mate calls you a snivelling milksop, and sets you to scrape the tar off a seam of the deck recently payed, with a mysterious admonition, that if you don't mind what you are about you will receive a liberal allowance of 'beans and bacon!' You don't know what beans and bacon means on shipboard; but you do know that your soft white hands are very sore with grasping the shaft of the rough scraper, and very pitchy in a few minutes, and you mentally think, there is very little romance in the operation. Four bells strike---6 A M -and the word is given to rig the head pumps, and wash down the decks. The sailors roughly call you to bear a hand; and you have to pump away, and to take off your shoes and stockings, and paddle with naked feet among the cold water surging over the decks. Then comes the holy-stoning part; and you are set to haul about the 'bibles'—as sailors profanely call the large stones---and to kneel and rub away with 'prayer-books'---small hand-stones---till you fancy it is just the sort of work your mother's kitchenmaid is used to, and you are thankful none of your friends see you engaged at it, and you are very certain there isn't a bit of romance in it. This lasts till eight bells, and you then go to breakfast with what appetite you may.

Four hour later you are summoned on deck again; and the sailors push and knock you about and one orders you to do this, and another to do that, and all swear at you for awkwardness and stupidity, and you are perfectly bewildered and frightened, and a picture of misery. The busy mates sees you; and---' Hallo you, sir!, cries he, skulking again, are you? I'll polish you! Take that bucket of slush, and lay aloft and rub down the royal mast. And mind what you do, for my eye is on you!'

You have a bucket of tar and grease and a bunch of oakum thrust into your clammy hands, and are hurried aloft. How you ever get to the royal masthead, you have no subsequent recollection. You are too dizzy to know what you are about; but the mate, whom you think is a demon, is nothing of the sort. He is only doing his duty. You have shipped to become a sailor, and he is begining to make a sailor of you. You hardly know yourself by this time, who you are nor what you are; but you feel in every bone of your body and every tingling muscle that you have found no romance in a sailor's life yet.

Miscellaneous.

(*From the Dublin University Magazine.*)

DUELLING.

Lord Mark Kerr, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *debut* was very remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, apparently void of any spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, having brought him to London, to join his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, requested the colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, to see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted. Those were the days of hard drinking "prodigious swearing," according to my Uncle Toby, and much brutality of manners. The pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at the mess, a stop-peg to hang their practical jokes on, until at last a captain of some years' standing actually threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but quietly wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, and took no further notice.

The colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, tete-a-tete, on the following morning at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length the commanding officer broke ground. "Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject; but, as your father's friend, I am compelled to wave ceremony. Captain L—— yesterday morning publicly passed an affront on you, which both your own honor and the credit of your regiment require you to notice." "What do you think, sir, I ought to do?" quietly inquired Lord Mark. "Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the colonel. "It is, I fear rather too late for that," replied the young ensign. "I shot him at eight this morning; and, if you will take the trouble to look of the front window, you will see him on a shutter!" "A thousand pardons, my dear young friend," said the colonel; "I shall never again presume to meddle in your private affairs. I see you understand thoroughly how to regulate them."

COMPETENCE.

There are many who are making haste to be rich, who need to be reminded that a competence is all that man can enjoy. Beyond the attainment of this 'golden mean,' every acquisition becomes mere avarice, by whatever name it may be gilded. As long as man is actually in pursuit of the true medium of competent enjoyment, so strongly expressed by Agur in his prayer, he is happy, and that happiness is not only a natural concomitant of his efforts, but the real blessings of Providence upon his laudable industry. But as soon as he steps beyond this mark, accumulates for the sake of the accumulation, he loses his peace of mind; the light of his quietness is extinguished in anxiety, and his happiness is gone forever. Henceforward carking care, heart consuming solicitude, and fears and terrors, without number and without end, embitter his whole existence. He may succeed in what he undertakes, but it is at the expense of all his cheerfulness of heart on earth. He may reach the goal of his endeavours, but it is at the expense of every noble feeling, of every softening emotion. Avarice, the accumulation of wealth fr its own sake, brings with it its own punishment in the drying up of every fount of human affection within us, in the disruption of every tie with which the charities of life are bound, and in the conversion of the heart into a substance 'harder than the nether millstone.' He who aims at competence alone experiences none of these evils. He has sufficient for the wants of himself and family, whether those wants are real or fictitious. With all the income that lies beyond, he can bless the society in which he lives, be a benefactor to the human race, and obtain a reputation infinitely beyond what the mere acquisition of wealth could give. But his own happiness has been almost abundantly secured. His efforts are blessed in all the quietness of feeling which the consciousness of a competence bestows; beyond this, he cares not. If Providence should still smile upon his labours, he knows what use to make of such accessions of property, and gives not the subject an anxious thought.

BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

So multitudinous are the works published in the present day, that very few are aware of the value often attached to a single volume during the middle ages. Those who have free access to the literary treasures of the nineteenth century will hardly credit the fact, that the time was, when the donation of a book to a religious house was considered as giving the donor a claim to eternal salvation, that the gift was regarded as one of such great importance, that the offering was made upon the high altar, amid every circumstance of pomp and pageantry; and that the prior and convent of Rochester once went the length of pronouncing an irrevocable sentence of eternal wo against any one who should purloin or conceal their Latin translation of the physics of Aristotle. In point of fact, so great was the labour expended by pious and holy men of old on the transcription of books for the good of their fellow creatures, that in many cases whole lives were spent in this manner. Guido de Jars began to copy, on vellum, and with rich and elegant decorations, the Bible in his fortieth year, and he was in his ninetieth year before he finished it. Thus did the suns of half a century rise and set, ere this good man, amid the retirement of his monastic retreat, accomplish the task which, at a tolerably advanced period of human existence, he had set himself to execute.

When a book was to be sold, it was usual to assemble the chief persons in the district, in order that they might witness the transaction, and be prepared to testify that it had actually taken place. Among the royal manuscripts, there is a work thus marked:—'This book of the sentences belongs to Master Robert, Archdeacon of Lincoln, which he bought of Geoffrey the chaplain, brother of Henry, vicar of Northelkingston, in the presence of Master Robert de Lee, Master John of Lirling, Richard of Luda, clerk, Richard the almoner, the said Henry and his clerk and others: and the said archdeacon gave the said book to God and St. Oswald, and to Peter, abbot of Barton, and the convent of Braden.'

Such is a sample of the importance attached to the sale and possession of books in past ages. So late as Henry VI., when the multiplication of manuscripts had, in consequence of the invention of paper, become greatly facilitated, we find the following order among the statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford:—'Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at the most; lest others should be hindered from the use of the same.'

Among the drawbacks to the multiplication of books in the middle ages, may be mentioned the frequent scarcity of parchment; for want of which, in England, we are told that, when one Master Hugh, about the year 1126, was appointed by the convent of St. Edmonsbury to write a copy of the Bible for their library, he was unable to do it.

Warton has collected some particulars of a very interesting nature respecting the scarcity of books antecedent to the era of printing. It would appear that, in 855, Lupus, abbot of Ferriers in France, sent two of his monks to Pope Benedict III., begging a copy of 'Cicero de Oratore,' and of Quintilian's 'Institutes,' and some other books. As part of his message to his holiness, the abbot stated that there was no whole or complete copy of these works in all France. When Albert, abbot of Gemblours, had, with incredible labour and at immense expense, collected a hundred volumes on theological, and fifty on general subjects, he imagined he had formed a splendid library. About 796, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Sithin, with the view of their making of the skins of the deer killed by them gloves, girdles, and covers for their books.

So scarce, in the beginning of the tenth century, were books in Spain, that one and the same copy of the bible, of St. Jerome's Epistles, and of some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, often served different monasteries.

The modern reader may well be permitted to smile, when he is told that when, in 1072, Archbishop Lanfranc gave his constitutions to the monks of England, one of his injunctions was, that at the beginning of Lent, each person should receive from the librarian of his convent a book, and that a whole year should be allowed him to read it. Nor is it less curious to be made aware, that when John de Pontissara, bishop of Winchester, in 1299, borrowed of his cathedral convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, 'Bibliam bene Glossatam,' that is, the Bible, with marginal annotations—in two large folio volumes—he was obliged to give a bond, drawn up with great solemnity, for its due return. In 1225, Roger de Tusula, dean of York, lent several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, on condition that the students who perused them should deposit a cautionary pledge; and previous to the year 1306, the library of that famed university itself consisted only of a few tracts, chained, or kept in chests, and in the choir of St. Mary's church.

The prices of books, during the middle ages, were certainly commensurate with the inferences which might be drawn from their scarcity; and, in numerous instances, were so excessive, as to be almost incredible. In 1174, Walter, prior of St. Swithin's, of Winchester, and aftewards abbot of Westminster, gave twelve measures of barley, and a pall, on which was embroidered, in silver, the history of Birinus converting a Saxon king, to the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, in return to Bede's 'Homilies' and St. Austin's 'Psalter.' About 1400, a copy of John de Meun's 'Roman de la Rose' was sold, before the palace gate at Paris, for forty crowns, or £33 6s. 6d. And in Edward III.'s reign, one hundred merks—equivalent to 1000—were paid to Isabella de Lancaster, a nun of Ambresbury, for a book of romance purchased from her for the king's use.

THE LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER.—A Western editor with some poetry and a good deal of truth says:—

"The little rill, as it gurgles from its fountain, at the foot of the hill, is so insignificant that you may stop it with your foot, or step over it without changing your course; but when several hundred of these unite, they form a flood that drives a thousand looms and spindles with almost lightning speed, and makes the ponderous forge hammer "hop like a parching pea."

Just so it is, with the small sums due us. Each one by itself is insignificant, and easily managed, at any time, by that same good friend; but these same items, if collected together and poured into our pocket, would create a power, that would make our Press work, with as mnch energy as would Page's great electro-magnetic battery.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—The venerable Professor Stillman, recently said, that the degree of 'Mistress of Arts,' conferred on ladies by the Female College, should have an addition of two letters, thus, 'Mistress of He-arts.'