

The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

Vol. VI.]

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1843.

[No. 339.]

LAND ASSESSMENT.

Treasurer's Office, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island, 30th May, 1843.

IN pursuance of the Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the Seventh year of the Reign of His late Majesty King William the Fourth, intituled *An Act for levying an Assessment on all Lands in this Island*—I do hereby publicly notify the Owners or Occupiers of Land within this Island, for which the Annual Assessment charged thereon by the said recited Act, of Four Shillings, lawful money of this Island, for every Hundred Acres of wilderness or unimproved Lands contained in the several Townships, and the several Islands belonging thereto, and the sum of Two Shillings for every Hundred acres of cultivated or improved Lands in the said several Townships and Islands as aforesaid; and the sum of Four Shillings for each and every uncultivated or unimproved Town Lot, Pasture Lot, Common Lot and Water Lot, granted in the Town and Royalty of Charlottetown; and the sum of Two Shillings for each and every cultivated or improved Town, Pasture, Common, and Water Lot as aforesaid; and the sum of Two Shillings and eight-pence for each and every Town Lot, Pasture Lot and Water Lot, granted in the Towns and Royalties of Georgetown and Prince-town; and the sum of One shilling and four-pence for each and every cultivated or improved Town, Pasture and Water Lot, granted in the said last mentioned Towns and Royalties, and so in proportion for a less quantity; and the sum of One penny per acre on each and every acre of cultivated or improved Land in the Royalty of Georgetown, called reserved Lands; and the sum of Two-pence per acre on each and every acre of such Lands as may be deemed unimproved or unimproved Lands, is payable, that unless the Assessment for the current year be paid into the hands, or the hands of my Deputies, on or before the Twenty-first of December, 1843, I shall, on the last day of the next Hilary Term, at Charlottetown, make Proclamation of all such Lands as shall, then be in arrears for non-payment of the sums charged thereon, agreeably to the directions of the said Act.

J. SPENCER SMITH, Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office, 1st July, 1843.

IN compliance with the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly, for levying an Assessment on all Lands within this Island, I have appointed the following persons to be Receivers of the said Assessment:

Prince County.

Joseph Pope, Bedouque.
Thomas C. Compton, St. Eleanor's.
James Yen, Port Hill.
John Cambridge.
Allan Forsyth, Cascopeque.
Robert Hyndman, Prince-town.

Queen's County.

James Pigeon, New London.
Thomas Fairbairn, Sable.
Solomon Desbriav, Charlottetown.
Allan M. Douglas, Belfast.

King's County.

John Jardine, St. Peter's.
Alexander M. Donald, St. Margaret's.
William Macgowan, Souris.
Hugh Macdonald, Three Rivers.
James Richards, Murray Harbour.

J. SPENCER SMITH, Treasurer.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

THE Subscriber has been appointed Sub-Agent of the following Insurance Companies, viz:

The National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.

The New Loan Fund Life Insurance Company of New York.

The Hartford and Protection Fire Insurance Companies of Hartford, Connecticut.

And as he is furnished with blank Forms of Application, and in possession of all the information which may be desired by persons who wish to effect Insurance, he will be happy to receive applications and transmit the same to the Agent at Halifax. Please apply to

HENRY PALMER.

ALLIANCE LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY

OF

LONDON.

CAPITAL £5,000,000, STERLING.

PREMIUM—MODERATE.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. June 6, 1843.

POWELL STREET WEAR.

HAVING been appointed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to collect the Subscriptions towards making the intended Wharf at the end of Powell Street, in Charlottetown, I do hereby give notice to all concerned, that I shall call forthwith, on the respective subscribers, for the amount of their subscriptions, and I will also receive the same at my Store.

ROBERT HUTCHINSON.

Charlottetown, July 10th, 1843.

MORRIS'S CARDING MACHINES.

THE Subscriber having engaged to erect a CARDING MACHINE on the Island, early in the Spring, begs to intimate to any persons who may be desirous of availing themselves of his visit to obtain such machines at that time, that they may be accommodated at the lowest possible price.

An early application to Mr. C. C. Davison, in Charlottetown, relative to Terms, &c., will be attended with an advantage, which a delay will prevent.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Sackville, N. B., Nov. 10th, 1843.

MOFFAT'S

VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

THESE superlative Family Medicines have long since acquired an established reputation for direct and invariable efficacy in all the prevalent and ordinary diseases, as well as in many others of a peculiar and aggravated character. Their virtues are proved by the voluntary testimonials of the persons they have cured, and who accompany their certificates with their names and places of residence. These certificates now amount to thousands, being hundreds to each particular kind of disease. They embrace the most frightful and inveterate cases of *Scrophula*, *Piles*, *Dyspepsia*, *Jandice*, *Biliousness*, *Liver affections*, *acute and chronic Rheumatism*, *Asthma*, *Bronchitis*, *Scrophulous as well as Mucous Consumption*, *habitual Costiveness*, *Worms*, *Stomach and Bowel complaints* of all kinds, *headache*, *giddiness*, *general weakness* and *loss of appetite*, the *mumps*, *swollen face and gums*, *affections of the bladder*, *kidney*, *eyelids* and *pleura*, and the *sickness incidental to females*, together with very many other maladies which cannot be here enumerated. The certificates of cure in all these diseases are immense in number, and clear, direct and explicit in description, and coming as they do, in every case, from the persons cured, they are indisputable and conclusive in authority. These inestimable medicines should therefore be kept by every family and grown person in the Union, as they will be found to be not only the best remedies for disease, but also its most certain preventatives, and the surest renovators of sound, cheerful and elastic health. They are singularly mild and agreeable in their operation, and though perfectly effectual, never occasion any of the temporary prostration and nausea which always follow the use of coarse drastic purges and the use of calomel. Prepared wholesale and retail by Dr. Wm. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York. For sale also by the agents.—NEW YORK, May 30.

COOPER & BREMNER.

Agents for Prince Edward Island.

Literature.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, AND HIS DEEDS.

MR. WEED, in one of his late letters, has collected the following facts, in respect to this illustrious writer and his pecuniary concerns. No one can read these simple facts without admiration.

There are various kinds of heroes. SIR WALTER SCOTT was really and truly a literary hero. One who would adorn the order of Knighthood.

The character of SIR WALTER SCOTT, viewed in any of the varied and even chequered aspects in which it presents itself to the world, excites our admiration. His genius derives lustre from his virtues. When, after he supposed himself in the possession of an independence, he was overtaken by pecuniary misfortune, with what lion-hearted firmness he met the shock, and relying upon his pen, determined to work through an appalling load of debts. See with what true philosophy he writes in his journal:

JANUARY 22d.—I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news, that I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sat the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. There is just another die to turn up against me in the run of ill-luck—i. e., if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose popularity with my fortune!

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. When I set myself to work 'doggedly,' as Dr. Johnson would have said, I am just the same man I ever was.

Again, when negotiations were pending with his creditors, Sir Walter says:

"If they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such), to make good my engagements."

And again:
"Now that the shock of discovery is over and passed, I am much better off on the whole. I feel as if I had shaken off my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich indeed, but always more a burthen than a comfort. * * * If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank and fortune as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is,—Time must salve that sore, and to Time I trust it. * * * A most generous letter from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid! that were too unnatural in me to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in me to offer."

And again:
"FEB. 3—This is the first time since my troubles that I felt, at awakening,

"I had drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep."

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamed a single dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing to be thankful for."

"When the pecuniary calamity came upon him, and like Byron, he saw his household goods shivered around him, Sir Walter was engaged upon 'Woodstock.' After his affairs had been put into the hands of Trustees, he returned to the wheel, and on the 4th of February says,

"From the 19th of January to the 2d of February, inclusive, is exactly fifteen days, during which time, with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little, I have written a volume. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1,000. This is working at the rate of £24,000 a-year! But then we must not bake buns faster than people have appetites to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes."

From this time forward, Sir Walter labored with indomitable energy to extinguish a debt from the coinage of his brain, of more than £300,000, for which he had become liable by his business relations with Constable & Co., and Bantyne & Co. But the labor was too severe, even for his herculean mental and physical powers. There were admonitions of the fate which awaited him, as early as 1826, as may be seen from a note in his private journal:

"MARCH 14—What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart! I know that it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous; but the effects of it are sickening to a degree. Is it the body which brings it on the mind, or is it the mind that inflicts it on the body?"

The result of Sir Walter's literary labors, from January, 1826, to January, 1828, was a dividend of six shillings to the pound to his creditors, amounting to the enormous sum, in the aggregate, of £40,000, or two hundred thousand dollars! What other author ever did, or ever will realize such another sum from his own intellectual labors! For this illustrious demonstration of genius, industry, and integrity, the creditors, as well they might, 'unanimously voted him their thanks.' After this dividend had been made, in his private journal he says:

"I see before me a long, tedious and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harness, as is very likely, I shall die with honor. If I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience."

But human faculties, though with all the strength and tenacity of iron and steel, may be overtaxed, as were those with which nature endowed Sir W. Scott. Some of the rapacious creditors who made merchandise of his brain, to use his own burning figure, 'treated me like a recalcitrant turn-spit, and put a red hot cinder into the wheel along with me.' And, finally, the 'feather which breaks the camel's back,' having been added to Sir Walter's burden, he was struck down by paralysis, and, after lingering a few months, was gathered to his fathers.—How painfully sublime to the sorrowing friends who surrounded him, must have been the breaking of that athletic frame, the quenching of that towering spirit, the going out of that light which no Promethean spark can re-illumine.

We followed Sir Walter from Abbotsford, the theatre of his glorious achievements, to Dryburgh, whose ruined Abbey is hallowed by his dust. How appropriately chosen, for the final repose of such precious remains! What monument so expressive and fitting as the crumbling walls and lofty but silent towers of an ancient Scottish Abbey? Dust to dust! Ashes to ashes! ruin to ruin!

Dryburgh Abbey has a romantic location, about five miles from Abbotsford, on the river Tweed, in a wood whose foliage conceals it from view until you approach its ivy protected walls. It was built in 1150, by Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland, upon a site previously devoted to Druidical worship. Edward II., in his retreat from an unsuccessful invasion of Scotland, in 1322, burned the Abbey, which was rebuilt by Robert I., and again partially destroyed by the English in 1544. In 1604, the Abbey became the residence and property of the Earl of Mar. It now belongs to the Earl of Buchan, who is a relative of the late Sir Walter, and who resides near it. The remains of Sir Walter repose by the side of those of his wife (who died a few years earlier), in St. Mary's aisle, one of the most solitary, and yet striking features of the Abbey. The day after the funeral of his 'poor Charlotte,' the widowed poet said in his journal:

"The whole scene floats as a sort of ruin before me—the beautiful day, the grave ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking and gaping for its prey."

Sir Walter Scott's youngest daughter, of whom there is a most spirited portrait at Abbotsford, as is known, survived her father's death but a few days, and Mrs. Lockhart died in 1837. Two sons, one a Lieut. Colonel in the British army, and the other an under Secretary in the Foreign Office, are all that remain of this family. Abbotsford, though still encumbered, will continue the property of the present Sir Walter. The copyright of the Waverley Novels has extinguished much of the debt since the Author's death, and will, should Parliament extend the laws protecting this species of property, ultimately wipe out the whole amount.

But perhaps I am exhausting the patience of those whose admiration of Sir Walter Scott, and of all that is connected with his writings, his character, and his memory, is less enthusiastic than my own; and though I never weary in reading or writing of the author of Waverley, I will not hazard, at this sitting, a heavier draft upon the good nature of my friends.

A STORM AT SEA.

(Extracts from Bishop Hughes' Journal of a Voyage across the Atlantic.)

Oh! what is there in nature so grand as the mighty ocean? The earthquake and volcano are ever sublime in their display of destructive power. But their sublimity is terrible from the consciousness of danger with which their exhibitions are witnessed—and besides, their violent agony is impulsive, sudden and transient. Not so the glorious ocean. In its very playfulness you discover that it can be terrible as the earthquake; but the spirit of benevolence seems to dwell in its bright and open countenance, to inspire your confidence. The mountains and valleys, with their bold lineaments and luxuriant verdure, are beautiful; but theirs is not like the beauty of the ocean; for here all is life and movement. This is not that stationary beauty of rural scenery, in which objects retain their fixed and relative position, and wait to be examined and admired in detail. No, the ocean presents a moving scenery, which passes in review before and around you, challenging admiration.

This day I was gratified with what I had often desired to witness—the condition of the sea in a tempest. Not that I would allege curiosity as a sufficient plea for desiring that which can never be witnessed without more or less of danger to the spectator; and still less, when the gratification exposes others to anxiety and alarm. Let me be understood, then, as meaning to say my desire to witness a storm was not of such a kind as to make me indifferent to the apprehension which it is calculated to awaken. But aside from this, there was nothing I could have desired more. I had contemplated the ocean in all its other phases—and they are almost innumerable: but until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with the tempest.

After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock in the afternoon. The calm continued till about nine in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the meantime, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should encounter a "gale" from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction, or I should not have gone to bed. The "gale" came on, however, at about 11 o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship. There was an unusual tramping and shrouing—or rather screaming—on deck; and soon after, a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without waiting to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the steward, who had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown, in his sleep, from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor. By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand at the doors of the hurricane-house, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark.—Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistling through the cordage; the rain dashing furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the terribly sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which rose in my mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who 'guides the storm and directs the whirlwind.' We had encountered, however, as yet, only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck the officers galant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration.—However, about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvass had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At 9 o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force.—There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to—and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came, and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a last-day.

By this time the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray, in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favourable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea—but here was the original. These imitations are oftentimes graphic and faithful, as far as they go, but they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which they cannot supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective. You have, upon canvass, the ship and the sea, but as they come from the hands of the artist, so they remain. The universal motion of both are thus arrested and made stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in the attempts to delineate the sea storm.—But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the

groaning of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep.—All these were numbered among the advantages of my position as, firmly planted, I opened my eyes and ears, heart and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean beneath me.

In the meantime our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a duck—and except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out the whirlwind without damage, and in triumph. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance, in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other. True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onwards from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of God in the winds and waves, or his goodness and wisdom in enabling his creatures to contend with and overcome the elements, even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eyes abroad on the scene that surrounded me at this moment, and to think that man should have said to himself, 'I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—may, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up, and ye winds shall waft me onward!' And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—We allude, further, to the calamitous events which, during the last year, have issued in the secession of nearly five hundred ministers from the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the formation of the Free Protestant Church in that country. For a full explanation of the reasons which led our valued brethren thus to act, and of the "necessity" which they felt was "laid upon them" to take this step, reference must be made to other sources of information. We do not feel ourselves called upon to express to you, in this official form, our individual opinions on some of the legal and historical details, which have been connected with this question in the various stages of its progress. But we do unhesitatingly declare our adherence to what we consider to be by much the most important principle involved in the recent discussions—the one great principle, namely, That it is the right of every Christian Church to claim, in matters which are plainly, and in their very nature, spiritual and ecclesiastical, and especially in reference to the sacred functions belonging to the admission, appointment, ordination, suspension, or deposition of Ministers, an unfettered freedom of acting according to those deliberate convictions which it may have been led to form, and to embody in its standing rules and discipline, as to what is required from it, in such cases, by the Laws of Christ contained in the Holy Scriptures. If the Civil Courts may regulate the terms of Christian communion, may interpose their authority to compel the ordination of candidates for the ministry, may allow or forbid the exercise of its sacred functions, then the word of God is become of none effect, and we must judge of right and wrong in church-matters by another standard than that which is set up in Zion. To such a conclusion we are persuaded that you are altogether opposed; and we confidently trust, that as you have opportunity, you will rejoice to show your sympathy with men who have nobly suffered the loss of all things, for maintaining the supremacy of Christ as the King of his people, and the paramount authority of his word as the law of the church. We have heard with much satisfaction that some of our people, in a few Circuits, have already given practical proof of their high regard for these excellent Ministers and their flocks, by affording their pecuniary aid to the Free Church of Scotland, either in concurrence with the general efforts made in their several localities, by Christians of other communities, or by a Public Collection in our own chapels; and we shall rejoice to learn that similar aid has been afforded in other Circuits, at such time and in such manner as may be deemed most convenient in each particular Circuit, to which any application may be made.—Annual Address of the Wesleyan Conference to the Methodist Societies in Great Britain.

THE ABORIGINES.—A review of the progress of civilisation, as it is called, and its effect upon the native inhabitants of our colonies, presents a melancholy history. In North America we perceive the utter destruction and extinction of many tribes, and the depopulation of others. It is supposed, in round numbers, that the numerous tribes, many of which practised agriculture when the early settlers first colonised North America, and then amounting to probably one million and a half of people, are now reduced to less than 200,000.

In Newfoundland, where, when first settled, the Indian race was formerly very numerous, having, according to the report at one time "run up frames for thirty miles to secure their game," were reduced in 1810 to about 400 or 500, and they are now, I believe, totally extinct. Of the Carib nations, the native inhabitants of the West Indies, there remains only the tradition of their existence.

In New Holland, many of the tribes are extinct; and unless some immediate steps be taken by the Government itself, not a vestige of this much injured and "maligned" race will be in existence in a quarter of a century hence. The history of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, like the preceding, is a history of cruelty, oppression, and in very many instances, death. The South Sea Islands, New Zealand included, are all at the present day, as regards their native inhabitants, fast following the fate of those already alluded to.—From a population supposed to extend to nearly a million of inhabitants in New Zealand, the tribes have been fast decreasing, and 200,000 is supposed to be the remnant of the population left by European rapine, cupidity, and disease of the worst and most fatal character, such as venereal, ophthalmia, measles, scarlatina, and small-pox. The facts given already in evidence in relation to New Holland, are alone sufficient to affix an indelible stain upon the character of any nation. Let us refer to the reports from South Africa; the population of the Hottentot nation was formerly estimated to have exceeded 200,000, and by the most recent authentic reports is now reduced to less than 32,000. In the words of an extract given in the report, and submitted to the Aborigines Protection Society some years ago, is the following touching appeal:—

"Any traveller who may have visited the interior of this colony (meaning Cape Town) little more than twenty years ago, may now stand on the heights of Albany, or in the midst of a district of forty-two thousand square miles, on the north side of Graaff Reinet, and ask the question, where are the aboriginal inhabitants of this country which I saw here in my former visit? without any one being able to inform him where he is to look for them." It is my firm belief, that were I to visit the colonies of New Zealand and New South Wales in fifteen or twenty years hence, I might be placed in the same predicament with the visitor to the South African settlement.—London Colonial Gazette.