

The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.]

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1841.

[No. 209.]

Militia General Order.

Head Quarters, Charlottetown, June 7th, 1841.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief has been pleased to order the ANNUAL INSPECTION of Militia, to take place as follows:

Monday, August 2d—Tracadie Cross Roads, Saint Andrew's and Morel.

Tuesday, 3d—Saint Peter's Bay, Goose River, Saint Margaret's and Tulloch.

Wednesday, 4th—Surveyor's Inlet and East Point.

Thursday, 5th—Souris and Bay of Fortune.

4th Queen's County Regiment; Captain John Large, from the 4th Prince County Regiment, to be Captain, vice Lawson, Promoted.

A. LANE,

Lieut. Colonel and Adjutant General.

Commanding Officers are requested to send to the nearest Post Office for Orders and Returns.

LAND ASSESSMENT.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, 1st June, 1841.

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, intitled *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 Land 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 Eightpence for each and every Town Lot, Pasture Lot and Water Lot, granted in the Towns and Royalities of Georgetown and Princetown; and the sum of One Shilling and Fourpence for each and every cultivated or improved Town, Pasture and Water Lot, granted in the said last-mentioned Towns and Royalities, 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 Twopence per acre on each and every acre of such Lands as may be deemed uncultivated or improved Lands, is payable, that unless the Assessment for the current year be paid into my hands, or the hands of my Deputies, on or before the Twenty-first of December, 1841, I shall, on the last day of the next Hilary Term, at Charlottetown, make Proclamation of all such Lands as shall then be in arrear for non-payment of the sums charged thereon, agreeably to the directions of the said Act.

J. SPENCER SMITH, Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office, June 1st, 1841.

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, Bedeque;
Thomas C. Compton, St. Eleanor's;
James Yeo, Port Hill;
Allan Forsyth, Cascompeque.

Queen's County.

James Pidgeon, New London;
Thomas Fairbairn, Sable;
Solomon Desbrisay, Charlottetown;
Allan Macdonnell, Belfast.

King's County.

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

J. SPENCER SMITH, Treasurer.

Just published, foolscap 8vo., pp. 128,
Price 2s. 3d.

MORAL RENOVATION; or, The Empire of Bacchus destroyed. THE PRIZE ESSAY. By the Rev. JOHN KNOX.

CHARLOTTETOWN: COOPER & BREMNER.

FOR SALE,

By order of the Honourable the House of Assembly; THE CHART of HILLSBOROUGH BAY and the HARBOUR of CHARLOTTETOWN—a CHART of CARDIGAN BAY and the HARBOUR of THREE RIVERS in this Island, surveyed under the Colonial Statute, 2d Victoria, cap. 5, by the Hon. George Wright, Surveyor General, and George Peacock, Esq., R. N., Commissioners appointed under the said Act. Said Charts are now on Sale at the Office of the Surveyor General, at the Royal Gazette Office, and the Store of Mr. Henry Stamper, Charlottetown, and at the Custom House, Three Rivers.

AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE Committee of the Bible Society have received from London a small supply of large and elegant Bibles, which are now on sale at their Depository, Mr. H. Stamper's Book-Store, Queen Street.
June 3, 1841.

ALLIANCE COMPANY.

THE Subscriber has removed his Office to the premises lately occupied by Mr. JAMES H. DOWNS, near to the Catholic Chapel, where the assured in the above Company will please apply to have their Policies renewed, and where persons can have Fire Insurance effected at moderate rates of premium, on Buildings, Furniture, Stock in Trade, and Ships on the Stocks—A share of the profits allowed to the assured. The Subscriber is empowered to settle losses in all ordinary cases, without reference to London.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

Charlottetown, June 29th, 1841.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Charlottetown, and the Island in general, that he intends to commence business in the BUTCHERING line, on Saturday, the 8th day of August next, when it is his intention to have an excellent supply of all kinds of Meat, fresh Butter and Poultry, in the Charlottetown Market, and to attend every Market Day after that date; and hopes, by keeping a good supply, to merit a share of public patronage.

THOMAS HAYSTEAD.

New Bedeque Road, July 5th, 1841.

N.B. WANTED, a good active Man, as a Slaughterer, and who will occasionally work on a Farm, to whom liberal wages will be given.

AN English LADY, accustomed to Tuition, both in her own country and in France, is desirous of meeting with pupils in Music, French and Drawing, or an engagement in a family, as daily governess. For address, &c. inquire at the Herald Office.
Charlottetown, June 30.

ONE or TWO APPRENTICES WANTED to the Pump and Blockmaking business. Apply to
WATSON DUCHEMIN.

February 19th, 1841.

POETRY.

SHE WAS NEVER HEARD OF MORE.

LINES ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAM SHIP PRESIDENT.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the less'ning land:
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er:
But from the hour of parting pain,
The ship was never heard of more.

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
To her was wafted in its sigh
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer.
And, oh! the thousand hopes untold,
Of ardent youth, the vessel bore;
Say were they quenched in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more.

When on her wide and trackless path;
Of desolation doomed to flee,
Say, sank she midst the bending wrath
Of racking winds and rolling sea?
Or where the land but mocks the eye,
When drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more.

The moon has three times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan,
Midst skies of calm and clouds of storm,
Since from her port that ship has gone.
But Neptune keeps his secrets well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
How sank that wreck for evermore.

(From the Baltimore Monument.)
FALSE PRIDE.

It has always been a matter of regret with me that false pride could not be made, like theft, a criminal offence. It is the parent of about as many crimes as any other vice—for such I hold it to be, at least one description of it—and generally leads to impropriety. How many honest men have been made scoundrels by the false pride of a foolish wife and extravagant family. It is a compound of ignorance, deception, and envy, and the world is full of it. So long as it operates upon individuals alone, it is a matter of trifling consideration, but, strange as it may appear, its influence strikes at the very root of a virtuous and flourishing community. Like intemperance, it is assuming the shape of a national calamity, and merits the severe reflections of every reformer. Thousands who have gone forth as armed knights against manifest evils, have in themselves been slaves to this insidious enemy! Self love may prompt a man to do a good action, but false pride has never; it is incompatible with his nature. In our own country its mischief consists in making labor a degradation, thus striking at the root of our prosperous condition as a people. There never was an age, perhaps, where so much scheming was resorted to, to avoid hard work, no period that could exhibit so many Jerry Didders, above stairs or below, or manifest such a wild spirit of speculation as the present. The rich man of to-day is the Lazarus of to-morrow! Fortunes are staked upon the rise and fall of stocks as upon the cast of a die. Cities are created by fraudulence! In the morning all eyes are cast upon the master spirit of enterprise, and the evening finds him a disgraced man within the walls of a prison. Ingenuity itself is thunderstruck at the countless methods adopted to obtain soft hands. Why does this disposition so extensively prevail? Certainly not for the security of happiness, for it is fruitful with poignant anxiety—not for health, for it frequently destroys and enervates. Sir Walter Scott, I think, says no man ought to want in this country, who can buy a hatchet or fell a tree; consequently the remark being true it cannot be from necessity! False pride whispers, 'it is not genteel to work.' How beneficial is this illustrated!

Does the successful merchant make his son a mechanic? Very seldom. Does the professional man make his son a mechanic? More seldom still. But does not the more fortunate mechanic make his son the guardian of cloths and calicos? Why is this? Is the yardstick more honorable than the jackplane? the goose quill more dignified than the type? Look back twenty or fifty years, and behold the bare footed adventurer, at the present time rolling in wealth, or spending his annual income of some three thousand dollars per annum in manufacturing ladies of his daughters! Does he teach them the usual rudiments of housewifery? Very rarely. Is it because the healthful exercise of the domestic duties is disgraceful? Oh no! False pride says, 'it would be ungentleel for ladies to work'—as if it would tarnish the fair and delicate fingers that bring such sounds from the piano, to dust the gorgeous instrument itself.

How supremely ridiculous is this illegitimate pride! Thousands of daughters, whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable, would feel insulted, if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They would more likely prate about 'good society,' 'good company,' and the dignity of their ancestors! A few years roll round, and the thrifty but imprudent parent dies; and then comes the scramble for some ten or twelve divisions of his hard earned estate. How small does a large fortune appear, when apportioned to numerous heirs. The daughters must of course marry gentlemen—pride dictates it; and the gentlemen must of course squander their patrimony. And what has the parent bequeathed to society and his country? Children raised to idleness, without the stimulant to add one iota to the general substantial prosperity of the community. Can there be a doubt that honest labor is becoming daily more and more stigmatised? A grovelling imitation from the cellar to the garret! A spirit of extravagance, in which the most unprincipled means are resorted to! Let it proceed with the same rapid march that it has commenced, and it will be a stigma to earn your bread 'by the sweat of your brow.' Infect the country—the farmer—with the same poison that flows through the population of the large cities, and you make the country of Franklin a parallel to that of Montezuma!

With us labour is every thing! It is more precious than the mines of Mexico; more valuable than countless wealth. It is not only the foundation, but the main arch of our confederacy—unite it with education, and they form a tower of strength upon which our liberties may rest forever. The priceless metals of the earth may exalt a nation to the highest pitch of transient glory, but like brilliant phenomena, that illuminate the heavens, they dazzle but for a moment, and as is the case with Spain, sink into darkness and gloom. Not so with the labor of man—its glory is centred in the earth, and we behold it in the strides of eternal improvement—the success of invention—the perfection of mechanical skill, and the inculcation of those moral principles which give durability to our institutions and raise mankind in their own nature and existence. Industry is the grand lever upon which this nation must depend for its continual growth, and indolence does not more retard its usefulness than false pride does to bring it into disrepute—just as the turning a single valve makes powerless the weightiest engine.

JAMES MAXWELL, THE PILOT.—In the 171st number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* there is a narrative, detailing an instance of one of the most miraculous preservations of human life, from destruction on board ship, that has almost ever occurred. It is under the title of "A Hero in Humble Life," and exhibits the self denial and bravery of one James Maxwell, (under the fictitious name of Cochrane,) a pilot, who, in the year 1827, was the individual means of saving the lives, to the number of betwixt 70 and 80, of the passengers and crew of the Clydesdale steam-packet. This vessel was destroyed by fire on her voyage betwixt Glasgow and Belfast, and the preservation of those on board of her, by the pilot, is thus abridged from the article in *Chambers' Journal* alluded to:—"On its being ascertained that the only way to save those on board was to run the vessel ashore, the pilot instantly took the helm and fixed himself to the spot. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and keeping the engine in violent action; the vessel, one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter deck, where the pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water, but this became every moment more difficult and hopeless, for, in spite of all that could be done, the flames seized the cabin under him, and his feet were literally roasted on the deck. Still he never flinched, for had he done so, all might have perished. At intervals, the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude, as the multitude on the bow got a glimpse of the brave man, standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch. By this time the vessel was within a stone cast of the Galloway coast, girded, as it is, with perpendicular masses of rock, but every corner of which the pilot was acquainted with; and this enabled him to run her into an open space, and alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every person got safe on shore, all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom they owed their lives." The foregoing particulars have been all ascertained to be true. Poor Maxwell, however, was so injured, and his constitution so shattered, by his exertions and sufferings on that awful occasion, that he has never been the same man since. For several years subsequent to this occurrence, he was employed as a pilot by one of the most respectable steam companies on the Clyde, but for a long time he has not been able to do a hand's turn. He is now completely bed-ridden, (in fact, in a dying state,) and labouring under severe rheumatism of the breast and legs from the effects of the fire. He has a wife and six children, the eldest only 14 years of age, and all are completely destitute. As it is supposed that many humane persons would feel pleasure in extending their charity towards this deserving individual, if assured that it would be applied properly, several gentlemen, who have inquired into and are conversant with the circumstances of the case, have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of receiving contributions, and properly applying the same.

EXECUTION AND TEMPORARY RESUSCITATION OF A MURDERER.—John White, convicted of the murder of Messrs. Gwatkins and Glenn, on board a flat boat on the Ohio river, was executed at Louisville, on the 8th ult., a little after six o'clock in the morning. The rope not "playing" well, occasioned the knot to slip up over his chin, instead of being under his ear, so that his neck was not broken by the fall. Previously to his execution, he wrote a letter to his father, in which he stated that he was present when the unfortunate men were murdered; that he did not participate in the act, but was compelled to beg his own life from two men who murdered them. He was cut down after hanging about 25 minutes, and his body given to the doctors for the purposes of experiment. The *Louisville City Gazette* gives the annexed extraordinary circumstance attending an experiment with the galvanic battery:—

"The poles of a powerful galvanic pile, which had been prepared for the occasion, were immediately applied to him, and, to the unutterable joy of all present, with the most perfect success. On the first application of the fluid to his body, which was yet warm and trembling, a universal tremor was seen to pass over his frame; on a sudden he arose upon his bench to a sitting posture, and with great eagerness and impatience raised his hands to his neck, trying to grasp the scarf in his fingers and tear it from his throat! He first snatched at it with great rashness, as though the rope was yet around his neck, and then continued some moments picking at the seam with his fingers, as though it were something that adhered to his throat giving him great uneasiness. But this symptom was soon forgotten, for almost the next moment he rose upon his feet, raised his arms level with his breast, and, opening his bloodshot eyes, gave forth from his mouth a most terrible screech,

after which his chest worked, as if in respiration, in a very violent manner. Every one at this moment was as mute as death, when one of the surgeons exclaimed that he was alive. The excitement was too great to allow time for a reply to the remark; every eye was riveted upon the agitated and shaking corpse. The operator continued to let upon it a full quantum of the galvanic fluid, till the action upon its nerves became so powerful, that it made a tremendous bound, leaping by a sort of imperfect plunge into a corner of the room, disengaging itself entirely from the wires which communicated the galvanism. All immediately drew around the body. For a moment after its fall it seemed perfectly motionless and dead; a surgeon approached, and, taking hold of his arm, announced that he thought he felt a slight though a single beat of the pulse. The galvanic operator was just going to arrange his machine, to give him another charge, when the surgeon exclaimed that he breathed. At this moment he gave a long gasp, raising and gently waving his right hand; his sighs continued for two minutes, when they ceased entirely. His whole frame seemed to be agitated, his chest heaved, and his legs trembled. These effects were supposed to be caused by the powerful influence of the galvanic fluid upon the nerves; none of these movements were yet supposed attributable to the action of life. It was considered that the animating principle of nature had left his frame, and could never be again restored. In the very height of anxiety and suspense, the surgeon announced that he could feel feeble pulsations. A piece of broken looking glass was immediately held before his nostrils, which was instantly covered with a cloud. The most intense anxiety was felt for some seconds, when the motion of his chest, as in the act of respiration, became visible. He rolled his eyes wildly in their sockets, occasionally closing them, and giving most terrific scowls. In about five minutes his breathing became tolerably frequent—probably he would give one breath when a healthy man would give four. His breathing, however, rapidly increased. The doctors began to speak to him, but he gave no indications that he heard a word. He looked upon the scene around him with the most deadly indifference. A young medical student approached him, and, taking hold of his arm and shoulder, White rose upon his feet, took two steps, thus supported, and seated himself in an arm-chair. His muscles seemed to relax, and he appeared somewhat overcome with the exertion he had made. A bottle of hartshorn was immediately applied to his nose, which revived him, but his life seemed to be that of a man much intoxicated. He seemed upon one occasion to try to give utterance to some feeling, but, from an unknown cause, an impediment probably occasioned by the execution, he was unable to give utterance to a word. His system was critically examined, and though he was pronounced by the doctors to be perfectly alive, yet he could live but a very short time. Every moment was spent in watching the circulation and save the patient from the terrible consequence of so sad a catastrophe, but in vain. The blood-vessels of the head were enormously distended, and his eyes appeared to be balls of clotted blood. His system was immediately thrown into direful spasms, and he died in a few minutes in the most excruciating agonies."—*Times*.

THE PEACOCK THRONE.—Among the rich spoils, amounting to not less than £80,000,000 sterling, which were carried away by Nadir Shah, in his invasion of India, in 1739, was the famous Peacock throne. A brief notice of this will serve as a specimen of the vanity, the pomp and magnificence of the Imperial court of the Great Mogul, so late as the 17th century. Delhi was then the capital, and the favorite city, over which was cast the shadow of the imperial umbrella, and Shah Jehon was at that time the reigning Emperor. On a certain festive occasion, the birth of a first born son, the heir apparent to the throne, the emperor mounted a new and superb throne. This was constructed of pure solid gold, and had been seven years in preparing. It was embossed with various figures and studded with precious stones. The expense of the jewels alone amounted to £1,250,000, and the cost of the whole throne is said to have been more than £12,000,000 sterling, or \$54,000,000; and the jewel office—the crown jewels—£30,000,000, or \$124,000,000. This throne, perhaps the most superb piece of workmanship ever known, was at length known by the name of the Tucht Taons, or the Peacock Throne, from the fact of its having the figures of two Peacocks standing behind it, with their tails spread, which were studded with jewels of various colors, to represent life. Between the peacocks stood a parrot of ordinary size, cut out of a single emerald. The finest jewel in the throne was a ruby, which had fallen into the hands of Tamerlane, among the spoils of Delhi, when he took that city from the Hindoos in 1398. This jewel, however, had been cruelly defaced by the barbarous vanity of the preceding Emperor.—He caused his name and titles to be engraved upon it, and when reproved for this silly vanity by the favourite Sultana, "the light of the Harem," he celebrated "Noor Mahal," he replied, "This stone may convey my name further down thro' time than the Empire of the house of Timour."

CLEWER GHOST.—A long account of supernatural noises in a cottage at Clewer, near Windsor, is given in all the newspapers. They consist, like the Cock-lane ghost, of violent knockings (in this instance) upon a door, and which, to watching clergy, magistrates, and neighbours, are said to be incomprehensible. So much for our enlightened age!

NEW MODEL PRISON.—The construction of the New Model Prison in the Holloway junction road is progressing rapidly. When completed, it will be a building of immense size; it is within a few yards of the Scotch School. The internal arrangements are very curious.

THE PERFECTION OF REASON.—The following advertisement is literally copied from a New Jersey paper:—"To be sold, on the 8th of July, 131 suits at law, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business. Note.—The clients are rich and obstinate."