The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

Vol. VII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1844. [No. 341.

CHARLOTTETOWN ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, to the Freeholders. Landholders. and Resident Tenants of Charlottetown and Royalty, that agreeable to Her Majesty's Writ of Election to me directed, a Poll for the Election of One Member to represent the said Town and Royalty in a Lower House of Assembly of this Island, in the place of Francis Longworth, Esq., whose seat hath been declared vacated—will be opened and held at the Court House, Charlottetown, on Tuesday the Sixteenth day of January next, 1844, at the hour of Eleven o'clock, forenoon, of which all persons concerned will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM CUNDALL,
Sheriff of Queen's County.

Sheriff's Office, Charlottetown, Dec. 26th, 1843.

QUEEN'S COUNTY ELECTION.

SECOND ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, to the Freeholders, Leaseholders, and Resident Housekeepers, of the Second District of Queen's County, that a Poll for the Election of One Member to represent the said Second District of Queen's County, in a Lower House of Assembly in this Island, in the stead of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, whose seat hath been declared vacant—will be opened and held at the Premises of William Crosby, near Elliot River Bridge, on Township Number Thirty, on Friday the Nineteenth day of January next, 1844, at the hour of Eleven o'clock, forenoon—of which all persons concerned are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

The Second Electoral District of Queen's County comprises Townships Numbers 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 48 *and* 65, *and Saint Peter's Island.*

WILLIAM CUNDALL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Charlottetown, Dec. 26th, 1843

GEORGETOWN ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, to the Freeholders. Landholders, and Resident Tenants of Georgetown and Royalty, that agreeable to Her Majesty's Writ of Election to me directed, a Poll for the Election of One Member to represent the said Town and Royalty in a Lower House of Assembly of this Island, in the place of Roderick Macaulay, Esq., whose seat hath been declared vacated—will be opened and held at the Court House in Georgetown, on Tuesday the Twenty-third day of January next, 1844, at the hour of Eleven o'clock, forenoon—of which all persons concerned will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

JOSEPH WIGHTMAN,
Sheriff of King's County.

Sheriff's Office, King's County, Dec. 26th, 1843.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore carried on under the firm of George M'Kay and Donald Sutherland, Merchants, New London, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the said firm are hereby notified to make immediate payment to Donald Sutherland, who is duly authorised to receive the same, and grant discharges therefor.

GEORGE MACKAY,
DONALD SUTHERLAND.

New London, Dec. 18th, 1843. (3w)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Charlottetown, and Prince Edward Island generally, that he has taken the House and Premises known as the WELLINGTON HOTEL, which he will open immediately, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

EDMUND DUMVILLE.

Charlottetown, Dec. 22d, 1843.

TO BE SOLD, a Leasehold Interest for the residue of the unexpired term of 15 years, with a right of purchase, in and to that eligibly situated Brick House and premises, situated in Queen's Square, now in the occupation of the Subscriber. Possession to be given on the 1st day of November next.

J. SIDNEY DEALEY.

Charlottetown, 6th July, 1843.

POWNAL STREET WHARF.

HAVING been appointed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to collect the *Subscriptions* towards making the intended Wharf at the end of Pownal 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.

THE Subscribers intending to make an alteration in their business, have to request, that all persons indebted to them will settle their respective Accounts immediately; and those to whom they stand indebted, will please send in their Accounts, for adjustment forthwith.

COOPER & BREMNER.

Charlottetown, Sept. 14th, 1843.

THE AMERICAN FAMILY MEDICINE.

THAT Mr. Moffat's Life Pills and Phœnix Bitters have long since obtained a high and enviable distinction amid a host of competitors, and that they acquired it solely by their invariable, and almost unlimited efficacy, without the usual aid of fulsome puffery and pretensions, are well known to the public, and cannot be denied.—While very little has been said concerning these astonishing Life Medicines by the proprietor himself, and not more than was necessary to call the attention of the afflicted to a sure and speedy means of relief, their renown has rapidly flown from one individual to another, and from family to family, until they have long since become known in almost every town and village in the Union, as a wonderful and inestimable blessing. Voluntary and unsolicited testimonials of their absolutely astonishing efficacy, in diseases of the most dreadful and obstinate character, as well as in others of prevalent and ordinary occurrence, have been received by the proprietor from the persons they have cured from every section of the country, and still continue to be received in increasing numbers. It is with pride and pleasure that the proprietor refers the public to his "Medical Manual," where a widely various selection of these testimonials is published, with the names and residence of the writers, because he has no hesitation in saying that the annals of Medical Science do not contain a greater number or variety of cures effected by any medicine known to the profession, or cures of a more frightful kind or of longer standing, coming as these testimonials do from the cured persons themselves, who certainly know best, from their own happy experience, whether they are cured or not. The evidence they afford of the pre eminent and unprecedented efficacy of these grand remedies is perfectly irresistible, and commands rather than solicits the respect of the public. In addition to those already published, the proprietor is in possession of a vast accumulation of these personal certificates, demonstrating that his *Life Pills and Phœnix Bitters* are promptly and uniformly efficacious In Scrofula, in all its hydra headed forms; Dyspepsia, whether chronic or occasional, Rheumatism, both acute and chronic, Jaundice and bilious and liver complaints, however distressing or complicated, Fever and Ague in all their varieties, and when quinine and all other specifics fail; Habitual Costiveness, (especially when the Life Pills are used as dinner pills, immediately before or after that meal,) Piles, even in cases of thirty years' standing, Dropsy, Gout, and settled pains in the breast, back, or organs, disease of the bladder and kidneys, biles, tumours, and ulcers, Erysipelas, and all other eruptive diseases; Pleurisy, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other affections of the chest, lungs and mucous members; pimples, stains of the skin, and the foul unhealthy appearance of the complexion, arising from whatever cause, nervous or general debility, headaches, and giddiness, together with a vast variety of other maladies, in proof of the speedy and effectual cure of which by these medicines alone, the proprietor has hundreds, nay thousands, of certified testimonials. Both the Pills and Bitters are mild and delightful in their operation, producing none of even the temporary prostrations and nausea occasioned by nearly all other medicines, and they can be administered with safety to young children, and females in the most delicate health. Prepared and sold 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.

POETRY.

THE MOURNER'S SLEEP.

Sleep, weary mourner! darkness veils the skies;
Sleep! there is silence in the midnight air;
'Tis long since slumber closed thy weeping eyes,
And smooth'd thy brow of care.

Daughter of sorrow! 'tis the hour of rest;
The hour when mortal tears may cease to flow;
Kind nature lulls thee on her gentle breast;
Sleep, and forget thy woe!

Sleep! There is joy upon thy faded brow;
Does fancy paint thy childhood's smiling years,
Or art thou dreaming of thy bridal vow,
Breathed amid joyous tears?

Perchance the grave gives up the loved and dead,
And dearest eyes upon thy slumber beam;
Thou lonely widow, rest thy weary head!
Sleep, 'tis a blissful dream!

A smile is on thy face. O wake not yet!
Perchance some fairy forms around thee move,
And tones a mother's heart can ne'er forget
Are lisping words of love.

Do infant lips again thy pale cheek press,
And sunny ringlets on thy bosom wave?
Sleep, childless mother! 'tis thy babe's caress;
Sleep, and forget the grave.

MORAL BEAUTY.

'Tis not alone in the flush of morn,
In the cowslip-bell or the blossom thorn,
In noon's high hour, or twilight's hush,
In the shadowy stream, or the rose's blush,
Or in aught that bountiful Nature gives,
That the delicate Spirit of Beauty lives.

Oh, no! it lives, and breathes, and lies,
In a home more pure than the morning skies;
In the innocent heart it loves to dwell,
When it comes with a sigh or tear to tell
Sweet visions that flow from a fount of love,
To mingle with all that is pure above.

It dwells with the one whose pitying eye
Looks out on the world in charity,
Whose generous hand delights to heal
The wounds that suffering mourners feel,
Without a wish, a hope, or thought,
That light should shine on the deeds it wrought.

It dwells in the heart that nought inspires
But manly feelings and high desires,
Where nothing can come like a selfish dream,
When visions of glory around it gleam,
Proud visions that show, to the gifted mind,
The boundless sphere of the human kind.

THE BLACK BULL:

OR A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY, FOR ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

"Once on a time"—date and place wanting in the chronicle—but "once on a time," a certain church got into great difficulty and commotion, as churches sometimes unhappily do. Brotherly love gave place to alienation and coldness, and harmony to contention and mutual crimination. As might well be supposed, christian enjoyment was unknown. The spirit of prayer was silenced, and a spirit of unchristian bitterness and animosity reigned. The power of the church to do good was completely paralysed, and the public means of grace lost all their proper efficacy. Their minister preached, and preached well,—but he might as well have talked in the midst of a tempest. When he inculcated the duties of christianity, and spoke of its benign influence and its subjects, some graceless unbeliever in the gallery would dart a glance down upon some of the members below, and then, with a malicious smile, look the good man right in the face, as much as to say, "don't try to impose these fictions on us. Yonder sit fifty staunch witnesses, all members of your church, who testify against the truth of every word you say." Thus the word of divine truth fell powerless at the feet of sinners, like arrows striking the iron rock. The church often met in "special meeting" to consider their difficulties. But O what contention, pride, self-will, animosity and all uncharitableness were there! In a word, they came together for the worse and not for the better. Friendship became less known, and enmity became more deeply seated. So that it became a common remark among the surrounding population—whose eyes and ears were wide open—"See how these christians *hate* one another."

Things were rapidly approaching a crisis. Appearances portended the dissolution of the church as unavoidable and even *desirable*. And the pall of death seemed likely to rest on the murdered cause of Christ and heaven. Many loudly exulted. The sons of belial, in their drunken orgies and nightly revels, indulged a fiend-like triumph over the bleeding body, pouring contempt and insult upon those who had troubled their heads by their piety and their prayers; yet there were a few names even in this *Sardis* whose garments were undefiled—who wept and sighed over the desolations of their beloved Zion; and who stood daily between the porch and the altar, crying, "Spare thy people, O Lord; and give not thy heritage to reproach."

At the instance of these afflicted brethren, the following course was adopted, as the last resort:

At no great distance lived an aged minister—a father in Israel, whose praise was in all the churches for his piety and prudence, for his wisdom and goodness. He had few equals for penetration to discover and skill to advise in whatever related to the affairs of the church of Christ. It was therefore concluded by the church to ask his counsel and assistance in their trials. A letter was accordingly prepared and sent, stating their difficulties and asking his advice. The good man was deeply pained on learning their state, and with all possible despatch prepared a suitable answer to their request. The substance was as follows—"I sincerely lament, my brethren, the unchristian state into which you are fallen. How contrary is it to the letter and the spirit of that gospel you profess to believe! How opposite to your own covenant obligations! How grievous to that Holy Spirit by which you are sealed! And how ruinous to the souls around you, many of whom know nothing of the gospel but what they learn from your walk and conversation! I therefore admonish you, first of all, and beseech you, that you walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another. It is as ye thus love one another, that all men shall know that ye are the disciples of Christ." From this brief specimen, the reader can easily imagine how the letter went on, and how it concluded. Pity, we think, the church never got it! But not to anticipate:

Now, this good man owned a good farm at some distance from his residence; and it so happened, that just as he had folded the above letter, and before he had directed it, word was brought that certain mischief was being done on his farm, and which required his advice. Whereupon he took up another sheet of paper and hastily wrote the following laconic order for his overseer, "Mend the fence and keep the black bull out." This sheet he also folded up as the other, and then, by sheer mistake—directed it to the church; and away it went—and the church's letter to the farm; whereat we might well suppose the overseer marvelled greatly. But before the mistake could be corrected, the letter had gone past recall:—which brings our story to,

Part II.

"Church met for business pursuant to adjournment."

The moderator took the chair, and the clerk his seat at the table, with the aforesaid letter in his hand, sealed and duly directed to the church. He commenced breaking the seal with a gravity becoming the occasion and his office. A profound stillness reigned over the assembly, such as had not been witnessed for months before. All waited with breathless expectation the counsel of age, and the advice of experience and wisdom. The clerk opened the letter. The first thing which struck his prying vision was—its *brevity*. But without salutation or note he proceeded—"Mend the fence, and—and—keep—the black bull out." He looked, but he was sure he had made no mistake. He turned over a leaf, but there was nothing there but a blank; and it was manifest he had reached the end of the Epistle. He colored, and looked at the church—and the church looked at him. And then they looked about among themselves, and it was very evident they were all taken by surprize and thrown abark.

After some time spent in silent musing, some of them began to move their feet; and one of the brethren recovered himself sufficiently to ask that the letter be read again. Whereupon the clerk read, "Mend the fence and keep the black bull out." On which the brother aforesaid rose, and delivered himself as follows:

"Mr. Moderator, I am astonished! utterly astonished! I don't know what to make of it; nor what to say or think about it. What does—what *can* the man mean? We wrote to him out of the depth of our affliction for counsel and advice; and we are here answered with this impertinent and vulgar trifling. The man—old and esteemed as he is—deserves our rebuke, if not our scorn." Having said which, with all *becoming* resentment, he sat down.

Another of the brethren then rose, of the party opposed to the last speaker. "I agree perfectly, said he, to what the brother just up has said. It is indeed too bad. It is absolutely provoking. It is utterly unworthy the character of the man, and of the respectability of this church. Something spirited ought to be done." He ended—and gave place to a third brother, who through the course of the long difficulty had been esteemed a *neutral*. He remarked very calmly—"I am heartily glad to hear my brethren who have spoken, for once express an *agreement*, for, to my certain knowledge, it is the first time they have been agreed on anything for the last twelve months. I also am of opinion that something ought to be replied to that *strange letter*, decidedly disapproving of it. Though as to the 'respectability' of the church, of which mention has been made, the less we say about *that*—under our present circumstances—the better. However, I move that a letter be prepared and sent in answer, expressing our disappointment, and our disapprobation of the one he has sent to us." The motion was instantly seconded; but just as the moderator was about to put it, a somewhat unobtrusive brother arose, and asked the privilege of making a few remarks.

Now, concerning this brother we would just premise, that he had a remarkable tact and turn at *allegorizing* and *spiritualizing*. And it was amazing, unpretending as he was, how he would sometimes make a great deal out of just nothing at all; greatly to his own edification and the wonder of others. He now spoke and said—"And I also am astonished: not so much at the letter in question, as at the views which brethren have taken of it. Why, it is just the very thing. A better letter could not have been written. You call it impertinent; I say it is quite appropriate. You say it is trifling; I say it *implies* a solemn and just rebuke, and contains a most important piece of advice, to which we do well that we take heed. I can explain it according to my method of interpretation. 'Mend the fence, and keep the black bull out.' Here, said he, it is plain the *fence* means gospel discipline, managed with christian love. This fence was put up by Jesus Christ and his apostles, to keep the bad out and the good in; and it ought never to be down. Then, that black creature evidently means the *wicked* one,—that old serpent which is the devil; who goeth about like a roaring lion—as saith the apostle—seeking whom he may devour. Now, brethren, our fence is broken down and trampled under foot. Gospel discipline is neglected, and brotherly love banished, and we are become hateful and hating one another. The devil has got in among us. He has set brother against brother. He has made sad work. He has caused the Holy Spirit to withdraw and leave us most desolate. He has made us a reproach and a bye-word among our neighbours, and our enemies rejoice among themselves, saying 'Aha! so would we have it.'

"Now, brethren, the letter means that we should banish this bad unchristian spirit from our hearts,—that we should confess to God and each other our evil ways, and FORSAKE *them*; and that we should thus drive the devil out of our midst, and let him no more gain advantage over us. Then, brethren, all will be well, and God will again delight to bless us, and to make us a blessing."

Here he ended. But the effect of his good speech, founded on his allegorizing principle, was wonderful. The eyes of the church were opened. The letter became light itself. It was excellent—oracular. They all saw it; and what was better, they *felt*. They saw their evil state. There was the devil before them. They shuddered at their danger. Their hearts began to relent. The sluices of deep contrition were opened. Returning brotherly love began to glow in their bosoms. They began to mend the fence, each one *his own length*. They confessed to each other with weeping their unchristian conduct and spirit. They mutually asked and obtained forgiveness. They knelt together before God with weeping and supplication.

After some further profitable exercises, they all joined with heart and soul in singing the following hymn, which had not been heard among them before for many—many months:

"From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?"

Here many voices faltered—overcome by deep feeling—and many eyes were dimmed by the gushing tear of mingled penitence and joy. But they recovered and went on:—

"It fastens our souls in such ties,
That distance and time can't remove."

After this they all cordially shook hands, and every man went to his home, wiser and better for the "*strange letter*," each resolving henceforth to *look well to the fence* and keep the *Black Bull out*.

LIVING IN A HURRY.—Perhaps the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England at present is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railroad is merely typical of the headlong hurry with which the affairs of life are transacted. In business, men are in a hurry to get rich; they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year's patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek by bold speculative combinations, by anticipation of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar themselves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season for some hundred years, but by shooting in the North of Scotland and yachting in the Channel during the same week, visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and milliner drudges, the gangs of night and day labourers relieving each other in printing-offices and coal-pits—all the untiring, eager, "go-ahead" pressure of society—are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox only in form to say that we are in such a hurry to live that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers, unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hastened through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in a chariot, cab, or bus; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got through impatiently, with frequent startings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored; and the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now people's these Islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down and run over and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex, men cannot rest. In the young societies of our colonial empire (and this is not their least recommendation) men might live more leisurely if they chose; but the gigantic bankruptcy of New South Wales shows too clearly that even in our antipodean provinces this foolish effort to accomplish every thing at once is epidemic. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste; the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart are taking its place. Even the moralisers on this universal race, for the sake of running, hurry along with the rest, and pant out their reflections as they run.—*Spectator.*

THE ATHENIAN LAWGIVER.—As Lycurgus was the legislator of Sparta, so was Solon the lawgiver of Athens. He was a very different character from Lycurgus; for, though he possessed great knowledge, he wanted that intrepidity of mind for which the Spartan was so remarkable. Solon did not attempt to reform the manners of his countrymen, but adapted his laws to their prevailing habits and passions. It appears that he despaired of effecting such a change as had been accomplished at Sparta; for when he was asked, whether he had provided the best laws for the Athenians? he answered, 'The best they are capable of receiving.' Naturally of a mild and open temper, Solon encouraged the Athenians to converse freely respecting his institutions, saying he was very willing to alter anything which could be proved capable of amendment. He brought infinite trouble upon himself by this ill-timed candour. The Athenians were a restless, lively, talkative people, and soon afforded an illustration of the saying of the wise man, that "Every fool will be meddling."—They found so much fault with what had been done, that the legislator, being involved in endless perplexity, at length resolved to travel for ten years; first engaging the Athenians, by a solemn oath, to give the new laws a fair trial during his absence. He thought that, after the experience of ten years, whatever alterations were desirable might be made with greater certainty. When Solon returned from his travels he found the Athenians divided into parties. Pisistratus, one of the principal citizens, who to extraordinary abilities and a daring spirit, united the most engaging manners, had acquired uncommon influence over the minds of the people.—This influence continuing to increase, and Solon being incapable, from the mildness of his character and his advanced age, of reconciling contending factions, Pisistratus became master of the commonwealth, or, as it was then called, tyrant of the People. Solon, though he had strongly opposed the proceedings of Pisistratus, acted on his old principle of yielding to that which he could not prevent, and lived on terms of friendship with the tyrant, who treated him with the greatest respect, and gladly availed himself of his assistance in the government.

FIRST PRINTING IN THE NEW WORLD.—The first book ever printed in the New World was in the city of Mexico. It was printed in the Spanish language, in the year 1544, and was entitled 'Doctrina Christina pereo tos indos.'—The first publications made in English in America, were the Freeman's Oath, and an Almanac for 1639, nearly a hundred years after the work published in Mexico. In 1640 was published the first book, entitled the Bay Psalm Book.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—If men hold the practical power of society, women have mainly in their hands the more important moral power. There cannot be a moral community where they are licentious; there cannot be a refined society where they are neglected and ignorant. Upon them depend the earliest education and first impressions of their children. They regulate, or materially influence, the principles, opinions, and manners, of their husbands and their sons. Thus the sound and healthful state of society depends on them. It is a remarkable historical fact, that the wife of Oliver Cromwell endeavoured to recall the exiled king, and that all his children, save one, were loyal. We must believe they derived their feelings and opinions from their mother. Alfred, one of the most extraordinary men of any age, who rescued his country from her enemies by his courage, and by his wisdom and energy raised her from extreme barbarism to a high degree of civilization, in his youth was given to idleness and pleasure. His mother roused in him the ambition and virtue that has made him the admiration of mankind for a thousand years. Napoleon said that to the manner in which his mother formed him at an early age, he principally owed his subsequent elevation.—It was his opinion that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends upon the mother. Mothers, while you are proud of this distinction, remember the responsibility it imposes on you. Be worthy of it.

Whenever you hear a young miss lecturing her mother upon gentility, contradicting her parents, pouting and complaining whenever she cannot have her own way, depend upon it she will make a poor companion. In prosperity she will never be satisfied—in adversity she will despond and complain—in sickness she will distress herself and all around her. Never choose her for a companion.

AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.—Any man so base, says an American paper, as to strike a woman, should be placed on the back of a hard-trotting raw-boned horse, and be made to collect newspaper accounts the rest of his life!