

The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.]

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1841.

[No. 207.]

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, 19th—Charlottetown Ferry, Meeting House, Lot 49, Cross Road to Cherry Valley, Vernon River and Orwell.
Tuesday, 20th—Belfast and Flat River.
Wednesday, 21st—Cross Road to Brudenell Point and Georgetown. Lewellin's Cross Road, Murray Harbour, and Captain Goff's Company at Cardigan River on the same day, by the senior Officer present.
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.
By Command,
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 Pincetown; 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, Casempeque.

Queen's County.

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

King's County.

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

J. SPENCER SMITH, Treasurer.

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, at the Charlottetown Market, and to attend every Market Day thereafter that date; and hopes, by keeping a good supply, to merit a bare of public patronage.
THOMAS HAYSTEAD.

THOMAS HAYSTEAD.

150 Bedeque Road, July 5th, 1841.

N.B. WANTED, a good active Man, as a Slaughterer, and he 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.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

When the glass, the laugh, and the social "crack" go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have heard the words, 'We'll have another!' It is an oft repeated phrase—and it seems a simple one; yet simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yields to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catches its thousand echoes, that it is a phrase which has blasted reputation—withered affection's heart—darkened the fairest prospects—ruined credit—conducted to the prison-house, and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the words, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow, who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From infancy, Adam was a mild retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his school-mates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say: "Dinna stir up the fire, bairn; ye dinna mind that coals are dear; and I'm sure ye'll hurt yourself wi' pore, poring owre yer books—fore they're never out o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite shady nook by the river side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, 'crack wi' kings,' or 'hold high converse with the mighty dead.' He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, 'she had a sair bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankful that she had ae comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every night he had read a chapter to his younger brothers—and, oh, sir,' she added, 'it wad make your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother.' Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy, and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visitor at the manse, and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr. Douglas had a daughter who was nearly of the same age as his *protége*. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful; but she was a gentle and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles, and consider himself happy when he obtained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him; 'But,' added she, 'he is a guid scholar, that is ae thing, and CAN DO is easy carried about.' Mr. Douglas himself became as anxious about Adam's prospects; he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession, and he was too old to remain longer a burden upon his mother. At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighbouring village. Some said, that he was too young; others that he was too simple, that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too mach back and forward to the manse in the adjoining parish, to pay attention to his school. However these might be, certain it is that the school did not succeed; and, after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick, to be forwarded by the carrier. Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning; and, on the evening preceding his departure, he paid his farewell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness; he gave him one or two letters of recommendation, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world, as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long and said little; for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas, in plain words, that he loved her—he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent on her, trembling to bid her farewell. She, too, was silent. At length he rose to depart; he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding—'Farewell, Adam!—may heaven protect you amongst the numerous of the great city!' He turned towards Mary—he hesitated, his hands dropped by his side—'Could I speak wi' you a moment?' said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke. With a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she rose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower garden—he had taken her hand in his, he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and, at length, in a tone of earnest fondness; and he shook as he spoke; he said, 'Will you not forget me, Mary?'

A half-smothered sob was her reply, and a tear fell on his hand.

'Say you will not,' he added, yet more earnestly.

'O Adam!' returned she, 'how can you say *forget*—never!—never!'

'Enough! enough!' he exclaimed, and they both wept together.

It was scarce day break when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethren farewell. 'Oh!' exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfast before him, 'is this the last meal that my bairn's to eat in my house?' He ate but little; and she continued, weeping as she spoke, 'Eat, hinny, eat; ye have a lang road before ye; and, oh, Adam, aboon everything earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think of the postage—for, though it should take my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye.'

He took his staff in his hand, and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers, and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud.

'Farewell, mother!' said he, in a voice half-choking with anguish—'Farewell!'

'God bless my bairn!' she exclaimed, wringing his hand, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony he tore

himself from her embrace, and hurried from the house; and during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round, to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity; and, in the fullness and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother, and his brethren, and of Mary Douglas, in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London, nor how he stood gazing, wonderstruck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel wended up the Thames, through the long forests of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid-day, early in the month of April, when the smack drew up off Hermitage Stairs, and Adam was aroused from his reverie of astonishment, by a waterman, who had come upon deck, and who, pulling him by the button hole, said, 'Boat, master? boat?' Adam did not exactly understand the question, but, seeing the other passengers getting their luggage into the boats, he followed their example. On landing, he was surrounded by a group of porters, several of whom took hold of his trunk, all enquiring, at the same moment, where he wished it taken to. This was a question he could not answer. It was one he had never thought of before. He looked confused, and replied, 'I watna.'

'Watna!' said one of the hackney bearers; 'Watna! there an't such a street in all London.'

Adam was in the midst of London, and knew not a living soul among its millions of inhabitants. He knew not where to go; but, recollecting that one of the gentlemen to whom Mr. Douglas had recommended him was a Mr. Davidson, a merchant in Cornhill, he enquired—'Does any o' ye ken a Mr. Davidson, a merchant in Cornhill?'

'Vy, I can't say as how I know him,' replied a porter; 'but, if you wish your luggage taken there, I will find him for you in a twinkling.'

'An' what would you be asking to carry the bit box there?' said Adam, in a manner betokening an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

'Asking?' replied the other—'vy, I'm blessed if you can get any one to carry it for less than five shillings.'

'I canna afford five shillings,' said Adam, 'and I'll be obleeged to ye if ye'll gie me a lift on to my shoulder wi't, and I'll carry it myself.'

They uttered some low jests against his country, and left him to get his trunk upon his shoulders as he best might. Adam said truly that he could not afford five shillings; for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in the world.

It is time, however, that we should describe Adam more particularly to our readers. He was dressed in a coarse grey coat, with trowsers of the same colour, a striped waistcoat, a half worn broad brimmed hat, and thick shoes studded with nails, which clattered as he went. Thus arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, over Towerhill, and along Minorities, inquiring at every turning if any one could direct him to Mr. Davidson's, the merchant in Cornhill. There was many a laugh, and many a joke, at poor Adam's expense, as he went trudging along, and more than once the trunk fell to the ground, as he came in contact with the crowds who were hurrying past him. He had been directed out of his way; but at length he arrived at the place he sought. He placed his burden on the ground; he rang the bell; and again and again he rang, but no one answered. His letter was addressed to Mr. Davidson's counting house; it was past business hours, and the office was locked up for the day. Adam was now tired, disappointed, and perplexed. He wist not what to do. He informed several 'decent looking people,' as he said, 'that he was a stranger, and he would be obleeged to them if they would recommend him to a lodging.' He was shown several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was sinking under his burden, when, near the corner of Newgate street, he enquired of an old Irish orange woman, if 'she could inform him where he would be likely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen pence or two shillings a week?'

'Sure, and it's I who can, jewel,' replied she; 'and an illigant room it is, with a bed his Holiness might rest his blessed bones on, and never a one slapes in it at all but my own boy Barney, and, barring when Barney's in dhrick, and that's not above twice a week, you'll make mighty pleasant sort of company together.'

Adam was glad to have the prospect of a resting-place of any sort before him at last, and with a lighter heart and a freer step he followed the old orange woman. She conducted him to Green Dragon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, ushered him into a small, miserable-looking garret, dimly lighted by a broken skylight, while the entire furniture consisted of four wooden posts without curtains, which she termed a bed, a mutilated chair, and a low wooden stool.

'Now, darlin,' said she, observing Adam fatigued, 'here is a room fit for a prince; and shure you won't be thinking half a crown too much for it?'

'Weel,' said Adam, for he was ready to lie down any where, 'we'll no quarrel about a sixpence.'

The orange woman left him, having vainly recommended him 'to christen his new tenement with a drop of the cratur.' Adam threw himself upon the bed, and, in a few minutes, his spirits wandered in its dreams amidst the 'bonny woods and braes' of Teviotdale. Early on the following day he proceeded to the counting-house of Mr. Davidson, who received him with a hurried sort of civility; glanced over the letter of introduction; expressed a hope that Mr. Douglas was well; said he would be happy to serve him; but he was engaged at present, and if Mr. Brown would call again, if he should hear of anything, he would let him know. Adam thanked him, and, with his best bow, (which was a very awkward one,) withdrew. The clerks in the outer office tittered as poor Adam, with his heavy hobnailed shoes, trampled through the midst of them. He delivered the other letter of introduction, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed received him much in the same manner as Mr. Davidson had done, and his clerks also smiled at Adam's gray coat, and gave a very peculiar look at his clattering shoes, and then at each

other. Day after day he repeated his visits to the counting houses of these gentlemen; sometimes they were too much engaged to see him, at others they simply informed him that they were sorry they had heard of nothing to suit him, and continued writing, without noticing him again; while Adam, with a heavy heart, would stand behind their desk, brushing the crown of his brown broad brimmed hat with his sleeve. At length, the clerks in the outer office merely informed him their master had heard of nothing for him. Adam saw it was in vain; three weeks had passed, and the thirty shillings which he had brought to London were reduced to ten.

He was wandering disconsolately down Chancery Lane, with his hands thrust in his pockets, when his attention was attracted to a shop, the windows and door of which were covered with written placards, and on these placards were the words "Wanted, Book-keeper;" "Wanted, by a Literary Gentleman, an Amanuensis;" in short, there seemed no sort of situation for which there was not a person wanted, and each concluded with "enquire within." Adam's heart and his eyes overflowed with joy. There were at least half a dozen places which would suit him exactly; he was only at a loss now which to choose upon; and he thought also that Mr. Douglas's friends had used him most unkindly in saying they could hear of no situation for him, when here scores were advertised in the streets. At length he fixed upon one. He entered the shop. A sharp, Jewish looking little man was writing at a desk; he received him with a gracious smile.

'If ye please, sir,' said Adam, 'will ye be so good as inform me where the gentleman lives that wants the book-keeper?'

'With pleasure,' said the master of the register office; 'but you must give me five shillings, and I will enter your name.'

'Five shillings!' repeated Adam, and a new light began to dawn upon him. 'Five shillings, sir, is a deal o' money, an' to tell ye the truth, I can very ill afford it; but as I am much in want o' a situation, may be ye wad tak' half a crown.'

'Can't book you for that,' said the other; 'but give me your half crown, and you may have the gentleman's address.'

He directed him to a merchant in Thames-street. Adam quickly found the house; and entering with his broad brimmed hat in his hand, and scraping the hobnails along the floor—'Sir,' said he, 'I'm the person Mr. Daniell's, o' Chancery lane has sent to you as a book-keeper.'

'Mr. Daniell—Mr. Daniell's!' said the merchant; 'don't know any such person—have not wanted a book-keeper these six months.'

'Sir,' said Adam, 'are ye no Mr. Robertson, o' 54 Thames-street?'

'I am,' replied the merchant; 'but,' added he, 'I see how it is. Pray, young man, what did you give this Mr. Daniell, to recommend you to this situation?'

'Half-a-crown, sir,' returned Adam. 'Well,' said the other, 'you have more money than wit. Good morning, sir, and take care of another Mr. Daniell's.'

Poor Adam was dumfounded; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he said London was a den o' thieves. I might tell you how his last shilling was expended—how he lived upon bread and water—how he fell into arrears with the orange woman for the rent of his garret—how she persecuted him—how he was puzzled to understand the meaning of the generous words, 'money lent'; how the orange-woman, in order to obtain her rent, taught him the mystery of the *three golden balls*; and how the shirts which his mother had made him from a web of her own spinning, and his books, and all that he had, save the clothes upon his back, were pledged; and how, when all was gone, the old landlady turned him to the door, houseless, friendless and penniless, with no companion but despair. We might have dwelt upon these things, but must proceed with his history.

Adam, after enduring privations which would make humanity shudder, obtained the situation of assistant-porter in a merchant's office. The employment was humble, but he received it joyfully. He was steady and industrious, and it was not long before he was appointed warehouseman; and his employer, finding that, in addition to his good qualities, he had received a superior education, made him one of his confidential clerks. He had held the situation about two years. The rust, as his fellow-clerks said, was now pretty well rubbed off of Scotch Adam. His hodden grey was laid aside for the dashing green, his hobnailed shoes for fashionable pumps, and his broad brimmed hat, for a narrow crowned beaver; his speech had caught a sprinkling of the southern accent, but in other respects, he was the same inoffensive, steady and serious being as when he left his mother's cottage.

His companions were wont to 'toast' Adam, as they termed it, on what they called his Methodism. They had often urged him to accompany them to the theatre; but, for two years, he had stubbornly withstood their temptations. The stage was to Adam what the tree of knowledge was to his first namesake and progenitor. He had been counselled against it; he had read against it, he had heard sermons against it; but had never been within the walls of a theatre. The Siddons, and her brother, John Kemble, then in the zenith of their fame, were filling not only London but Europe with their names. One evening they were to perform together—Adam had often heard of them—he admired Shakspeare—his curiosity was excited, he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, and accompanied them to Covent Garden. The curtain was drawn up. The performance began: Adam's soul was riveted, his senses distracted. The Siddons swept before him like a vision of immortality—Kemble seemed to draw a soul from the tomb of the Cæsars; and, as the curtain fell, and the loud music pealed, Adam felt as if a new existence and a new world had opened before him, and his head reeled with wonder and delight.

When the performances were concluded, his companions proposed to have a single bottle in an adjoining tavern; Adam offered some opposition, but was prevailed upon to accompany them. Several of the play-