POETRY.

ON THE DOOR-STEP.

We were sitting on the door-step—
I remember it so well;
She was half in shadows hidden,
Save where the moonlight fell,
And on the dear head resting,
With its wavy, soft brown hair,
Made more than ever lovely
The face I thought so fair.

I know we talked but little,
And at last, beneath the stone,
We heard the cricket chirping
So clearly all alone,
Till my heart had mustered courage
To tell her, then and there,
How for her sweet sake truly
'Twould all things do and dare.

Then came the soft, shy answer,
As her shining eyes dropped low;
"My heart is mine no longer;
'Twas yielded long ago!"
And even as she doomed me
To misery and pain,
The soft cheeks filled with dimples,
Gathering o'er and o'er again.

How well I now remember
That turning fast away,
I would not heed the whisper
That softly bade me stay,
Till, at the low gate turning,
Her face once more to see,
I saw the tear-drops shining
In the eyes that followed me.

Ah! then, with heart fast beating,
To her side I turned again,
"Oh, tell me, Madge, my darling,
Has my love been all in vain?
You do not love another?
Your words were only play?
Look up, and answer truly—
Madge, must I go away?"

Again the dimples gathered,
E'en while the moon's pure light
Betrayed the tears still shining
Like dew-drops soft and bright,
"My heart is mine no longer;
I have given it, 'tis true;
Why could you not have waited?
Because—ah! I meant you!"

LITERATURE.

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

It was toward night, on the 21st September, 1834. A small English war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smugglers, was lazily creeping along over the heavy monotonous swells, just on the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and boy who had the charge of them, and the Captain of the brig, whose name was Dracut, had ordered that the smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and in the heat of the moment he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him on the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and in punishmant for this offence the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rove in the starboard fore-yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch-block upon the deck. Until this moment not a word escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

'Mercy, sir, mercy!'

'For whom?' asked the officer, while a contemptuous smile rested upon his lips.

'For the old man whom you are about to kill.'

'He dies, boy.'

'But he is my father, sir.'

'No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer, while in the performance of his duty, must die.'

'But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir,' urged the boy.

'Insulted!' repeated the captain. 'Who insulted him?'

'You did, sir,' replied the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.

'Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not receive the same treatment,' said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard the appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed:

'Ask no favor, Robert. Old Kintock can die as well now as at any time, let them do their worst.'

Then turning to Captain Dracut, he changed his tone for one of deep supplication, and said—

'Do what you please, with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better.'

'Lay hold of the whip!' shouted the captain. 'Lay hold, every man of you, and stand by to run the villian up.'

In obedience to this order, the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father and then ran his eye along the line of men who were to be his executioners. But not one sympathizing eye or pitying look could he trace. Their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

'What!' exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his eye, and his lips trembled, 'is there none, even, who can pity?'

'Up with him,' shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard-arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterward the boy knelt by the side of a 'ghastly corpse,' and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low murmuring sound came up from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge!

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangboard into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another instant the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so loud and long that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening sound, and what had caused dread in other bosoms, sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.'

'Oh, revenge! revenge! he muttered to himself as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves, which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

'Light ho!' shouted a man forward and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed upon the distant rock.

The wind had now reached its height and with its giant power it sent the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of rocks and reefs, and every face save one, was blanched with fear. In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a forearm stay sail, and the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heavy sea. But it was evident that should she succeed in keeping to the wind she would eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the insetting sea was even greater than that of the wind.

'Boy, do you know what light that is?' asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to hold his feet.

'Yes sir,' replied Robert, 'it is Ballymore's Crag'

'What is it there for?'

'It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies in back of it.'

'And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?' asked the captain as a gleam of hope shot across his face.

'Oh yes sir, a large ship can enter.'

'And do you know the passage?'

'Yes sir: I have spent my whole life upon this coast, and I know every turn in it.'

'Could you take the brig in there in this storm?'

'Yes sir,' answered the boy.

'And will you do it?' eagerly asked the captain.

'On two conditions.'

'Name them quickly.'

'The first is that you let me go in peace; and the next that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there.'

'I promise,' said the captain, 'and now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George, I'll shoot you on the spot.'

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard fore-yard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman.—The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the ragged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they swept past. On flew their brig, thicker and more fearful grew the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

'Port,' shouted the boy.

'Port it is.'

'Steady—so.'

'Steady it is.'

'Starboard—quick.'

'Ay, ay—starboard it is.'

'Steady so.'

'Steady it is.'

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horror around, a loud shout was heard from the pilot, and in a moment all eyes was turned upon him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard and held on by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

'Revenge, revenge!' was all the doomed men heard, and they were swept away in the boiling surge beyond.

'Breakers! a reef!' screamed a man forward.'

'Starboard quick.'

But it was too late. Ere the helm was half up, a low tremendous grating of the ship's keel was felt, and the next instant a crash came which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the heavy mast went sweeping away to leeward, followed by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men. But they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The storm-king took them for his own.

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered along the shore the bruised and mutilated bodies of the ship's crew. Among that party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over the one upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father. The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes and a shudder passed over his countenance he muttered:

'Father, you are fearfully revenged!' The boy spoke truly. Fearful in conception and fearful in consummation, had been that Pilot's Revenge.

RANDOM READINGS.

'Come! come! my dear,' said an indulgent mother to her eldest hope, 'the sun has been up these two hours, and here you're not out of bed yet.' 'Oh, well, the sun goes to bed at dark, and I'm up till midnight,' was the reply.

'How charming you look!' said a coal-heaver to a gaily-dressed landlady of a small public house. 'Thank you; I'm sorry I can't return the compliment,' she replid, with a bland smile. 'You could, if you told a lie like I did,' was the cool rejoinder.

'Cæsar, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see that you have the whole flock before you?' 'I knows it, marster' but you see when I gets a good aim at one of 'em t'ree or four oders swims right atween it an' me, an' puts me all out.'

A waggish lord riding with his servant as they entered a gloomy forest, said, 'Pat, if the devil should meet us here, which of us would he take first?' Me, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'Why so?' said the lord. Because he knows he can have your lordship at any time.'

As a gentleman was nearly run over in a narrow London street by a dray, he shouted to the driver, 'Do you want to kill me?' whereupon the intelligent driver replied, 'If I had knowed you was a-coming this way I would have sent you a postal card.'

'Mamma where do the cows get the milk?' asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. 'Where do you get your tears?' was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, he again broke out, 'Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?'

If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise, view the peacock's feathers with his feet and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections. He that would prize the man, must read his whole story.

'Granoma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?' asked Charlie, a little four year old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat knitting. 'No, my dear, why is it?' said grandma, bending her eye eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet. 'Because there is nothing in the way,' replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical research, and grandma her knitting.

Study of the Scriptures.—I have observed that Christians in the present day are a little disposed to lean upon books and tracts, and then to slight the Word of God. They, perhaps, find the doctrines of the Gospel clearly stated for them in some nicely written book; this saves them trouble, and so they prefer it to God's Word. Ah! we may get a smattering of truth in this way, but this is not drawing water from the deep wells of salvation Take the bucket yourself and fill it at the clear spring. Dig deep into the Scriptures, and there you will find solid gold. Thus you will become a sound and settled Christian.—*Bishop Oxenden.*

A Soft Answer.—How a soft answer can turn away dissatisfaction, as well as wrath, is illustrated in the following anecdote of the late President Wayland:—"Deacon Moses Pond went to Dr. Wayland once, with the complaint that the preaching didn't edify him. 'I'm sorry,' said the pastor, 'I know they are poor sermons. I wish I could make them better. Come, let us pray that I may be able to do so.' The deacon telling the story, used to say, 'Dr. Wayland prayed, and I prayed. He cried, and I cried. But I have thought a hundred times that it was strange he did not turn me out of the house. I tell you there never was a better man nor a greater preacher than Dr. Wayland."'

To encounter death, to go forth to the last dread scene with no strength but that of nature, is hopeless work. There must be the living might of faith to make the soul victorious To millions of men the fear of death has cast a dark shadow over life, but faith has made the soul victorious over it. The marvels which this faith has wrought in many departments of life are written for our encouragement It has shut the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, turned back the edge of the sword, and subdued kingdoms. But nowhere do we see its conquering force more than in life's last scene. It makes timid men bold, and feeble men more than conquerors It brings God to the soul's help, opens to it the prospect of a better world, and gives it a foretaste of the future.

RANDOM READINGS.

There is more fatigue in laziness than in labor.

Pride increases our enemies and puts our friends to flight.

Too many persons are far less ashamed of having done wrong than of being found out.

The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves.

If we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half of the good actions of life would never be accomplished.

Use what talent you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those who sing best.

'How do you sell these pies?' 'Twenty-five cents a piece.' 'I don't want a piece, but a whole one.'

If you wish to live the life of a man and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestial with the celestial, which sets the seal of heaven on the things of this earth and stamps them with immortality.

Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more smoothly at the end.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than to take out of the common stock.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say either about their honesty or courage. The sun has no need to boast of its brightness, nor the moon of its effulgence.

With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is there at which a man should quail, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of a mulberry.

Gratitude is like the good faith of traders—it maintains commerce; and we often pay not because it is just to discharge our debts, but that we may readily find people to trust us.

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty—of daily duty carefully performed.

A woman should never consent to be married secretly. She should distrust a man who has any reason to shroud in darkness the act which in his own estimation should be the crowning glory of his life.

To tell our secrets is generally folly, but that folly is not guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

It is a common error of which a wise man will beware, to measure the worth of our neighbor by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls may we rejoice in the knowledge of, were it not for pride.

A debtor who had 'failed badly,' being called upon by a creditor, showed him his books, and told him be would pay ten shillings in the pound. 'But,' said the creditor, 'according to your books, your assets will pay only seven and six in the pound. 'I know that,' responded the debtor, with an air of great candor and magnanimity. 'I know that my assets will pay but seven and six; but, sir, I'm an honest man, and sooner than let my creditors suffer, I'll make up the difference out of my own pocket.'

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CURING AND PRESERVING MEATS.

An interesting paper on this subject was read at a meeting of the Princeton Farmers' Club. On motion of ex-Gov. Olden it was forwarded to the *Country Gentleman* for publication. He begins by explaining and enforcing the superiority of well-matured meat over that of younger animals, and the necessity of cooling of the animal heat promptly and completely, before any further steps are taken. He then explains the use of salt in the preservation of the meat, and that in the curing of dried meats brine should be altogether excluded. He then continues as follows:—

What is known in commerce as the 'sugar cured hams,' are packed in bulks with ground salt at such times, or from time to time, as convenience may dictate; the time they remain in bulks is also governed by convenience. They are at length packed in hogsheads filled with what is called sweet pickle—composed of salt, saltpetre, and molasses. Many of them are shipped from the West in this condition, smoked here, and sold for Jersey hams. The consequence is there is little uniformity in their quality Some of them are very good; others oversalted, hard and tasteless.

The celebrated Burlington hams of the olden times (Newbold, I think, was the name) were cured in this wise—

To 12 hams, 8 lbs. sugar, 1 1-2 lbs. saltpetre, 5 lbs, fine salt, rub the hams with this mixture, and let them be one week in a cask with the skins downwards; then make a pickle of the strongest coarse salt, of sufficient strength to bear an egg, add two or three quarts of hickory ley, refined by boiling, when cool, cover them.

The receipt of Abraham Hunt, of Trenton, was—For three dozen hams, 3 lbs saltpetre, 1-2 bushel fine salt, 1 1-2 gallons molasses, mix them well together, and rub the hams well; let them lie twelve or fourteen days; then make a pickle that will bear an egg, and cover the hams with it. After lying three or four weeks in pickle rub them with bran and hang them up to smoke.

The receipt I have adopted for my own use is as follows—For twelve hams, 1 lb. saltpelre, 12 lbs. of fine salt, 1-2 gallon molasses. These ingredients, when well mixed, will have about the consistency and appearance of damp brown sugar. Rub them thoroughly with the mixture, lay them singly on a dry platform. At the end of the week rub them together; at the end of the second week again rub them and hang them up to smoke, let them dry thoroughly, but do not smoke them more than ten days.

It will be perceived that all the foregoing receipts embody the same principles, and differ only in the mode of compounding the ingredients and their application; and I am frequently amused to see some newly fledged agricultural journal publishing a new receipt for curing bacon hams, when in principle if not in words it is precisely the same as was used more than half a century ago.

In regard to smoking meat, it has been practical in this country since time immemorial, but I do not deem it essential to its preservation. Many persons like a slight flavor of smoke, others do not. Meat cured for the English market are never smoked, and I have known persons to kiln dry their meat as they would their tobacco. It is necessary, however, to have it thoroughly dried. I would not be understood as entirely discarding brine; in some cases it is not only valuable but indispensible. The sides, or what is known as pork, being nearly all fat, possess neither fibrine nor albumen, and consequently cannot be injured either by salt or by water, and can be kept sound and sweet an indefinite length of time by simply keeping it covered with salt, and taking it to the pump now and then and filling the cask with cold water. I would here drop a caution. All brine requires to be assiduously watched and kept pure. It extracts the juices of the meat; they being lighter than the water saturated with salt, rise to the top, become exposed to the air, and soon decompose, thereby contaminating the whole contents of the cask. The following recipe for making brine, is, I think, the best that has fallen within my observation;—

Six lbs. salt, one pint of molasses, 6 ounces saltpetre; dissolve them by boiling in four gallons of water. In the pickle, when perfectly cool, keep any sort of fresh meat sunk and closely stopped. This pickle may be kept pure, and its strength undiminished for almost any length of time, by occasionally reboiling it and skimmed off the impurities; but as old brine is an excellent fertilizer, and salt is not expensive, I would recommend that the old brine be thrown on the asparagus bed or compost heap, and freshly made brine be substituted.

Opinions in relation to the best mode of preserving meats after they are cured are as diversified as they are in regard to the mode of curing. The hams of commerce, I believe, are invariably covered with canvas and whitewashed. Many persons advocate packing them in chaff, bran, ashes, etc. Others, after smoking, immerse them in brine; others again packing them in air-tight barrels. The manner of keeping is not so essential as the time at which they are put up, and hence the necessity of not consuming more time than is necessary in curing. If they are not secured before the fly deposits its eggs upon them, no means whatever will save them, except, indeed, keeping them in a temperature so low that the eggs cannot hatch, or immersing them in brine For any considerable quantity I prefer the tight barrel system. But for family use, I have found a rough swinging shelf, the sides and ends of which are covered with wire cloth (in which the pieces are hung) very convenient and secure against flies and vermin of every description.

Union Hall Meetings.

LORD'S DAY, 11, a. m., Worship and "Breaking of Bread." Lord's Days, 6½, p. m., Gospel Preaching. Thursday, 8, p. m., Bible Readings.

Sept. 14, 1874. tf

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Alberton, Dec. 14, 1874. sj era

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Ch'town, Aug. 3, 1874

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Single Gentleman's Ticket,	$5.00
Single Lady's do.	4.00
Family Tickets, to admit two,	9.00
" " " three,	12.00
Each additional ticket,	2.00
Promenade tickets,	2.00
Monthly do,	3.00
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W. W. CLARKE, Sec'y.

Jan. 1875. 6in

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200 bbls FLOUR,
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2 bbls Lubricating OIL, for machinery,
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100 Celebrated Yarmouth and Waterloo COOK STOVES, Parlor, Bedroom and Box Stoves, all sizes, with suitable Pipeing, Elbows, and Funnel Irons.
60 pkgs TEA, in half and quarter chests,
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26 do Assorted GROCERIES,
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22 do BOOTS, SHOES, MOCCASINS, RUBBERS,
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Ch town April 20, 1874

LAND ASSESSMENT.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, P. E. ISLAND,
Charlottetown, Jan. 25th, 1875.

IN pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of this Island, made and passed in the Twenty-fourth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled, "An Act relating to the Land Assessment at present imposed by law on the Town and Royalty of Princetown;" and also of an Act made and passed in the Twenty-seventh year of the same reign, intituled, "An Act to consolidate and amend the several Laws imposing an Assessment on all Lands in this Colony, and for the encouragement of Education," I do hereby give public notice, that I have made proclamation, according to the terms of the said Acts, of all the undermentioned Town Lots, Water Lots, Common Lots, Pasture Lots, Islands or parts of Islands, Townships or parts of Townships, in this Island, in arrear for the non-payment of the several sums due and owing thereon to Her Majesty, under and by virtue of the above-mentioned Acts, viz:

Township No.	Acres.	Township No.	Acres.
1	1,176½	37	1,762
2	2,408½	38	3,659
3	1,193	39	4,276
4	15	40	12,406
5	2,533	41	14,522
6	2,052	42	11,627
7	7,857	43	8,091
8	208	44	14,527
10	11,762	45	17,052
11	10,101	46	18,022
12	16,348	47	6,305
13	699	50	2,714
14	2,528	51	16,125
17	814	52	15,997
19	258	53	16,322
20	1,115	54	14,705
21	818	55	12,095
23	2,233	56	6,348
24	660	57	622
25	208	58	1,997
26	462	59	18,571
28	417	60	5,153
30	4,974	62	4,040
31	471	63	3,773
32	1,161	64	493
33	822	65	1,901
34	727	66	5,465
35	2,803	67	2,284
36	5,186		

FIRST HUNDRED OF TOWN LOTS IN CHARLOTTETOWN:—Nos. 1, 2, 4, ½ of 8, ½ of 9, ½ of 12, ½ of 13, ½ of 14, ⅝ of 15, ½ of 16, ½ of 22, ½ of 24, ½ of 25, ½ of 38, ½ of 41, ⅝ of 44, ½ of 45, ½ of 49, ½ of 52, 55, 56, 57, ½ of 64, ⅝ of 66, 68, 69, ½ of 70, 93, 94, 95, and 96.

SECOND HUNDRED OF TOWN LOTS IN CHARLOTTETOWN:—½ of 6, 2-5 of 12, ⅝ of 17, ½ of 18, ½ of 19, ½ of 20, 9-20 of 23; Nos, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, ½ of 49, 1-6 of 51, ½ of 52, ½ of 60, ½ of 65, 66, 19-20 of 67, 19-20 of 68, 19-20 of 69, 70, 74, 76, 77, ½ of 83, 85, ½ of 86, ⅝ of 87, 88, ⅝ of 89, 2 5 of 93, ½ of 99.

THIRD HUNDRED OF TOWN LOTS IN CHARLOTTETOWN:—Nos. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, ½ of 29, of 31, ⅝ of 40, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 58, ½ of 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, 67, ½ of 69, and 95.

FOURTH HUNDRED OF TOWN LOTS IN CHARLOTTETOWN:—½ of No. 6; Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 27, ½ of 35, ½ of 39, ½ of 40, 1-6 of 45, 46, ½ of 54, 57, ½ of 58, ½ of 59, 77, 78, ½ of 81, 84, ½ of 94.

FIFTH HUNDRED OF TOWN LOTS IN CHARLOTTETOWN:—½ of No. 2; Nos. 23, 24, 25, ½ of 34, 1-6 of 51, ½ of 60, ½ of 62, ½ of of 79, 96, 97, 98, and 99.

WATER LOTS IN CHARLOTTETOWN, opposite to the undermentioned Town Lots in the First Hundred:—No. 2; ½ of No. 14, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32.

LOTS IN THE COMMON OF CHARLOTTETOWN—½ of No. 2, No. 3, ⅝ of No. 26.

PASTURE LOTS IN THE ROYALTY OF CHARLOTTETOWN:—½ of No. 9, ½ of 11, ½ of 12, ½ of 16, 1-6 of 17, ½ of 19 ½ of 23, 24, 25, 31, 32, 39 ½ of 40, 49, 50, ½ of 53, 54, 58, 59, ⅝ of 61, 1-6 of 62, 63, 67, ⅝ of 70, ⅝ of 71, 72, 77, 78, 87, 167, 168, 5-6 of 169, ½ of 171, 175, 176, 177, ⅝ of 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, ½ of 187, 210, ½ of 239, ⅝ of 258, ½ of 261, 264, 271, 281, 282, 284, 294, 296, 297, 306, 313, 315, 316, 331, 333, 335, 336, 339, 340, 344, 352, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 380, 389, 398, 399, 400, 401 7-12 of 407, 408, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 463, 464, 466, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 488, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 506, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 532, 533, 537, 539, 540, 553, 573, 581, 582, and 583.

THE WHOLE OF THE TOWN LOTS, Water Lots, and Pasture Lots, in the Town and Royalty of Georgetown (save and except the following):—

Town Lot No. 1 & 6.	1st Range,	Letter	A
Town Lot No. 2, ½ of 3, 6 and 14,	2 "	"	"
Town Lots 4 and 6,	3 "	"	"
Town Lot 11,	4 "	"	"
Town Lots 15 and 16,	1 "	"	B
Town Lots 1 and 3,	2 "	"	"
Town Lots 4 and 5,	3 "	"	"
Town Lots 3, 14, 15 & 16,	4 "	"	"
Town Lot ⅝ of No. 11,	1 "	"	C
Town Lots 2 and 3.	4 "	"	"
Town Lot 6.	1 "	"	D
Town Lots 2 and 15,	4 "	"	"
Town Lots Nos. 2, 7 & 8,	1 "	"	E
Town Lot 8	4 "	"	"
Town Lots 7 and 8,	1 "	"	F
Town Lots 4, 7, ½ of 11, 13, 14 & 15	2 "	"	"
Town Lots 3 and 8	3 "	"	"
Town Lot 6,	4 "	"	"
Town Lots 1, 2, 6, 11, 12, 13 & 15,	2 "	"	G
Town Lot ½ of No. 3,	3 "	"	"
Town Lots 5, 6, 12, 13 and 14,	4		

Water Lots Nos. 1, 14, 24, ½ of 25, 27, 28, 29, and 30.

Pasture Lots in Georgetown Royalty, 18, 42, 53, 55, 56, 69, 83, 102, 112, 113, 128, 140, 141, 155, 164, 189, 213, 218, 276, 283, 292, 295, 296, 305, 306, 307, 308, 310, 312, 313, 314, 315, 319, 322, 323, 324, 355.

And I do also proclaim the following, being in arrears for nonpayment of said assessment as aforsaid:—Reserved Lands adjoining the Royalty of Georgetown, 878 acres.

PASTURE LOTS IN PRINCETOWN ROYALTY.—½ of No. 158, 228, 244, 380, ½ of 452, 456, 480, 481, and 483.

	ACRES.		ACRES
George's Island,	566	Kildare Island,	250
Panmure do	898½	Cascumpec Sand do	491
Boughton do	527	Fish Island	150
Grover do	10	Pownal do	10
Connolly do	20	Goose do	12
Governor's do	149	Poplar do	4

And the owners of the aforesaid Lots, parts of Lots, and tracts of land so in arrears, and proclaimed as aforesaid, are hereby notified, that in case the sums charged on them, as aforesaid, together with the costs which have been incurred, shall not be paid before the next Easter Term of the Supreme Court, which will commence on Tuesday, the 4th day of May next, application will be made to the Supreme Conrt, during the said Term, for Judgement against the said Lots or tracts of land respectively.

JOSEPH POPE, Treasurer.

til 4th may

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