

THE HERALD
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 Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch
 and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.
 MOON'S PHASES.
 First Quarter, 7th day, 2h. 56m., morning, N.W.
 Full Moon, 15th day, 6h. 25m., morning, W.
 Last Quarter, 22nd day, 5h. 10m., evening, N.
 New Moon, 29th day, 8h. 52m., morning, N.

| DAY MONTH | DAY WEEK. | SUN rises | High Moon sets | Day's length |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------------|--------------|
| 1 | Thursday | 4 47 25 | mor. 8 18 14 | 38 |
| 2 | Friday | 48 24 | 0 6 8 55 | 35 |
| 3 | Saturday | 49 23 | 0 54 9 28 | 31 |
| 4 | Sunday | 50 22 | 1 39 10 0 | 32 |
| 5 | Monday | 51 21 | 2 25 10 30 | 30 |
| 6 | Tuesday | 52 19 | 3 9 11 3 | 27 |
| 7 | Wednesday | 53 17 | 3 55 11 39 | 20 |
| 8 | Thursday | 54 15 | 4 45 12 0 | 19 |
| 9 | Friday | 55 14 | 5 41 0 14 | 18 |
| 10 | Saturday | 56 13 | 6 33 0 56 | 16 |
| 11 | Sunday | 57 11 | 7 38 1 40 | 13 |
| 12 | Monday | 58 10 | 8 27 2 30 | 10 |
| 13 | Tuesday | 5 0 | 9 18 3 23 | 8 |
| 14 | Wednesday | 1 | 7 10 5 4 18 | 5 |
| 15 | Thursday | 2 | 5 10 5 1 rises | 2 |
| 16 | Friday | 3 | 4 11 29 7 37 | 0 |
| 17 | Saturday | 4 | 2 even 8 13 56 | 1 |
| 18 | Sunday | 5 | 0 47 8 38 | 53 |
| 19 | Monday | 6 | 58 1 28 9 10 | 50 |
| 20 | Tuesday | 7 | 57 2 9 9 44 | 48 |
| 21 | Wednesday | 8 | 56 2 52 10 22 | 46 |
| 22 | Thursday | 9 | 54 3 40 11 3 | 42 |
| 23 | Friday | 10 | 52 4 35 11 56 | 39 |
| 24 | Saturday | 12 | 50 5 37 12 30 | 36 |
| 25 | Sunday | 13 | 49 6 47 0 50 | 34 |
| 26 | Monday | 4 | 14 47 7 58 1 53 | 30 |
| 27 | Tuesday | 15 | 45 9 6 3 0 | 27 |
| 28 | Wednesday | 17 | 43 10 5 4 10 | 24 |
| 29 | Thursday | 18 | 41 10 59 sets | 20 |
| 30 | Friday | 19 | 39 11 45 7 25 | 16 |
| 31 | Saturday | 21 | 37 12 7 57 | 14 |

Prices Current.
 CHARLOTTETOWN, August 2, 1867.

| Provisions. | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|--|
| Beef, (small) per lb. | 6d to 9d | |
| Do by the quarter. | 4d to 6d | |
| Pork, (carcass) | | |
| Do (small) | 6d to 8d | |
| Mutton, per lb. | 3d to 7d | |
| Lamb per lb. | 4d to 6d | |
| Veal, per lb. | 3d to 5d | |
| Ham, per lb. | 6d to 1d | |
| Butter, (fresh) | 10d to 11d | |
| Do by the tub. | 4d to 7d | |
| Cheese, per lb. | 9d to 14d | |
| Tallow, per lb. | 8d to 9s | |
| Lard, per lb. | 3d to 3d | |
| Flour, per lb. | 7s to 18s | |
| Oatmeal, per 100 lbs. | 9d to 10d | |
| Eggs, per dozen. | | |
| Grain. | | |
| Barley, per bushel. | 5s to 5s | |
| Oats, per do. | 2s 9d | |
| Vegetables. | | |
| Peas, per quart. | 7d to 9d | |
| Potatoes, per bushel. | 2s 6d to 2s 9d | |
| " new, per quart. | 6d to 8d | |
| Poultry. | | |
| Geese, | 5s to 8s 6d | |
| Turkeys, each. | 1s to 1s 8d | |
| Fowls, each. | 2s 6d to 3s | |
| Chickens per pair. | none | |
| Ducks, | | |
| Fish. | | |
| Codfish, per qtl. | 20s to 30s | |
| Herrings, per barrel. | 25s to 40s | |
| Maekerei, per dozen. | | |
| Lumber. | | |
| Boards (Hemlock) | 4s | |
| Do (Spruce) | 4s to 5s | |
| Do (Pine) | 7s to 9s | |
| Shingles, per M. | 13s to 18s | |
| Sundries. | | |
| Hay, per ton. | 70s to 80s | |
| Straw, per ton. | 20s to 25s | |
| Timothy Seed. | | |
| Clover Seed, per lb. | | |
| Homepun, per yard. | 4s to 6s | |
| Calfekins, per lb. | 6d to 9d | |
| Hides, per lb. | 4d | |
| Wool. | 1s | |
| Sheepskins. | 9d to 1s | |
| Apples, per doz. | | |
| Partridges. | | |

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits.
 THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as
 Salt, Flour, Bread, Beans, Peas, Butter, Pork, Beef, Cod, Mackerel, Hops, Cotton Duck, Do Sail Twine, Bait Knives, Splitting Knives, Jig Reaps, Bait Heavers, Clam Choppers, Oil Cloths, Sewing Machines, &c. &c.
 He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.
 I. C. HALL.
 Charlottetown, May 23, 1867.

Select Literature.

THE TURKISH SLAVE; OR, THE DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE. A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD. BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER IV. Continued.

The Sultan Mahomet had early trusted the charge of his boats and yacht to his page, mainly because he had witnessed his intrepidity upon the water, and partly because he knew that Alick had both a taste for nautical matters and also some experience in them. Thus confided in, the Greek had so trained and disciplined the sultan's boat's crew to the state barge, as to astonish the seamen of the port, who at best are poor sailors. The sultan's elegant yacht having also been altered and improved in its sailing gear, after the English style, at the suggestion of Alick, he had got it in superb trim, and often delighted the sultan and his friends by his management, as they sailed upon the waters of Marmora. The boat was not more than ninety tons burthen, but was found in every elegance, comfort and necessity that the heart could desire; while Alick was permitted to pick his own crew, and to drill them after his own fashion.

The Golden Horn, as she was called, after that beautiful arm of the Bosphorus that seems to half embrace the city, was lugged-riggered, and carried a couple of guns of six heavy calibre, as her tonnage would admit, besides a full supply of small arms and ammunition; for a Turk, on sea or land, never moves abroad unarmed. Her stores were in charge of a good steward, and a Nubian slave was attached to her as cook.

Acting as master of such a barge as this, the reader will not for a moment doubt that Alick had long cherished the idea of an escape, eventually, to his native land; and had it not been that he would have left his heart behind him, with the lovely daughter of the sultan, the fair Princess Esmah, he would, at all hazards, have attempted to escape long since. The unbounded confidence placed in him by the sultan, caused him to be no less respected than the highest officer of state, and he could go and come unchallenged. Thus, with a flowing sail and flaunting flags, he often dashed down the Bosphorus into the waters of the Black Sea, accompanied only by the slaves that formed the crew of the lugger, and these, too, almost all of his own countrymen, whose natural quickness and aptness of character peculiarly fitted them for seamen; besides which, doubtless Alick had his own object in selecting Greeks for his crew: he might some day turn their national spirit to account in escaping.

Esmah was well aware of the case with which the page might leave her, and seek his native land; and the fact of his remaining true to her, under such circumstances, proved to her more indelibly the strength and sincerity of his love. They had even discussed earnestly the possibility of an escape together; but this was next to impossible, since the harem was so closely guarded at all hours; and there was hardly the shadow of a chance for her, encountering so much publicity, even disguised, as she would have to do, in order to get on board the lugger without her father, and yet not to be discovered. But the page could contemplate the idea of an escape from his present captivity only with Esmah as his companion. He did not desire liberty without her—love made him a willing captive.

'Sweet is the bondage beneath the light of thy dear eyes, Esmah,' the page would say.

'Nay, Alick, you flatter so cunningly, that one believes every word you utter.'

'Flattery is useless, Esmah, where truth serves so well,' the page would reply.

'What! again? Why, thou art the prince of flatterers, Alick,' replied Esmah, archly, 'and producest thy wares as old Mustapha does his perfumes—double distilled.'

'True love, Esmah, never descends to flattery, for the heart is too full of honest emotions to seek for foreign and insincere ones. Besides, in flattery there is open deceit, and that true love never descends to. Nay, Esmah, I never uttered one thought to thee, one single sentiment, that was not honest.'

'I do believe thee, Alick, and did but jest when I spoke of flattery.'

'You recall the word, then, Esmah?' said the page, smiling.

'I do, and will offend no more, believe me,' she replied.

'Say what thou wilt, I will never chide thee, dear Esmah.'

'Not if I call thee flatterer!' said Esmah, archly.

'Nay, even then thou art forgiven before the offence committed.'

With such charms of mind and tenderness of heart as we have already referred to, Esmah possessed a person that would have fired the imagination of a far less susceptible mind than that of the page. Her figure, though slight, was yet beautifully rounded in the mould that was peculiar to her descent. The fine native color of her lips and cheeks needed no foreign aid to brighten them, and her soft fair complexion seemed a miracle in a land of swarthy skins. But, above all, her eyes were most beautiful, even among such fine orbs as one is sure to meet with in the Turks, for who ever saw a common or inexpressive eye in the East? Those of the Princess Esmah were large, languid, and dreamy, shaded by the largest and longest of lashes, and beaming forth upon you the whole unrestrained soul of the owner; eyes such as the vales of Circassia can alone account for. Add to all, the poetical grace and perfection of figure that crowned her youthful beauty, and the reader will not be surprised at the ardent and romantic devotion of the young Greek, or even that he preferred slavery with her to freedom alone.

CHAPTER V.

THE varying thread of our story now takes us to the far-famed perfume bazaar of Constantinople. Stay! what a cloud of perfume and sweet scents burdens the air! Here are gathered all the sweets of the far east and west, from the long fagon of cologne to the tiny, gilded bottles of attar, the aroma of burnt spices, delicate mixtures of rose and musk, with burning pestles of rarest flavor and most costly ingredients, calling to mind the sweets of "Araby the blest."

Bartering for some trifling article of perfume at the bazaar, stood a young Greek, in the national dress of his people, with a short Spanish cloak of blue broadcloth thrown slightly about his shoulders, as if to protect the wearer from the night dew, which already began to fall. He seemed to be less engaged, after all, with the scent-merchant than in anxiously looking about him in the expectation of meeting some other person. Anon, a female, clothed in the ample dress of white which causes all the sex to look alike in the streets of Constantinople, and her features so hidden as to puzzle all conjecture as to whom she might be, approached, and, purchasing a small flask of otto of rose, exchanged a hurried and secret greeting with the Greek, and both turned together from the perfume bazaar.

It was Alick and Esmah, who frequently made this a place of rendezvous when the regular meetings, as already described, in the presence of the father of the latter were interrupted. Sometimes many days would transpire when they could only meet in this way, their appointments being made by sending some token, one to the other, by the dwarf.

'Can you meet me to-night within the seraglio gardens, Esmah?' he asked.

'At the bent cypress, Alick?' inquired the princess.

'Yes, dearest.'

'I will try to do so, Alick,' said Esmah, almost despondingly.

'Try, Esmah?'

'Yes; but I am watched most closely of late, Alick, and I think my mother suspects something of our intimacy. I tremble to think of it even for a moment; it would cost you your life if we were detected alone together, and at night.'

'But to-night, dearest, we must meet. I have that to propose which will require secrecy and time to communicate, and for better security, I will be there dressed as you are now; and it will puzzle old Brumah to detect me, I think.'

'Heaven protect you, Alick!' replied the devoted girl, turning away.

'Good-bye, dearest, until ten; at the bent cypress, by the fountains,' said the Greek.

'Stay,' said Esmah; 'if I do not come, I will send you a line of the reason, by the dwarf. So now good-night—we may be discovered here.'

'Good-night,' repeated the page, watching her loved form until it turned an angle of the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mosque of mosques, the St. Peter's of Constantinople.

The performance of some duty prescribed by his royal master, drew the page across the Bosphorus to the pretty village of Arnault-Keui, where a spectacle met his eyes which seemed to be almost prophetic as it regarded his own situation at that very time. The bodies of a Turkish woman and a young Greek hung from the shutters of a window on the water's side. Alick learned by inquiry that the Greek had been detected in leaving her house

at daybreak, and, in less than an hour after, the lovers were hanging side by side in death!

Reflecting upon this summary mode of execution, and knowing that the poor victims were often taken before the petty judge and condemned on mere suspicion, and then hurried to execution, the page reviewed his own situation with a sense of uneasiness that he had never before experienced; but he cheered himself with the idea that he should soon be removed from so precarious a situation, and took his boat back again to the seraglio. The passage carried him directly over the spot where, a boy from the Trebizond slave-ship, he had saved the child, whom he afterwards so dearly loved, from a tragical end. His thoughts reverted to the scene, and recalled a whole volume of his life, from that period to the present. In this mood he landed, and passed within the palace gates.

That night, as the full, clear moon came up from behind the hills of Stramboul, and tipped the golden minarets of the seraglio gardens, Alick and Esmah sat together under the deep shadows of an ancient and low-bent cypress. They were not unobserved by the jealous eye of Brumah, chief of the eunuchs; but his vision was poor, and age had commenced to lay its thin veil upon his sight. So the household officer took both to be of the same sex, and respected their privacy, though once he seemed to suspect that all was not right, and had turned with evident design to approach and accost them; but scarcely had he advanced a dozen steps towards the two lovers, when a toy petard was fired by some unknown hand close behind him, startling his nerve by its unexpected explosion, and darts disconcerting his equanimity for some time, drawing him off to discover from whence it came, but this he found in vain. The page understood the trick at once, and knew full well that it was a device of the dwarf to prevent their being discovered. It was successful, for Brumah was driven completely away from the point, in his irritable search after the culprit who had played him this annoying trick.

The Greek told the princess that he could no longer live thus near to her, he able to see her but by stealth, or under such restraint as to preclude all interchange of feeling, and that he had at length resolved to fly from the service of her father immediately. He begged of her to attempt an escape with him, disguised in the dress of a page—pointed out to her the plan he had matured for this purpose—told her that he had already organized his crew for the voyage, and had stored the lugger with care and secrecy. This had been done by degrees, and the Golden Horn was at that moment prepared for a long cruise. He told her that if she would consent to fly with him, he would make her his honored wife by sacred marriage; and that they would, with the morning sun, both be on board the yacht, and with all things prepared, would boldly sail away from the Seraglio Point, and seek a home in his native land. He drew a golden picture, in his enthusiasm and love, but Esmah looked thoughtful and almost sad while the page thus spoke.

'Alick, you know that I dearly love my father—that it is hard, very hard to leave him thus. But I am mine, wholly thine; do with me as thou wilt! I am devoted and confiding girl, her soft hand within his own, and her soul beaming from her eyes.'

Esmah did not name her mother, for though she respected her relationship, yet her parent was a person so vastly different from her daughter, so childish, fond of jewelry, and paying no attention to Esmah, save a sort of jealous watchfulness, that the princess could hardly love and respect her mother as she would have done one with whom she could have associated with some feelings in common. Her mother was still the beautiful, still the favorite wife of her proud consort, the sultan; but there her attraction ended.

'Can you forego all the comforts of your palace home, to wander with me, Esmah?' asked the Greek, thoughtfully.

'Your presence would make any home a palace for Esmah,' replied the gentle girl, drawing still nearer to his side as she thus spoke the warm promptings of her heart.

'When I betray such confidence and love as thine, may Heaven forsake me!' said the Greek, earnestly, as he fondly pressed the little hand he held.

Though Brumah had thus been diverted from his customary vigilance, still he had again resumed his rounds, and was near to the broken cypress, when Alick thought it time for them to separate, and he whispered to Esmah:

'You understand the plan in full—the place and the hour?'

'At sunrise, on the shore, in the dress that you gave me,' replied Esmah.

Punctually, Esmah, for a few moments' delay might betray all.

'I will be there on the moment.'

'For to-night, then, farewell,' said the page, stealing a kiss from the fair hand he had been clasping.

'Farewell,' whispered Esmah, with a quick-beating heart, hurrying away to the sacred and prison-like apartments of the sultan's harem, where she might prepare herself for the exciting programme laid out for the morrow.

The page sought his own apartment in the palace, not without the exercise of some caution, however, to avoid the prying eyes of Brumah, who seemed to be imbued with a spirit of jealousy concerning every one, and after preparing a few trifles for the morrow, he sat down and tried to compose his mind for thought. But he was restless and anxious; to-morrow was to decide his fate and that of Esmah, and how could he be composed? Now he walked the rich, soft carpet of his room with a hurried and nervous step, and now he threw himself upon the clustered cushions that were piled luxuriantly against the wall. At last he seized his guitar, and, in a low, musical voice, sang a song of his boyhood and his native land:

"My own bright Greece! my sunny land!
 Nurse of the brave and free!
 How would the cords beneath my hand
 When'er I think of thee!
 The myrtle branches wave above my brow
 And glorious memories throng around me now."

At last, wearied and exhausted with mental and physical excitement, he fell asleep, to dream of things he had formed for the morrow, and to enjoy visions of happiness and love.

The earliest grey of the morning saw the page upon the quarter-deck of the lugger. Everything was quiet about her, no suspicious hurry was evinced; and a young Greek boy who was washing down the forward deck, seemed to do it as leisurely as though the whole day was before him for his task. Yet a seaman would have observed that the lugger was ready to sail at a moment's notice. Her anchors were stowed, her fore and main-sails were loose and ready for hoisting, while the rudder by a single stern-fast from her quarter to the shore—Every rope was neatly coiled away, and there was nothing loose upon her decks; even the guns were carefully secured. A broad plank lay from the bulwarks to the shore, so close could the yacht lay to the landing. One single order would have cleared away everything in a moment, and left the lugger free to slip away upon the current to the southward; and Alick had joyfully noted that the wind was off the Asian shore, and most favorable for his enterprise.

The Greek was looking first anxiously towards the eastern horizon, and to the portal whence he expected Esmah to appear, dressed as a page. At last, as the color deepened in the east, and the sun's rich light heralded its coming, Alick grew so impatient as to be hardly able to contain himself, until at last the broad face of the king of day itself burst forth above the horizon.

At that moment a large hound which belonged to the page, but which was the pet and companion of Esmah, came leaping with the speed of the wind towards the lugger, and, seeing its well-beloved master on the deck, with one immense bound it leaped from the shore to his side, and fawning affectionately upon him, endeavored to attract his notice. But the page was too anxious to notice even this favourite animal, thinking that possibly Esmah might have sent him before to herald her coming. He still gazed towards the seraglio gates. But still the hound seemed to fawn upon his master with uncommon earnestness, until the boy forward, coming aft, said:

'There's a bit of paper tied to the dog's neck, sir. Perhaps you didn't see?'

'I did not, indeed,' replied Alick, hastily tearing a billet from the hound's collar; and opening it, the following lines met his startled vision:

'We are discovered! Fly at once—if not for your sake, for mine! There is not one moment to lose—the officers are already aroused. The dwarf will send you this on the hound's neck. Farewell! Heaven protect thee, Alick, and grant that we may meet again under happier auspices!'

Esmah.

'Gracious heaven! how this business has miscarried!' he exclaimed, crushing the note.

The page saw in a moment that, in her endeavors to keep her appointment, the princess had been discovered, and probably this, coupled with suspicions on her mother's part, had led to an expose. He trembled for her safety, for he knew that the customs of the people were so rigid that a suspected person was rarely permitted to live; and he thought that the sultan, devoted as he was to Esmah, might be persuaded by others to form the severest opinion of his child, and perhaps even to execute the ordinary law upon her, which would consign her to death by the sack in the waters of the Bosphorus. But Alick feared to stay. He knew he could do her no good, and possibly that he might prejudice her situation still more by remaining, and so resolved to follow her direction as contained in the note.

A low but shrill whistle upon a silver call at his neck brought a half a score of ready hands upon deck in an instant. A silent order severed the stern-fast, and another set the fore and main-sail of the lugger, and with Alick at the helm, the Golden Horn shot away from the Seraglio Point like an arrow from a bow!

The die was cast—he had taken an irretrievable step, one that he could not retrace; that step made the sultan and the laws of Turkey his enemy. His brain was crowded for the instant with conflicting emotions—regret at leaving Esmah, a half-defined joy at a thrilling sense of liberty as he boldly turned the lugger's head to the south, and a partial realization of the risk he was encountering, all came up at a single thought. He bit his lips with vexation at the failure of his plot for Esmah's escape with him, but what availed it now to regret? The Rubicon was passed. And he turned his thoughts to the yacht. Her sheets were loosened, and the sultan's colours hoisted at the peak, for Alick knew well that he had four fortifications to pass, the guns of either of which might sink him at one discharge; but by boldly displaying the sacred colours, he trusted that he might be able to pass them all before the alarm could be given or suspicion aroused. If he should be followed he had such confidence in the speed of the Golden Horn, that he could outsail all pursuit.

As he fairly laid his course to the southward, and the lugger felt the force of the current, as well as that of her sails, impelling her swiftly into the sea of Marmora, the young Greek heard the steady roll of the drum, and the regular beat to arms, that he knew full well had followed an order for his immediate arrest by the soldiery.

CHAPTER VI.

We left the page, in the last chapter, gliding swiftly down the Sea of Marmora with the Golden Horn, in his escape from the Sultan Mahomet's service after the discovery of the plot he had formed for carrying off the Princess Esmah. Alick forgot that from the moment he cut the stern-fast that secured the lugger to the Seraglio Point, he became a pirate, for such even now is the law of all nations. He might have escaped personally, with ordinary precaution. But in taking the sultan's yacht he was making a bold move and running a vast deal of additional risk.

He could touch at no port, even in Greece, where he could be secure from seizure, nor could he land in safety at any spot from Malta up to the sea to Gibraltar. All this he began to realize as he cleared the Dardanelles and opened the Aegean Sea. However, his heart was comparatively light, for he was once more free; and he only thought with regret of Esmah. His active imagination pictured every conceivable dilemma, and all on account of her intimacy with him, and her love for her father's slave. He felt how dear she was to him, now that every moment served to divide them further from each other. He began to forget his own situation in his anxiety about her he loved.