The Colonial Herald.

A SCENE IN THE DESERT.

(From Frazer's Magazine.)

We were a party of ten, chiefly merchants. Five servants accompanied us; and five camels were loaded with the merchandise and luggage of the party. We were travelling from Orfa to Aleppo, and had been some days on our journey. One of my companions was an old Armenian, who was travelling with some valuable bales of goods, accompanied by his son, a lad of a sickly complexion but beautifully moulded, though pallid features. One would have thought that a long ride of a day, amid the scenes and hardships we encountered, would have completely overcome him: yet he bore up surprisingly, and was as little fatigued at the end as at the commencement of the day. Three were Englishmen, employed in some nameless traffic; and one was a tall, raw-boned, cannie Scotchman, but what brought him there I never could find out. The old Armenian soon gained my confidence and esteem. He was an elderly merchant, with a long flowing white beard, that at once commanded respect, and reminded you of the old patriarchs who had formerly owned the land.

You in England attach little romance to the name of merchant. But here the roving adventures of Sinbad the sailor are oftener realized, than the quiet life of the smallest green-grocer or greenest huckster in the vicinity of Little Chelsea. The merchant here travels with loaded pistols and armed servants. Instead of his box at Clapham, fat wife, five children and early dinner, he has the range of the wilderness, a black slave, five camels, and now and then some milk and oatmeal. Such was my Armenian.

We had travelled many hours in hopes of reaching a well before night, whither our guide, one of the El Besher tribe, whom we had picked up two or three days before, had promised to conduct us. In truth, we and our horses stood much in need of refreshment. The heat of the sun had been intolerable during the day; and the small supply of water we had thought it necessary to bring was completely exhausted. Still our jaded beasts plodded on, stumbling over the smoothest parts of our route, our eyes were in anxious search of the promised resting place for the evening. It seemed, however, that we had at last arrived at the loneliest and most desolate region which had been frowned upon by the Creator—not a blade of grass to feed a locust, or deck its withered barrenness. In the rapidly closing twilight, there seemed to be a low range of what appeared sand-hills, the only object which relieved the dismal sameness of the scene. I called our guide to me, and questioned him closely as to the distance of the well. He seemed somewhat confused: but his answers were prompt, and there was no reason for suspecting him of anything beyond perhaps some chance mistake in the path he had brought us, which we might easily recover by daylight, at the worst. Still, I could not help suspecting something wrong about the villain. He had a peculiar manner of looking from under his turban, and never directly encountering your gaze with honest manliness; while I could see that he was constantly casting hurried glances round our party, and seemed not a litte uneasy, as though anticipating every moment the *denouement* of some expected event. I communicated my suspicions to my Armenian friend; but the old man assured me that he had travelled to Aleppo twenty times before, and that this was his last trip; arguing therefore, how unlikely it would be that one who had travelled it so often should meet with any accident in this his last journey. 'I have made,' said the good old man, 'more than is sufficient for myself and my son; nay, I am wealthy. I shall settle down on my return to Damascus, where I trust the evening of my days shall be calm and unclouded, and God will enable me to expend with justness and generosity, untinctured with vanity, those stores, which the industry of youth and the toil of manhood have enabled me to acquire. And then my son,' said he, patting the head of the beautiful boy who rode beside him, 'thou shalt be the prop of thy old father; and when thou speakest he shall fancy at times that he still hears the sweet tones of thy mother's voice.' Here my friend seemed overcome by some melancholy recollections, and the big tears chased one another unheeded down the furrowed cheeks of the old man.—'Let me look once more upon her picture.'—His son seemed to understand his wish at once, and took from his breast a small miniature, richly set in brilliants, and which was suspended from his neck by a massive gold chain, and handed it to his father. The latter gazed on it fondly for a moment; then kissing it with reverence, returned it to his son. 'I let him wear it,' said he, turning as though to excuse a weakness he had exhibited before a stranger—'I always let *him* wear it; he is so like her that I cannot find it in my heart to part them."

I felt something very like moisture in my own eyes at this scene, and turning to wipe it away, saw our guide gazing, with an expression not to be mistaken, at the glittering jewel which the Armenian was handing back to his son. I had little time, however, to think about the matter, for one of the hindermost of our party here called out that his horse could go no farther; and, in sooth, when I looked back, the poor beast was stretched upon his side, and his rider hanging helplessly over him. There was nothing for it but to leave him behind us, or bivouac where we were. The first step which I took was to seize the bridle of our guide, and desire him to dismount—a command which he seemed unwilling to obey; but the motion of my hand to my holsters soon brought him to his senses, and he got off with a look of dogged and vindictive sullenness. I was determined, in case of any treachery, to make our guide pay the well-merited forfeit, and therefore took from him the means of escape, by depriving him of his horse. We were soon busy with our preparations for passing the night where we were. Our carpets were spread, and I was discoursing with the tall, raw-boned, high-cheeked, and carroty-haired Scotchman, I have mentioned, as to the practicability of getting some refreshment for our tired horses, when my practised ear detected at a distance, the sound of cavalry advancing at a hand gallop. I shouted, 'To horse! to horse!' The sound I had heard drew nigher—every one could detect it now; and in a moment each jumped on the horse nearest him. The guide made an attempt to seize on the bridle of his; but I collared him, if catching hold of a a bundle of rags, which gave way in my grasp, can so be called, and immediately desisting, he stood calmly, with his arms folded. In another second, those we had heard were upon us. Down they came to within a few feet of us, at full speed, and suddenly drew up with their lances couched, the points within a few inches of the foremost of our little troop. I had lost the opportunity of mounting my horse, owing to the polite attention I had bestowed on our guide, and had now the satisfaction of seeing my charger quietly led off by one of our new acquaintances from the place were he had stood a little in our rear. We were surrounded; yet each of us presented his gun steadily at the nearest of these apparitions, which had thus risen suddenly from the dark bosom of the desert.

I stood with the Armenian on my right hand, his son on my left; and beyond him, again, with his arms still folded, stood our guide, dismounted like myself. For a few moments we remained motionless. I was beginning to flatter myself that our well prepared and steady front would have kept them at bay for ever; for I knew the cowardice of an Arab, and his great horror generally, of *actual* bloodshed.—'Nay,' thought I, 'they might be friends, or at least not foes. Their mode of salutation is a little curious; but what of that?' Here I felt the Armenian's son lean heavily over with his right hand on my shoulder, and one by one I felt a something like the first drops of a thunder shower fall upon my cheek. 'My poor—poor father!' muttered the unfortunate lad; 'don't tell him—pray don't tell him! I felt his weight increase on my shoulder, when all at once, he, or as I should more properly say, the body was chucked back with violence and fell to the ground on the other side of the horse. The hand of our guide was at his breast, and had already grasped the glittering miniature I mentioned above; when the old Armenian, who had overheard the half muttered words of his dying son, wheeled his horse suddenly round, and with the speed of lightning, unsheathed his yataghan, aimed one blow; in another moment the head of our quondam guide literally rolled at his horse's feet. The whole thing was the act of a few seconds. The rascal had evidently stabbed the poor boy, as he stood by his side, for the sake of the gold chain and jewelled picture; but he had little idea of the latent vigour which lurked beneath the snowy hairs of the old Armenian. I never saw anything half so grand in my life, as the flashing eyes and dilated form of the father, when stooping from his horse, he raised the body of his son from the ground with as much ease as though it were an every-day feat of horsemanship; and placing him before him across the saddle, rose in his stirrups, and, stretching forth his sabre, awaited calmly the coming shock. Nor did he wait long. The death of our guide, who had evidently betrayed us, sealed our doom. A loud cry from the cannie Scotchman, who had thought to escape without striking a blow for his comrades, announced to us that he had the points of six or seven lances in his body; but no one had either curiosity or time to look round. The work of destruction had begun. My left shoulder soon felt the point of a lance; but a well-aimed ball from my pistol rolled him who wielded it in the dust. I had given up all hope of saving my life; and, having little care for what might happen, consequently fought coolly and desperately. Flinging the discharged pistol with all my force, and with good effect, at another of my assailants, I drew forth my second and last; but there seemed some pause in the fight.—Our foes, though they might have numbered perhaps a hundred, seemed almost to hang back for an instant, struck with a superstitious awe at the desperate valour of the Armenian.—When my eye caught him, he stood like a rock, with his dead son at his feet. His horse had fallen; but on foot or on horseback, the old man still fought on. He was covered with blood, evidently very feeble; but his face was calm, and pale as a statue's. Our line had been broken; swords, pistols, and dead bodies lay around me. I and the Armenian were the sole survivors.

Just as the clearing smoke and momentary pause enabled me to catch the *coup d'œil* I have described, an Arab, dressed in a more costly garb than ordinary, and probably the leader of the attack, made a dash past me, and lifted his yataghan to strike the Armenian from behind. 'It is my last bullet,' thought I; 'but it cannot be helped.' I raised my arm quickly. There was but a flash in the pan, and the sword of the Arab descended deep into the skull of the Armenian, who fell forward, without a groan, upon the body of his son.—With the speed of lightning, I re-cocked my pistol, and bounding to the side of the Arab leader, fired with my pistol almost touching his temple. His skull seemed literally blown to atoms, and the mingled brain and blood were spirted into my face. In a moment I was seated in his saddle; but the gallant steed refused to stir, and pawing the ground, stooped his nostrils towards the lifeless trunk of his fallen master. The delay of an instant would be fatal. I felt, when again mounted, as tho' I still had a chance, and unsheathing my poniard, buried it to the hilt in the noble animal I bestrode. One furious plunge forward carried me into the midst of my astonished assailants, and waving round my head my sabre, which I had rapidly exchanged for my poniard, I found myself in a few seconds full twenty yards distant from the murderous robbers.

A loud cry from my rear soon announced that I was not to be permitted to escape unmolested; and when I had ridden at full speed about a mile, I turned in my saddle to count my pursuers. I knew well that none but those whose horses were freshest and fleetest would be sent on such an errand; and after a long and steady gaze through the gathering darkness, I thought that I could just count six, and noted with pleasure, that each moment widened the distance. Accident had probably enabled me to possess myself of the best steed in the whole troop. She was a beautiful mare, of powerful bone and muscle, black as the raven's wing, and fleet as the wind. The caparisons she wore were of the richest description, and it was with pleasure that I noticed the handles of two pistols protruding from the holsters of the saddle. I felt renovated vigour, and suddenly, from a total disregard of life, became filled with a nervous desire to cling to it. A few minutes previously I was powerless, and in the hands of a foe, whose unrelenting nature when once blood was shed I well knew. But now—what a change! I was mounted on one of the fleetest animals in the world, completely armed and equipped; whilst every moment widened the distance between me and my pursuers. At first I had allowed the mare to take what direction she pleased—my only care being to keep her at the top of her speed. I now saw she was making for what I had taken at first for a low range of sand-hills, and which now began to loom larger as I drew nigher.—Then for the first time it flashed across me, that the mare was only carrying me, in all probability, to some encampment of those who had recently attacked us; where, doubtless, my appearance on her, and the accoutrements of their chief, would be the certain signs to seal my fate. What was to be done? Already I fancied that I discerned through the distance the watch-fires of the encampment, and that dusky figures were occasionally flitting between me and the light. I strove to divert the mare from the course which she was pursuing, but in vain; and found, to my mortification, that my efforts were only impeding her progress, whilst I was also sensible that she was gradually losing the use of the hind leg on the side which I had pierced with my dirk. My highest hopes now extended to reaching the range of hills now before me, where I purposed dismounting, and seeking for some place where I might lie concealed, till my pursuers had abandoned their chase. The darkness of the night favoured my object; and as soon as I approached the first uneven ground, I reined in my steed as well as I could, though she actually seemed endowed with a wish to carry me on in spite of myself, as though desirous to avenge the death of her former master, by bearing his destroyer to a doom not the less deplorable.

As soon as I had somewhat checked her progress, drawing the pistols from the holsters, I threw them on the ground, and then immediately flung myself off the saddle, and alighted fortunately without any material injury. Away dashed the mare down a dark glen near which I had dismounted, and I heard with pleasure the sound of her hoofs against the shingles which covered the gronnd in the direction she had taken, as I guessed that the noise would probably mislead my pursuers; nor was I mistaken, for in about a minute I heard them advancing. Luckily, the ground about me was overrun with low, thorny bushes, and into the nearest of these I crept.—Presently they rushed past at full speed: one grazed the bush in which I had taken shelter. The excitement at that moment was worth a million. Presently every sound of life had departed, and a horrid stillness succeeded, which recalled me to a sense of my helpless situation. I was in a country unknown to me; a price set on my head, as it were; and it seemed as though I had exchanged a brief death for one of starvation, and was doomed to die many a time and oft, ere I should be released from my sufferings. In addition to my other annoyances, I found the shoulder where I had been wounded growing stiff, and my left arm perfectly useless, at least for any protracted or violent exertion. Yet the love of life grows strong when the chances of losing it are greatest; and knowing that those who were hunting me down would soon turn, when they found the trick I had played them, I lost no time in hurrying on, it mattered not whither, provided it was in some direction to either side of the route we had followed in the chase. I forgot what happened after I had thrown myself, in a state of exhaustion, on the ground; but recovered sensibility found me stretched in the tent of an humble fellah, whose wife was bending over me, wiping my mouth with a greasy fragment of a sponge. But why make my tale a long one, or detail a number of interesting situations through which I had to pass to my final recovery? Suffice it to say, that I did recover, and *was* saved. I had been found by a poor Arab, brought to his tent, and there treated with an hospitality that would have put many a civilized savage to the blush. The obscurity of my retreat preserved me from the vengeance of those from whom I had so narrowly escaped; and the increasing heat of the summer drying up their pasturage, drove them to some other region in search of maintenance for their flocks. And here I am, to conclude, sitting by the banks of the Euphrates, telling you all this parcel of stuff, whilst, like a fool, I have suffered my pipe to go out during the narration.

THE CAPTURE OF ACRE.—*Remarkable Coincidence.*—Several private letters from officers of various ranks who have taken part in the recent gallant achievement at Acre, attest the fact, from the position occupied by the Gorgon steam-frigate, commanded by Captain Henderson, that it was one of the shells from that vessel, directed by serjeant Murray, of the Royal Marine Artillery, that exploded the grand magazine and arsenal, destroying two entire regiments, amounting to upwards of 1,200 men, which were drawn up on the ramparts, and leaving no living being within an area of 60,000 square yards. This fact is further corroborated by the paragraph in Sir Robert Stopford's despatch, brief as it is, in which the gallant admiral ascribes the merit of that exploit to the Gorgon. It is moreover notorious that none of the ships of the line threw any shells. It is worthy of remark, as a most singular coincidence, that in the operations on the coast of Spain, under Commodore Lord John Hay, it was the shells of the Phœnix steam-frigate, commanded by Captain Henderson, and directed by Serjeant Smith, of the Royal Marine Artillery, that killed the Spanish general, and breached the Carlist lines before St. Sebastian, an achievement which alone enabled the Legion to storm them. Thus the two steam-vessels commanded by Capt. Henderson, have been the immediate cause of the most brilliant success in both operations.

LARGEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD.—It appears that Kiruca, a burning mountain in Owyhe, has a crater of more than nine miles in circumference, and lately threw forth a lake of liquid lava one mile long by half a mile broad, emitting intense heat, and glowing with extreme brilliancy.

The most splendid royal christening upon record is that of Henry the Sixth's only son, Edward; it took place in Westminster Abbey, and the mantle in which the babe was received after its immersion cost a sum equal to £6,000 of modern money, being embroidered with pearls and precious stones.

O'Connell has avowed that though tee-totalism does not imply a political object, it is capable of being made a most powerful political engine.

George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's Speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he *understood* either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

Unbroken chilblains may be cured by the following mixture:—Liquor of subacetate of lead, ½ ounce; camphorated spirits of wine, 1 ounce.

TO PREVENT HORSES' FEET FROM CLOGGING UP WITH SNOW.—One pound of lard, half pound of tar, and two ounces of resin simmered up together. Stop the horses' feet just before starting with this, which will prevent the feet from balling.—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

HOW TO HAND A NAME DOWN TO POSTERITY.—There is now to be seen on a post at the corner of a street forming in the Faubourg du Temple, Paris, a placard with the following notice:—"To be sold, the right of giving a name to this street."

BRANDY AND SALT.—"sur—i Take the liberty of adressing yew about the brandy and sawlt. i was afflicted with dredfull lownes of sperits & rewmatism wich having freely aplide the abuv have boath Disapeard. sir my way of Aplying is the sawlt out side wonst a day & the brandy in twice evvery our. its effect is sumtims realy Asstonishing. my wife allso takes the abuv Meddisin in her tea, & finds grate bennifits. sir yewr Most obediant Tummas Spooney. P S sir a neyber of min Tride the abuv on his wife bean Bad skalded kiling a pig, but Unlukky forgot to Put in the sawlt. owever it was awl Verry wel, for the brandy aloan Cured his wife & now he's got the Sawlt to Cure his bakun."—*Comic Almanack.*

SEASONABLE GOODS AT GEORGETOWN.

ALEXR. P. TAYLOR begs to intimate to his friends, and the public generally, that he has received his usual and well selected supply of seasonable Goods, comprising cloths, tweeds, cassimeres, pilot cloth, flushings, ready made clothing, moleskin, white, red and yellow flannels, homespuns, white, grey and printed cottons; muslins, and cotton plaid shawls and handkerchiefs; Persian silks (plain and twilled); striped shirting, blue and white warp; hosiery, osnaburg, woollen gloves, silk handkerchiefs, crape, lama wool and silk shawls and handkerchiefs, mousline de laine dresses, with a variety of ribbons, edgings, &c.

Bar and bolt Iron, cast and blister Steel, iron Pots, Ovens, Shovels, Fryingpans, 4dy. 6dy. 8dy. 10dy. and horse nails, Horse Traces, Powder, Shot, Salt, sole Leather, white and red Paints, paint Oil, Spirits of Turpentine, 7 x 9, 8 x 10, 10 x 12 Window Glass, Mill and Cross Cut Saws, Tinware, with a general assortment of Cutlery, &c.

Brandy, Gin, Rum, Wine, Porter, Cider, Molasses, Vinegar, Raisins, Currants, Candles, Basket Salt, Tea, Rice, Onions, Nuts, Starch, Mustard, Indigo, Snuff, Cordials, Drugs, &c. &c.

Also,

Newfoundland Herrings, Dry Codfish, and a few Barrels Salt—all of which will be sold cheap, for prompt pay.

N. B.—A. P. T. has, at his Establishment at Southport, added to his old stock, a general assortment of his late purchase. The whole will be sold low, for cash or Island produce.

Georgetown, Jan. 1, 1841.

NEW WINTER GOODS.

THE Subscriber has recently imported a well selected stock of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of—Pilot cloths, petershams, flushings, superfine buckskins, doeskins, tweeds, woollen and worsted stockings, fur caps, fur and woollen gloves, hosiery, merinos and parametta cloths, mouslin de laines, challies, cambric dresses, prints, ginghams, woollen and silk black and coloured gros de naples, plain and figured persians, ribbons, table linens, diapers, towelling, furniture, cotton furniture, dimity, crimson, scarlet, blue moreens; fancy shirts and shirtings, woollen flannels, ticks, blankets, white and coloured flannels, blue and cotton warp, white and grey cottons, &c. &c.

STOVES—Cooking Stoves, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Franklins. Close do. 20, 24 and 30 inches.

Cordage; Canvass, from No. 1 to No. 6—Bar and axe iron, cast, German and blister Steel; pit, cross cut and hand saws; screw Augers, Nails, and a general assortment of Carpenters' Tools, Hardware, Cutlery and Tinware. Glass, 7 x 9, 8 x 10, 10 x 12, 12 x 16.

Brandy, Geneva, Sherry and Port Wines; a choice assortment of Congou and Hyson Teas; Coffee, Sugar, refined Sugar, Currants, Raisins (in boxes, half and quarter boxes;) Currants, Annapolis Cheese, Soap, Candles, first quality Indigo.

Also,

100 bls. superfine Flour,
200 Sides Sole Leather,
100 Sides Neat's do.
Calf Skins, Binding Skins, and coloured Roans,
1000 Gallons Pale Seal and Cod Oil,
200 bushels fine Liverpool Salt.

N. B.—The whole will be sold, cheap for cash or country produce.

JOHN DALTON.

Dec. 29th, 1840.

CHEAP NEW GOODS.

FROM ENGLAND DIRECT, *ex Minerva.*

GEORGE HEARD begs most respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of Charlottetown and the Island generally, that he has received

A LARGE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

GOODS,

Adapted to the Season,

which will be ready for inspection at his Store, opposite the Court House, Queen Square, on Wednesday the 22d inst. consisting of Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Pilot Cloths, Beaverteens, Doeskin, Fustian, Pilot Cloth Coats and Trowsers, Cashmere Shawls, and Whittle's woollen Cravats, Gentlemen's Kid Gloves, Victoria Kid Gloves, Berlin do., woollen do., white Scotch Cambric, Bed Furniture, glazed Linings, various, bleached and unbleached Cottons, Liddiard's London striped linen Shirts, Gentlemen's Beaver Hats, Fancy do. of various sorts; Silk, Twist and Thread, Jaconet, Mull and Figured Muslins, Cotton Sheets, Mittens, Saxony, Muslin-de-laines, Orleans, Merinos, worsted Hose, Mufflers, Capes and Habit Shirts, Lace, Edging and Net, ball, bonnet and dress Caps; Tuscan, Dunstable, Leghorn, Silk Bonnets; a large and fashionable assortment of Ribbons, Velvet, various colours, Ladies' Stays, and a large and valuable assortment of Millinery, Lucifer and Congreve Matches, London Pickles, Pins, Needles, Tape, &c. &c.

* *HARDWARE*—Bar Iron, a large assortment of Cutlery, tenon and dovetail Saws, Joiners' Tools of all sorts, Turkey Stones, Shoemakers' do., Deck Spikes, from 6 to 20 inches, Copper Boat Nails, Screws, Locks, Handsaw Files, do., Thompson's screw and pod Augers, from ½ inch, Gimlets, Locks, Glue, Candles, Hauser Pipes, lot of Ready Clothes, Shoes and Boots; Leather, consisting of calfskins, lambskins, seal binding, cordovan, and sole hides, of superior quality, Shoemaker's hemp, flax and twist, 2 pair superior Trees, Shoemaker's awls, hafts, blades and knives, a quantity of second hand Lamps, about 200 vols. sermons Books, &c. &c. &c. 4 sets handsome cut glass Salts, and a quantity of other Goods, too numerous to mention.

The whole will be sold cheap for Cash.

Charlottetown, October 19th, 1840.

FALL SUPPLY
OF
FASHIONABLE WINTER GOODS.

By the Schooner HUZZA, *from London.*

THE Subscriber has received 201 PACKAGES *BRITISH MERCHANDIZE*, comprising an

EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT OF GOODS,

suitable to the season, which having been selected by him in the early part of September last, he feels confident will satisfaction; and being content with a moderate profit, SELL LOWER THAN ANY BEFORE OFFERED IN THE ISLAND, *ready money only.*

Store, in the old place, opposite the Hon. George Dalton's, Richmond Street and Queen Square.

BENJ. DAL...

Nov. 5th, 1840.

Hoops, Staves, and Two Coopers Wanted.

THE Subscriber will pay the highest price for Merchantable Barrel STAVES, of Pine, or Fir, and do. Hoop Poles, delivered on or before the 17th day of next, at his residence—where he continues to keep on supply of almost every article in the Coopering line, and usual low prices.

HE OFFERS FOR SALE

100 bushels of Salt, in barrels, ready for the Fishery.
30 second hand Oil Casks.
40 do. Water Casks, Hhds. and Puncheons.

ALSO, the following valuable Property. That commodious WELLING HOUSE, opposite Coles' Brewery, yielding a rent of £25 per annum.

ALSO, a *House*, and *Lot* No. 6, 2d Range, Letter A, about yards from the Queen's Wharf, in Georgetown.

Also, a *Building Lot*, in the Market Square of said town.

ALSO, *Pasture Lot* No. 18, about half a mile from Georgetown, all of which property he will sell on the most reasonable terms.

JAMES KELLY,
Cooper and Lumber Surveyor.

Charlottetown, Queen's Square, February 13th, 1841.

N. B.—*J. K.* further begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has fitted up his House and Stable for a *TRANCE LODGINGS*, where, by strict attention and civility, he will warrant comfort and security to all who may please to visit him.

CHARLOTTETOWN: Printed and published by COOPER & BAKER, Printers to the Honorable the House of Assembly, at the East corner of Pownal and Water Streets.—TERMS 15s. per annum, *payable half yearly in advance.*