

POETRY.

(From Schermain's Forget Me Not for 1843.)

VICTORIA OPENING THE PARLIAMENT OF 1841.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a scene of pomp.

The ancient hall, Where Britain's highest, in their wisdom meet, Show'd proud array of noble and of peer, Prelate and judge, each in his fitting robes Of rank and power. And beauty lent her charms, For, with plum'd brows, the island-percees Bare themselves nobly. Distant realms were there In embassy, from the farjewell'd East, To that which greenly meets the setting sun, My own young native land.

Long was the pause Of expectation. Then the canon spake, The trumpets flourish'd bravely, and the throne Of old Plantagenet, that stood so firm, While years, and blasts, and earthquake-shocks dissolv'd The linked dynasty of many climes, Took in its golden arms a fair young form, The Lady of the kingdoms. With clear eye And queenly grace, gentle yet self-possess, She met the fix'd gaze of the earnest throng, Scanning her close. And I remember'd well How it was said that tears o'erflow'd her cheek, When summon'd first for cares of state to yield Her girlhood's joys.

In her fair hand she held A scroll, and, with a clear and silver tone, Of wondrous melody, desecrated free Of foreign climes, where Albion's ships had borne Their thunders, and of those who dwell at peace, In prosperous commerce, and of some who frown'd In latent anger, murmuring notes of war, Until the British Lion clear'd his brow, To mediate between them, with a branch Of olive in his paw. 'Twas strange to me, To hear so young a creature speak so well, And eloquent, of nations, and their rights, Their equal balance, and their policies, Which we, in our republic, think that none Can comprehend, save grave and bearded men. Her words went wandering wide o'er all the earth, For so her sphere requir'd. But there was still Something she said not, though all closely twin'd With her heart's inmost core. Yes, there was one, One little word, imbedded in her soul, Which yet she utter'd not.

Fruitful in change Had been the fleeting year. When last she stood In this august assembly, to convolve The power of Parliament, the crown adorn'd A maiden brow: but now that vow had pass'd Which Death alone can break, and a new soul Come forth to witness it. And by the seed Of those most strong affections, dropp'd by HEAVEN In a rich soil, I knew there was a germ, That fain would have disclos'd itself in sound, If I could discern that word, close wrapp'd in love, And dearer than all royal pageantry.

Thy babe, young Mother! Thy sweet, first-born babe; That was the word.

And yet, she spoke it not, But rose, and, leaning on her consort's arm, Pass'd forth. And, as the gorgeous car of state, By noble coursers borne exultingly, Drew near, the people's acclamations rose Loud, and re-echoed wildly to the sky. Long may their loyalty and love be thine, Daughter of many kings!—and thou the right Of peasant as of prince maintain, and heed The cry of lowly poverty, as one Who must account to God! So, unto Him, From many a quiet fireside of thy realm, At the still hour of prayer, thy name shall rise, Blest with that name which thou didst leave unsaid, And blessings which shall last, when sceptres fall, And crowns are dust, be tenderly invok'd On the young Sovereign and her cradled babe.

London, Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1841.

LITERATURE.

(From the London Sporting Magazine for November.)

DARK HARBOUR.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

But few, even of the inhabitants of New Brunswick, are acquainted with the wild and picturesque beauties of the Island of Grand Manan; for the dread with which it has been regarded by 'tempest tossed' mariners has tended to render it a place rather to be shunned than visited. Yet no island on the coast of British North America can boast of more bold and striking scenery than is presented by its northern shore, whose stupendous cliffs oppose their rugged breast to the wild howlings of the winter's blast, while the angry and icy waves of the Bay of Fundy rush upon them, for months together, with sullen and unceasing roar. The southern shore slopes gradually to the Atlantic Ocean, and is provided with many good harbours, which, in the summer season, are the resort of numerous fishing vessels, and they are surrounded by neat and well-cultivated farms. But of all the singular places in this singular island, none is more curious than Dark Harbour, now completely closed against the entrance of boats or vessels by a sea-wall of stones and gravel, thrown up by the constant action of the waves, until a dry beach, or sea-wall, has been formed, over which the sea does not pass, even at high water; the inner harbour is, therefore, cut off from the sea by this dike of nature's own formation.

Not feeling competent to describe the main beauties of Grand Manan, from having but a slight acquaintance with them, yet I may say that a summer visit to its wild and rocky shores would be a pleasant excursion—one which would amply repay the visitant, particularly if he be an admirer of nature in some of her most fantastic freaks. My own visit to this secluded portion of New Brunswick was not a summer one, but occurred in November, 1828, when business called me to visit its surf-beaten shores at an unusually boisterous period. Tempestuous weather detained me long after my business was concluded; and, for lack of other occupation, I employed myself in shooting sea-fowl, and collecting some of the wild legends current in the island. In the latter occupation I was much the more successful, and this success rendered me more ardent in the pursuit of information.

I had taken up my quarters at the house of a fisherman named Johnstone, a rough but kind-hearted old fellow, and a sort of Dandie Dinmont in the island; clear-headed and ardent in all matters within the scope of his limited information, but ignorant of all beyond its sphere; of tall and powerful frame, of a strong and manly cast of features, bronzed by the exposure of half a century to the war of elements, both on sea and land. His family consisted of one son and three daughters; his son, an athletic, well-built young man of two-and-twenty, mate of a West Indian man, who had acquired some information from having seen a little of the world, and who laughed at the marvellous stories told by the islanders. The two eldest daughters were good-looking, cheerful lasses; but the third and youngest deserves a more particular description. She was rather below than above the middle height, with a figure so slight, that the idea of weakness voluntarily arose in the mind, until chased away by the well-rounded symmetry of that little person; then would be admired the clear, healthy glow of her cheek—the light, springing step, and the merry glance of a pair of sparkling, good-naturedly-wicked black eyes, with the prettiest dimple on each side of the prettiest little mouth in the world. Her features could not be called strictly or classically beautiful, yet have I never seen among the high and titled dames, who imagine beauty to be their peculiar prerogative, any whose features were so fascinating, or whose smile was so captivating, as those of the fisherman's daughter. Of a lively and happy temperament, her very laugh still rings in my ears, and, in fancy, I hear her wild but sweet

notes, as she caroled away in the innocent gaiety of her heart, unconsciously giving utterance to this expression of her happiness.

When the stormy winds of winter have stripped the forest of its verdure, we do not readily perceive that the tall and gaunt oak and the slight and graceful sapling by its side have sprung from the same stock; but when the genial warmth of spring has again clothed both with the same bright foliage, the relation is at once recognised. Such was the resemblance of Alice to her father; when the features of both were in a state of quietude, it would have been difficult to trace in the bright countenance of Alice any resemblance to the somewhat stern features of the old man; but when he relaxed into a smile, and her features were lit up by some piece of merriment, the resemblance was most striking.

After having thoroughly fatigued myself, one bleak and stormy day, by scrambling over the rocks, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot wild ducks, I returned late in the evening to my quarters; and while a homely but substantial repast was preparing, my dripping garments were changed, and the meal which followed was heartily enjoyed. Then the family gathered round the huge fire-place, piled with blazing logs, in a large apartment which served both as kitchen and hall, and the Johnstones, father and son, with myself, were each furnished with a capacious can of whisky-toddy, smoking hot. In answer to the inquiry where I had been all day, I endeavoured to describe the various scenes I had visited in my rambles; but on mentioning one spot which had particularly struck me, from its strange and gloomy scenery, I observed the smile of Alice (I like to write that name!) suddenly change to a more serious expression, as she gravely remarked, 'You have been at Dark Harbour?' Her manner excited my curiosity, and I soon drew from the elder Johnstone, who, can in hand, was just in the humour for story-telling, the following tale of guilt and fear, connected with the dreary shadows of Dark Harbour:—

'About the year 1786, in the earliest settlement of New Brunswick, a pirate vessel which had been pursuing its bloody course near the Spanish Main, found it expedient to withdraw, for a season, from the scene of its daring exploits, and, pursuing a northern course, fell in with the Island of Grand Manan. Finding it very quiet and secluded, the crew resolved on wintering in the outer cove of Dark Harbour, and the necessary preparations were made for that purpose. The vessel was snugly secured, and all looked forward for a long continuance of rest and revelry. But the short gloomy days, and long dark nights of a northern winter soon affected the spirits of the crew. The wearisome monotony of such a life, to men who had for years been constantly engaged in scenes of turmoil and excitement, was excessively galling and irritating; and jealousy and ill-feeling, not amounting to an open quarrel, arose among the various members of the crew, which was composed of people of all nations, climes, and colours. Several Spaniards who were on board, headed by the boatswain, one of their own countrymen, determined upon leaving the ship, and taking up their abode on shore, there to remain until the fishing vessels (which, even at that early period, frequented the shores of Grand Manan), should, in the spring, return to their accustomed stations, when they fully expected to be able to secure one to their own use, and take their departure for some more sunny region, there to resume their old pursuits of blood and rapine.

'A fair division of the enormous amount of plunder on board the pirate ship was made, and the Spaniards received their share, with an ample supply of arms and provisions. They at once removed their wealth on shore, where they built a camp, and spent their days in idleness and drunken revelry, while the pirate ship, as early as possible after their landing, took her departure, to resume operations on her old station. After the ship had left, the boatswain was tempted to possess himself of the whole wealth of the party; and, being a man deeply stained with crimes of the darkest dye, he hesitated not, after a drinking bout, which he induced them to prolong to the uttermost, to murder all of them in their sleep. He did not fully accomplish his diabolical purpose, however, until after a desperate struggle with one of the party, in which he received a severe wound. The murderer, anxious to conceal all traces of the deed, buried the bodies as he could, and then concealed his treasures in another place with great care. The repose which he so much required after his prolonged exertions, came not; but a raging fever, arising from fatigue, want of sleep, and a neglected wound, attacked him. He was speedily reduced to a state which precluded his keeping up a fire, or providing himself with the necessaries of life. In the silence and solitude of his camp, the misdeeds of an ill-spent life rose in horrible array before him, and the stings of a reproving conscience became almost too dreadful to bear; the last murderous scene was constantly present to his mind, and struck him with the most fearful dread. Horrible visions were ever flitting before him, and the torments of the damned were his; he was soon reduced to utter helplessness, and reason tottered upon her throne; in this state he was discovered by one of the very few inhabitants of the Island, who chanced to visit the spot. Such relief as could be afforded was immediately given, and in broken English, and at intervals, he stated who and what he was, giving the foregoing detail. In a few hours, however, it was apparent he was fast approaching his end; and, during the night which followed, he died raving mad, denouncing the bitterest curses on the treasure, and all who might ever attempt to regain it.

'The pirate was buried near the spot where he died, and many persons, it was said, had since unsuccessfully attempted to recover the jewels and plate, of which, it is believed, the treasure principally consisted. Numerous as had been the seekers after this ill-begotten and blood-stained wealth, it had invariably happened that, very soon after their researches, they had met with an untimely end; and it had become the firm belief in the island that such would be the fate of all who ventured to follow their example. This belief had become so well established, that for many years none had been foolhardy enough to seek for the fatal spoils; and they rested securely where they were concealed by the pirate boatswain.'

At the conclusion of the story, I noticed that young Johnstone smiled incredulously; and, giving him a sign, I walked out of the house, and in a few minutes was followed by him. He ridiculed the idea of there being any danger in searching for the treasure, and we agreed to go that night to Dark Harbour, to be enabled to refute, positively, the assertion, that supernatural agency was employed to guard it. We returned to the house, and waited patiently until the whole family retired to rest; then, slipping out, we proceeded to the beach, and launching a light skiff were just pushing off, when we were most unexpectedly joined by Alice, who said she had overheard, and knew our purpose, and was resolved to share in its dangers. Finding, after some remonstrance, that she had determined we should not go unless she accompanied us, we seated her in the stern of the skiff, and pulled rapidly along the shore about three miles, to the entrance of the narrow channel leading in through the bank, or sea-wall, which channel has since been completely closed. The night was calm and still, and the moon at full afforded ample light for our voyage. After running up this channel, the outer harbour, as it is called, suddenly opened into a basin of deep water, about half a mile in diameter, from the land side of which another passage, or natural canal, led us into Dark Harbour. This last passage was so narrow that the trees on each side almost obscured the light. For a few minutes we were nearly in total darkness, and the basin we next opened seemed not more than a few acres in extent. Dark Harbour well deserved its name; the water, although clear, appeared of an unearthly, pale bluish colour; lofty pines grew to the very verge of the water all round, and every part of the scene, under that bright moonlight, was really and truly beautiful—yet the impression on our minds, although unacknowledged, was one of awe and dread. Two immense blackened pines, standing one on each side of the entrance, said to have been scathed by lightning, appeared fit guardians of the place; their lengthened shadows, thrown upon the water, assumed, to our imaginations, the form of a gigantic hand pointing to the narrow strait by which we had entered, and warning us to begone. Not a word was spoken, and not a sound, save the light dash of our oars, broke the stern

silence of the place until we landed, and endeavoured to penetrate to the spot where the treasure was said to be concealed, when, as if heaven were suddenly overcast, and we pious attempt, the moon was suddenly overcast, and we were left in darkness. We were on the point of returning, when Alice refused to do so, saying we must persevere, and for that, if we now turned back, we should be laughed at for our cowardice, and scolded well for our rashness. She produced her father's pocket-flask, which she had brought with her, and a sup or two from it assisted in screwing up our courage.

We again set forward, and the moon partially appearing, we were enabled to grope our way, and soon arrived at the place we sought. It was a sweet, secluded little forest of glade, and apart from its horrible associations, it offered as peaceful and calm a scene of sylvan beauty as could well be imagined. This treacherous peace was, however, of short duration, for, as soon as we began to clear away some brush-wood, in order to commence our operations, a low, moaning sound was heard. We still persevered, but, at the first blow of the pickaxe, the moaning was redoubled, and though there was no other indication of the wind having risen, the trees about us began to sway their branches to and fro, to creak and groan, and, as it seemed, even to laugh in fiend-like mockery and derision. I threw down the pick, which was instantly seized by Alice, and, with strength I could not suppose her possessed of, at one blow she broke through a slab of stone. Loud and distinct groans, and a dry rattling noise, followed. We perceived, to our horror, that we had disturbed one of the depositories of the murdered dead. The broken moonlight exhibited fitfully the ghastly hue of the skeleton, which seemed to move and crawl in its narrow bed, as the moving branches first intercepted, and then admitted, the struggling moonbeams upon the whitened bones.

Hastily covering up the unhallowed grave, we tried again in another spot. At first all was quiet; the sound of our implements alone disturbing the stillness of the night, until my spade struck a hard substance, which returned a dull, ringing noise, like a muffled bell; and we hoped that we had at last found the steel casket, in which the most valuable of the jewels were said to be contained. At this moment a pale blue flame played about our heads, and lit up the scene around us with a most unearthly glare! Confused cries, half in mockery, half in horror, rang in our ears; and even Alice, whose almost supernatural courage I have already mentioned, broke into a shriek of terror. A cold, clammy, death-like hand was laid upon my face, and I felt myself in the grasp of a being of another world—when suddenly the voice of old Johnstone broke in upon the uproar, as he shook me roughly by the shoulder, with—

'Hilloa, my lad, you have let your can of toddy fall upon the hearth; and faith it was a stiff one, for it blazed up merrily, and set your wig on fire. If Alice had not clapped a wet cloth over all, we should have had a regular singed sheep's head!'

And, most unaccountably, I found myself seated at the old man's kitchen fire, from whence I had started so long before, with a crowd of grinning faces round me, endeavouring to suppress the mirth, evidently excited at my expense, in which all with difficulty succeeded, except Alice, who replied to my wild stare with a hearty laugh, observing, 'that she would brew no more toddy for me, if I thought so little of her brewing as to go to sleep, and let it fall in the fire.'

A year or two since, I met Alice on the main land, and reminding her of the old story of 'the Pirate's Treasure,' asked if she still thought there was danger in the search? 'Certainly there is,' replied she, archly, 'for within a year after merely dreaming of such a thing, you had the ill-luck to be married.'

THE CHARTER.

A COMMONS SCENE IN THE YEAR 1843.

(From George Cruikshank's 'Comic Almanack for 1843.')

Several members took the oaths, and the Speaker took his seat, when six-and-twenty members all at once were on their feet. The standing order then to move some dozen did begin; and, in compliance with it, the Speaker ordered in, for all the honourable members, each a 'go' of gin.

The worthy representative of Monmouth-street began to bring before the house his well-digested plan, for making up the deficit, by taxing every man who should be found to own a baked potato-can.

He went into the history of *luturs*, from the day when first the sun of science shone with resplendent ray, and pointed out for baking them the most delicious way: he traced the rise of cans from the very first of all, when they used to manufacture them particularly small, until the latter era, when they made them very tall, with half a dozen lanterns, from which the light would fall, the notice of the populace unto the can to call, and, like a very basilisk, the little boys enthrall.

The member then for Battersea, in an impressive speech, brought on his promised motion for giving Chelsea-reach, and also Twickenham-meadows, another member each. He said, and while he said it, he acknowledged it was true, that those who lived at Battersea and Twickenham were few, but unto them the suffrage undoubtedly was due, because it had been given to Hammersmith and Kew.

The great election compromise was then at length discussed, and it was soon decided that the sitting member must, upon a charge of bribery, from out his seat be thrust; because he had corrupted, with a pot of beer, a crust, and bit of cheese, a voter who took away the dust.

The watercress and radish trade presented a petition, complaining, very bitterly, of their distressed condition, and praying that the Parliament would put a prohibition on foreign cress and radishes, which caused a competition that threatened to annihilate at once the home vendition. The house, in tongues as numerous as e'er were heard at Babel, expressed at once a wish to do whatever it was able, and ordered the petition, then, to lie upon the table.

But now the long discussion was eagerly resumed, upon the knotty question, whether those who weren't illumed with a knowledge of the reading art, could ever be presumed fit persons unto whom the nation's guidance should be doomed? 'Twas argued very cleverly, and was by all confessed, that, as the members had not been by property oppressed, enabling them to sympathise much more with the distressed, and, as they were with very slight qualifications blessed, perhaps, if they had none at all, it would be for the best.

The house was now impatient, and many rose to say, that they had listened long enough, and wished to get away, for they had sat sufficient time to constitute a day, and therefore hoped the Speaker no longer would delay, in ordering, to each of them, their ordinary pay.

With this the feeling of the house appeared to coincide; the Speaker, to the treasurer, for funds, at once applied, and, at the sight of money, there arose, from every side, one universal clamour of—'Divide! divide! divide!'

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—His Majesty, when taking a morning walk in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, shortly after his accession, observed an old woman belabouring a donkey 'with all her means.' The beast would not budge an inch, and as the cart at his tail contained the morning milk intended for the principal families in Potsdam, the old lady's perplexity nearly equalled her rage. The King, after enjoying for a few moments this specimen of the 'contortion of the sybil without her inspiration,' approached and inquired whether the donkey had been seized with a sudden fit of sulkeness, or was at some of his 'old luns'—'Ah! sir!' said the disconsolate dame, 'the accursed brute knows well enough what he is at. He wants to ruin me. It being now nearly breakfast time, all my best customers will be on the look-out for this milk-cart. I shall lose every soul of them, and all through the obstinate malice of this malignant beast. But if'—here she hesitated, and looked imploringly at the King—'if a fine gentleman, like yourself, sir, would assist a poor woman, we might manage the animal between us fast enough.' 'What would you have me do?' inquired the King. 'Just lay hold of him by the ears, and while you tug away with all your might, I'll anoint his hind quarters with the cudgel, and off he'll start, nor stop till he has reached the town.' His Majesty did as he was desired, and the donkey, seeing the

odds against him, went on his way at a very tolerable pace. On returning from his stroll, the King related to his royal consort the comical occurrence which had made him for once milk-purveyor to the good people of Potsdam. 'My dear Fritz,' said the Queen, remonstratingly, 'when you were crown prince this sort of thing was very well, and, indeed, highly amusing; but as King?'—'Nonsense, my love,' cried his Majesty, 'what have I done in this, more than was done over and over again by my late father? Many an ass did he help forward during his reign. So, you see, I have a royal precedent in my favour.'—Fraser's Magazine for November.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—The Americans are fond of blazoning heraldic insignia on the panels of their carriages, though their notions of what such things really are and mean appear to be meagre enough. An English diplomatist, not long ago, carried out a London carriage and harness to New York; some accident, shortly after his arrival, required that he should send it to a coachmaker's; and on calling afterwards, what was his astonishment to find the people imitating his shield and crest on half a dozen gigs and dog-carts belonging he knew not to whom. The coachmaker, on his asking some explanation, made answer, 'That the pattern seemed to be much admired.'—Tableau de Mœurs Americaines, par Gustave de Beaumont.

THE AMERICAN FAMILY MEDICINE.

THAT MR. MOFFAT'S Life Pills and Phlegm Bitters have long since obtained the high and enviable distinction of a host of competitors, and that they acquired it solely by their inviolable and almost unlimited efficacy, without the usual aid of fulsome puffery and pretensions, are well known to the public, and cannot be denied. The very little has been said concerning these astonishing Life Medicines by the proprietor himself, and not more than was necessary to call the attention of the afflicted to a sure and speedy means of relief, their merits have rapidly flown from one individual to another, and from family to family, until they have long since become known in almost every town and village in the Union, as a wonderful and inestimable blessing. Voluntary and unsolicited testimonials of their absolutely astonishing efficacy, in diseases of the most dreadful and obstinate character, as well as in others of prevalent and ordinary occurrence, have been received by the proprietor from the persons they have cured from every part of the country, and still continue to be received in increasing numbers. It is with pride and pleasure that the proprietor refers the public to his 'MEDICAL MANUAL,' where a widely varied selection of these testimonials is published, with the names and residence of the writers, because he has no hesitation in saying that the annals of Medical Science do not contain a greater number of variety of cures effected by any medicine known to the profession, or cures of a more frightful kind or of longer standing, coming as these testimonials do from the cured persons themselves, who certainly know best, from their own happy experience, whether they are cured or not. The evidence they afford of the eminent and unprecedented efficacy of these grand remedies is perfectly irresistible, and commands rather than solicits the respect of the public. In addition to those already published, the proprietor is in possession of a vast accumulation of these personal certificates, demonstrating that his Life Pills and Phlegm Bitters are promptly and uniformly efficacious in Scrofula in all its hydra-headed forms, Dyspepsia, whether chronic or occasional, Rheumatism both acute and chronic, Jaundice and Biliousness, liver complaints, however distressing or complicated, Fever and Ague in all their varieties, and when quinine and all other specific Remedies, especially when the Life Pills are used as alteratives, immediately before or after that meal Pills even in cases of long years standing, Dropsy, Gout and settled pains in the breast, liver, and organs, disease of the bladder and kidneys, piles, tumours, and abscesses, Erysipelas, and all other eruptive diseases; Pleurisy, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other affections of the chest, lungs and mucous membrane, pimples, stains of the skin, and the foul unhealthy appearance of the complexion, arising from whatever cause, nervous or general debility, headaches, and giddiness, together with a vast variety of other maladies. In proof of the speedy and effectual cure of which by these medicines alone, the proprietor has hundreds, nay thousands of certified testimonials. Both the Pills and Bitters are mild and delightful in their operation, producing none of even the temporary prostrations and annoyances occasioned by nearly all other medicines, and they can be administered with safety to young children, and females in the most delicate health. Prepared and sold by Dr. Wm. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York. For sale also by the agents.—NEW YORK, MAY 30.

COOPER & BRENNER.

These valuable Medicines may also be had on application to Mr. George Farley, Charlottetown, Belvedere; Mr. George Wiggles, Co. paud's; and Mr. Edward Henry, Lot 18, Charlottetown, August 12, 1842.

CHARLES WILLMER'S AMERICAN NEWS LETTER is published at Liverpool on the departure of every steam-ship for America, whether from Liverpool or any other port, and always contains a complete resume of all the European and British news occurring in the interval between the sailing of each vessel, and brought down to the latest moment prior to departure. In addition to which, there will always be found in its columns the fullest and most accurate information relating to every branch of Commerce, including the arrival and sailing of American shipping at and from all the British ports, together with a report of all the Liverpool, London, and Continental Markets,—the quotations of British, Foreign, and American Funds, and a variety of other information peculiarly adapted to the mercantile interest. In short, any person possessing a copy of this publication on the arrival of a steamer, will at once be in possession of the particulars of every important event that has occurred since the date of the previous arrival, whether in politics or commerce.

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MR. SEARS' PICTORIAL WORKS.—The subscribers have just received, and offer for sale, at their establishment, in Water Street, several entire sets of Mr. Sears' splendid Works. COOPER & BRENNER.

Charlottetown, 8th Oct. 1842.

SIDNEY MILLS are now in full operation, and the public are hereby informed, that a conveyance will leave the Subscriber's residence, in Queen's Square, on Thursday morning, at about 7 a. m., for the purpose of conveying Grain thither; the Flour from which will be returned, free of expense, to the owner, save the toll for grinding allowed by law. J. SIDNEY DEALY.

Charlottetown, 28th Oct. 1842.

THE Subscriber having been appointed Receiver of the rents and profits of those parts of Lots Eighty and Ninety, conveyed by the late General Feal, of the Royal Artillery, to the late Andrew Macdonald, requests the persons residing thereon to pay all rents and arrears of rent to him, without delay. DAVID ROSS, Receiver in Charge.

Hillsborough River, May 1st, 1841.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED, FROM the Subscriber's Pasture, about three miles from the neighbourhood of Malpeque, one small OX, brown and little white; and one small mouse-coloured COW; the latter came from the neighbourhood of Charlottetown, and was not returned to the place from whence they came. If any person returning either or the whole, or giving information where they may be found, shall be rewarded with a sum of money, any one giving such information as will lead to the conviction of the offender or offenders, shall receive a Reward of Ten Pounds, on application to GEORGE BEER, Esq.

Charlottetown, Nov. 17th, 1842.

A STRAY COLT has been on the Subscriber's Pasture since the First of October last. The owner may be identified the same, by proving property and paying expenses. JAMES HURLEY.

Point Pleasant (opposite Mr. Goodman's Farm), November 23d, 1842.

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