## THE HUNTER'S PERILS.

On the fourth day, about noon, being then about forty miles, direct distance from H——, we came upon the trail of a large body of Indians, who had passed there the day before, and were going up the River. It was not a war party, as the tracks of women and children were mingled with those of grown men. We followed four or five miles, when, at a soft piece of ground, I caught sight of a foot mark I knew right well. 'Twas the broad flat foot of the Indian whom we called Broadfoot. I showed it to Johnson, who agreed that there could be no doubt as to whom it belonged. We traced it along till at the top of a ridge the party separated, Broad-foot and four others taking a course directly out from the river; and the others, principally old men, women, and children, still following up the stream. Here Johnson and I called a halt, and consulted whether we should follow Broadfoot and his gang, or the larger party. Johnson was for the latter plan, saying, that where there were so many women and children they must needs move slowly, and we should easily evertake them, and like enough take a scalp or two. I wanted to track Broadfoot still, both because I longed to take the scoundrel's scalp, and because I could not but think we stood the best chance of finding the boy, by keeping the trail of the enemy of whom he was in search. Finally, Johnson gave in, and we followed the smaller, or war party.

Poor Jim grumbled a good deal at what he called my wrong-headedness. "There were twenty or thirty tracks," he said; "they were going slow, and by night we could have overtaken them, and take a scalp or two at least. Even a squaw's scalp would have been some satisfaction; nay, a child's would have been better than nothing."

"What on earth do you want with a squaw's scalp, much more with a poor popoose's, Jim Johnson?" said I.

"Why Balt, I don't want a squaw's scalp, nor a popoose's if I can get a warrior's; but surely half a loaf is better than no bread. Here we have been on a range four days, and have not had a shot at a red skin—man, woman, or child—though we all know the woods are full of them. It is too bad: I vow it is a disgrace to the settlement there has not a single scalp been brought into Harmer in a month." Johnson went on grumbling and complaining, but I did not mind him, but kept a sharp eye on the trail. We followed it steadily and pretty rapidly till night-fall; we then encamped, lighted our fire, cooked a bit of bear seak, and went quietly to sleep.—Next morning we were early on the trail, and followed it steadily till near noon: then a new foot-mark joined it; I gave but one glance, 'twas Ham Cass. The sight of the foot-marks warmed my heart; I gave a glad shout, and followed the trail with renewed energy, I did not loose the chance of bragging over Jim. "See, Jim, wasn't I right after all? I knew the boy was true breed, the geunine old hunter-blood is in him, and for all his book learning it will show itself: you see he is on the right scent now, and my word for it, he will try the game." Just as Johnson began some light and joking reply, I heard the sharp crack, crack, crack—three rifles. Johnson, who was a step or two in front of me gave one bound right up into the air, and fell dead at my feet.—At the time I felt a numbness in my right leg; I too was hit. I looked up the hill side, five Indians were bounding down at a great rate. There was no time to lose, I ran for life. Luckily the ball had not touched the bone; in a moment they were all after me at full speed. I gave one glance over my shoulder to see how they were coming: only one was very near me, and if I could but escape him, I had no fears for the rest, for on level ground, even with my hurt leg. I could leave any Indian far behind me on a short race. In a minute more I heard another rifle; I glanced behind.—The Indian nearest me—and he was fearfully near—stood still groping in the air with his hands for a moment, and then fell. One of his companions had hit the wrong mark; the Indians saw the fatal error, and filled the air with their yell. I ran on; making for a creek we had passed in the early part of the day, I soon found that no one was after me, but there was little safety in that; the savages could not look at my trail without finding that I was wounded, and this would encourage them to hunt me down. My wound, too, began to be very painful, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to reach the creek without a rest; yet I scarce dared to stop, till at last I came to a sycamore tree, which was hollowed out by rot. Here I determined to make my resting place; in the upper part of this hollow I can probably remain conceald, or if discovered, sell my life dearly. The only opening to this tree was about forty feet from the ground, scarce large enough to permit a man to crawl in; once in, the space would easily permit a dozen men to stand at ease. I crept in and began to take a regular survey of my little fortress. I found there were several small holes, the size of a dollar, and one, near twenty feet from the ground, where a limb had broken off, which was larger than that at which I had entered. Here I rested for some time, and having plucked some leaves as I went through the woods, I now chewed and applied them to my wound with great relief. You may well suppose I kept a good look out all the while, lest the savages should come on me unawares. I had watched there more than an hour, when I caught sight of them following my trail. The first was a chief, a large, tall, powerful fellow, with a feather in his high tuft of hair, medals on his breast, and wampum beads hanging in strings from his dress. At his belt hung a fresh scalp, which I knew could only be poor Johnson's. He was followed, in Indian file, by six others; slowly and cautiously they advanced on the trail, till they came within fifty feet of the tree. Here they halted, and I could have picked one off very easily, but I thought I would wait and see what plan they would adopt. Ater some whispering and gesticulating, two of the Indians were detached, and made a circuit round the tree, apparently to discover whether the trail led beyond it. when they had completed their round and joined their companions, they held another long talk; finally, three raised their rifles and fired at the hole in the tree. One of the balls only entered the hole, but as I took good care to be out of range, it did no harm. Again they held a talk; they seemed irresolute what to do, and I began to think they would leave me, but such was no part of their intention. I saw them again raising their rifles for a shot, when a plan entered my head by which I hoped to get two lives at least; so when they fired I gave a furious scream, as though wounded, and began to groan; at first very loud, and finally slowly and softly, as though just dead. The stratagem had its effect.—At the first scream the Indians gave a shout of triumph, and then, as they heard the groans, they advanced towards the tree. Still their natural craft did not entirely desert them, for they crept on very slowly, stopping every now and then, and listening with eager attention. Finally, the head man stood beside the opening, he poked in his rifle, moving it about; then he thrust in his head; and just as he was fairly in, I fired, and blew the top of his head all off. He fell forward, his body blocking up the hole. In an instant I sprang on him, wrested the rifle from his dying grasp, I pointed it from one of the small loop holes, fired, and another Indian was dead beside his chief; the others gave one yell of despair, and took to the trees. There was now, for a while a cessatiou of our warfare. The Indians, each hid behind some neighbouring tree, were concealed from me, and did not seem very much inclined to leave their covert. In the mean time I was busy rifling the dead chief. The gun I had taken and which had already done me such good service, I found, on looking at it, was Johnson's; the savage had a well filled bullet pouch and a horn of powder; the amuniton was of immense importance to me, as I had not above a dozen charges left, and there was no telling how long this fight might last. I also got a large bag of parched corn, and a small (pity it was so very small) flask of whiskey. Having secured these valuable spoils, I resumed my quiet watch of the savages.

The sun was setting, when I saw them, at a signal, fly each from his tree, and take refuge behind a small rise in the ground about twenty or thirty yards from my tree. Here they were out of my sight, and, what was worse, they could creep round, and approach either side without my knowing where to look for them. "This" thought I, "Will never do; I'll see if I can't break up the council they are holding, or at least get an idea of what they are about." I began to climb the sides of the tree. As the rot had eaten in irregularly, it left a good many knots and knobs; so that, notwithstanding my lame leg, I made out finally, to reach the upper hole.—Cautiously; I poked my head out and was rejoiced to find that I could command a full view of my enemies. There lay the whole five, their heads together talking and pointing, evidently hatching some plan for my destruction.

Having satisfied myself that from the top of my fort I could hit one of the savages, I descended again, and fastening one end of my belt to my side, and trying the two rifles, ready loaded, to the other, I ascended again. Just as I caught sight of the savages, two of them made off, rolling and creeping along till they were out of range of my rifle; then they took in the woods, and I saw no more of them. Here was another hint to me to be in haste, as the verman were sending for reinforcements. Slowly and carefully I pushed out my rifles, and resting one in the crotch of the tree, I took deliberate aim at the nearest Indian. He lay flat on the ground, and my ball hit the centre of his head. His companions sprang on their feet, gazing all around, evidently at a loss to tell whence the blow came. As they stood there I could take perfect aim, and in a moment another fell, with a ball through his body. The second shot roused the remaining Indian to the necessity of putting shelter between him and me. He sprang behind a tree. Here he remained a long time, till finding he was not likely to move, and knowing that their reinforcoment could not be far distant, I determined to be off. I went to work with my tomahawk, cutting a hole in the tree opposite to where he lay, and in half an hour's time I could creep out. I then hid Johnson's rifle took my own in my hand, and crept softly out. Taking advantage of the ground,

I was soon out of sight of the Indian; then I sprang to my feet, and made towards the creek with my best speed. I walked more than an hour undisturbed, and began to indulge the hope of reaching the creek without further danger. I had gained the top of the last hill, and the creek lay in the valley below; I paused for a moment, and looking back, I saw four stout Indians on the opposite hill, not more than a mile behind me. They must have seen me at the same moment, for their loud war-whoop rang through the woods. I did not wait for another look at them, but made for the creek. I gained the bank, and plunged into the stream. Oh how pleasent was that cool water to my parched skin and burning wound. I swam with the current, which was pretty rapid, till at a turn in the stream I saw a large raft of drift wood. I struggled towards it, and diving, came up between two of the largest logs. They lay so close together, that I could barely get my eyes, nose, and chin, out of water; and as the logs touched a few inches above my face, I was in nearly in total darkness. Here I lay, half dead with fatigue and pain, waiting the coming of the savages. I soon heard by their shouts that they were near—were descending the stream. One of them came on the raft; he stood for a moment on the log that concealed me; his weight pressing my head under water—had he remained many minutes, I must have perished. He moved onwards, however, and then, like an old otter, I poked my nose out of the water to blow. For near an hour I heard their shouts near the raft, then they began to grow more and more faint, and finally died away. I waited some time, lest some straggler might have remained behind. At last, hearing nothing of them, and being nearly exhausted, I left my hiding place, and swam into the open stream. It was quite dark; I was wet, hungry, and lame; still I dared not rest; there was no hope of safety but in instant flight. By hard tugging I detached a large log from the raft, and drew it into the middle of the stream, then laying myself at full length upon it, I began to float down the stream.

## GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

### FLARE UP BETWEEN THE YANKEES AND THE DUTCH.

Great interest is excited throughout the Union in consequence of some strange adventures through which a Mr. Gibson an American citizen has passed in the East. It appears that he was cruising among the beautiful islands of the Eastern Archipelago, for the purpose of traffic and discoveries, and being an American, he awakened the jealous fears of Mr. Schanapp, Governor of the island of Banca, who believed that Mr. Gibson was only preparing the way for the United States to open a trade with these rich islands and thereby deprive the Dutch of a valuable monopoly. Governor Schanapp, accordingly placed spies around Mr. Gibson, and among those spies were his own Secretary and interpreter.

After leaving Banca, Mr. Gibson visited Iambee, an independent State which appears to be hostile to the Dutch, and while there, his Secretary threw some inflamatory expressions against the Dutch into a letter, which Mr. Gibson addressed to the Sultan of Iambee, and also some offers of assistance from the United States.

This letter was intercepted and conveyed to Governor Schnapp, who immediately sent a force and arrested Mr. Gibson upon the charge of High Treason. At the time of the arrest he was participating in some sort of a fete at Iambee, and had hoisted the U. States flag upon a pole. In the midst of the festivities the Dutch authorities appeared, indignantly tore down the flag,—a Lieutenant grossly insulted Mr. Gibson, and he was conveyed to Banca and thrown into prison.

The United States had no accredited Minister there and the gentleman who acted in that capacity joined with the authorities, against Mr. Gibson, who was subjected to numerous insults, at length received a trial and was acquitted, but before he could leave the island, he was re-arrested and imprisioned, but finally made his escape and returned to the U. States, after suffering two years imprisonment.

He is about to return to the scene of his sufferings under different auspices. The United States government is abont to investigate the affair and Mr. Belmont. U. S. *Charge* to the *Hague* was delayed to receive his instructions upon it.

The London Times states that the great Australian nugget recently exhibited in Leicester square, has been melted and sold for £5,532—its weight before melting was 1615 ounces, and it yielded one thousand three hundred and nineteen ounces of pure gold.

The quantity of water consumed daily in London is equal to the contents of a lake fifty acres in extent, and of a mean depth of three feet.

The rout to Australia via Panama, as marked out by the Australian Direct Steam Navigation Company, is regarded with much favor in London. It is calculated that the entire distance between England and Australia may thus be accomplished in 55 days.

FROM ST. THOMAS.—*Negro Insurrection at Tortola.*—We have accounts from St. Thomas to 3d August.

There has been an insurrection among the negroes at Tortola, one of the British Caribbean Islands. The town has been burnt, and several persons have been killed. All the whites were fleeing, and many have arrived at St. Thomas. Soldiers have been sent from St. Thomas to quell the revolt.

This is only the beginning of what must eventually and soon be the result in all the British West India Islands, where the negroes have the supremacy of power, which is the case in most of the smaller islands.

The African fever, (called yellow fever) which has caused such frightful ravages the past year among sailors and strangers, has nearly left, and the island is becoming once more healthy.

Markets are well supplied and dull. Flour \$5 75 a \$6; meal \$3 75 a \$4; rice \$4 75 a \$5.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 18.—A private despatch from New Orleans says that they are unable to bury all the dead, and last week one hundred and twenty-five bodies were burned.

The friends of temperance in Pennsylvania, are now engaged in a most thorough organization of that State in reference to the enactment of the "Maine Law."

## LATEST NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

The *Arabia* arrived at New York with English dates to the 13th instant. The intelligence is important.

The Emperor Nicholas has accepted the united proposition of the four great powers of Europe for a settlement of the Turkish question—and the peace of the world is preserved at all events forthe present. The terms of the arrangement have not transpired, but orders have been issued to the Russian troops to avaucate the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, which had been so unjustly and unceremoniously invaded. The prey has thus been snatched out of the very teeth of the Russian Bear, and he has been taught a lesson which it is hoped he will long remember. War at the present time would have been a dire calamity, especially such a war as would most probably have grown out of the Emperor's rejection of the ultimatum of the allies; it would have greatly retarded the progress of civilization and the Gospel, and injuriosly affected the whole world, we therefore most heartily rejoice that it has been averted.

The Circassians have again defeated the Russians.

### THE FISHERY NEGOCIATION

Knowing the immense value of the Fisheries to these North American Provinces—particularly to Nova Scotia, we are looking, with earnest attention and some apprehension, upon the negociation now pending between the English and American Governments.

There is not the slightest reason to doubt that the shrewd and wily diplomatists of the United States are determined upon getting access to such an exhaustless source of wealth as those fisheries constitute, without giving us an equivalent. In fact, it is our opinion, that, even if they were disposed to yield an equivalent, it would be beyond their power; for we know of nothing that they could give us that would compensate for our loss and their gain, if they were free to fish in our waters, unrestrained and unrestricted.

As our readers are already informed, Mr Crampton demands, in return for the fisheries, that British built vessels, shall have the privilege of an American register; that British vessels shall be allowed to participate in the coasting trade between the American ports on the Atlantic and Pacific; that the U. States shall abolish their bounties to the American codfishery; that the tariff shall be modified with a view to favor British interests, and that the colonies shall have reciprocal free trade with the U. States.

There is little probality that these demands will ever be yielded to—at least while the Americans have any hope of obtaining easier terms, and we have too much reason to fear that they will effect their object by some means or other. Their far famed art of "Shampooing the English" is now in active operation and they are also trying the same game with the Colonies—all this urbanity and courtesy which is extended by the officers of the American fleet, though agreeable enough, we believe is directed to the object of making the colonists less stremous in holding on to their fisheries. We hope that our countrymen will keep their eyes open,.and that England will not fall asleep over the subject either.

With regard to Mr Crampton's demands, great as they are, and beneficial to us as they would prove, yet we do not consider them as an equivalent for the surrender of the fisheries, and, besides, the most important thing asked for, namely, reciprocal free trade, ought, in justice be granted to the colonies for no other consideration than that already given to the United States. They derive immense profit from us, and if they acted in a spirit of fairness they would extend the principle to the colonies.

But it seems to be too valuable a bait for them to lose, for they held it out to Canada until they obtained the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and, we believe also of the Canals and after all did not grant the Canadians the promised offset. Now those Yankees are dangling the same bait before the eyes of the colonists, in order to see if they can't get the fisheries by it, and if they succeeded, reciprocal trade will again be witheld, if there be any possibility for Jonathan to find a loop-hole to get through,—*B, N. American.*

THE DUTIES OF A MISTRESS OF A FAMILY.—The duty of a mistress, in regard to time, room, food, clothing, comfort, health, temper, and every temporal and spiritual good under her administration, is to endeavor that there be nothing wasted, nothing wanted; but all employed, and all enjoyed.—*Home Truths for Home Peace.*


# HASZARD'S GAZETTE

Wednesday, August 31, 1853.


The *Royal Gazette* has devoted a couple of its columns to what is meant to be a glowing discription of the Public Breakfast to Commodore Shubrick and the officers of the Princeton and Fulton U. S. Steamers. It is in the usual stereotyped style of such things, "the tables presented a display of viands that might satisfy the most fastidious taste, &c. &c." and "The Champaigne, which appeared to be the only wine drank, flowed profusely, and the *Dejuner*, all in all, it was evident, afforded the highest satisfaction to all who participated in it." Pope somewhere says, speaking of a certain class of people:

"They manage with disjointed skill
The matter well the manner ill"

We cannot, however, afford even this left handed praise to the Government of Prince Edward Island, for they have, it is clear, managed both manner and matter ill. And, in the first place, we should like to know what right the Executive Council had to meddle in the matter. We had always looked upon them as a body who were selected for the purpose of advising with the Lieutenant Governor on matters appertaining to the local interests of the Colony, and we accordingly hear of petitions to the Lieutenant Government *in* Council, and of the Lieut. Governor doing certain acts *by and with the advice of the* Council; but this is the first time we have ever heard of the Lieutenant Governor *and* Council setting themselves up as a corporate body, a species of Mayor and Common Council, and asking people to breakfast, dinner, or supper. We dislike, in political matters, uncalled for innovations, and we submit, that the cards for this *fete, dejuner*, breakfast or luncheon, ought to have been couched in the usual style, viz: "His Excellency Sir Alexander Bannerman, Knight, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief, &c." not omitting, upon any consideration "Vice Admiral of the same"—the principal guest being a Commodore—"*by and with the advice and consent of Her Majesty's Executive Council*, requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs.——and family's company to a *dejuner*, &c. &c." Or, the card might have run thus, "The Lieut. Governor requests the honor &c. &c." And this, we opine, was the usual and regular form. It was for the purpose of entertaining guests of the highly distinguished character and rank of Commodore Shubrick and General Gore, that the additional £500 per. annum. was given to the Lieut. Governor, so that there being no difficulty with respect to pecuniary matters, he might employ funds so liberally placed at his disposal in a generous hospitality that would at once do honor to his Sovereign, and the Colony over which she had placed him. But this regular mode of shewing the accustomed courtesies of a Government which still boasts to be a part, though a small one, of a great monarchy, did not suit Messrs. Coles, Warburton, Whelan, and Co.; and the Executive Council must join in doing what was the peculiar privilege and prerogative of the Governor, by himself, to have performed, and which he should have taken an especial pride in performing. Now what has been the consequence of their interferance? In the first place, the invitations were limited to a peculiar set of people, by which means many were excluded who had as much right to be there as those who were invited, and others—who were included because the prominency of their situations in life prevented their being omitted—either sent apologies, or neglected or refused to go, unwilling to be the guests of a party whose right to call themselves the Executive Council they dispute; thus making that which should have been a subject of general and universal concern, a party matter.

Means will be taken, we trust, to let Commodore Shubrick, General Gore, and the officers of the Princeton and Fulton, into the true state of the case, and explain to them why so many of the really respectable, influential, and talented portion of the community, were absent, on an occasion, when, under other circumstances, it would have given them the highest pleasure and gratification to have manifested their respect and esteem for the gallant strangers. Had Sir Alexander Bannerman sent a circular, or employed a common friend to intimate to persons of respectibility, that it was his request that all differences in local politics should be for a few days laid aside, and that all should join in shewing attention to the distinguishedofficers of the neighbouring Republic, there would not, we are persuaded, have been a dissentient voice; and, instead of "nearly" one hundred and fifty, there would have been upwards of three hundred ladies and gentlemen. We trust, too, that the same gallant strangers will not take the leader of the Government, as he is fond of styling himself, to be an average specimen of the gentlemen of Charlottetown or the Island. But of this we need not perhaps be afraid. *Habet fœnum in cornu.* He is marked in the tongue. So much for the *matter*; now as to the *manner*. Who in the name of Hospitality ever thought of asking men to a feast, and then boring them with speeches on politics. Was it ever considered good taste in the host at a festive table to allude to grievances of any kind? Commodore Shubrick, however, though he must have felt the indelicacy of these allusions, parried the attack in a very able manner.

Though we have not the honor of being personally acquainted with the United States' Officers, we have no doubt, from all we have heard from those who are, that they are gentlemen in every sense of the word; yet we cannot but think *as how* their politeness must have been put severely to the test when the Hon. George delivered himself of the speech attributed to him in the Royal Gazette. "*I myself*" says George "have been highly gratified indeed to see two of the United States Steamships in the harbour of Prince Edward Island." We are not informed but we have no doubt of the fact, as the newspapers say, that Com. Shubrick Capts. Eagle and Watson, and the rest of the officers, acknowledged the condescension of the Leader of the Government, by a profound *koutoo*; but when he took leave to assure the distinguished visitors that his *government would do all in its power to facilitate the negociations now pending between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain*, what a weight mast have been removed from their minds. The gallant Commodore will undoubtedly transmit this important assurance in his next dispatch to Washington. Now we miss the Electric Telegraph. Had it been in operation, this part of the leader's, speech might have, in ten minutes, been laid on the table of the President in the White House. What a sensation it would have created!

To put a climax upon the absurdities of the day, Capt. Swabey must needs volunteer —we suppose—"The British Navy." Had the gallant Capt. proposed the "American Navy," it would have been something in better style, and there is but little doubt but that the toast would have been responded to, and that of the British Navy given in return. It is not usual to toast to one's own wife or mistress, though it is quite *en regle* to drink those of one's guest. Ah, that Champagne! that Champagne!!

## Port of Charlottetown.

ARRIVED,

August 28, Unicorn, Sidney coal.—Neptune, Shediac, deal.—Damsel, do. do.—Flora, McDonald; Sidney coal.—Wasp, Lang, Bay Verte; lumber.—Amegent, Nicholson, Crapaud.—Pennie, Doyal, Pinnette.—Fanny, Finlayson, Miramichi, stone.—Vine Campbell, do. do—Oregon, James, fishery.

SAILED.

August 29, United States Steamers Princeton and Fulton.—Fairy Queen, Bedeque and Shediac.—Brigt. Diana, Liverpool by J. Pope.—Schr. Seaflower, Bay Chaleur.—Dove. Robertson, Pictou.—Mayflower, Purdie, do.—Balerma, fishing.—Neptune, Shediac.—Schr. Pennie, Doyal, Liverpool by W. Welsh.

## Passengers,

In the *Fairy Queen*, from Shediac to Bedeque and Charlottetown.—Mr. Futham, Whennian, McPhelim, Mrs. Forrest and daughter, Mrs. Carroll, Miss Morris, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Starr, Mr. Starr, C. McLaren, W. B. Dean, B. Tilton, Jarvis Baker, John Murray, Jas. Russell, C. H. Bartlet, Alex. Brison, James Whitney and Miss Whitney, and sixteen in the steerage.

## Died,

Very suddenly, on the 25th inst., Mr. James Semple, of New Glasgow, in the 67th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

On Thursday, the 25th inst., Ellen, wife of Mr. Matthew May, senr., of this town, aged 64 years.

Of Croup, at Souris, in her ninth year, Flora Ellen, eldest daughter of Flora and the late Angus McDonald, of that place. In this severe afflcition the sorrowing mother and friends, bowing humbly to the fiat of infinite wisdom, lament that the spoiler has buried in the cold grave one so young, so promising, so affectionate and beloved.—*Com.*

## Launched,

From the Ship-yard of Mr. Lydiard, at Mill-Vale, New London, on Thursday, the 18th inst., a fine copper-fastened Barque, 553 tons, N. M., called the *Beta*.

## Charlottetown Markets, Aug. 27.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Beef, (small) lb. | 3½d a 5d | Lard, | 8d |
| Do., by quarter, | 3d a 4½d | Tallow, | 9d a 10d |
| Pork, | 4d a 4½d | Wool, | 1s 3d a 1s 6d |
| Do., (small) | 5d a 7d | Homespun, yd. | 3s 6d a 5s |
| Mutton, per lb. | 3d a 5d | Flour, per lb. | 2d |
| Lamb, per lb. | 2½d a 4d | Oatmeal, per lb. | 1½d |
| Veal, per lb., | 2d a 4d | Barley, bushel, | 2s 9d 3s 3d |
| Ham, per lb., | 6d a 7d | Oats, | 1s 8d a 2s |
| Codfish, per qtl., | 12s a 15s | Pearl Barley, per lb. | 1½d |
| Turkeys, | 4s a 5s | Potatoes, bush. | 1s 4d a 2s |
| Fowls, | 1s a 1s 3d | Carrots, per bunch. | 2d |
| Ducks, each, | 1s 3d | Green Peas, per qrt. | 6d |
| Turnips per bunch | 2d a 3d | Cherries, do. | none |
| Eggs, per dozen, | 6d a 7d | Currants do. | none |
| Cheese, | 3d a 7d | Hay, per ton, | 80s |
| Butter, (fresh) | 10d a 1s | Straw, per cwt. | 1s 6 a 1s 9d |
| Do., (by the tub) | 8d a 10 | Chickens, pair | 1s a 1s 4d |


TO LET, with immediate possession, a Commodious SHOP, COACH HOUSE, STABLE and LOFTS. Apply to the Subscriber.

THOMAS MANN.

Upper Queen Street, August 31.

## Temperance Hall Company.

AT A MEETING of the Directors of the above Company, held in the Temperance Hall, this evening, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted viz:—

"RESOLVED, That the Treasurer (Mr. John W. Morrison) be instructed to take the necessary legal measures for the recovery of all unsettled Subscriptions to the Temperance Hall Company."

By Order,
J. B. COOPER, Sec'y.

Charlottetown, March 17, 1853.

## TO LICENSED TEACHERS.

WANTED a District Teacher of the first Class for the Stanhope and Covehead District—An experienced person will find it to his advantage to apply to

JAMES CURTIS LAWSON

June 22d, 1853

## PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

MR. R. B. IRVING, having made arrangements for giving LESSONS in the FRENCH LANGUAGE to TWO *small* PRIVATE CLASSES, will be happy in being early consulted respecting their formation and reception.

CLASS ROOM—over the Book-store of Mr. G. T. HASZARD, QUEEN'S SQUARE.

20th August, 1853.

## DRAWING CLASSES.

MR. TAYLOR has opened an EVENING CLASS for Young Men.—Terms, 12s. 6d. per quarter.

An AFTERNOON CLASS for Young Ladies at 15s. per quarter.

A CLASS FOR BOYS at 10s. per quarter.

## Just Published.

## The British North American GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMER.

Price with 7 Maps 1s. 6d.; without Maps 1s.

THIS PRIMER contains all the matter in Chamber's *Geographical Primer*, with the addition of the recent census, and more full descriptions of North America. It contains also 5 more maps, so arranged as not to be liable to tear, and is approved and recommended by the Board of Education.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Queen's Square.

## LAND FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD, by private Contract, in one Block, or in Lots, as may be agreed on, a Tract of 468 Acres of Land, the Property of Thomas Foster, situate on Township No. 15, in this Island. This Land lies in the neighbourhood of a thriving Settlement, and has an extensive front on Egmont Bay, with a large and valuable marsh extending along the margin of a stream which intersects it. It is covered with a fine mixture of Hard and Soft Wood, and its value is inhanced from the circumstance of Grist and Saw Mills being situated in the immediate Vicinity.

An unquestionable Title will be given. For terms, and further particulars apply to JOHN LONGWORTH, Esq., Barrister, Charlottetown; or to the Subsciber.

GEORGE FOSTER.
Atty. for said Thomas Foster.

Stanhope, Aug. 20th. 1053. 1m

STRAYED from the Subscriber's premises, about the middle of May last, a dark brown COLT, rising two years old. He has a small star on his forehead and a few white hairs on one of the hind feet, below the fetlock. Any intelligence of him will be handsomely rewarded by

JAMES PROCTOR.

New Glasgow, Aug. 26th. 3ix63

TO BE LET, *from the 1st. day of November next*—that well-known and beautifully situated Property, the Residence of the MISSES STEWARTS, in Queen's Square. For particulars, enquire of MR. BALL; or, on the Premises.

R. G. 3. w.

## Crapaud Races.

THE RACES at Crapaud will take place at the usual racing ground, on Friday and Saturday the 23rd and 24th days of Sept.

Aug. 24, '53.