[Written for Gleason's Pictorial]

HILDEBRAND:

—OR—

THE BUCCANEER AND THE CARDINAL.

A SICILIAN STORY OF SEA AND SHORE

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXII.

HILDEBRAND'S STORY.

IN one of the vestibules of the convent of the Capuchins sat Hildebrand and Francis de Mora. They were both of them pale and somewhat weak, but their strength of body was fast returning. The young man was sitting by an open window, and apparently gazing out upon the orange trees that grew near at hand, but a close observer might have noticed that his eyes had a vacant abstracted look—that he saw nothing beyond his own busy thoughts. His companion looked far different from what he did when first we saw him. Much of the beard was shorn from his face, his dress was less wild and extravagant than before, and the events of the past four days had thrown a softening effect over his countenance.

'Hildebrand,' said Francis, turning from the window and looking upon his companion, 'we are alone now, and you know you promised to tell me of your life.'

'My mind has been upon the same subject,' returned the old man, 'and I have no objection to tell you the story now.'

Hildebrand moved his seat nearer to the window, and Francis bent his head forward to listen.

'It is many years now since I have been free to tread these streets in safety,' commenced the old man. 'I was noble born, and I was born with hatred to the Spaniard, for my father transmitted to me the spirit. Yet I lived here in Palermo until I had seen thirty years of life. I was married to one of Sicily's fairest daughters, and our union was blessed with one child, and then the lamp of my earthly joy went out in darkness. My fondly cherished, my almost madly loved wife died. For a while I staggered beneath the blow, and when I recovered from it, I began to turn my thoughts upon a theme that had lain dormant in my bosom from childhood. I thought that my country might be free from the rule of a foreign tyrant. I felt that there was strength enough in our land to throw off the yoke, and I swore within my own bosom that I would labor towards that end. I knew that our mountains were full of true hearts and stout arms that would join me—that even our city contained thousands who would like to be free, and with a careful movement I set about the work.

'I found some of the nobles in whom I could confide, and they agreed to second my efforts. Our plans were well matured; over two thousand of our people were ready to join—we had magazines in the mountains, and arms collected there, when one man in whom I had confided betrayed the movement. That man was John de Villani, the Count of Trapani.'

'Do you mean the father of Nicholas?' asked Francis.

'Yes, the same. He betrayed me, and our plans were all frustrated. Many of the patriots were seized and hung, and many who could not be found were proscribed. I was among the latter. A price was set upon my head, and I was obliged to flee. I gave my child to a friend, who promised to protect it; and then I took to the mountains. There I remained a year, but I was hunted from place to place like a wild beast, and I knew that I must leave my native land. I stood upon the mountain one day, and looked off upon the fertile vales of our people. There were fifty brave men with me—men proscribed like myself. One of them, my own brave Carlini you remember him.'

'Yes. Your second officer, you mean.'

'The same. He came and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and he said to me, 'Let us give war to the Spaniard!' and as he spoke, he pointed to where we could distinguish the bosom of the great sea. It was a new thought, but it fired my soul in an instant. I still had my heart set upon further efforts to rouse the people, and I jumped at the idea that had presented itself. If we could get a ship, I thought we might hover about the island, and not only keep up a correspondence with friends upon the shore, but at the same time worry the enemy.

'The ship was found, and we raised money enough to pay for it. I had some knowledge of maratime matters, and by diligent application I soon learned more. I assumed the command and nearly a hundred men joined under me. For nearly a year we did little else besides drilling ourselves in our new vocation, and in watching the movements in the island; but at the end of that time we set out more fully upon our mission. We began to intercept the Spanish ships that sailed to and from our land, and everything of a mercantile or warlike character that we could get hold of we destroyed. Of course I was in the eyes of the government but a buccaneer; but I cared not for that. I saw my country groaning beneath the bondage. I saw the spirit of my people being crushed; I saw their liberties ground into the dust, and worse than all, I saw the blight of ignorance gradually spreading its way over the soul of society.

'I worked hard for the redemption of my native home! Twice I came near starting the people up, but in both cases I got thwarted. You have heard of these rebellions.'

'Yes,' returned Francis, gazing with a sort of awe into the face of his companion. 'I have heard of them; and when I did so the name of *Hildebrand* always came to my ear with a fearful sound.'

'So there were others who trembled at the sound of my name who had no need so to do.'

'But you have not told me yet of your connection with the cardinal.'

'No but I will do so. It now three years, nearly, since I first heard directly from him. It seems he had by some means found out one of my places of rendezvous, and there he met me. There were two Carmelite monks with him. At first I refused to have anything to do with him, but he soon convinced me that he had no stratagem on foot for my harm, and I gave him audience. You may be sure that I was somewhat surprised when I knew his business. He wished me to enter into an engagement with him for the destruction of four Spanish officers against whom he had a grudge and whom he had occasion to fear. It was beyond his power to get hold of them, and he hoped to win me to his aid. The cardinal greatly mistook my character, but I did not undeceive him. I knew his character, and I resolved to get him within my power; and to this end I professed to enter into his schemes.

Though I never answered the cardinal's wishes, yet he thinks I tried to do it. From that day to the present I have had more or less to do with him. I have used but little deception towards him, but he, in his inordinate love of gold, has deceived himself. He has borrowed money of me, and since that I think he has longed to get me within his power; but yet that circumstance has proved a heaven-sent providence, for, as I have once before told you, the borrowing of the money was the means of my knowing of his intention with regard to Angela Fontani.'

At the sound of that name the expression of de Mora's countenance changed from one of earnest, listening look to one of quick and fiery impulse.

'And yet, O, Heaven! how can she now be mine!' he uttered. 'We know how wicked the cardinal is, but who shall break his power?'

'Let that be for the present,' was Hildebrands reply. 'If the cardinal's power cannot be broken, we may at least snatch his victim from him.'

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

IN the ducal palace of the Fontani was being enacted a scene of more than usual interest and importance. In the great hall were collected a party who had assembled to see a wedding. Yet there were no signs of revelry there—no tokens of joy or pleasure. The place was lighted by great lamps that hung down from the vaulted ceiling, and the heavy curtains of the windows were drawn. At the head of the hall, where a small altar had been raised, stood the cardinal and the duke. The former looked towering and triumphant—the latter appeared cowering and dejected. Ludovico was about to do the deed upon which he had set his soul's highest desires, and Michael Fontani was about to see the last hold upon self-respect depart from him.

Upon the cardinal's right hand, and at little distance off, stood an old man whose face condemned him at once as the wreck of a bad being. He wore the garb of a count. He was John de Villani. By his side stood his son Nicholas the young marquis. They were both—the father and the son—trembling with excited expectations. The countenance of the young man was gleaming, though with a sort of selfish exultation, he watched the movements of the cardinal with interest.

Benedic, Sopho, and Paroli, the three Carmelites, were there, and they seemed to have come as witnesses of the ceremony that was about to take place. There were armed men there, too—soldiers dressed in mail, and wearing their polished helmets. Ludovico had called them to stand by him in case of need; for, powerful as he was, he had a secret fear that he might not get through with his business without trouble.

Soon there came a shuffling of light feet in the corridor—the great doors at the foot of the hall were thrown open, and Donna Angela Fontani entered. She was leaning on the arm of her faithful Lucia, and four other females followed on after them. The duke hurried across the hall, and took his niece's hand, and then led her towards the altar.

Even the iron-hearted cardinal started, when he saw the countenance of the maiden who was to be made a wife. It was so ashy pale—so rigid—so lifeless, and yet so stamped with sculptured pain that he could not but feel a sudden pang; but that pang, after all, was more of wonder than of any other feeling. He wondered to see how the human feature can image forth pain and suffering.

'Now, my lord duke,' he said, as the maiden was led to the alter, 'our ceremony may go on.'

'All is ready,' returned Fontani, in a husky voice.

The cardinal turned to John de Villani.

'Now, signor count, where is your son?'

'Here, my lord cardinal.'

Nicholas de Villani came forward, and the maiden's hand was placed in his. Angela uttered a low cry as she felt herself thus imprisoned, and a shudder ran through her frame. For an instant the blood rushed to her face, but in a moment it was gone again, and her features were as hard as ever.

O, it must be torture most exquisite that can so freeze the tide of life. None can know, but those who have passed the dread ordeal, how keen, how crushing, how terrible is that process which can make almost senseless the tender heart while yet the body lives. Few can ever know it, for few can live through it.

The cardinal gazed a moment upon that young couple after their hands were joined and then he bade them kneel.

Nicholas de Villani would have gone down upon his knees at once, but Angela hesitated. She cast her eyes about upon those who stood around, and at length they fastened upon her uncle. She spoke not, but then there was a world of imploring language in her painfully burning eyes. The duke could not stand that glance, and his eyes fell before it. The maiden knew that from him she had nothing to hope, and she knelt before the altar.

The cardinal opened his book and commenced the services. His voice trembled as he proceeded, but yet he hurried on. He asked the bridegroom the usual questions, and they were directly answered. Then he asked the same of the bride. She murmured a reply, so faint that few could hear it; and the next moment she was pronounced—a wife!

Lucia saw that her mistress was unable to rise, and she sprang to assist her. The duke came forward, but he had not the heart to offer his hand.

'Angela,' he said, 'I wish you joy.'

The maiden looked up into his face.

'Do not speak to me,' she said, in a husky hollow tone. 'Wait until you attend my funeral, and then you may wish me joy in truth.'

The cardinal was upon the point of stepping down from the place where he had stood, when there was a movement among the soldiers, who stood by the door. He hesitated, and in a moment more he heard footsteps upon the pavement of the corridor. He started down from his place, but before he could speak the door was flung wide open, and Hildebrand rushed into the apartment. He was followed by Francis de Mora.

'Angela! Angela!' cried the young man, rushing up the hall. 'Where is she?'

At the sound of that voice, the new made wife turned, and on the next instant Francis had caught her in his arms.

'Saved! saved!' he murmured.

The girl—the wife—gazed one instant into her lover's face, and then a wild long shriek broke from her lips.

'Signor de Mora,' said the young marquis de Viliani, 'that is my wife! I will not trouble you to hold her longer.' Francis de Mora heard that word.

elaxed from their grasp,' and sank upon de Villani's support back. He saw the duke, and ward him and cried him.

Fontani,' he whispered, ame shook fearfully. 'tell me s she married?'

ch convulsively from the dukes

ung man's hands fell by his a deep groan came up from his Angela did not faint, but she ddly about her. She seemed st awakening from some fear- but she awoke to a reality just

time the cardinal could com- peech. He sprang forward his hand towards the armed

upon these two men,' he shout- ize upon them and bear them.

a moment, Ludovico,' said l. 'You have no cause for

, ha,' laughed the cardinal, in s of his triumph. 'No cause he buccaneer—the traitor! soldiers!'

cried the old man, and point- e soldiers who were advance- him. 'Another step and you t it. I am a noble of Paler- u I command.'

ned men shrank back. It was r of the drawn sword; but it jesty of the man who spoke

ection on your heads for cow- lied the cardinal, while his he shook with rage. 'Seize than you. Seize them both, them away!'

o, Ludovico, returned Hilde- You cannot command me now. pardon of your king.

ng is in Spain.'

he is; but claims out my me by one who knows you n again a noble in my native more than your equal now in did you never hear this name o de Mora?'

o de Mora!' uttered the car- g pale.

returned Hildebrand. 'You ome strange doings with him s, though you knew him not s.'

o wore a dagger beneath his e knew that the old man could h, and quick as thought, he drew upon his intended victim. had not expected this move- was he prepared to resist it; as one who did see it, and forward in time. It was Mora. He seized the pre- and wrenched the dagger from ed he turned and placed his d the old man's neck.

, he said, 'this thing has not y hidden from me. I suspect- th when we were in the moun- have often suspected it since, not speak it lest it should O, bless God, I have a

ng man's words fanned him as ted upon Angela.

chael Fontani,' said the old he saw his son's sorrow, 'how kept the pledge given to your

been kept well,' cried the troosing from his fears. 'You to your station, but you can- that I have done; and as for e is under condemnation now nnation from which no power him.'

ounced Michael Fontani, clasp- nds together. 'My heart is Would to God I had never al coronet—never known the bition, O, Ludovico, you have the purgatory of the soul's ment!'

on thee, thou prating coward!' cardinal. 'It is too late for wring thy hands now. The ne and well done, too. All I been accomplished. And as orenzo de Mora,' he continued him whom we have known only tanceri, 'if your pardon be a you may come back to you but you had better beware of e! I do not believe you will yourself against the Cardinal . At least, I were very unsafe do so.'

future shall show you what I mptly returned the old man r my noble son, here, you got to answer for your deeds n. And look, too, proud pre- that fair girl whom you would w will you answer to her?'

ht smile curled about the car-

look to her husband for d not to you.

ciful God!' shrieked Angela, from the grasp of Nicholas de d sinking upon her knees at s feet, 'is there no salvation

husband will care for you,' vico.

moment the old Franciscan e hall. His feeble limbs had less slowly than came his com- He entered without noise, and e upper end of the hall did m.

him not my husband!' cried girl, wringing her hands in

s your husband, and no pow- n—'

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

dinal had stopped short in his he saw the Franciscan stand- him. That old man had k his cowl, and his great were fastened upon the guilty a look of fire.

co,' he said, 'have you mar- ghter?'

asped the cardinal.

my child,' said Father Hugh, girl to her feet. 'Was this with your wish?'

no!' uttered Angela. 'O, forced me! They told me as dead! Can you—can you

e hence thou meddling monk,' the cardinal's lips.

he moment, my lord cardinal rned the Franciscan, still gela by the hand. 'Let me y I came here.'

ate was spell bound by that gela arose to hope beneath it ved breathlessly up—the duke th strange emotion, and even and the old count forgot the that had just moved them.

ago—'t is nearly forty now,' Franciscan, 'I was a poor logna. There I met a fair whose parents had come to vel. He was left with me I taught him, and he learned ved him because he was good and kind, and noble. I loved him with my whole heart's affections. There was one thing I tried to eradicate from his bosom and that was his hatred for the Spaniard. I may have smothered it for a time, but I could not quench the flame that was burning there. I could not blame him for his emotions, but I tried to show him they would be dangerous. My scholar was Lorenzo de Mora. At the age of fifteen, he returned to his native land. I heard no more of him for many years; but when I did hear of him he had been proscribed. Then I lost him again. I often heard of Hildebrand, but I knew not that it was my quondam pupil. When we met again we were both of us somewhat changed. He had come to lay down his sword, and beg assistance from his old master and teacher. He was tired of his rough life—all his hopes of freedom for his country were gone, and he was anxious to be at peace with his enemy. Then, too, he told me some things concerning yourself, my lord cardinal, that startled me. I resolved to help him if I could, for the poor Father Hugh of other years had grown to favor with the king. Philip gave me the pardon I sought, and now I have come here to do the rest.'

'Ay, but you cannot annul the marriage,' said Nicholas de Villani. 'You cannot break the bonds of the church.'

'Poor boy!' returned the Franciscan. 'Your situation is a melancholy one, and were you less the sinner, I could pity you.'

'And can you save me?' fell tremblingly, breathlessly, from Angela's lips.

'Yes,' my child.

The old man raised his hand to the maiden's head as he spoke, and then turning to those who stood around, he continued:

'Take witness, God, and you who stand about me, that I annul the union which has been so unrighteously made. Between Nicholas de Villani and Angela Fontani there is no bonds of marriage for I tear them in sunder for ever! Look up, my sweet daughter, for you are free.'

'Now by the heavens!' gasped the cardinal, throwing all his power into one last effort, 'there is but one man on earth who can do that thing!'

'And I am the man!' calmly returned the Franciscan. 'I am Hugh Bancompagno; but they call me Gregory, now.'

'The *Pope!*' feebly pronounced Ludovico, as he let go the edge of the altar and sank upon his knees.

A moment the people there stood and gazed upon that old man and then with movement, they sank down and bowed their heads. They were in the presence of Gregory XII.

'Up, up, my children,' cried the pope, as he lifted Angela once more to his bosom. 'Here, Francis de Mora, to you I give this charge.'

He took the fair hand of the maiden as he spoke and passed it to the young man's keeping.

'Stop,' he uttered, as the couple were about to sink down the second time. 'Not now, not now. You shall go upon your knees ere long. Stand away, for I have more to do with the cardinal yet.'

Ludovico had arisen to his feet, and he stood by the altar, with one hand on it to support him. It was fearful to look upon him. One who knew not his heart would have pitied him.

'Where is John de Villani?' asked Gregory.

'Here,' replied the old count, coming forward and sinking upon his knees.

'Get up and answer me.' Now continued the pope, 'whose son is that?'

The old man pointed towards Nicholas de Villani, as he spoke.

'Answer me, John de Villani.'

'He is Ludovico's son,' tremblingly returned the old count.

'It's a lie!' gasped the cardinal.

'It is not a lie,' strongly returned the pope. 'No, no, Ludovico. I have heard from a poor woman who died within the wall's of Saint Mary's Convent—a woman whom you secretly married in disguise. You would have left the holy orders then, but you hoped to be cardinal and for ambition you sacrificed the wife. The child you hired de Villani to hire and keep. Ah Ludovico there are few men more sin laden than yourself. You have broken your holy vows on every hand—you have abused your authority in every possible way, and now I am about to punish you. Your scarlet hat is yours no longer; your vows are no longer binding, and from this time forth you are dragged from the order you have disgraced, and upon the world I cast you, there to meet the scorn of men and gain repentance if you can.

'Nicholas de Villani, you are not all to blame for what you have done; you will yet need to pray some ere you can be what you ought to be. You may retain the name you bear, if you choose at least I will not scourge you with your father's name unless you desire it.

'Now to you signor count,' continued the pope, turning to John de Villani, 'I have but little to say. I know not that you have been a great sinner, but you have helped to deceive us and shield a villain. All I have to put upon you is this you shall maintain the son you have adopted until he can find some honest maintenance for himself.

'Now where are the three Carmelites. Ah, here you come. Stop; do not get upon your knees now. Go you now to your convent, and for one year you are not to step from without your cells. I shall see that my sentence is enforced. Get thee gone!'

As the pope ceased speaking, he turned his eyes upon Michael Fontani. That man sank upon his knees and clasped his hands together.

'O, mercy! mercy!' he cried.

'Donna Angela, what say you?'

'If your holiness can pardon him,' murmured the fair girl, 'I would pray you to do it. My uncle has been very unhappy.'

'O, pardon! pardon?' groaned Fontani.

'Then I will pardon you, Michael Fontani; but you are no longer Duke of Palermo. Lorenzo de Mora takes your place there.'

'O, I would not hold that office if I could. It came to me through sin, and I could only hold it in suffering.'

'Then arise my son for you are pardoned. Nay, thank not me. Thank that fair girl whom you have wronged; for it is she who has pardoned you.'

John de Villani and his adopted son left the place, and the three Carmelites followed. Then Gregory called upon the soldiers and bade them conduct Ludovico to his palace and hold him there until morning.

'Go, Ludovico,' said the pope, 'go and spend one more night in your palace and on the morrow I will see thee. Your soldiers conducted me there this evening but I found you gone, and was forced to tell your officer who I was. He will hold thee more securely when you go back than he did me.'

Without a word, Ludovico was led from the hall. His step was feeble and his head was bowed.

'Now, said Gregory, after the man was gone, and while his face became illumined with more pleasant feelings, 'now Francis de Mora, you may kneel. And you, too, Angela Fontani. Kneel, both of you.'

These young people knelt there; and there Gregory stretched out his hands over them. He spoke a few magic words uttered a simple blessing, and when they arose to their feet they were man and wife!

. . . . . .

On the next morning, Gregory went to Ludovico's palace, but the cardinal had not outlived the first night of his disgrace. When the sun rose, Spezzani went to his room, and found him sitting at his table, with his head bowed upon his hands. He touched him, but there was no movement in reply. The cardinal's fearful fall had killed him.

Another and a better man was made cardinal in Palermo; and after the pope had seen to it that the sentence he had passed upon the three Carmelites should be most rigorously executed, he bade farewell to his friends, blessed Angela once more, and then took a ship and left for Rome.

Lorenzo de Mora, now Duke of Palermo, went to the mountains as he had promised. He found his old followers, and gave them their letters of pardon. Some settled down in their mountain homes, and others returned to the city, where they were reinstated to all their rights.

John de Villani and his adopted son stayed not long in Palermo after their peculiar relations to each other became generally known. They both went to Spain, and Sicily never received the impress of their feet again.

Michael Fontani lived with those who had forgiven him. He saw his niece happy—saw her noble husband honored and respected by all who knew him, and he saw too, what a life of torture he had narrowly escaped. He never saw the ducal coronet, which Lorenzo de Mora now wore, without a shudder—for it was the prize he had once won at the sacrifice of his honour. But ambition had not more allurements for him. Forgiveness was all he asked for on earth, and that he had full and ample. But, he was like all others who have deeply sinned; though the wound had become healed, yet the scar was left—a scar that was ever in sight—putting him constantly in mind of what he had suffered and leading him meekly and humbly towards the throne of Him, who alone can forgive forever.

THE END.

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Again renews the opportunity of tendering his grateful acknowledgments to his Friends and the Public generally, for the very liberal amount of patronage with which they have rewarded his endeavors to supply their wants, during the past Summer. He would respectfully intimate that he has just returned from

MONTREAL!

With a fresh stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS

of which the

Extent, Variety, Quality, Novelty, and Prices combined, exceed what he has heretofore been able to offer for public inspection. Parties who have been in the habit of purchasing in Bytown or Brockville, are requested to do him the favor to call and examine his Stock, before making their usual purchases for the Season. Their attention is specially invited to his recent purchases of

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His Stock comprising Heavy Goods,—including Tinware, Three Rivers' Box Stoves, Fuller's well known Farmers' favorite Cooking Stoves, with Stove-pipes made of Glamorgan Tin,—and Shelf Goods, will be found complete as usual and well assorted. Blacksmith's will find his stock of IRON, SCOTCH & SWEDISH and BEST CROWN, selected to suit their wants, with the Horse Nails of the right stamp, "Griffins" No. 9 and 10.

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In Shawls, Cloaking, Galaplaids, Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers, an unusually large and beautiful variety) Trimmings, [new styles] Bonnet Plumes, Mohair Head-Dresses, Laces, Gloves, Prints, (a variety of new styles and excellent value) China and Irish Linen, Lustres, Coburgs, Cashmeres, and Orleans, Shirts, Collars, Carpet Shoes, Serge, Flannels, all sorts and colors, Ribbed Drawers and Lambswool Shirts: Worsted Yarns, grey and white; Blankets, Counterpanes, Satinetts, Doeskins, Elgin, Mohair, Omar Pacha, Pilot, Whitney, and Broad Cloths; Bloomer Derry, Derry Robes and Nun's Stripe; with all the usual Fancy and Staple Goods, including the celebrated Shaker Sheeting, blue, red and grey Cotton Yarns, and Cotton Bags, with an interminable array of small wares.

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To all desirous of further information, he would state that he will be at all times happy to wait on them to shew them (and, if he can, to sell) his Upper and Sole Leather, Crockery Books and Stationery, Drugs, Paints & Patent Medicines, boiled Linseed, Pale, Seal and Tanners' Oil, Mitts & Moccasins.

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100 brls. P. M. POKK,
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1000 " OATS,
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And also a very great assortment of

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Carleton-Place, Oct. 1st, 1855. 3-ea

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Which will be sold at low prices for ready pay or short approved credit.

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Double Barrelled Fowling Pieces.
Cradles, Snaths & Scythes,
Sickles, Rakes & Forks,

A Beautiful Selection.

Newest Styles:

Ladies' Plain & Fancy Bonnets parasols, (large sizes,) children's hats, Mens' Straw, Leghorn, Felt, and Fur Hats.

Our Stock of all the various articles that are connected with the Trade, will be found to be every thing that the economist could desire; small Profits being the "order of the day." We are determined, in that respect, to meet the wishes of the public and by that means, secure what we have already gained, a large and increasing Trade

☞ N. B.—The Highest Price allowed for Butter.

Ramsay, 28t June, 1855.

NOTICE,

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in this Village, under the style of Campbell & Co., as General Merchants, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The debts and liabilities are assumed by John G. Campbell, who will continue the business in his own name, & for his own account.

ARCHIBALD McDOUGALL,
JOHN G. CAMPBELL.

Witness, Robert Thompson.
Franktown, Oct. 21st, 1855 6-e.

NEW

Fall & Winter Goods.

CHEAP & GOOD!!

LIVINGSTON & ROBERTSON,

THANKFUL FOR THE LIBERAL patronage they have received, since commencing business, have much pleasure in announcing to the Inhabitants of Lanark, and surrounding country, that they are now daily receiving a Large, Varied, and

WELL SELECTED STOCK

OF

Fall & Winter Goods,

Comprising the usual articles in

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Hardware, Crockery,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Stationery, Boots & Shoes,
Paints & Oils, Drugs,
Patent Medicines, &c.,

They are confident that their Stock will give satisfaction as they have taken great pains to secure all those articles so varied and numerous; always required in a Country Store.

They would call especial attention to their

STOCK of TEAS!

which is unusually large, good and cheap

—ALSO,—

To their Ready-Made Clothing, which, for Style and Quality, will surpass anything ever brought to this market.

☞ COME AND SEE ☜

Lanark, Oct., 1855. 4-au.

FOR SALE,

BY The Subscriber, 25 sorts of Pear Trees on Quince Stocks, one and two years old, 3 sorts of Raspberry, Red, White, and Dutch Currants—late large Dutch Clover, also, white Dutch, do. for pasture, Gooseberry, Black Naples Currants &c.

GEORGE BLAIR.

Dalhousie, April 17, 2855.

ANDREW GAY,

FLINT'S BLOCK,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE AVENUE MAIN STREET, BROCKVILLE,

TAKES occasion to return his grateful acknowledgments for the liberal patronage with which he has hitherto been favored, and has the gratification to inform his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large Stock of GANE SEAT & BACK ROCKING CHAIRS, and a good assortment of

Cabinet Ware and Furniture.

His Wareroom has been recently filled with Stock, which, for cheapness, has never been equalled in this section, and cannot be exceeded.

Amongst other articles his assortment embraces Gilt Mouldings, of every style, sold by the foot or made into Picture Frames to order.

Always on hand, Mattresses and Looking-Glasses. Purchasers will find it greatly to their interest to call before investing their money elsewhere.

N. B.—Maps Varnished & Mounted.

Brockville, September 25th, 1855.

PAPER HANGINGS FOR THE MILLION

10,000 Pieces of Room Paper constantly on sale, by the Subscriber, from 4d per roll to 25s. Parties fitting up houses can save twenty-five per cent. by buying from him. Estimates, and every information given, on application by letter or otherwise. ☞ The Trade supplied.

JOHN M'MULLEN.

Brockville, April, 1855.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO inform the Inhabitants of Almonte and surrounding country, that he is

Selling Off

the Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

&c., &c., &c.

In the Premises occupied by Mr James A Burwash, at Ten per Cent below Prime Cost, for Cash.

Parties wishing Great Bargains, had better give an early call.

Also—All parties indebted to the Estate of J. A. B., are requested to settle the same before the 15th of November, and avoid being sued.

ALEXANDER T. BEATTIE,
Managing Trustee.

Almonte, 16th Oct. 1855. 5-tf.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL PAY the highest price in Cash, for any quantity of WHEAT, OATS, INDIAN CORN & PORK, of good quality—delivered at Woodside Mills.

JOHN BAIRD.

Ramsay, 15th Oct., 1855. 5-tf.

PERTH AND BYTOWN MAIL STAGES.

THE undersigned having obtained the Contract for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails from Bytown to Perth would respectfully inform the public that he will run a Line of COVERED STAGES between these places for the conveyance of Passengers, as follows:—

DOWNWARDS.—Will leave Perth every day at 6 o'clock, A.M.; Franktown 8, A.M.; Richmond 11, A.M.; Bell's Corners 2, P.M.

UPWARDS.—Will leave Bytown at 6 o'clock A.M.; Bell's Corners at 8, A.M.; Richmond at 10 A.M., Franktown at 4 P.M.

FARMERS, LOOK HERE.

THE Subscriber takes this method of announcing to the inhabitants of Beckwith, and surrounding Townships, that he has commenced business in the stand known as Mr. McDonald's Carding Mill, that together with carding and cloth-dressing, to which the strictest attention will be paid. He will keep constantly on hand, an assortment of cloths, manufactured at the Waterford Woolen Mills, consisting of plain and fancy cassimers, tweeds, gala-tartans, flannels, blankets, &c. all of which he will sell at a great reduction on the present current prices, for Cash, or give in exchange for wool, as he wishes to do a ready pay business.

He will at all times endeavor to give entire satisfaction, and therefore hopes for a share of public patronage.

JOHN BROOKES.

Carleton-Place, May 8th, 1855. 34-tf

$100 REWARD!

THE Subscriber hereby offers a reward of $100 to any person who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the person or persons, who set fire to his Barn, on the night of Tuesday, the third instant.

JAMES DUNCAN.

Carleton-Place, April 4th 1855.

SHEEP PELTS

WILL BE PURCHASED BY THE Subscriber, at Carleton-Place & Renfrew, until the 1st January next.

DAVID WARD.

September 25th, 1855. 2-eu

NOTICE!

EXTRA SUPERFINE FLOUR, in Barrels, for Sale, by

A. McARTHUR.

Carleton-Place, June 27th, 1855

NOTICE.

ANY person found Trespassing on Lot No 16 in 6th Con. of the Township of Ramsay will be prosecuted according to Law.

J. WYLIE.

Ramsay, Oct., 1853.

COLIN SINCLAIR,

Tailor & Clothier.

THANKFUL FOR THE LARGE share of patronage, that has been awarded him. He would now inform the Inhabitants of Carleton-Place and the public generally, that he has on hand a good assortment of

CLOTHING AND TRIMMINGS.

Of every description.

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, MUFFLERS, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, &c., &c., &c.

Always on hand. Customers furnishing their own Cloth can have it made up in the Latest Fashion. 3-ea.

NEW TIN SHOP

AT RENFREW!!!

THE Subscribers respectfully inform the Public, that they have opened a Shop in the old stand, at Renfrew, where they will keep a good supply of Tinware, Stove Pipes, Dumb Stoves, &c., also, Chain & Suction Pumps supplied to order. All kinds of Produce taken in payment. Wanted, 500 lbs of Feathers, and 2 tons of Cotton Rags.

D. WARD & Co

Renfrew, Feb. 14th, 1855. 22 tf

NEW TANNERY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS BEG LEAVE TO inform their friends and the Public in general, that they have just completed their

NEW TANNERY,

IN THE

Village of Appleton,

Where they will be prepared to pay the HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH for Hides, or Tan upon shares, as may suit their customers, they hope, by strict attention to business, to secure a liberal share of patronage.

JOHN CRAM,
PETER CRAM.

Appleton, Sept. 29, 1855. 3-u.

LAST CALL.

THE undersigned would call the attention of those whose Notes and Book accounts are past due, to the late firm of James Wylie & Son, that immediate payment must now be made, as the season is far advanced and the business is being closed entirely.

MARY WYLIE, Adminstratrix.
JAMES H. WYLIE, Executor.

Ramsay, 25th Jan., 1855. 20-tf.

Books for the Million!!

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS constantly on hand, one of the largest Stocks of Books and Stationery in Canada, which he offers for Sale, at reduced prices, to suit the times. His Stock embraces the English edition of Barne's Notes, with Dr Cumming's additions. Cumming's complete Works. The English reprints of Irving's Prescott's, and the works of all the popular American writers. He is likewise agent for the Tract Society, and Sunday School Union, and supplies their publications to Sabbath Schools, at their prices. Law and Medical Books furnished at publishers' prices. Catalogues and every information supplied.

JOHN M'MULLEN.

Brockville, April, 1855. 36.

FOR SALE,

4 GOOD HORSES for general purposes.

J. & J. WYLIE.

Ramsay, July 7th, 1855.

A CHAIN PUMP

FOR SALE—AT THIS OFFICE.

A SINGLE CUTTER

QUITE NEW, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

CASH PAID FOR TALLOW, BY THE Subscriber,

SMITH COLEMAN.

Almonte, Sept. 15th, 1855. 1-u.

CASH paid for good clean Tallow, at this office.

CASH paid for Oats, at this office.

FIRST SPRING ARRIVALS!

AT THE STORE OF

J. & J. WYLIE.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 25th Instant, they will open for sale, the first of their

SPRING GOODS!

Direct from the English & New-York Markets comprising all the novelties of the season, and composed in part as follows:—

Ladies' plain and fancy Bonnets, of newest shapes and designs, Bonnet Ribbons [new styles] French and English flowers and wreaths, Print'd Muslins and Delanes, Print'd Cashmeres, Light prints and Delanes, Parasols plain and fancy, [large] newest styles in Summer Shawls, Mens' Leghorn, Straw, Felt, and Fur Hats, Childrens' fancy Hats, Summer Coatings and Trouserings in Tweeds, Cassimers, and Satinetts, and a large assortment of Ready-Made Coats, together with grey and bleached Cotton, heavy and fancy shirting stripes, tick, drill, &c. with a lot of superior Teas and Tobaccos and other Groceries 32-tf.

JUST RECEIVED,

AT THE

NEW HARDWARE STORE!!!

IN

PERTH,

DIRECT from the Manufacturers, in ENGLAND and the UNITED STATES, and for sale at Montreal Prices!

25 Doz. Steel Spades & Shovels.
20 " Hay & Manure Forks,
20 " Sythe Snaths and Grain Cradles.
20 " Best quality Grass Sythes.
12 " " Cradle Sythes 48 to 52 inch long.
30 Boxes Extra quality Sythe Stones.
20 Doz. Hay Rakes.
30 " Hand and other Saws.
300 " Best Cast Steel Files.
2 Tons Best Cast Steel.
4 " Spring Steel.
1 Ton German Cutter Shoe Steel.

With an endless variety of other Goods too numerous to mention.

N. B.—The highest price allowed for BUTTER and SCRAP IRON.

W. BOTSFORD.

Perth, June 28, 1855. 41-tf.

War in Canada!

LAST CALL.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING CLOSED business at