The Herald.

VOL. II. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1866. NO. 16.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH

GALLERY,

Corner of Great George and King Streets.

THE undersigned being an operator of acknowledged skill, acquired by practical experience of over twelve years in some of the largest cities in the United States, and also in the Provinces, is now prepared, with every facility, to prosecute his profession in this City, for the accommodation of the public, at MODERATE PRICES.

PICTURES made in every style known to the art;

CARTES DES VISITES.

Plain or Colored. Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Pictures; also, for making Childrens' pictures for which his light is admirably suited, and in which he acknowledges no superior.

He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, especially from those who have hitherto failed to get a good likeness. Pictures taken from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

Instructions given in the above art.

☞ Remember the place, corner Great George and King Streets.—Entrance on King Street.

C. LEWIS.

Ch.Town, May31, 1865.

Dr. W. G. Sutherland

RETURNS thanks for the very liberal patronage extended to him since commencing the practice of his profession, in its various branches, in this city, and trusts by attention and assiduity, that the same may still be continued towards him.

By the latest arrivals he has increased his present stock of

Drugs and Chemicals,

Choice Perfumery, Toilet Articles, in variety; selected from the best London House by those competent of doing justice to the business.

The Dispensary department will be under his own immediate superintendence.

Dr. Sutherland begs also to observe, that he trusts the fact of having practised in Scotland several years, and nearly twenty years of extensive Colonial practise in every branch of his profession, combined with unremitting assiduity and personal attendance, will not fail to obtain confidence and secure satisfaction.

☞ Advice to the poor gratis.

Queen-street, Ch. Town, P. E. I., Jan. 4, 1866.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

KENT-STREET, - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ The BEST OF LIQUORS always on hand. Good Stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I
Nov. 25. 1863.

THOMAS KELLY,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE—Queen Street, (over Welch & Owen's.)
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel.

Charlottetown, - - - - - P. E. I.

November 8 1865.—6ms.

AUGUSTUS HERMANS,

Locksmith, Gunsmith and Bell Hanger,

COPPER, SHEET IRON, ZINC & TIN PLATE

WORKER,

QUEEN STREET, - - - - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

☞ TIN and ZINC WATER SPOUTS, STOVE PIPES, and TIN WARE, constantly on hand.

Stoves fitted up and repaired.

*** All orders promptly attended to.

Oct. 17, 1862.

MR. WM. A. JOHNSTON,

Attorney and Barrister at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Has resumed the practice of his profession in Halifax.

Office, - - Somerset Buildings
95, Prince Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Bank of P. E. Island.

(Corner of Queen and Water Streets.)

HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; Wm. CUNDALL, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

ALMANACK FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 2h. 36m., morning, N. E.
Last Quarter, 8th day, 5h. 24m., evening, N.
New Moon, 16th day, 4h. 24m., evening, W.S.W.
First Quarter, 23rd day, 4h. 42m., evening, S.
Full Moon, 30th day, 4h. 17m., evening, E. N.

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

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years, and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND
WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.
Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.
Price. only 35 cents per Bottle.

Oct.11, 1865. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A Slight Cold, Cough, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, which might be checked with a simple remedy, if neglected, often terminates seriously. Few are aware of the importance of stopping a Cough or Slight Cold in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if not attended to, soon attacks the lungs.

Brown's Bronchial Troches were first introduced eleven years ago. It has been proved that they are the best article before the public for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, the Hacking Cough in Consumption, and numerous affections of the Throat, giving immediate relief.

Public Speakers and Singers, *will find them effectual for clearing and strengthening the voice.*

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, at 25 cents per box.

Oct. 11, 1865.

NEW STORE

SOURIS EAST.

THE Subscriber hereby acquaints his friends and the public generally that he has taken

MACKINNON'S STORE,

Souris East,

Where he has opened a large and well selected

STOCK OF

GOODS.

Comprising in DRY Goods—Grey and White Cottons, striped and fancy Shirtings, Denims, Ticking, Derry, Osnaburg, Wincies (in plain and checks) Alpaccas, Coburgs, Lustres, Poplinettes, Printed Cashmeres, Black Lustres and Coburgs, Mufflers, Honeycomb Scarfs, Shawls, Mantles, Sacques, &c., &c., black and grey Whitney, Seal Cloth, Scotch Tweed, black Doeskin and Broadcloth, black and grey Mantle Cloth, red, white and fancy Flannels, Serges, Blankets, white and colored Cotton Warps, &c., &c.

In READY-MADE CLOTHING—Men's Overcoats, Sack do., Vests, Pants, Felt Hats, Chum do., Fur Caps, Cloth, Glengarry and Glazed do., Aberdeen, Cloth, Lined Kid, Ringwood and Cashmere Gloves, etc., etc.

In GROCERIES—Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Sole Leather, Neats do., Calfskin, Soap, Candles, Kerosine Oil, Washing and Baking Soda, Extract Logwood, Redwood, Cudbear, Copperas, Alum, Starch, Indigo, Rice, Raisins, Nuts, Coffee, etc., etc.

In HARDWARE—Cut and Wrought Nails, Ploughmounting, Shovels, Traces, Blister Steel, Hammers, Hoes, Whip-saw, Hand-saw, and Mill-saw files, Blacksmiths' Rasps, Smoothing, Jack and Trying Planes, Horse-shoe Nails, &c., &c., Oil, Putty, Paints, Glass, Matches, Powder and Shot, Buckets, Brooms, Tinware, Pots, Pans, etc., Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Earthenware, etc., etc.

HAVING purchased these GOODS in the best markets and on reasonable terms, he is prepared to sell them CHEAPER than has ever been offered in King's County before; and, as his knowledge of trade has enabled him to select the best and most desirable kinds of Goods, his Stock will be found as complete and varied as shall meet the requirements of this section of the Island, and he hopes to receive a fair share of public patronage. Either Cash or Merchantable Produce will be taken in payment.

MICHAEL McCORMACK.

Souris East, Nov. 1, 1865.

Poetry.

SUNSET.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes its vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave, toward the burning west,
I long to tread its golden path of rays,
And think 'twill lead to some bright isle of rest.

Select Literature.

AMY MOSS;

OR,

THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

III.

It was about a year before the events recorded in our present narrative, and on a bright May morning, that a young lady in a hunting dress, and mounted on a gallant steed, came galloping through the woods on the upper waters of the Scioto, in company with a gentleman. He, too, was mounted, and rode by her side.

'Tis a lovely day, Amy,' he said, 'and lovelier still because you are by my side.'

'It is a lovely day,' replied Amy, dashing forward to escape his searching looks, 'and I am glad that you are happy.'

'Tis now eleven months to the day of our marriage,' continued the squire; 'a long, long time!'

She dashed on still along the path, cutting the boughs of the trees with her whip.

'A year is soon gone,' she replied again, with a laugh that sounded somewhat forced.

He bit his lip.

'A year may, perhaps, go too soon for some,' he said moodily. 'I fear Amy Moss has changed much in a year.'

'James, have I ever said a word to indicate any change in my intentions?' asked Amy, turning this time gravely to him.

'Never,' replied James Barton; 'but I do fear a change in your affections. You seem glad that there lies this long interval between the present and the future.'

'A young girl who is happy and petted at home,' continued Amy, again making her horse curvet before his, 'is never in a hurry to change her name.'

'But you do intend to change it?' said Barton almost fiercely.

'If you wish it,' replied Amy, looking forward at the trees.

'If I wish it!' roared Barton in a state half of frenzy. 'If I wish it! So it has come to this. All your promises and gentleness have come to this. You will marry me because you have promised to do so.'

'I have promised, and, if it is desired, I will keep my promise,' said Amy coldly.

'What means all this, I ask?' cried Barion, screaming in a passionate tone, unfortunately for himself, that sounded shrill and angry; 'who has robbed me of your heart?'

'Mr. Barton, that is an impertinent question,' said Amy coldly.

'Impertinent it may be, but I will have it answered.'

'Will?'

'Yes, Amy. You have promised to be my wife, and, as I live, you shall be. This strange change in you has unmanned me. I can no longer wait the year. Amy Moss, my house is but four miles distant. It is ready to receive its mistress. In two hours I will find a priest who will unite us.'

As he said these words he snatched the bridle of Amy's horse, and darted away along the trail.

Amy lost all command over herself for a moment.

'Coward,' she cried, and struck him with her whip.

Barton muttered a deep curse and plunged on.

At this instant other horses' footsteps were heard, and Amy uttered a loud cry.

'Hurrah!' shouted Charles; 'is that you, Amy?'

Barton reined in his horse and quietly loosened his rifle from his saddle-bow. His face was livid with passion.

'As surely as he comes, he dies,' he said.

'Barton!' said the girl wildly, 'are you an assassin?'

'Promise, then.'

'I will be your wife, Barton,' said Amy, in a low but distinct tone; 'and I will never breathe a word of this interview.'

'You swear it?'

'I do,' replied Amy proudly.

'This way,' shouted Barton, turning round and responding to the other in a cheerful tone.

In another instant they had joined young Charles Moss, and were riding back towards the Block.

Just as they turned, a man, who had been dogging their steps, came out of the thick bushes and looked after them.

'That air's a goodish secret to git hold on. I guess she'd pay tidy to hayve that told. Well, if he don't mind, I will, by gum. He's a plaguy bad'un anyhow.'

And the fellow cast his rifle on the hollow of his arm and pursued his way through the forest.

IV.

When Harrod said adieu to his companions, he turned back on the track of the Indians with terrible resolves in his mind. The sight of his child, its salvation from the hands of the 'salvages,' as good Captain John Smith calls them, had slightly moved his soul to softer emotions. But during recent events, while dogging the steps of the Indians, Harrod had found out from the man's own boasting the actual murderer of his wife.

This man he had determined to sacrifice to his revenge.

He travelled many a weary mile without showing any sign of fatigue. He had soon found the trail of the Indians who had escaped the combat, and his eye dilated as he marked how they struggled with weariness and from the effect of wounds. He felt himself a match for half a dozen at least.

It was, perhaps, after six hours of hard walking in the woods, when the tracks became so recent, that he began to use extreme caution in his proceedings. The Indians were, perhaps, not many hundred yards ahead. He had passed a place where they had rested some time, and he there had counted seven marks of seven warriors. This number by no means daunted him, and in a few minutes more he caught a glimpse of the last straggler, a warrior of the band, as he disappeared beneath the arches of the forest up a slight acclivity.

It was now with all the art and caution of a cat that Harrod dogged the weary band, amongst whom he soon recognised, with a thrill of delight, the murderer of his wife.

His whole frame shook with agony a moment, and then he paused a while to let them go on, fearful that he might otherwise be seen, and his hopes and desires baiked.

The Indians, unconscious of the proximity of their stern and unrelenting foe, made beds for the wounded, tended their sores, which they washed and then bound up with leaves and thongs. They then made a fire, and collecting round it, spoke in low accents, and in a kind of chanting tone, of the many disappointments and defeats which had fallen upon their tribe in a short time.

It was only subsequent to the murder of Clara at the Crow's Nest that the terrible vengeance on their tribe, inflicted by some audacious and unseen hand, had commenced, and all the members of this party combined to regret the occurrence, looking with sullen and reproachful eyes at the man who had killed Clara with his own hand.

The Indian bowed his head and said nothing. There was none of the ordinary boasting and fire in him now. He vaunted not the terrible deed, but in his heart of hearts regretted it. This in an Indian was unusual, but so was the dire calamity which the act had brought upon his tribe and race. He did not then join in the conversation, but sat apart brooding on the events of the last few days.

Harrod was so near that he heard the speaking of the men, and a strange and novel feeling came over him when he heard these wild and savage creatures regretting the murder of his gentle wife. He almost felt soothed and calmed, but not towards the trembling wretch who sat cowering and silent by the fire.

It had been dark an hour, and the Indians had lain still all that time, ere he moved.

Then he leaned his rifle against the tree, pulled from one of his pockets a long leather thong, drew his knife from the sheath, and stalked out into the open air the picture of desolation. He seemed the incarnate spirit of war as he glided along that place—remorseless, his blood boiling only with rage, his soul dead and cold to every feeling of pity, tenderness or love, for his fellow-creatures.

There burnt still a few embers of the fire, round which the Indians slept, with their feet inward towards the hot coals, and these embers were the Silent Hunter's guide to lead him like a star to his deed of blood. Murder, that most fell and horrible of crimes, was alive within that wood, and not a dog or child to warn the unfortunate sleepers.

Harrod coolly picked out the murderer of his wife.

He lay a little apart from the others, in a restless, agitated slumber, as if perplexing and annoying dreams, from which he sought to escape, tormented and worried him. Harrod, with a look which was for the moment like one of the faces which artists love to give to Lucifer, slid to the ground and lay beside his enemy. There had been a slight sign of waking in one of the Indians, and he had noticed it in time.

Harrod scarcely breathed. One false step now was death. Were he discovered, he could scarcely hope to cope with seven Indians, even though two were wounded.

But all was still; the sleepers scarcely moved, the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the trees above made even their breathing inaudible. Then up rose Harrod once more, and with slow and cautious motions quietly pinioned his wretched prey. The man moved so often in his restless sleep, 'twas matter quite easy of accomplishment. Then he clutched in one hand a handkerchief and rose. He now acted with the rapidity of thought. He kneeled quickly on the Indian's chest, and thrust the ready gag into his mouth. The Indian opened his eyes and gazed wildly at Harrod.

He knew him but too well, and allowed him to act as he pleased.

In another minute he was utterly helpless.

Then Harrod turned and cut off the scalp-lock of the nearest Indian and laid it upon his breast. Satisfied with the bravado, he rose—he who the night before would have killed all seven without remorse—and seizing his huge burden, plunged once more into the forest.

Harrod went quietly round to where his rifle lay, and there he loosened the bands from the Indian's feet and bade him walk before him. The Indian shuddered and hesitated. It was in the direction of the Crow's Nest. Harrod sternly pressed his rifle against his back and cocked it. The Indian bowed his head and advanced.

On they went beneath the formless wild, the wind howling in the darkened air, from slope to slope, up hill, down dale, by quaggy marshes, quenching their thirst occasionally at some fresh fountain by the wayside, but never haulting for a moment; until presently the black night began to grow less, there was a grey light in the sky, the leaves of the trees became distinguishable one from another, and then, with a burst of joyous music from myriad throats of birds, morning broke.

Harrod stood and looked out upon the waste before him—the charred and ruined hut, the desolate field, and the grave of her who had been all in life to him. He turned with a withering scowl to the prisoner, and bade him, by a fierce gesture advance. The Indian bowed his head and went in the direction to which the other pointed.

Under a tree he halted.

Harrod cast his rifle and his knife to the ground, and using his immense strength in a way that seemed to betoken incipient madness, he bound the Indian to the tree.

Then he spoke for the first time since the murder of his wife.

'Indian,' he said, 'murderer, assassin, you stand on the grave of my wife.'

'Ugh!' replied the other with a shudder, as he looked down at the mound on which he stood.

'Indian, you are about to die,' continued Harrod, brandishing his knife.

The Indian looked proudly and haughtily up. He understood death, and glanced fiercely and savagely at the threatening white man.

'No, Indian, I ain't going to kill you right off—no—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps next day, perhaps in a week,' said Harrod with an accent of hate, rage, and despair quite terrible.

The Indian was cowed by the terrible prospect of waiting for death in that position. He hung his head upon his breast.

Harrod sat down upon the ground.

Presently he closed his eyes, and seemed to sleep. The Indian watched him warily, and then raising his own head, made an attempt to burst his bonds. Harrod was on him in an instant.

'Ah! coward—I expect you want to fit, does you?—you ain't gone yet though. But it aint no use Indian. You're tied up tight, and you don't escape this fixin'. But you might, and so the best thing I can do is to kill you right off.'

'Kill!' said the Indian coldly, 'big pale-face—much talk—squaw.'

'Indian!' replied Harrod, gravely, as if he, so used to Indian customs, understood the sneer; 'have you then a squaw?'

'I have,' said the other.

'Ah!' and the white man's eyes glared with redoubled fury. 'A squaw—and I reckon you love her.'

'She is the light of Moniwah's heart—the mother of his little ones,' said the Indian with some emotion.

'Moniwah!' hissed Harrod close to his ear; 'life is very dear.'

'A brave is always ready to die,' said the warrior coldly.

'An Indian warrior don't lie—I expect, if he says a thing, it is right up and down, and no mistake.'

'Moniwah has no forked tongue—he is called True Heart.'

'If I said, 'Go, Moniwah, see your wife and little ones, and come back in three suns to die'—would Moniwah come?' asked Harrod with a searching look.

'Moniwah would stand at the foot of the tree as the sun touched its top.'

'Then I reckon, Indian, we can come to terms,' said Harrod, with even greater wildness than ever.

'I listen.'

'And you may live if you like,' continued the Silent Hunter.

'Ugh—speak!' said the Indian distrustfully.

'Look ye, Moniwah—you killed my wife and child—now you go back to the camp—bring here your wife and child, and go your ways—then I reckon even justice will be done. I am alone, and you will be alone—we are quits.'

'White man dog!' roared the Indian; 'kill—no speak!'

'So you won't, to save your life, Indian, give up thy wife and little ones?' said Harrod moodily.

'No!' replied the Indian coldly even scornfully.

'Will ye give up yer squaw?'

'No!' continued Moniwah; 'kill—no talk.'

'You have five minutes to decide,' said Harrod, shaking in every limb, and clutching his knife.

'Kill!' cried the Indian fiercely; the Manitou will take care of my wife and little ones.'

'Indian!' said Harrod, while the scorching tears came rolling down his manly cheeks, and his whole frame quivered with wild emotion, and his form dilated, and his mien was dignified and sublime; 'I never killed a deer when it defended its young. Your love for your wife and child has saved your life. Go! Harrod will kill no man in cold blood again.'

So saying, he cut the thongs of the astonished Shawnee, who, however, quite understood the cause of this wonderful change, though he sank to the earth when no longer held up. Harrod stooped and raised him up. He shook a little, and something of his old rancour leavened his present Christain emotions when he saw Custaloga, Harvey, and Bennett burst the cover and come running up; but he had felt too deeply to be suddenly changed, and he rose to meet them with a faint smile.

He shook them all by the hand, and listened to the story of the abduction of Amy and Jane with his usual silence. He nodded his head, however, when they asked him to join them.

At this moment the Indian rose and made a motion to speak. All turned towards him.

With much emotion, in the figurative language of his race, he related every detail, the events of the night, the terrible resolves of Harrod, and the way in which he had been brought round to change his ideas. All listened with wonder, though the conclusion of the Shawnee's speech scarcely surprised them. He wound up his oration by an offer to pilot them to the place of concealment of Amy and Jane Moss, which offer, however, was not accepted. He named the place, which was quite sufficient, and then the party at once started towards the Frog's Hole.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ralph Regin was now in a position which few men would have envied. He had within his walls, as a prisoner, a man he had deeply injured, while the person, to secure whom he had acted in this manner, had escaped his grasp. Kate had not re-appeared at the Frog's Hole for reasons well known to the reader, though Ralph had been unable to learn any tidings whatever of her. This circumstance, so inexplicable to the man of crime and guilt, acted on his mind with a force which betrayed itself in startled looks in sullen mien, and continual applications to the bottle. To Martha he was savage and morose, while whatever cheerfulness he displayed, as usual with drunken husbands, was to his boon companions.

At times he determined to release his prisoner, whose presence, after the escape of Ragg, was to a certain extent dangerous; for Ragg would doubtless in the end rouse the indignation of the country. Then he resolved to tell the truth to the merchant, and throw himself on his mercy. But how was he to account for the absence of Kate.

Racked by doubts, tortured by fear, generally over come by drink, Ralph's whole existence was now extremely wretched.

He stood before the door one morning—his boon companions were within drinking—musing sadly on his past life, regretting much that had been, and looking forward with dismay to the future. His crimes appeared to tread upon his heels with a rapidity and swiftness he had little dreamed of.

Suddenly the sound of a horseman galloping roused him from his lethargy. He raised his head, and at the same moment the new arrival bounded from the cover. It was a man in the dress of one of the better classes of society—a gentleman, in fact, whom Ralph did not know. Instinctively alive to everything that looked like danger, he was about to retreat, when the other came dashing up to the foot of the stairs.

'Is this the Frog's Hole?' said he, in a loud imperious tone.

'Well, I guess it is,' replied Ralph, shaking in every limb.

The man made no reply, but dismounted, fastened his horse to a rail, and came slowly up the steps.

Ralph stood motionless. His senses seemed about to leave him. That voice, too, was not unknown to him.

'The very man,' said the stranger as he came close. 'Hackett, as safe as I live.'

'Sir Charles here?' replied the other, hesitating.

'Yes—am I too late?' asked the guilty cousin hurriedly, as he noticed the man's uneasiness and alarm.

'He is in there, and she is gone.'

'In there?' cried Sir Charles hurriedly, his face becoming livid in its pallor at the prospect of confronting his victim.

'He's safe under lock and key,' said Hackett, recovering himself.

'Well done!' continued the other, drawing a long breath; 'but why is she not here?'

'That I don't know. She's been discontented lately. She's not easily managed, Sir Charles, I can tell you.'

'Are you alone?' asked the other, musing and striking his boots with his whip.

'Well, there ain't but two inside; but we can be private, Sir Charles, if you have anything to say to me.'

'I have much to say to you,' said the baronet, 'much, and that must be said quickly. Have you wine up here?'

'Well, you see, Sir Charles, it ain't much asked for up here, but we have first-rate spirits.'

'Well, come on, and let me have brandy. Is he out of hearing?'

'Quite.'

'How does he bear it?' said the other in a low tone, as if afraid his cold-bloodedness should be whispered to the air around.

'Well, he does abuse me a few—he's mighty quiet today; but I fancy he trusts to Ragg.'

'Ragg!' said Sir Charles, tottering, and clinging to the railing over the pool; 'he here?'

'Yes,' replied Hackett gravely, 'he is here, and was locked in like the other, but he escaped. It seems he always carries the tools about with him.'

'That man has turned evidence; but how could he know?'

'He's an old pal of the post-boy.'

'Is it then so?' groaned Sir Charles, as he waved his hand to the other to lead on, speaking to himself; 'is this the sure consequence of crime—hope deferred and detection?'

And the miserable man entered the Frog's Hole, in the principal room of which were two men drinking. As a sign from Hackett they rose and went out. Martha and the negress, who had both been attending to household duties, disappeared also, by order of the master of the house, who then produced brandy and glasses.

The baronet drank off a large draught of the raw spirit, and then sat down on a chair, his arms resting on the back, his legs across as if he were still on horse back. He closed his eyes for a few moments, and then looked sternly at the landlord of the Frog's Hole.

'Hackett,' said he, 'twere better, perhaps, this crime had never been committed. I should have been happier.

Miscellaneous and General News.

BUTTER FORTY-FIVE PER POUND.

[From the Chicago Western Irishman.]

AIR:—"Who will care for Mother now."

See the kine so sleek and hairy,
Calmly chewing as their cud;
Pastures green around them growing,
And gad flies buzzing in the wood.
Tell them that you knowed their answer,
As you question every cow—
"Muley, tell me—tell me truly,
"Who can pay for butter now?"

CHORUS.

Around the market I am marching,
Asking who will tell me how,
In the name of all that's fearful,
Who can pay for butter now?

The farmer tells us, to our sorrow,
That cows are very dry this year,
But who from this can comfort borrow,
While butter's so extremely dear?
Should you offer them but forty,
They'd kick up a precious row;
So I insist on loudly bawling:
Who can pay for butter now?

CHORUS—Around the market, &c.

Oh, I would soak my bread in gravy,
Or any other kind of grease,
Thus make all these greedy farmers,
Gladly sue for terms of peace.
But will they still keep up their prices,
To imposition I'll never bow,
And tell them plainly to their faces,
"I'm blowed if I buy butter now!"

CHORUS—Around the market, &c.

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP CONNOLLY TO THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

HALIFAX, 18th Dec., 1865.

SIR;—Allow me, on the part of Her Majesty's loyal Roman Catholic subjects in these lower Provinces, emphatically to thank Your Excellency for your recent speech, and the fearless and outspoken manner in which you have so effectively expressed the *bare* truth on our behalf.

From all the sources of information at my command, I am convinced, if the crisis come, that the whole Roman Catholic population in this country will yield to no other class in unwavering loyalty and the unflinching performance of duty in the day of trial. Apart from the allegiance which, as Churchmen, we owe to the constituted authorities, we have here everything to lose and nothing whatever to gain by a change, be it ever so luring in the distance. What can any government give that we have not got? We have property, law, order, peace, unmeasured liberty, the country secured against the foreign foe, trade and commerce protected all over the world at an expense ninetenthsless per head than in the neighboring Republic, and a mere fraction as compared with the expenditure of any other country we know of. To exchange this condition with any other, would be suicidal madness, and the thinking, leading portion of our people—the portion that have anything to lose, are aware of the fact. They, like myself, have visited the United States from time to time, and have had ample data to guide them to the same conclusion. Catholics, no doubt, enjoy many advantages in that country (and it is a blessing for millions they have such a country as a refuge), but after the experience of twenty-four years in British America, it is my deep conviction that Catholics, taking into account their numbers and opportunities, are wealthier and happier—better Christians—and socially and politically more elevated here than there.

In New York, Maryland and Louisiana, there are many Catholics in the higher walks of life, but few are Irish or of Irish descent, and they owe their position to anything rather than to the political institutions of the country. For over eighty years, I have yet to learn that one President, Vice-President, or any member of the General Government at Washington, was a Catholic; and not more than two or three of that faith (as far as I could ascertain) have reached the Senatorial dignity, since the days of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

Catholics have now no share in the Executive, no seat in the Senate, and but very few members in the House of Representatives. Wherever a few Catholics appear in their State Legislatures, it is admitted that our people, according to numbers, are but feebly and inadequately represented. These numbers are variously estimated at from three to five millions, and deducting the cosmopolitan city of New York, with its foreign population and foreign vote—deduct the Catholic cities of Baltimore, St. Louis, and New Orleans, where the mass of the people have belonged to that faith from the beginning, and what progress have they made, what position do they now occupy as contrasted with ours in British America?

In Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, there has been no period since the days of emancipation, at which Catholics have not possessed that influence in the community to which their numbers and position fairly entitled them. The Legislature, the Executive Council, and the Bench are as accessible to the Catholic as the Protestant, whilst men of vast wealth and the highest business and social standing in every city, from Montreal to St. John's, Newfoundland, are to be found among our ranks. In all these particulars, according to our numbers, we stand as a hundred to one when compared with our fellow religionists in the neighboring Republic. The mechanic, the laborer and the servant may receive higher wages there than here, (of which, however, I have grave doubts,) but taxes, costs and charges are as three to one. Besides the tax on the raw material, they pay five per cent. on the cloth in their coats, and the leather in their boots. They pay five per cent. more for them as they pass from the hands of the tailor and boot-maker, and one per cent. on the sale of each article. Tea, coffee, cotton and silk, tobacco, liquors, match boxes, writing paper, and manufactured articles of every description follow the same category, so that they are now beyond all comparison the most heavily taxed people in the world. Another war (and who can say how soon it may come) will make taxation still more oppressive. It is true, indeed, that at present wages, the poor, with prudence and economy, can meet these accumulated charges, (and they will be fortunate if they continue in the same happy position,) but it cannot be pretended, for a moment that they have the same substantial comforts and as much to spend at the end of the year as the same classes in every part of British America. I have seen thousands migrate from here and not one ever return with a fortune made, or even an humble competency secured for their declining years. I do not know half a dozen among seventy thousand of an Irish Catholic population in the city of Boston, whose business position is half as good or respectable as that of hundreds in Montreal or Quebec, or even in this small city.

Our people, therefore, have nothing to expect from change of any kind but increased taxation, diminished incomes, a decided fall in the social scale, the scathing contempt of their new rulers, as was ever the case in New England, and with these, perhaps, the horrors of a devastating war. The great Government of the United States has nothing more tempting to offer: and what have we to expect from the so-called Fenians, that pitiable knot of knaves and fools, who, unable to degrade themselves, are doing all in their power to add another Ballingarry to the history of Ireland, and to make the condition of our poor country more deplorable than before.

On the occasion of my recent visit to the United States, many of these poor deluded people talked as glibly and confidently of taking all British America in the course of this winter, and holding it, as if they already had the title deeds in their pockets. If they come on the strength of their own resources, it will be indeed a laughable *scare*; and, from what is now occurring at New York, we may easily foresee the glorious denouement. Two millions of Protestants, and eighteen hundred thousand Catholics, who have mothers, wives and daughters—happy homes and free altars, and a Government of their own choice—will meet them as they would the freebooter and assassin, with knife in hand on the trail of his victim. From their success, we have nothing to expect but bloodshed, rapine and anarchy, and the overthrow of God's religion—for all this is inscribed on their banners. Table turning and rapperism, the rhapsodies and extravagances of a moon struck brain, are to take the place of the old religion in Ireland, and the priests of the land are to be exterminated under the fostering ægis of the new Republic. All British America is to be occupied and declared a neutral territory, wherein Fenian armies and navies are to be recruited and built up. The power of England is to be crushed, Protestants, Catholic Priests, and the upper classes of Catholics in Ireland are to be exterminated, and a new Republic is to be inaugurated with an ex-lunatic, Mr. O'Mahony, at its head! With such a programme, the Catholics of this country will assuredly accord to the Fenians, if they come, the warm reception they so richly deserve. And, with prayer to the Prince of Peace, at this holy Christmas season, and the earnest hope that they and we may be spared the trouble, I thank you again and again for your speech, and have the honor to remain,

With sincerest respect and gratitude,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) † THOMAS L. CONNOLLY,
Archbishop of Halifax.

To His Excellency
The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick.

THE LATE KING OF BELGIUM.

The opening of the career of Leopold is narrated by Allison (vol. iv., page 459), and is as romantic as any that forms the staple of sensation novels:

"One other circumstance of domestic interest in its origin, but of vast importance to its ultimate results, deserves to be recorded of the eventful period. At Paris, during the stay of the allied monarchs, there was Lord ———, who had filled with acknowledged ability a high diplomatic situation at their headquarters during the latter period of the war. His lady, of high rank, had joined him to partake of the festivities of that brilliant period, and with her a young relative, equally distinguished by her beauty and talents, then appearing in all the freshness of open youth. A frequent visitor at this period in Lord ———'s family, was a young officer then an aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine, a younger brother of an ancient and illustrious family in Germany, but who, like many other scions of nobility, had more blood in his veins than money in his pocket. The young aide-de-camp was speedily captivated by the graces of this English lady, and when the sovereigns were about to set out for England, whither Lord ——— was about to accompany them, he bitterly lamented the scantiness of his finances, which prevented him from following in the wake of so much attraction. Lord ——— good humoredly told him he should always find a place at his table when not otherwise engaged, and that he would put him in the way of seeing all the world in the British metropolis, which he would probably never see to such advantage again. Such an offer, especially when seconded by such influences, proved irresistable, and the young German gladly followed them to London. He was there speedily introduced to, and readily distinguished by, the Princess Charlotte, whose projected alliance with the Prince of Orange had recently been broken off. Though the Princess remarked him, however, it was nothing more, at that time, than a passing regard, for her thoughts were then more seriously occupied with another.

Having received at the same time, what he deemed some encouragement, the young soldier proposed to the Princess and was refused, and subsequently went to Vienna, during the sitting of Congress at that place, where his susceptible heart was speedily engrossed in another tender affair. Invincible obstacles, however, presented themselves to the realization of the Princess Charlotte's views, which had led to her first rejection of the gallant German; he received a friendly hint from London to make his attentions to the fair Austrian less remarkable; he returned to the English Princess, and was accepted. It was Prince Leopold, of Saxe Coburg; and his subsequent destiny, and that of his family, exceeds all that romance has figured of the marvellous. He married the heiress of England, after her lamented end he espoused a daughter of France; he was offered the throne of Greece—he accepted the crown of Belgium. In consequence of his elevation, one of his nephews has married the heiress of Portugal, another the Queen of England; and the accidental fancy of a young German officer for a beautiful English lady has, in its ultimate results, given three kingdoms to his family, placed on one of his relatives the crown of the greatest empire that has existed in the world since the fall of Rome, and restored to England in hazardous times the inestimable blessing of a direct line of succession to the throne."

There is at present living in Sweden, a young man aged 19, who is 9 feet 3 inches in height, at 8 years of age he was 5 feet 4 inches.

A conference is now sitting in Paris with the object of assimilating the coinage of France, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland.

There is a rumor that the Canadian Parliament will not be called together before May, and the pretext is said to be that the Parliaments of the Maritime Provinces may have time to adopt the Confederation Scheme If the Canadian Government had any idea of such an unwarrantable postponement of the meeting of their Legislature, it could only have been because they were determined to prolong the existence of the coalition for a few months. In the unlooked-for crisis now upon them all such hopes must be dispelled. A Toronto despatch of Dec. 23rd, to a New York paper, says:—

"Mr. Howland, the Postmaster General of Canada, contemplates resigning unless Mr. Brown recalls his resignation. The defeat of the Ministry and its policy is almost certain when Parliament meets."

Many wondered that Mr. Howland remained in the Government so long.—*St. John Freeman.*

Artemas says, "as for the Wards, they air known all the world over, and every big city in the blessid Union call after them. In New York and Bosting there is the fust Ward, and the second Ward, and so on to the hundredth Ward, and in Paris and London, and everywhere, we are honored with the same remembrance. I guess that's sum honar. And even down South, its more than probably, they've some Wards in the willages; and we air so popular that even the workin apartments in the penitentiaris air named in the same way."

This is from *Punch*:—"Our *fair* cousin Fanny (we dare not give her sirname) says she really is surprised at the ridiculous complaints which men make about cripoline; for they must admit that the widest of petticoats cover but *two* feet."

The following error in punctuation in a good illustration of the use of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given:—"Woman—without her, man is a brute." The reporter had it printed:—"Woman—without her man, is a brute."

Artemus Ward says his hair resembles lovers on the eve of separation. It is "hard to part."

STELLA COLAS.

Rimmel's stella Colas Bouquet, dedicatd by permission to this talnted Artiste.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in Ethiop's ear.

Perfumes for the Handkerchief.

Alexandra,	Guards,	Fragebane,
Princess of Wales,	Rimmel's,	Lilly of the Valley
Jockey Club,	Wood Violet,	Millefleur,
Essence Bouquet,	Patchouly,	Violet.
West End	New Mown Hay,	Loves Myrtle.

The Bard of Avon's Perfume, in a neat Box; Sydenham Eau de Cologne, Treble Lavender Water, Extract of Lavender Flowers, Verbena Water, Tercentenary Sachet, Perfumedr Tercentenary Souvenir, Shakespear Golden Scented Locken Extract of Lime Juice and Glycerine, for making the Hair soft and glossy; Rose Leaf Powder, an improvement oil Violet Powder; Bloom of Ninion, for the Complexion, Depilatory Powder for removing superfluous hairs without injury to the skin; Napoleon Pommade, for fixing the Mustachos, and instantaneous Hair Dye, for giving the Hair and Whiskers a natural and permanent shade without trouble and danger.

Rimmel's Rose Water Crackers, a new and amusing device for evening parties.

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Dec. 22, 1864.

Peterson's Familiar Science:

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY!

THIS Work, which is intended for the use of Families and Schools, contains a vast fund of useful information in the form of answers to 2,000 questions on every conceivable subject, and is written in language so plain as to be understood by all. Teachers, and Pupils preparing themselves for the profession of school-teaching, as well as for any competitive examination, could not have a more useful boook.

For sale by E. REILLY.

Herald Office, Kent Street, Dec. 13.

Wanted!

BY the Subscriber 2 JOURNEYMEN TAILORS, to whom constant employment will be given for the winter. Also a boy, one who has been about twelve months at the trade preferred.

P. REILLY, Tailor.

Kent Street, Nov. 8.

A FREEHOLD FARM FOR SALE!

CONSISTING of 175 acres of FRONT LAND, in a high state of cultivation, with a good DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, COACH HOUSE, THRESHING MACHINE and all other requisites suitable for a Farm. Also,—ONE HUNDRED ACRES of WOOD LAND, in the rear, situate on the South side of Elliot River, about seven miles from Charlottetown, and quite near two Public Wharfs, for shipping Produce, &c.

The above Property is well worth the notice of any person wishing to purchase a good freehold property, being the Estate of the late J. C. WRIGHT, Esq. Time will be given for two-thirds of the purchase money. Enquire at the Office of HENRY PALMER, Esq., or at the residence of the Subscriber.

Prince Street.

CATHERINE WRIGHT, Executrez.

Charlottetown, Sept. 28, 1864 tf

St. Dunstan's College.

Under the Patronage of his Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown.

THIS INSTITUTION is situated on the Princetown Road, a mile and a quarter North of Charlottetown. The site is peculiarly beautiful, healthy, and far removed rom the distractions and moral dangers of the city.

The halls and rooms of the building are spacious, airy and comfortable.

The College grounds are large, affording ample room for games and athletic exercises.

The course of Studies embraces all the branches necessary to prepare young men for the study of the learned professions or fit them for mercantile pursuits, such as History, Geography, the English, French, Latin and Greek Languages, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. Music—vocal and instrumental—is also taught.

The College possesses a large and well selected Library, as well as an extensive Philosophical Apparatus.

The Professors and Teachers reside in the Instituton, forming but one family with the students, and exercising a constant supervision favorable to discipline, decorum and good morals.

Catholic students are carefully and frequently instructed in their holy religion, which they are required to practice The most solicitous attention is paid to the morals of all; and whilst within the College enclosure, they are constantly under the watchful eye of one of the Teachers or Prefects. Perfect discipline is strictly but kindly enforced.

Students when entering must produce satisfactory testimonials of good character.

The College is visited regularly once a week by a Physician

TERMS:

Per Quarter of 11 Weeks:

Board and Tuition,	£6	0	0
Use of Library,	0	1	6
Physician's Fee,	0	1	6

Payment to be made half-yearly in advance.

The College furnishes beadsteads and mattrasses; the students must provide their own beds and bedding, brushes, basins, towels, &c.

The Scholastic year commences on the first Wednesday in September and ends about the middle of July. Students are requested to enter the College on the first day of the opening of the classes.

For further particulars apply to

A. McDONALD.

St. Dunstan's College, Aug. 16, 1865.

A FINE CHANCE FOR SPECULATORS —AND— ENTERPRISING MEN!

THE undersigned has been instructed by the Owners to offer for SALE, or to RENT, several valuable FREEHOLD and LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES, and FARMS, in BELFAST and other parts of the Island, in good cultivation, well wooded, and possessing other advantages; and for which good and valid titles, and immediate possession can be given.

Also, four LOTS, being the residue of thirteen Building Lots, (the other nine having been sold the present Season) in that most advantageous mercantile situation known as "SUMMER ILL," adjoining MONTAGUE BRIDGE, ten miles from Georgetown, where close to 150,000 bushels of Produce are annually shipped, and nearly all paid or in Cash. Americans and other speculators purchase here and ship for Great Britain, the United States, &c.

A number of Stores, Wharfs, a Meeting House, Post Office, and Temperance Society have been established for some time; with many Grist and Saw and Cloth Mills in the vicinity; where also any quantity of all kinds lumber can be had in trade at low rates. "SUMMER HILL is" the only *Freehold Property* for sale in the place which renders it most desirable for the above class of artizans now so much wanted in this rising town.

A STORE and DWELLING on it, capable of holding 15,000 bushels produce, with a double Wharf and site for a Lime Kiln, will be sold or leased on reasonable terms.

Plans, particulars or any other information can be obtained by calling at the office of Messrs. BALL & SON, Land Surveyors, Charlottetown. Reference can also be had from W. SANDERSON, F. P. NORTON, THOS. ANNEAR, Georgetown; JAS. BRODERICK, Campbelton, Lot 4; F. W. HUGHES, *Examiner* Office, Charlottetown, and to the subscriber at Orwell, who is also Agent for the sale of **Manny's Mowing Machine**, the celebrated Yarmouth COOKING STOVE, and also for the Fulling Mills of Messrs. BOURKE, Mill View, the Honble. JAS. McLAREN, New Perth, FINLAY W. McDONALD, Pinette; where CLOTH is received and returned with despatch.

RICHARD J. CLARKE.

Orwell Store, Aug. 10, 1864. E I

THE LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,

ACCEPT ALL CLASSES OF RISKS,

At Reasonable Rates of Premium.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.

October 19, 1864.

IS THERE any VIRTUE in Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER AND ZYLOBALSAMUM?

Convincing Testimony.

REV. C. A. BUCKBEE, *Assistant Treasurer American Bible Union, N. Y. City*, writes: "I very cheerfully add my testimony to that of numerous friends to the great value of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum."

REV. WM. CUTTER, N. Y. City: "My hair is changed to its natural color, and growing on bald spot."

REV. J. H. CORNELL, N. Y. City: "I procured it for a relative. The falling of the hair stopped, and restored it from being gray to its natural and beautiful color."

REV. J. WEST, Brooklyn, L. I.: "I will testify to their value in the most liberal sense. They have restored my hair where it was bald, and, where grey, to its original color."

REV. A. WEBSTER, Boston, Mass: "I have used them with great effect. I am now neither bald nor grey. My hair was dry and brittle; it is now soft as in youth."

REV. H. V. DEGEN, Boston, Mass: "That they promote the growth of the hair where baldness is, I have the evidence of my own eyes."

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PRINCIPAL SALES OFFICE,

No. 198 Greenwich-Street, New-York.

Numerous Certificates as above.

W. R. WATSON, Agent.

£5,000

To all concerned!

GEORGE NICOLL,
Proprietor of the
Prince Edward Island BOOT AND SHOE FACTORY

IN returning thanks to his customers and the public generally for the liberal patronage extended to him, begs to inform them that he is now manufacturing a VERY LARGE AND FASHIONABLE STOCK of

Boots, Shoes, &c.,

suitable for Fall and Winter Wear, consisting of

Men's Grained Leather KNEE BOOTS,
Men's do do Wellington do
Men's Kip do do
Men's Calf do do
Men's French Calf do do
Men's Congress Boots, Sewed and Pegged,
(all Double and Single Soled.)

Men's, Boy's and Youth's BROGANS,
(Oxford Ties),
Boys' and Youth's WELLINGTON BOOTS, &c.,
Women's Calf Balmoral BOOTS,
Women's Grained Calf do do
Women's do do Congress do
Women's Cloth and Felt BOOTS.
Misses' Grained, Calf, Congress and Balmoral

BOOTS,

Misses' Felt and Cloth, Congress and Balmoral

BOOTS,

Children's Boots,

all sizes, from Three's to Ten's.

All of the above are being manufactured with the greatest care and under the immediate inspection of the subscriber, who will be enabled to dispose of the above goods on better terms than can be imported.

Merchants from the Country are respectfully invited to give this Establishment a call before buying their Fall Goods.

The attention of all importers of Boots and Shoes is called to this fact, that the subscriber is prepared to supply the trade with all kinds of Boots and Shoes, and will sell them at such prices as will prevent the necessity of importing inferior goods.

☞ All kinds of Boots, Shoes, &c., made to order at short notice.

GEORGE NICOLL.

Ch'town, Sept. 27, 1865.

Butler's Rosemary Hair Cleaner.

AN elegant preparation for the Toilet and Nursery, possessing, in the highest degree, the property of removing Scurf and Dandruff from the Head, and by its invigorating qualities increasing the growth of the Hair.

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Nov. 23, 1864.

THE CHEAPEST AND SAFEST DOCTOR. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

THIS great household Medicine ranks among the leading necessaries of life. It is well known to the world that it cures many complaints other remedies cannot reach, this fact is as well established as that the sun lights the world.

Disorders of the Liver and Stomach.

Most persons will, at some period of their lives, suffer from indigestion derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, which if not quickly removed, frequently settles into a dangerous illness It is well known in India, and other tropical climates, that Holloway's Pills are the only remedy that can be relied on in such cases. Almost every soldier abroad carries a box of them in his knapsack. In England most persons know that these Pills will cure them whenever the liver, stomach or bowels are out of order and that they need no physician.

Weakness and Debility.

Such as suffer from weakness, or debility, and those who feel want of energy, should at once have recourse to these Pills, as they immediately purify the blood, and acting upon the main-spring of life, give strength and vigor to the system. To young persons entering into womanhood, with a derangement of the functions, and to mothers at the turn of life, these Pills will be most efficacious in correcting the tide of life that may be on the turn. Young and elderly men suffer in a similar manner at the same periods, when there is always danger; they should therefore undergo a course of this purifying medicine, which ensures lasting health.

Disorders of Children.

If these Pills be used according to the printed directions and the Ointment rubbed over the region of the kidneys, at least once a day as salt is forced into meat, it will penetrate the kidneys and correct any derangement of their organs. Should the affliction be stone or gravel, then the Ointment should be rubbed into the neck of the bladder, and a few days will convince the sufferer that the effect of these two remedies is astonishing.

Disorders of the Stomach

Are the sources of the deadliest maladies. Their effect is to vitiate all the fluids of the body, and to send a poisoned stream through all the channels of circulation. Now what is the operation of the Pills? They cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver, bring the relaxed or irritated stomach into a natural condition, and acting through the secretive organs upon the blood itself, change the state of the system from sickness to health, by exercising a simultaneous and wholesome effect upon all its parts and functions

Complaints of Females.

The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex, are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience by the use of Holloway's Pills. They are the safest and surest medicine for all diseases incidental to females of all ages.

Bilious Affections.

All young children should have administered to them, from time to time, a few doses of these Pills, which will purify their blood, and enable them to pass safely through the different disorders incidental to children, such as measles, hooping-cough, cowpock, and other infantile diseases. These Pills are so harmless in their nature as not to injure the most delicate constitution, and are therefore more peculiarly adapted as a corrective of the humors affecting them.

Dropsy.

Hundreds are cured yearly by the use of these Pills conjointly with the Ointment, which should be rubbed very bountifully into the parts affected.

Derangement of the Kidneys.

The quantity and quality of the bile are of vital importance to health. Upon the liver, the gland which secretes this fluid so necessary for digestion, the Pills operate specifically infallibly rectifying its irregularities, and effectually curing jaundice, bilious remittants, and all the varieties of disease generated by an unnatural condition of that organ.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known for the following diseases:—

Ague	Debility	Jaundice	Secondary symptoms
Asthma	Dropsy	Liver Complaints	Tic-Douloureux
Biliousecomplaints	Dysentery	Lumbago	Tumors
Blotches on the skin	Erysipelas	Piles	Ulcers
Bowel complaints	Females Irregularities	Rheumatism	Veneral Affections
Colics	Fevers of all kinds	Retention of Urine	Worms of all kinds
constipation of the bowels.	Fits	Scrofula or King's Evil	Weakness, from whatever cause &c., &c.
Consumption,	Gouts	Sore Throats	
	ead-ache	Stone and Gravel	
	Indigestion		
	Inflammation		

Sold at the Establishment of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, at the following prices: 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box.

*** There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Pot. dec. 5—1y

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BY

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