

## DAILY NEWS.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE STATE.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

THE LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Postoffice at the end of each week is published officially in THE DAILY NEWS every Friday morning.

## BY TELEGRAPH.

### Loss of the Steamship Constitution.

RALEIGH, December 23.—We have news here from Morehead City of the loss of the steamship *Constitution*, from Savannah to New York. Of fifty-four souls on board, all were lost but fourteen of the crew.

### OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, December 12, 1865.

A Foreign Legion is forming here, composed of Swiss, Belgians, Austrians, etc., said to be designed to go to Mexico, to take the place of the French soldiers, now on duty there. As pertaining to the same point I may also add that the Austrian government has recently authorized an enlistment of 2,000 men a year, during the next five years, for the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. The friends of Mexico, however, are endeavoring to procure the whole contingent at once, thinking, I suppose, that troops are more needed there now than they are likely to be five years hence.

M. AUGUSTINE T. DE WUBRIDE, the son of the Mexican Emperor, on the 6th inst., addressed a note to the editor of the *Economist*, in which he corrects some mistakes, made by the said editor, in his account of the former members of this family. He says: "The Emperor XITZAMME, my father, left five sons and four daughters," etc. You know these princes are MAXIMILIAN's heirs and successors, i. e., in case he should die without issue, and in case, furthermore, he should die Emperor of Mexico.

Spain appears to have a great facility for getting into trouble. MARSHAL O'DONNELL and his colleagues have a "big job" on hand. With a bankrupt treasury, the people anything but loyal, the Chambers in opposition, these Ministers allow the hot-headed Admiral PAROLA to blunder them into a war with Chili. I suppose they thought it safe enough to bully a weak little South-American Republic. But in this they find themselves very much mistaken. Little Chili has abundance of spirit, draws back, rolls up its sleeves, and cries: "Now come on, old Don Quixote, and fire away, if you dare!" The whole quarrel is no palatable piece of absurdity, so clearly nothing but bullying on the part of Spain, that every maritime power of Europe and America has remonstrated against it in the strongest terms. And there old Admiral PAROLA still lies before Valparaiso, where he has been threatening a bombardment for over four months, and has not yet fired a shot. If Spain should persist in her course, she will inevitably be her head against a stone wall. Chili has already issued a number of letters of marque, and it will not be long before Spanish vessels will be a thing of the past. But I think the protests of the Great Powers have put an effectual quietus on this tempest in a teapot.

In my last letter I had a short paragraph about Italy; and should have mentioned that the new Kingdom has been recently recognized by Bavaria and Saxony. [The Queen of Naples being a Bavarian Princess, this act must dash into atoms the last prospect of the deposed Neapolitan royalty.] The other German States will doubtless soon follow; and his Majesty of Hapsburg, and his Holiness the Pope will find ere long that history ever repeats itself, and that they must now swallow their wrath, and like George III., of England, in the case of the thirteen American Colonies, acknowledge their late insurgent subjects as sovereign and independent.

You have also read the account of the death of King LEOPOLD. There is a great deal said and written about him, just now, and speculations, surmises and prophecies are met with everywhere regarding the future of Belgium. The young King is not thought equal to his position. He is said to have neither the wisdom nor the tact of his illustrious father. Faction runs high in the Belgian Parliament, and foreign interference is dreaded by many. The French papers, however, indignantly throw back all such imputations. They say that France could have possessed herself of Belgium in 1831, if she had sought territorial aggrandizement; France wants peace, &c. But inasmuch as the integrity of Belgium is guaranteed to her by all the great Powers, I do not think we need fear a dismemberment of the little Kingdom, and still less her being swallowed up alive by any of her neighboring governments.

The French, by the bye, always put on a patronizing air when they discourse of Belgium or Italy, and feel proud of their prosperity—they both being considered the *protogees* of France—a sort of adopted children.

The Americans had a grand dinner at the Grand Hotel, on President JOHNSON'S Thanksgiving Day, numerously attended. I was not present myself, but learned that some two hundred persons enjoyed this splendid banquet. The company was fine, the wines were good, the *potage*, the *relaches*, the *entrees*, the *croquets*, &c., &c., all in the highest style of the art. Toasts were drunk, speeches made, and all went merry as a marriage bell; had not one ill-bred American (who seems to justify M. DE LAMARTINE'S picture), marred the *entree cordiale*, by an unseasonable outburst of patriotism. When the toast was given: "To his Majesty, the Emperor of the French," this marplot jumps up and cries out: "No American can drink that toast while a single French soldier remains in Mexico." But no one heeded him, and the noisy music soon drowned his effervescent national enthusiasm. General SCHOMBERG'S toast, "The old friendship between France and the United States; may it be increased and perpetuated," put everything to rights; the more so, as there had been some bellicose rumors in connection with his arrival in Paris.

I have said nothing thus far in my letters about Ireland and Fenianism, although it has been one of the leading public topics for some time. This silence on my part is not owing to any want of interest in, or sympathy for, Ireland. Quite the contrary. I have been a warm friend of Ireland and the Irish since 1847, watched the rise and progress of the struggle for liberty in 1848 to its sad denouement, afterwards became acquainted with several of the most distinguished exiles, the misguided victims of that revolution, and with them had frequent conversations on the present state and future prospects of Ireland. The Fenian movement, I knew from its inception, was doomed to the same unhappy fate as the *emulate* of '98 and '48, and I was deeply grieved when I found the extent and ramifications of the Orler, both in Ireland and in America. The French have a great deal of affection and sympathy for Ireland, for various reasons, the chief, doubtless, being the hereditary national hatred of *perfidie Albion*. Both nations being Catholic in religion, is another strong bond of union. Many Irish soldiers of fortune, moreover, have shed their blood on French battle fields, and contributed not a little to the lustre of the national arms. The trials, for high treason, of the unfortunate Fenians, both in Liverpool and Dublin, are watched here with the greatest interest; and the escape of STEPHENS was hailed with delight by the whole French nation. The latter, I have reason to think, is in Paris at this time.

I had the pleasure of grasping an old friend by the hand a few days ago—Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, well known to many of your readers. He looks rather better, though a trifle older, than when I saw him last, at Richmond, on the second day of April, 1865, when the hand of relentless fate had lightened its grasp upon the poor Confederate. Mr. MITCHELL keeps himself very quiet here, ap- parently not taking the least interest in any of the political questions of the day. He is very reserved and cold in his manner, and although one of the most brilliant writers I have ever met, by no means as facile or interesting in conversation. He is a little turned of fifty, I should say, looks habitually sad and thoughtful, and is considerably of a pessimist in his views of life and men. This, indeed, is not very surprising; for, if ever man has been harshly dealt with and persecuted, JOHN MITCHELL is that man. His has been a very chequered career, far surpassing the heroes of romance; but, through it all, his misthinking seems to have marked him for his own. I have ever felt the strongest sympathy for this poor exile of Erin, and he and his interesting family have my warmest, most heartfelt prayers for their welfare and prosperity.

The papers here are delighted to get hold of a piece of scandal about the English royal family. A great deal is said about the difference between the Queen and the Prince of Wales, which took its rise by the policy adopted by Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, in regard to the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio. This breach has been daily growing wider. [This antagonism between the rising and the setting sun seems to be one of the normal conditions of Court life. History teems with similar instances.] Now we learn that the Princess HELENA, third daughter of VICTORIA, aged twenty years, is to marry Prince CHRISTIAN, brother of the Duke of Augustenburg, who has lost his all by the event of the late war of the Danish Duchies. The Duke is now a Prince Lackland, and, of course, his younger brother, the son-in-law of England to be, is no better than a Dutch beggar. Why VICTORIA should have selected him as the husband of her daughter, is difficult to divine, since this step is highly displeasing to both the Danish and Prussian Courts, and thus will be likely to increase the family quarrel.

"The Gardens of the Luxembourg" is just now the all-engrossing subject of discussion. The prefect HAUSMANN has issued a decree, selling a part of these celebrated grounds, (to be cut up into building lots and streets), for thirty millions of francs. Vandal, barbarian, Goth, and every other complimentary epithet of the catalogue, has been hurled from all sides at the devoted head of the prefect. And yet, poor man, he is not in the least responsible for it; so far from it, he is personally opposed to the step. M. FOULD appears to be the true author of this piece of financiering. Poets, Novelists, pamphleteers, caricaturists and indicators of paragraphs, all are scratching their quills in pious indignation at this unparalleled sacrifice. Petitions are pouring in to the Senate, and to the Emperor,—the burden of all of which is "Woodman, spare that tree." My quarter (the *Latin*) and the Faubourg St. Germain are in a high state of excitement—and a mere spark would set this whole inflammable mass into a revolutionary blaze. The Emperor, I presume, will find it in his interest to countermand the prefect's decree. One of the houses to be razed to the ground, in case these gardens are "improved," and the adjoining streets straightened, is the one in which CHARLOTTE CORDAY killed MARAT. The Parisian rabble has a high veneration for this revolutionary relic.

The Court still at Compiègne, having a fine time, the King and Queen of Portugal at present there as guests of their Imperial Majesties. Prince Napoleon still obdurate. FRAZ ARMAND, the celebrated pugilist orator, opened the season of Advent, a few evenings since, in Notre Dame. The Archbishop of Paris was present. The congregation numbered over 4000 persons. He preaches there every evening, and never has a less number of hearers.

LORD BROUHAAM, the papers state, recently passed through France, to his pleasant residence near the Mediterranean, at Cannes. The cholera delayed his migration somewhat this time, it is thought. LORD BROUHAAM is now the oldest public man in England, and his name suggests volumes of reminiscences, historical, literary and political. The annual pilgrimage to Cannes, I fear, will not be repeated many times more, and with him will die the last great connecting link between English past and present. What a rich legacy of science, learning, wit, wisdom and experience he might bequeath to the fortunate heirs, were these testable commodities.

FRAZ ARMAND, (*Romanorum ultimus*), he also notwithstanding the weight of years, is not resting on his oars, nor on his past laurels. He is said to be as hard a student as ever. He is at present publishing a History of Art. He set out in early life, it appears, as a painter, and now, in his old age, returns to his first love. Sentiment is shocked at the announcement of a railroad in progress, through Judaea. The idea of Bethlehem a railroad depot, and Golgotha a wood and water station! Horribly practical, to be sure.

I have some idea of taking a turn across the channel, and spend my Christmas either in London or in Dublin, but I may perhaps send you another letter from Paris before I leave.

ESCALAPIUS.

### OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, December 27.—For more than a quarter of a century—we will not say how much more, as we, like the ladies, do not like to publish to the world our exact age, being a single man matrimonially inclined—for a little more than over a century they have, we have witnessed Christmas celebrations in different cities, towns and modest villages in the United States. It has never, however, heretofore fallen to our lot to witness such a celebration as this great city can boast of this year.

On Sunday, the day before Christmas, the rain fell in torrents, casting a dampening gloom of disappointment upon the bright anticipations of the morrow's festivities, that had for days and weeks past cheered the hearts of old and young. But on the morrow came the glorious sun, shining in all his majestic splendor, and dispersing the gloom as it dispelled the cause, and drying the children's tears as it dried the streets, through with happy, pleasure-seeking pedestrians.

The places of worship vied with each other in the grand solemnity of the religious celebration of the anniversary of the Holy Nativity. The members of the Episcopal Churches assembled in large numbers, crowded congregations attending Divine service at St. John's, Grace Church, St. Paul's Chapel, St. Luke's, the Church of the Holy Communion, and the Chapel of the House of Mercy.

In the Catholic Churches the solemn Midnight Mass was celebrated on Christmas Eve, and long before the sun arose on Christmas morning did the Holy Festival commence in St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Stephen's Church, St. James, St. Peter's and others. All who have ever attended these grandly imposing religious festivals know that the effect produced by witnessing them can not be adequately portrayed in a feeble pen picture. Let us leave the churches, then, even whilst the swelling tones of the organ and the harmonious blending of the music of hundreds of exquisite voices yet trouble in the early morning air, creating little waves of sound that break against the house-tops and sprinkle drops of lapins, which penetrate the roofs and fall like heavenly dew drops on happy sleepers, not yet arisen to catch the glories of the Christmas sun.

Come, now, out-doors into the streets of the great city, and let us look abroad. Whence comes this strange, almost unearthly sound, that breaks upon the ear with such a terrible din, and makes one imagine that all the lamps from Pandemonium had broken loose, after "taking a horn." It is the sound of horns, but not created by spirits of either kind. It is, however, the only outburst that happy juveniles can find for their exuberant spirits on this merry Christmas day. Let them blow—let them blow and be happy—let them blow and make a noise, for even full-grown men do sometimes blow their own horns to make a noise in this world.

Buildings were decorated and dressed up, ladies were dressed up, gentlemen wore their Sunday clothes, turkeys were slaughtered, liquor was drunk, some people

were drunk, and all were happy. The rich were happy, and the poor were not forgotten. The various charitable associations took care of them, and a million mouths eat a million good dinners on that happy Christmas day.

At night—although thousands attended balls and parties, or remained at home to receive happy, welcome guests—the streets were thronged, and the theatres crowded to excess. Thus passed Christmas, 1865, in New York city.

Speaking of theatres reminds me of the fact that the eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth, is to make his appearance next week at the Winter Garden. Of all the infamous, scandalous articles the infamous notorious Prince of blackguardism—of course, I refer to the famous George Bennett—has ever published in his infamous paper, the cowardly, petty, disgraceful, contemptible attack on Edwin Booth, stands forth as the great capping of the climax—the one-heralding of the Herald. The whole country knows that Edwin Booth is no more to be blamed for Cain's—for the blow that struck down Abraham Lincoln brought so much pain and sorrow to the heart of Edwin Booth as it did to any heart that beats within the breast of any man in the United States.

That the Herald, actuated by spleen against the manager of the Winter Garden (where Booth is to perform), because he does not choose to advertise therein, should bring up the story of the assassination, with the intention of bringing the public against the assassin's brother, is unmanly, contemptible and infamous. The world knows Edwin Booth as a great tragedian; we know him personally as a high-toned gentleman, a man of great integrity and noble character, and possessing a most admirable ability of demeanor that lends a graceful charm to all. The entire press of the country will unite in condemnation of the cowardly blow that seeks to bring this gentleman to a level, in point of public opinion, with the contemptible assassin who attempts to murder his well-deserved reputation.

The Fenian cause, which has of late been in a sore decline, has been very materially bolstered up by the alliance with "Le Lias E. de Liberte," a French Canadian organization formed for the purpose of shaking the yoke of the mother country, and coming under the folds of the Star Spangled Banner. England can not afford to let the French-Canadians and Irish-Americans, as it were, be in a very short time, unless the United States Government chooses to open its mouth to receive the offered plan. But we have plums enough, and not worth our while to fight for any more, at least until the Southern plums are put back into the great governmental pudding.

New York seems to be "growing up its growth," and as it is surrounded by its strength. Magnificent prime mansions are springing up from day to day. On Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth streets, a magnificent brown stone palace has just been finished, which cost about \$120,000. Near it, on the same street, four handsome residences have just been put up at a cost of \$60,000. Several similar buildings are now in progress of erection on Lexington Avenue, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets. Five more are some sort are going up on Forty-sixth street. It is said that an ever-growing city, Paris and London, look to their laurels.

History, the great Italian tragedienne, is still delighting the European world. It has, it is said, been undertaken to engage her for a professional tour on the American Continent. She was the only rival of the great Rachel. We saw her in Paris ten years ago, and could not now get her back in New York, or to appear to dispute the greatest actress living. If James Gordon Bennett wishes to play a card that will trump the tricks of all the non-Herald-advertising managers, let him build a theatre in New York in which to give her a head, and set up a company in it with the great historical head. We do not make this suggestion to injure the managers, nor to benefit the Herald; but we are appalled by the purely selfish motive of wanting to see her play once or several times more.

The members of the photographic profession are grumbling about the Internal Revenue Tax. They complain that "apothecaries, confectioners, lawyers, produce brokers, &c., &c.," are only paying twenty cents on the dollar, while the photographers have to pay twenty dollars. They have sent a memorial to Congress, asking them to "look upon this picture, and on this," and not to compel a man to pay twenty dollars for a picture of his own family, or of a star, or of a comet, or of a landscape.

Should this letter reach you in time for publication on "New Year's Day," I trust it may amuse and interest the ladies—a happy new year to you!

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Messrs. COURTENAY & TRENHOLM, Commission and Forwarding Merchants, Newberry, & C., will be prepared to furnish TRANSPORTATION FOR COITON to Columbia, S. C., from all points on the Greenville Railroad and the Blue Ridge Railroad, at greatly reduced rates, upon the completion of the South Carolina Railroad to Columbia, which may be expected on 1st of January, 1866. For particulars address us at Newberry Court House. Wm. G. December 27

NOTICE TO THE CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON.—Dr. W. M. L. FOSS offers his PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Charleston, and calls their attention to his treatment of Chronic Diseases generally, especially Chronic Cutaneous Diseases, delicate affections and Carbuncle—as his treatment in those diseases is far superior and entirely different to the old mode of practice, and based on a successful experience of more than twelve years' standing. No mercury, arsenic, iodine, caustic nor acids used, and no particular restrictions requisite as to diet.

I have been practicing medicine in Barnwell District for sixteen years, and am well acquainted with the effects and treatment that procure and moribund agent, misanthropic fever, convulsions, chorea, and other diseases which the human system is liable; and has cured inveterate cases of cutaneous diseases in a few weeks that had existed for years and bailed all previous treatment.

Office and residence, No. 183 KING-STREET. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, December 6 mwt17\* W. M. L. FOSS, M. D.

THE WEEKLY RECORD CAN BE PURCHASED AT H. P. RUGG'S, Market-street, and M. M. QUINN'S, King-street, at which places newshoppers can be supplied.

No papers will be sold from the Office in Hayne-street. December 16

DR. H. BAER.—OFFICE AT THE DRUG STORE OF Mr. A. C. PHIN, Meeting street, near Market. November 22

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Charleston, December 29, 1865.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—THE Annual Meeting of the Corporation of this Church will be held in the Lecture Room, To-morrow Afternoon, 2d January, at 4 o'clock. The punctual attendance of the few-holders is particularly requested.

By order of the President. January 1 1\* R. B. DOWIE, Secretary.

THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK OF CHARLESTON.—January 1, 1866.—In conformity with the charter, and by order of the Board of Directors, this Bank will be open for business To-morrow, the 2d inst., at 9 o'clock A. M.

NOTICE.—CONSIGNEES PER SCHOONER AND PAUST, from New York, are hereby notified that she is *This Day* discharging at Ker's Wharf. Goods remaining on the wharf at sunset will be stored at expense and risk of owners.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.—THE SCHOONER "AB," from Baltimore, is *This Day* discharging at Ker's Wharf. All goods remaining on wharf at sunset, will be stored at risk and expense of owners.

CONSIGNEES' NOTICE.—THE MERCHANTS' REGULAR LINE SCHOONER LOUISE CROCKETT, will commence discharging cargo at Adger's Wharves *This Day*. All Goods not called for at sunset, will be stored at their risk and expense.

GENERAL TAX OFFICE, MARKET HALL, MEETING-STREET, JANUARY 1, 1866.—Public notice is hereby given that this Office will be open *This Day*, and on each succeeding day, (Sundays excepted), from 9 o'clock, A. M. to 3 P. M., until the first day of February, inst., for the receipt of Returns of Tarable Property in the Parishes of St. Philip and St. Michael.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHARLESTON.—CHARLESTON, 30TH DECEMBER, 1865.—In pursuance of authority from the Comptroller of the Currency, and by virtue of a resolution of the Board of Directors, this Bank will commence business on Tuesday, 2d January, at 9 o'clock A. M., at their Banking House, formerly "Bank of Charleston."

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST THE ESTATE OF WILLIAM BIRNIE, deceased, will please send in the same, duly attested; and all persons indebted to the same, will please make payment to the undersigned.

NOTICE TO COTTON AND NAVAL STORES SHIPPERS.—The undersigned is prepared to issue FULL ASH ADVANCES on shipments of 100,000 lbs. of class Horses in New York and Liverpool.

NOTICE TO LOTHOLDERS.—IN CONSEQUENCE of the depositions being committed on the Grounds, no one will be allowed to attend to any lot except those employed by the Company.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—CHARLESTON DISTRICT.—By GEORGE BUIST, Esq., Ordinary.—Whereas CHAS. H. BEHRE, of Charleston, "Jeweler," made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of HENRY SCHROEDER, late of Charleston, Store Keeper; There are, therefore, to cite and admonish all singular and the kindred and creditors of the said HENRY SCHROEDER, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Ordinary, on the 15th day of January, 1866, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

AWAY WITH SPECTACLES.—OLD EYES made new, without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free on receipt of ten cents. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

HILL'S HAIR DYE—FIFTY CENTS.—BLACK OR BROWN.—Instantaneous in effect, reliable for natural appearance, beauty of color and durability; also the cheapest and best in use. Depot, No. 66 John street, corner of Willis street, New York, and sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Stores everywhere.

MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, AN ESSAY OF WARNING AND INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG MEN, just published by the Howard Association, and sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

ITCH! ITCH! ITCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!—WHEATON'S OINTMENT WILL CURE THE ITCH IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS. Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, No. 170 Washington-street, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—"GREAT OAKS FROM little acorns grow." The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the talbages and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. MAGGIE'S BLOODS, DYSPEPTIC, and DIARRHEA PILLS cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, MAGGIE'S Salve is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGIE, No. 43 Fulton-street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

### STEELE'S "HAT HALL"

"HAT HALL" CIRCULAR. JANUARY 1st, 1866.

IN ADDRESSING HIS NEW YEAR CIRCULAR TO the public, the Proprietor of the almost world-renowned "HAT HALL," No. 225 King-street, opposite the Merchants' Hotel, cannot permit the occasion to pass without expressing his heartfelt thanks to his very numerous patrons for the very liberal manner in which they have shown their appreciation of the great reduction made in the prices of HATS since the opening of the "HAT HALL," in 1849.

The Past and the Future, with curtains hung, separates from our view that which we once saw and that which is yet to be seen. But Memory, grateful Memory, brings to the mind of the Proprietor of the "HAT HALL" the Past. It is truly a privilege, allowed us by Him who watches over us, to recall to view in the mind acts of kindness received from fellow-men.

In this strain of thought, STEELE returns his thanks to the public in general for the unbounded, yes, unequalled, support which he has received—particularly the support received since his return from active service in the "Confederate Army," which he joined with honest convictions in defence of his dear, dear, Sunny South.

The earth upon its axis turns, And many people frown; Revolutions, now and then, Must turn them upside down.

STEELE'S "HAT HALL" WAS INSTITUTED IN 1849, under just canvas enough to steady the ship into port with its first stock of merchandise, which goods were readily bought up, for which STEELE will ever feel grateful; since which time the watchword has been "onward!" "onward!"—for but two things are requisite for success, and these two things are absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of the desired object.

They are—first, a foundation in truth, treating all alike, on the one-price system of doing business, which is a good basis; and then, indomitable and well-directed energy for its full development to an actuality, which means something more than simply opening a store and filling the shelves with goods, and standing up and looking at them.

No one yet ever accomplished anything great who did not aim high; and many things, regarded in the outset as impossible, have been accomplished by energy and perseverance, backed by a high and noble resolve to do all that could be done by human effort. That the will is almighty, is too strong a term; but there are few things below the stars that human effort and ingenuity cannot reach.

For the future, we would recommend to those who purchased in the past to continue, for mutual interest, to deal at the "HAT HALL." The true, the "HAT HALL" has rules which govern its dealings. It solicits only cash trade, and proves that the prices are lower for HATS and CAPS sold there than the same goods can be procured for elsewhere. There are some who may have disapproved of the rules; but as STEELE approves of them, that settles the question.

In pausing a moment to query myself, what next? bright-eyed Fancy seized my hand, and rose with me softly into the air, about as high as a prudent balloon would think it safe to go; then suddenly—no, that's a little too strong; I must not try to excite my readers' credulity—say, then, I went at a speed about half way between a streak of lightning and a streak of chalk. I think that would be safe, "in *medios res tutissimus ibis*." At any rate, in about three minutes, I wrote and dedicated to the public the following:

Of all the thousands that have bought STEELE'S Hats and Caps, so finely wrought, Some, although "few and far between," Perhaps have disappointed been. If so, albeit he has not heard That disappointment has occurred; He stands prepared (if proof there be), The oversight to remedy— For 'tis his rule, repeated o'er, To every salesman in his store, To think no time or pains ill spent, That gives a customer content.

When the "HAT HALL" was planted, it contained the germ of success, which then only needed the fostering care of a discriminating public to bring it to full maturity. This care has been exercised, and the fruits have been partaken of by thousands who acknowledge its utility. It is no longer an experiment, nor do the prospects of its humble founder rest upon conjecture. It is firmly established in public estimation, and bids fair to live long, producing and reproducing advantages to many.

Hats! Caps! I AM NOW OPENING, AT THE NEW HAT STORE, No. 261 King street, opposite Hasel, A VARIETY OF NEW AND GRACEFUL HATS AND CAPS, For Gent's and Boy's Wear,

ALL THE LATEST STYLES, VIZ: The Lapland Seal Hats, Black. Lapland Seal Hats, Brown. Drab Dashers, Blue Saratoga. Black Saratoga. Brown Russer. Black Derby. Golden and Faust Hats.

Also, Men's English Turban Caps. Men's Blue Navy Caps, &c., &c. C. H. JOHNSON, No. 269 King street, OPPOSITE HASEL.

MANHATTAN HOTEL, MURRAY STREET, SECOND DOOR FROM BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE PARK, NEW YORK.

### The first National Bank of Charleston.

Charleston, Dec. 30, 1865. An Unternehmung mit der Autorität dem Comptroller der Currency, um in Folge eines Befehls des Director, mich hiesigen Bank für die Geschäfts am Dienstag den 2ten Januar um 9 Uhr Morgens, in ihrem Bank Gebäude, früher Bank von Charleston eröffnen.

COMMON CLOTHING, LOW-PRICED KERSEY, AND SATINET PANTS AND JACKETS, At Wholesale. EDWIN BATES & CO., No. 124 Meeting street.

ENGLISH CUTLERY. DIRECT IMPORTATION. JUST RECEIVED, AN INVOICE OF ENGLISH CUTLERY, CONSISTING OF 100 VARIETIES—POCKET KNIVES, SHOE KNIVES, BUTCHER KNIVES, TABLE KNIVES AND FORKS, SCISSORS, SHEARS.

The attention of dealers is solicited to this superior variety. EDWIN BATES & CO., No. 124 Meeting street.

PAPER AND STATIONERY WAREHOUSE, JOB PRINTING OFFICE, ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTORY, SOUTHWEST CORNER MEETING AND MARKET STS.

JOSEPH WALKER, AGENT AND PRINTER OF TYPE, PRESSE AND PRINTING MATERIAL, STATIONERY, WRAPPING PAPERS, AND BAGS.

CHECKS AND BLANK BOOKS ON THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK. JOB PRINTING AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE.

AGENCY FOR HERRING & CO'S PATENT CHAMPION FIRE, DAMP AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

HERRING & CO. HAVING HAD OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' experience in the business, and their SAFES having stood most successfully the severest tests, both of Fire and Burglars, and being used by large proportions of Banks and others through the whole country, they are offered for sale with the utmost confidence.

The inner lining of the BURGLAR PROOF SAFES is composed of HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION CRYSTALLIZED IRON, which has withstood successfully all attempts of the best mechanics to DRILL through it. The following is one of many of the largest Foundations in the country, including the Novelty Iron Works, New York, April 19, 1862.

Messrs. HERRING & Co., 231 Broadway, GENTLEMEN—I have given HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION CRYSTALLIZED IRON a thorough test, and find it a perfect protection against BURGLARS. I put it in the hands of one of our best mechanics, and find it will resist any Drill we can make, after a long trial, and will resist any Blow we can make. WE ARE OBLIGED TO ACKNOWLEDGE OUR INABILITY TO PENETRATE IT. I consider it impossible for a Burglar to put a hole through it by any Drills he can use, when placed as you use it in your BURGLAR PROOF SAFES. Very respectfully, MIERS CORTELL, Superintendent.

JOHN J. TAYLOR & CO., SUCCESSORS TO CAMERON & CO., OF THE PHENIX IRON WORKS, TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING THEIR FRIENDS and the public that they have resumed business at the old stand on Fritchard-street, and are prepared to enter into contracts for MANUFACTURING every description of castings, from the North or from Europe; and hope, by strict attention to business, to merit the patronage heretofore liberally extended to the old firm.

Mr. HENRY A. BIEN will be happy to attend to the wants of our friends in the Boiler Department. Repairs promptly attended to. Charleston, January 1, 1866.

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