Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number.

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE. GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, JULY. 5, 1866. VOL. XIX.—NO. 23

Business Directory.

Business Directory.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL, WILL BEAT HOME FOR CONSULTATION on to 11 o'clock, a. m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day.

G. C. Shannon, M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C.W. 19:40-1y

DR. McLEAN, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School

DR. A. WORTHINGTON, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., will attend, particularly, to diseases of and surgical operations upon the eye. MOWICK VILLAGE, Dec. 15, 1865. w47-1y

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-Law, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office a Court House v14n40

M. C. Cameron, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston street, Goderich, C.W

Sinclair & Walker, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office, over the Store of J. V. Detlor & Son, Goderich.

Henry McDermot, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Notaries Public, &c., West Street, Goderich. 10:1

John Davison, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c Office, Market Square, Corner of Kingston Street, Goderich. 9:42

John B. Gordon, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Canada West. Office—on the South side of West Street, third door from the Court-House Square.

D. Shade Gooding, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., GODERICH, C. W.—OFFICE—Up Stairs Watson's Block, West St., entrance First Door west of Glasgow House.

Toms & Moore, ATTORNIES, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK. TOMS & MOORE. mw1ac. moore. Goderich, August 27th, 1864. mw103w31

William T Hays, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Goderich, C.W.—Office, over C. E. Archibald's Store, Crabb's Block. v15n19

Money to Lend on Real Property

H. L. Doyle, BARRISTER, &c., GODERICH, C. W. OFFICE—Crabb's New Block.

S. P. YEOMANS, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.—Office Corner of Hamilton street and the Square, in the building lately erected by J. C. McIntosh, Esq., Goderich.

J. Y. Ellwood, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Blake's Block, opposite the Post Office, Goderich. January 3, 1866. mw37

William Fraser, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Walkerton, Co. of Bruce. v16n16ly

Thomas Weatherald, CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor. Toronto Street, Goderich. v10n3

A. Bay, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR AND Civil Engineer, Clinton. July 1, '61.

L. B. Hamlin, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine

Consulate of the United States of America. DARK'S HOTEL. Office hours from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style. Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. (mw v1n7)ly

G. M. TRUEMAN LAND AGENT, Market Square, Goderich. Teams CLINTON every Wednesday, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 81:10

John Campbell, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broadway, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 9:9

Peter M'Rae, FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, INVERHURON, C. W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1ly

W. M. SAVAGE, BUYS and sells New York Drafts—Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money, at current rate of exchange. 19th Dec., 1865. w47-1yr

DENTISTRY.

DR. PHELPS, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Goderich, C. W. Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store. January 12th, 1865. mw38-ly

GEORGE FORBES, AGENT of the C. W. Farmers Mutual and Stock Company, Hamilton, C. W. G. Forbes, Lot 26, Con 2, Morris. Thistle, P. O. w8 1y

British American Assurance Co. FIRE & MARINE. JOHN BIGGS, Agent. Bayfield, C. W., April 16, 1865. w12

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

FIRE, LIFE & MARINE.

British American Insurance Co. Head Office, TORONTO. Capital $400,000. Marine Department. GEORGE RUMBALL, & Co., Agents.

Western Insurance Company Limited, NON-TARIFF OFFICE, ENGLAND, FOR FIRE, LIFE AND MARINE. CAPITAL, £1,000,000 STERLING. Chief Offices—7 Waterloo Place, London 77 King St., Manchester. *Chairman*—J. Temperton Hibbert, Esq., M. P., for Oldham, Reform Club, London, and the Grange, Urmston, near Manchester. *General Manager*—Arthur Scratchley, Esq., M. A., formerly Fellow and Sadlerian Lecturer, Queen's College, Cambridge. Head Office for B. N. A., Ontario Hall, Church Street, Toronto. SCOTT & DEGRASSI, Managers. B.N.A. CAPT. R. THOMAS, Marine Inspector. GEO. RUMBALL, & Co., Agents.

QUEEN FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO. Capital Two Millions Sterling. Chief Office, Queen Insurance Buildings, Liverpool. CANADA BRANCH OFFICE, UNION BUILDINGS, MONTREAL. BOARD: WILLIAM MOLSON, Esq., Chairman, Thomas, Kay, Esq., Hon. John Young, Henry Thomas, Esq., David Torrance, Esq. *Bankers*—Molson's Bank. *Legal Advisers*—Messrs. Torrance & Morris. *Medical Adviser*—Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M. D., *Surveyor*—James H. Soringle, Esq. *Auditor*—Thomas R. Johnson, Esq. *Resident Secretary and General Agent*—M. Mackenzie Forbes, Esq. Union Buildings, 26 St., Francois Xavier Street. GEO. RUMBALL, & Co., Agents.

The above Companies take risks on the most favourable terms. GEO. RUMBALL & Co. Goderich, 3rd April, 1866. w10

London and Paris Treatment!

DR. JOHNSON'S Office and Dispensary, No. 64, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL. For the Cure of Chronic Complaints, Scrofula, Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Blood, Seminal Weakness; and all Female Complaints, &c.

DR. JOHNSON, LATE OF LONDON, EDINburgh and Paris, devotes his attention, exclusively, to the Treatment of the Complaints referred to in this notice. Many years experience in Europe, and the British Colonies, enables him to perform some very remarkable cures; and has facilities for obtaining the best and latest remedies are such, being in correspondence with the most celebrated physicians of the old world, that he can offer inducements to the unfortunate of a speedy and perfect cure.

☞ STRENGTH TO THE WEAK.—Dr Johnson's Remedies will restore in a very short time, all who are inflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Vigor, &c.

☞ YOUNG MEN, TAKE NOTICE.—There is an evil habit often contracted by boys at school, which grows up with them to manhood; the effects of this evil practice is most deplorable, often producing insanity, &c., &c. All who are afflicted should apply to Dr Johnson immediately and he will effect a speedy and perfect cure.

☞ DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, &c.—It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to disease owing to the unskilful and improper use of mercury. Dr. Johnson's Compound Syrup will thoroughly eradicate all disease arising from a diseased or impure state of the blood. Remedies forwarded in safety to any address. Office hours from 8 till 12, and from 2 till 8. All communications should be addressed, Dr. Chas. F. Johnson, 64, Little St. James Street, Montreal, C. E.

CANADIAN AXES

THE Subscribers having commenced the Axe making in connection with the Blacksmith business at their old stand, corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse street, where farmers can get

A Good, Home-Made Axe

At a reasonable figure. We are also prepared to jump old axes and make them as good as new.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Mill Picks Made or Sharpened!

And warranted to do good work.

JOHN McPHERSON & Co. Goderich, Dec. 5, 1865. mw37

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ST. CATHERINES NURSERIES.

INASMUCH as certain persons are selling trees in the Counties of Huron and Bruce under the false pretence that they are obtained from the St. Catherines Nurseries, this is to certify that Messrs. James Stewart and Robert Gordan are the only persons now authorized to sell trees from my nurseries in those Counties.

D. W. BEADLE, Proprietor. 25 May, 1866. w18 1yr

THE undersigned, Agents for the above Nurseries, are prepared to fill alt order in their line, and as they make their selections personally, their patrons may rely upon it that no pains will be spared to give satisfaction.

STEWART & GORDON. June 1st, 1866.

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell C.W

JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on the Shortest Notice. 14-7

CANADIAN HOTEL, CLINTON, C. W. W. TUDSBURY, Proprietor. THE establishment is furnished with all the requirements essential to the comfort of guests. w34tf

D. McDougall & Co. LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w5-1yr

BY-LAW.

WHEREAS the Municipal Corporation of the Township of Howick, in the County of Huron, have resolved, to make the improvements within said Corporation, set out and described in the schedule hereto annexed.

And whereas to carry into effect the said recited object, it will be necessary for the said Municipal Corporation to raise the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars in the manner hereinafter mentioned.

And whereas it will require the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said loan or debt and interest, as also hereinafter mentioned.

And whereas the amount of the whole rateable property of the said Municipality, irrespective of any future increase of the same, and also irrespective of any income to be derived from the temporary investment of the Sinking Fund hereinafter mentioned, or any part thereof, according to the last revised assessment roll of the said Municipality, being for the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty six was three hundred and ninety seven thousand eight hundred and thirty nine dollars,

And whereas for paying the interest and creating an equal yearly Sinking Fund for paying the said sum of two thousand five hundred dollars and interest, as hereinafter mentioned, it will require an equal annual special rate of $\frac{1}{10}$ 7 mills in the dollar in addition to all rates to be levied in each year.

Be it therefore enacted by the Municipal Corporation of the Township of Howick.

1 That it shall be lawful for the Reeve to raise by way of loan from any person or persons, body or bodies corporate who may be willing to advance the same upon the credit of the debentures hereinafter mentioned, a sum of money not exceeding in the whole the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, and to cause the same to be paid into the hands of the Treasurer for the purpose and with the object above recited.

2 That it shall be lawful for the said Reeve to cause any number of debentures to be made for such sums of money as may be required, not less that one hundred dollars each and that the said debentures shall be sealed with the seal of the said Municipal Corporation and be signed by the said Reeve.

3 That the said debentures shall be made payable in five years after date from the day hereinafter mentioned for this Provision to take effect at the office of the Treasurer of this Municipality, and shall have attached to them coupons for the payment of interest.

4 That the said debentures shall bear interest at and after the rate of six per cent, per annum, from the date thereof; which interest shall be payable on the first days of January and the 1st day July in each year at the office of the Treasurer aforesaid.

5 That for the purpose of forming a Sinking Fund for the payment of the said debentures and the interest at the rate aforesaid to become due thereon, an equal special rate of $\frac{1}{10}$ 1 7 mills in the dollar, shall, in addition to all other rates, be raised, levied, and collected in each year upon all the rateable property in the said Municipality during the continuences of the said debentures or any of them.

6 That this By Law shall take effect and come into operation upon the first day of August one thousand eight hundred and sixty six.

Schedule to the above recited By-Law.

Ward No one, con	10 & 11	$57
"	12 & 13	45
"	15 16,	45
	16 & 17	28
Pridge	10 & 11	78
Sideline	5 &	45
"	10 11	45
"	15,16	45
Con	14 15	45
Wardtw., Con	10 & 11	42
"	12 13	45
"	14 15	56
"	16 17	28
Sideline	20 & 21	102
"	30 31	112
Ward 3 Bridge at Fordwich		137
do at Newbridge		205
do 4th & 5th Con		56
do on 6th & 7th Con		91
do on sideline 5 & 6		102
Ward No 4, Bridge on Con 2 & 3		256
do on Con C. sideline 20 & 21		86
Cutting hill on Con C		113
Ward 5, Bridge at Wroxeter		284
Sideline 5 & 6		45
Sideline 15 & 16		45
Con 14 & 15		45
Con 13		18
Sideline 20 & 21 on 13		18

Take notice that the above is a true Copy of a proposed By Law, which will be taken into consideration by the Council of this Municipality after one month from the first publication in the *Huron Signal* the 28th day of June, 1866, and that the votes of the electors of the said Municipality, will be taken thereon at the polling places in each ward where the last Municipal election was held on Friday and Saturday, the 27th & 28th of July next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the Returning Officers appointed are the same as at the last Municipal election.

GEORGE DANE, T'p Clerk. Howick, June the 20th, 1866. w2241

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

United Counties of Huron and Bruce, to wit: } BY virtue of a writ of Vendition Exponas and Fieri Facias for residue issued out of Her Majesty's County Court of the United Counties of Huron and Bruce, and to me directed against the lands and tenements of John Brinley the younger at the suit of James Rhynas, I have seized and taken in Execution all the right title and interest of said defendant in and to the west half of Lot Number one in the ninto Concession Western Division of the Township of Colborne, in the County of Huron, containing Fifty acres more or less, which lands and tenements I shall offer for sale at my office in the Court House, in the Town of Goderich on Tuesday the twenty first day of July next, at the hour of Twelve of the clock, noon.

JHN MACDONALD, *Sheriff H. & B*

Sheriff's Office, Goderich. 25th June, 1866. w22

MONEY TO LEND.

THE HURON & ERIE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

The above Society is prepared to make

ADVANCES ON IMPROVED Farm Property. ON MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

The cost of effecting a Loan will be found much lower than in other Societies of a similar nature. The attention of the Borrower is called to the fact, that he will receive the full amount of the Loan, without any deduction being made for interest or payments in advance.

Advances may be repaid Monthly or Yearly, extending over a period of from one to fifteen years.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO S. POLLOCK, Agent and Valuator for the Society at Goderich. Goderich, C.W., 1866. w13

MONEY to Loan at reasonable rates. Apply to M. C. CAMERON. Goderich.

[From the People.]

JULIA MAY.

BY M. G. C.

"Here are my orders, sir," said young Lieutenant Beauville to his uncle, as they met on Tremont street, "and we leave Boston tomorrow."

"I regret to lose you, but when honor and duty call, I bid you a God speed."

"I gladly hasten to my command, sir," was the reply; "but one thought alone unnerves me—and that is of Julia. Will you, dear uncle, inform her of this news? I will be with you this evening;" and hurrying on, Mr. Beauville proceeded alone homeward.

"I am glad to see him so eager and willing to leave a pleasant city home for a soldier's life; it shows a love for his profession I almost feared he had not," mused Mr. Beauville, as he ascended the steps of a handsome residence in —— street.

Mr. Beauville was a retired merchant living in Boston, and his hopes were centred in his young soldier nephew, and his young ward Julia May, left to his care by her father, an old friend of his. He had brought up and loved the young girl as his own. The only wish left unfulfilled had been realized, when Julia, laying her head on his shoulder, had murmured, "Charles loves me, and I ask your approval;" which was gladly given.

A gay voice, carolling "Love on," aroused him from his reverie; and meeting the tender glance of his young ward, he drew her to his arms, and they went to the conservatory, where stood Mrs. Dale the lady who superintended his establishment. They were chatting merrily as they culled some flowers to decorate their drawing-room, and he felt grieved to sadden that young heart.

"How can I thank you enough for this little gem of a conservatory? How exquisite that half-blown Japonica is; now sweet that Jasmine; and there is a Laurel. Who knows but the leaves of my Laurel may deck the brow of our brave soldier yet? In olden times young maidens wove Laurel wreaths for their heroes victorious from the war, and would it not be my pride?"

"Yes, dear girl," Mr. Beauville replied, "a soldier's reward is in the praise of his country-men; and may it be the fate of our loved one to return victorious to our home."

"Return, papa! What mean you?" asked the startled girl.

"Why, the troops have been ordered to Mexico, and Charles must go. You know, dear, we have been expecting this some time."

"Yes, dear papa, expecting, but hoping not," Julia exclaimed, with eyes that glistened like dew drops in the sun. "When will he have to go?"

"It may be next week—it may be to-morrow; but they are ordered immediately. Cheer up your hero, my pet. A soldier's bride must never weaken his heart."

"Only one minute, papa, and then I am your little heroine once more. I have you still, and that will ever be my comfort. Ah! I may have to twine a cypress wreath instead of the laurel, papa. I am brave now, and there is a ring at the door. It may be our soldier."

Calmly both Mr. Beauville and Julia sat that evening, and talked over their plans for the future. The clock struck twelve, and then Charles rose to say goodnight and good bye, too, for on the dawn of the morrow his company left for Washington. The stern looking uncle wept like a child; the young soldier faltered his farewell; and the young gay maiden gently bowed her head, and clung to her lover in speechless grief, till he placed her in his uncle's arms, and hastened off.—Then the young maiden wept as if her very heart was wrung; for it is the saddest trial earth can have, to bid farewell to one you love to face the cannon's mouth.

Months passed. Our glorious troops had faithfully done their duty. Taylor was victorious everywhere. Worth—brave, chivalrous Worth—had added new glory to his name; and our army had added imperishable renown to its name.

Lieut. Charles Beauville had distinguished himself, and been mentioned by the Commander-in Chief as deserving promotion for great services. Mr. Beauville and Julia read with proud and grateful hearts of their young hero.

Letters full of love came to the maiden, and they left comforted and happy. Battle after battle was fought and won by our troops, but Charles Beauville escaped unhurt. At the battle of Molino del Bey he fell, wounded severely; and for weeks lay suffering unconscious of all. The sad news reached the loved ones at home, and suspense and grief were added to their fearful hearts.

Don Bernardo de Aguila was a man of great wealth, one of the old Castilians, who prided themselves upon their ancestry. He was a devout Catholic, and lived in almost regal style. He was a widower, with two daughters. They had just returned from Spain, where they had been educated in all that could enrich the mind and adorn the manners; and now they were gladdening the heart of their proud old father, and cheering their ancestral home. The war had approached so near them, that Don Bernardo, deeming it prudent, had placed his daughters in strict retirement, under the surveillance of his brother, a priest of the adjoining convent.

Father Laramee was a good, pious man, beloved by all. He was all gentleness to his nieces, and they, although feeling their absence from home, yet rejoiced to be with their good uncle.

Eugenie and Isabelle de Aguila were both very beautiful. Isabelle had that rich, dark complexion which bespoke her Castilian descent, eyes black and fringed with lashes falling over and resting on her cheek, trying to hide the soft, liquid light of those mirrors of her bright soul. Eugenie was like her sister, but her eyes were of celestial hue, and her hair in ringlets of sunny brown around her well-shaped head. Isabelle was truly a Spanish beauty, with that quick, impetuous, passionate manner so irresistible to us of a colder clime. Eugenie was quiet and retiring, and very winning and attractive.

The first few weeks after their removal to the convent, the young girls spent a quiet time. Isabelle was weary, and willing to run almost any risk to be home once more. The dull convent life ill suited the spoiled beauty. Madame rumor spoke much of the fine young officers, Americans, and the two maidens felt great curiosity to see some of these invaders of the sacred soil of their sunny Mexico.—Their wishes were soon granted.

One evening, about twilight, a loud ringing of the bell alarmed the inmates of the convent. On opening the gate, they found armed men, accompanied by Father Laramee, bearing two American officers on litters.—Breathlessly the girls listened with hearts full of sympathy, to their uncle:

"Ask the Abbess to step here. These men are wounded nigh unto death. They are our foes, but we must not let them perish. Tell Sieur Marie to come quickly;" and Father Laramee, intent upon his task of humanity and love, bent over the wounded men, unaware of the presence of his nieces, until the Abbess, who was praying over the 'heretics,' called his attention to them.

It was Major Charles Beauville and Captain Lear, who were thus introduced to the kind care of the Abbess and sisters of the Convent of St.——

The officers slowly recovered; their hours of convalescence soothed by the gentle care and lively society of the heiresses of the Aguilas; the good, unsuspecting priest often enlivening the tedium of their illness, too. Often did the eloquent eyes of Isabelle, and the soft, dove-like ones of Eugenie, meet those of the young Americans.

Did not thought of the gentle Northern maiden come to cheer your lonely hours, Major Beauville, that you sigh for the coming of the queenly Isabelle? I fear not. The present is too pleasant for a glance at the past, and you are giving yourself up to the dream of "*la Senorita.*" Your honor, Charles Beauville, is in peril now. The maiden to whom your troth is plighted, has your laurel wreath woven, and your old uncle and betrothed await your coming with hearts which no thought of inconstancy ever enters. Her morning prayer is for your safety, and her evening thought is "one day the less before my hero comes."

Our army had entered the Halls of the Montezumas, and were revelling there. Don Aguila had brought his daughters back to his castle. It was the eighteenth birth-day of Isabelle, and the old castle was in its holiday attire—a *fete* day to its occupants. Gay laughter, joyous voices, bewitching music, rang through the groves. Dons and senoritas, in bright attire, thronged there to help to celebrate the galaday of one so beautiful and beloved as Isabelle.

Don Bernardo de Aguila stood receiving his guests in that large old drawing room, filled with pictures of rare art and beautiful statuary; yet more attractive than all else were Isabelle and Eugenie, by their proud old father's side.

"Eugenie, who are they?" asked Isabelle, with kindling eye and rosy cheek, as two young officers, bending low before Don Bernardo, paid their respects to the host. A look full of meaning was the only reply, as their father introduced the Senorinas Aguila to Major Beauville and Captain Lear, of the American, army, brave and gallant.

"Ah, Charles, why does your cheek flush, and your eye sparkle, as you ask the hand of Isabelle for the dance? And why, Isabelle, does your heart flutter so wildly, and your cheek take its rosiest hue?

Captain Lear is busy talking to Eugenie now. Their meeting was quiet, but the gentle Eugenie looked agitated, and Captain Lear anything but the calm, stern soldier he usually looked.

We will listen to them. He has drawn her to a low seat half hid by a massive red curtain, and his voice is low and earnest.

"You can hardly guess how I have longed for this day. I have lived upon the hope of seeing you again. Those dear days at the convent, when your fairy fingers touched the guitar, and the sweet voice, whose slightest tone would raise an echo in my soul, sang for me—will they ever come again? Do you ever remember them, my pearl? Eugenie, the day we parted I told you my love, and you reproved me not. Those six weeks at the convent of St.——, are my constant thought. May I ask you of your father?—Will you share a soldier's fortunes, and be my loved and honored wife?"

She placed her hand in his: "Clarence, I am yours, now and forever. But my father—what will he say? The first duty of a maiden is to her father. Mine is indulgent and kind, but wedded to his country."

"We will go to your father, now, Eugenie; on this day his heart is open to every kind thought. Even the heavens smile upon the *fete* of our fair sister: they will smile upon us. Come!"

Don Fernando stood alone in his library, looking out upon the many groups gathered in his grounds with a pleased air, as if thoughts very genial pleased him, when Eugenie and Captain Lear entered. He courteously saluted his guests, but they, kneeling at his feet, asked his consent to their love.—He drew his daughter to his breast, and looked with an astonished and angry air at the young officer; Captain Lear, in an earnest tone, mingled with deep respect, asked of him his daughter. The proud young soldier, with honest look and manly tone, spoke:

"Don Fernando, I ask your daughter as my wife. I will cherish her, God helping me, with the tenderest love. I ask you for her as the most precious gift in your power to bestow. I cannot boast of descent from kings, but I boast an unsullied name, bequeathed to me by generations. I will protect your child to my latest breath. My position you know. My mother writes her blessing."

Don Fernando's brow cleared. His face showed emotion, as he turned again to the window. Eugenie twined her arms around him, murmuring in thrilling accents:

"Father, my life is bound in his. In my sainted mother's name, thwart not my happiness. They say I am like her: look at me, and grant our request. Father, I would fade like a snow drop without him."

The proud old Don, the loving old father, bent his head until his gray locks mingled with her sunny curls.

"Young man, here is my child: She is yours. I am called a cold, proud man; yet my children's happiness is my first, yes, my only object in life. I admire your noble independence, and I trust you. I have guarded her from every ill even a passing breeze has not swept her cheek roughly. Do thou the same. I have heard of you most favorably, but dream not that you would win my gentle child. Leave me now. I would be alone. Eugenie, loved miniature of my saint in Heaven, I bless thee in this, thy heart's love."

Meekly the young officer's head was bowed before that grave old father, and they left his presence in silence, feeling awed, but inexpressibly happy. We will leave them and follow Major Beauville and Isabelle. They are promenading in the garden, both radiant looking.

"Miss Isabelle, so this is your *fete* day? What exquisite happiness to see yourself so loved, so caressed. Even now I see the envious glances of many a stately Don, that I should monopolize a few moments of your precious time. All happiness, many a *fete* day, Senorita."

"Indeed, major Beauville, I do feel flattered. Some say life is dark and cheerless; but my life is very happy. I have so many to love me, and but one thing to sadden me," she faltered; "and that a Spanish maiden ought not to say. But why should I thus speak to you?" she impetuously exclaimed, with flushed cheek and quivering lip.

"Why?" replied he, "Why, Isabelle? One thought so sudden—your bright soul is anguish to me. My angle of light—my beautiful, peerless one, not a solitary thought should sadden you, were you my own, that Charles Beauville could save you from. In tears, Isabelle?"

"I am wrong, forgive me; but until yesterday, when I met you, I knew not that I felt such repugnance to my doom. When you told your love, my own heart was laid open to me, and I shuddered to find my own untrue to its owner, and true, too true, to you."

"But why shudder, Isabelle? Only give me a right to ask for you, and I will shield you from every ill. I met Father Laramee only to-day, and he spoke most kindly to me. Here comes your father. Let me ask him."

"No, not now; we will meet again soon."

"Isabelle, my child, Don Luis de Casde has arrived, and wishes to see his future bride. I intended a joyful surprise for you. You must receive him in the drawing-room. Give your father the proud pleasure of leading you to the chosen one of his heart as your future lord. You are pale, my love; come, meet Don Luis with your brightest look, and with an affable bow." Don Fernando led away Isabelle.

"Now I see what she fears," muttered Maj. Beauville. "What is before me I could I had known this sooner," and in gloomy foreboding he walked towards a more secluded spot, and in a few moments he was followed by the happy Capt Lear.

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A wedding in the Castle of De Aguila! The little chapel was open, Father Laramee stood within the altor. Gay Spanish beauties, and many a stately Don were gathered there.

It was the bridal day of Eugenie de Aguila. Capt. Lear was anxious to bear his Southern flower to his Northern home before summer passed. Don Bernardo, now that his consent was given, after a long conversation with Capt Lear, yielded to their wishes. Music, soft, sweet music, is floating on the air.

"Joy to the bride!" some young maidens in white, with baskets of flowers, are singing as they strew them in her path

Here comes the bridal party. Don Bernardo, in white satin vest and black satin pants, striped and embroidered with gold, silk stockings and silver buckled shoes, and blue coat, decorated with orders innumerable, looking very stately, yet a little sad, is leading by the hand the lovely bride, whose dress, of white point lace, fell gracefully around her form.—The veil, of the same rare fabric, fell to her feet, and a coronet of pearls confined her flowring ringlets. She was met at the chapel door by Capt Lear.

Isabelle followed, peerlessly beautiful, with her dark hair caught up by a single diamond pin, and falling in ringlets over her neck, her white dress revealing, yet shielding, her exquisite form. Well might Luis de Casde feel proud of his betrothed, and say, "How well my jewels will adorn that regal brow."

Officers in full American uniform crowded the little chapel.

A few short words—the low, soft voice of Eugenie, the clear, manly replies of Clarence Lear, the blessing of the priest, and all was over. Capt Lear led triumphantly his bride back to her childhood's home. A few hours later and Eugenie Lear, in her travelling dress, stood leaning on her father's breast, in tears. The carriage was waiting. Their trunks were corded on, and Clarence stood quietly by, giving the necessary orders. The next day they were to start for the United States, and to day they were to start for the coast.

Isabelle's arms were twined around her sister. She bitterly felt the separation to follow, and could not control her grief. Gently Clarence Lear unclasped her embrace, and pressed a brother's kiss upon her lips. Warmly he grasped Don Fernando's hand, and fondly lifting Eugenie in his arms, he bore her to the carriage.

"I will guard her with my life, father," he said, "and when you come to see us you shall find her happy."

The door closed, the carriage rolled on, and Eugenie had left her childhood's home, and her doting father and sister. Clarence gently coupled his bride, and her eyes grew kind and as she listened to him.

"My mother longs to welcome and love you. I am her only child, and my wife will be most dear to her, and I, *mia cara*, I will always love you."

A smile, full of trust, rewarded him.

"You, dear Clarence, must always love and be kind to your fond Spanish girl; for she has left home, country, and all for you."

"Forever, my beloved Eugenie, and may God forget me, if ever I cause you one grief."

Mr. Beauville and Julia sat in their pleasant parlor, talking of Charles.

"His wound," said Mr. Beauville, "must be healed by this time, and we ought to see him home before many days. 'Tis over three months since peace was declared. I do not understand this delay. I met several officers of his regiment in Tremont street to-day.—When was his last letter dated, my pet?"

"Over two months since," Julia answered, her face flushing, and her voice faltering.

Mr. Beauville looked anxiously at her, and, drawing her to him, whispered, "A few days more and he will be here, and you can place your laurel wreath on him with your own hands."

She smiled, and left him; lost in thought at Charles' evident neglect.

That evening, at a concert, they were joined by an officer just retured from Mexico, who laughingly replied to inquiry after Charles.

"He was quite well, and sighing at the feet of a lovely Senorita, and I doubt if he will be able to break the chains that surround him. What say you to a Spanish cousin, Miss May?"

Junia gasped for breath, and answered hurriedly. Mr. Beauville's brow was dark and stern, and hastening home, he wrote a letter, demanding his nephew's instant return, or a cessation of all friendship on her part.

Julia, once in her own room, gave vent to her crushed feelings in a passionate burst of tears, then taking all his letters to her and reading them, she wondered at herself. The calm affection of a cousin alone was apparent, and resolutely the orphaned girl decided her fate. She had loved him as woman loves but once. Absence had chilled his fancied love. Hers had brightened with each hour, but she would not make dissension between the uncle and his heir. No; before dawn the brave girl had buried her love, and determined to bear alone the coming storm she knew would burst from Mr. Beauville, when he should hear that the engagement he so rejoiced in was broken.

Major Beauville still lingered near Isabelle. They met constantly, but she had given him no hope. Don Luis was ever with her. He was a tall, noble-looking man, refined in his manner, and intellectual in his tastes. Isabelle felt as if she owight, for her father's sake, to try and love him. Her heart was full of another, and the claims of love and duty were ever conflicting. A letter from her sister, informing her of the rumor of Major Beauville's engagement to Miss May, distracted her, and she determined to know at once its truth. Dispatching a trusty servant with a message, he soon replied in person.

"Is this true, Major Beauville?" haughtily inquired she, as he seated himself at her side.

"True, Isabelle, too true. I fancied I loved her. She was the orphan ward of my uncle. More to please him, who is my second father, than out of love, I engaged myself to Julia May. I mistook myself. I never knew what love was, Isabelle, till I met you. I love her with a brother's love. You, Isabelle, ought not to blame me. I never felt my heart throb, my very soul feel full of joy, when with her, as I do with you. I cannot live without you. Every wish is of you. Isabelle, they will forgive me—they whom I have deceived; but you, my queen, my soul is open to your gaze."

Every nerve of the Spanish girl quivered at his voice, and her face grew pale with feeling as he clasped her hand in his. Then she shook the encircling arm away, and stood before him so proud in her scorn, every softer feeling swept away in pity for her rival, waiting even now for the coming of the recreant lover.

"Stop, Major Beauville," she calmly said. "I would have staked my life on your honor, I have worshiped you—you, the betrothed of a noble girl. I will not come between you and her. I thought you so brave, highminded. I have loved your ideal, not yourself. Go back to your Northern home, and ask your betrothed to forgive you. I will pray for you, for my heart is desolate indeed. Isabelle de Aguila loves only where she respects. Adieu!"

Cold disdain was in every look. Charles Beauville listened, spell-bound, and answered not a word. Isabelle turned away. One moment, and Charles Beauville was at her feet, and with passionate words of love and reproach torturing her heart. Don Luis de Casde, in his stateliest manner, approached them, and, bowing formally, Isabelle parted from Major Beauville.

The next day Major B. left Mexico, and answered the letter of his uncle in person. Julia met him with suppressed emotion, that was a silent reproach to our hero; but the happy uncle could think of nothing but their happiness. One morning, a few weeks after his arrival, he entered Julia's *boudoir*, saying.

"I have a request to make of you, dear; Will you call on Capt. Lear and his wife with me? He is stationed here, and his wife is a lovely Spanish lady."

"With pleasure, dear Charles."

Julia was delighted with Mrs. Lear, and they passed an hour pleasantly. Capt. Lear coming in, he greeted them cordially, and turning to his wife he handed her a package of letters and a small case. She slowly unclasped the case, and kissed repeatedly the miniature before her.

"Excuse me, Miss May. They are my father and only sister," she murmured, with emotion. "It is very like them, Major Beauville, is it not?"

In spite of his assumed coldness, his embarrassment was visible.

"She has been very ill," he exclaimed passionately. "Eugenie, how is she?"

"Let me see your sister," calmly inquired Julia May to the astonished Capt. and Mrs. Lear. "Oh, how beautiful! yet there is a sad look visible. I shall love her. Her soul looks through her eyes."

"Yes," replied Eugenie, "she is noblenes itself. My father promises to join us soon; and I long for their coming."

After parting words, and they had left, and in silence Julia and Charles walked homeward.

"Do not reproach me, Julia," said Charles, impetuously.

"No reproach, dear Charles, from me. I have long hoped for a chance to tell you we have mistaken our brotherly and sisterly regard; but give me your confidence—let me be your sister still."

Long was their conversation that evening.

"One trial more, and then my trials are over," said Julia, as she entered Mr. Beauville's library. "Papa, will you forgive your pet forthwarting your life-long wish? I cannot be the wife of Charles!"

Her face was laid on his shoulder, and he sighed and bade her good-night. "I shall give with you always, pet, and be your little Julia; so don't let us talk about it's any more."

Some months subsequently, one pleasant Spring morning, a young lady, simply attired, called upon her.

"A few words in private, Miss May," she said, and Julia led her to her *boudoir*. The lady threw off her thick veil, and Isabelle de Aguila, in her superb beauty, stood before her.

"Will you forgive me, dear Julia?" she faltered. "I never meant you wrong. I would have died before I would have grieved you thus."

"Dear girl," gently replied Julia, "Charles has told me all. My trial is past. I have fulfilled my duty, and Charles Beauville is as my brother. Isabelle, he loves you dearly. Have you seen him?"

"Only for a moment," she replied proudly.

"I have returned his letters, Julia, every one of them, and tried to banish him from my thoughts; but Eugenie turned traitor and told him of me; and then your noble letter came; and father, meaning to come North to see Charles and Eugenie, I deferred replying until I saw you. We met Major Beauville last evening, but I avoided him until I had seen you. Julia, if one lingering thought of regret is in your soul, I will not accept Major Beauville."

"Lestet, dear Isabelle, and believe me, for I am dealing truthfully with you. Every feeling of love is gone. I give him to you. Not one unhappy thought is mine. I shall rejoice in your happiness."

Two hours later, and the young ladies were in eager conversation in Julia's boudoir. Isabelle touched but lightly upon Don Luis de Casde. He had overheard the whole of her last conversation with Major Beauville, and gave her back her troth. He soothed her fathers's anger; "and then, dear Julia, she touchingly said, "I fell ill, and my good old father forgot all in my danger."

Late in the Fall, the old Cathedral in Boston was open, and Father Laramee stood there; Don Bernardo, Captain and Mrs. Lear, Mr. Beauville and Julia stood near the altar; and kneeling before the good Father Laramee, were Charles Beauville and the peerless Isabelle. Crowds of gay young officers and merry maidens filled the church, and many were the congratulations showered upon the newly married pair.

Julia advanced, and kissing the bride, whispered, "All happiness and love to you, Isabelle Beauville."

"My