The two Mendicants of Valencia.

CHAPTER II.

(CONTINUED.)

Lorenzo was early at the church of Our Lady, in search of Diego, whom he found at his usual post. The first thing he did was to inquire if he knew a discreet priest, who for a reward would consent to perform the wedding ceremony at midnight that evening. After reflecting a moment, the mendicant replied that he thought he did know of such a one, who lived at the convent of the Dominicans, situated about half a mile up the walk of the Guadea, on the other side of the river. The stranger desired him to arrange the matter as soon as possible, and when he had done so, to meet him under the wall of the bishop's palace at nightfall.

"But," said the cunning beggar, "on whose part am I to make the bargain?"

"On mine," returned Lorenzo, at the same time showing him a card, which he had kept carefully concealed in his hand.

Diego started, but, making no remark, went immediately to perform his commission.

During the conversation between Diego and the stranger, Pedro, who was standing near, without being able to make out a single word, was very jealous that his comrade should enjoy all this good luck. No sooner did the young Don depart, than he determined to fathom the mystery, and followed him at a distance, until he saw him enter the bishop's palace, the doors of which, like the churches, were besieged by beggars—real beggars, gay, well fed, but cover ed with rags of all colors. Approaching one of the fraternity, he asked how trade flourished in that neighborhood.

"Bad!" returned he, "we have been quite flat back the last day or two. The Duke of Sidonia has arrived here on a visit to the bishop, and has ordered plenty of bread and handfuls of reals to be distributed."

"Is the duke accompanied by any one of his family?" inquired Pedro.

"Yes," was the reply. "His only son is with him. He is also a brave cavalier, and does not pass unemployed. That was he who entered the palace just before you spoke to me."

"The murder is out," muttered Pedro to himself. "I may make something of this."

After exchanging a few more words with the beggar, Pedro went off at a rapid rate in the direction of the church of Our Lady.—Diego, who had just returned from his expedition, was already there. Being more crafty minded than his friend, it was not long before Pedro contrived to learn the whole story.—He immediately went to the palace, and, informing the Duke of the projected marriage, lost no time in searching out Father Antonio for the same purpose, by whom he was well rewarded for his treachery.

After Julia had been taken from her mother's house, she was conducted by Lorenzo to the lady with whom he had formerly lodged. This person had no suspicion of his rank. He had so well preserved his incognito, that she believed him to be the son of a rich merchant who had affairs to transact in Valencia. Julia, who now knew the name of her lover, was aware that she had acted impropriety in leaving her home with a stranger; but she knew she would soon be forgiven when she revealed as the wife of the only son of the Duke of Sidonia.

As soon as the shades of night had veiled the city in darkness Lorenzo flew to his expectant bride, whom he found kneeling before a crucifix, looking pale but strikingly lovely. She still wore her white dress, but her veil had been replaced by a black silk mantle.

"Everything is prepared," said Lorenzo, embracing her; "and I am come to conduct you to the church."

Diego, who had been punctual to the rendezvous, had found the priest, and had gone on before to await their coming. In a short time Lorenzo and Julia, accompanied by the landlady, were on their way to the chapel.

The road they had to traverse to reach the convent of the Dominicans was a delightful one, adorned on both sides by orange, citron, palm, and other beautiful trees. On each side were stone seats, placed there for the convenience of travellers; a broad carriage road ran through the middle; and the banks of the numerous canals, which intersected the country for purposes of irrigation, were rich with flowers. The night was beautiful, and silence had succeeded to the busy hum of the city. All was tranquil as the party passed the stone bridge which led over the river, and their walk was cheered by the song of the nightingale and the soft murmuring of the water. When they arrived at the convent, which was hidden in a grove of tall trees, they found the door open, the priest ready, and Diego in attendance.

When Julia entered the church she was seized with a superstitious terror. The figures of the saints, now half hidden in gloom, looked like so many phantoms. Mysterious voices, which sounded like words of warning, seemed to float in the air. Supported by her lover, she approached the altar, which was dimly lighted by one wax taper. She knelt by the side of Lorenzo, and the witness being placed, the ceremony was about to begin, when the doors were forcibly burst open, and the Duke of Sidonia entered, followed by a crowd of gentlemen. He walked up to Lorenzo, and in a severe tone, desired him to leave the church immediately, and followed him.

"Sir," said his son, who was decidedly agitated, "I cannot follow you. I am bound in honor to keep my promise; and having taken this young lady from her family, I must marry her."

At these words, the duke cast a contemptuous look on Julia, who had not yet risen from her knees.

"If you do not know how to guard your own honor," said he, "I must do it for you, and prevent your forming an alliance which can only bring disgrace on your family."

At these insulting words Julia rose, and approaching the angry father, cried, in an agitated voice, "Sir, although I have no fortune, my father was a gentleman;" then turning to the spot where Lorenzo was standing, she added, in a faltering voice, "A noble Spania d never breaks his vow."

The lover, casting a mournful look at her, and an upbraiding one at his father, was about to seize Julia in his arms, and rush out of the church, when the duke, fearing for the consequences, gave a signal; his minions stepped forward, and forcibly dragging Julia away, surrounded the young man, and before he was aware of their intentions, drew him outside, where a carriage was in waiting, and almost lifting him into it, they drove rapidly away.

When the unhappy girl saw herself seized by all, with the exception of the mendicant and the old lady, the priest having fled at the first alarm, she fainted. On recovering her senses she saw standing before her a form which made her tremble. Father Antonio had followed the duke's party to the convent, and had been an unseen spectator of all that passed. In a solemn tone he desired her to pass into the vestry, and change her bridal attire for a dress more suiting her condition. It consisted of a dark wooden robe and a large mantle. Without a word she complied with the orders of her inexorable judge; and then, desiring her to follow him, he led the way to a carriage drawn by four mules, which stood outside; and assisting her to mount, placed himself at her side, and in a few moments they drove off at a rapid pace.

As the carriage entered Valencia, dawn had begun to appear, and shed a feeble light across the fleecy clouds which covered the sky; and the silence which followed the nocturnal movements of a great city had not yet ceased. Julia, struck by a vague presentiment, ventured to inquire of her sombre companion if he was conducting her to her mother.

"You have, at present, no parent," said he. "She refuses to interfere, and has placed your fate in my hands. I am conducting you to a convent, where you will be expected to take the veil, and expiate, by prayer and penitence, the crime you have committed."

In vain the unhappy Julia tried to soften his stern nature. Finding her pleading of no avail, she wrapped her head in her mantle, and feigned to sleep. Father Antonio only stopped on the road for rest and refreshment, and then hastened on till he reached a secluded hamlet situated a few miles from Madrid.

Not far from this solitary spot rose a convent, belonging to the order of St. Francis; but it had been for a long time abandoned by the monks, owing to the insalubrity of the air. The dark waters of the Tagus washed its dreary walls, and as the current is almost stagnant during the hot months of summer, it engenders the worst kind of malaria. The building was now occupied by nuns, who were often attacked by a low fever, which destroyed their health, and cost many of them their lives.

To this dreary spot was Julia conducted by the superstitious priest, who thought he was only doing his duty in rescuing a soul from perdition. When he had arranged with the lady abbess for her board, he concluded by charging her to subject Julia to the strictest discipline, and if she should refuse to take the veil at the end of her novitiate, the most rigorous methods were to be resorted to.

For two years did Julia resist all the endeavors of the abbess to induce her to take the veil. Tired of her obstinacy, she tried menaces. Then the poor girl lost her health and spirits; and often, in her dreams, she contemplated the dark waters which flowed beneath the windows of her cell, but religion and her hope of ultimate escape restrained her. In spite of all efforts, the recollection of her lover pursued her everywhere. It rose before her in the silence of the night, followed her at the foot of the altar, where, instead of praying, she mourned over her vanished happiness. In the bosom of this holy retreat she carried in the depths of her heart the consuming fire of the most violent of human passions. From the first day Julia entered the convent she submitted to the strict rules of the order without a murmur; and Sister Frances, as she was called by the abbess, was a great favourite with her companions. She wore the coarse dress of a novice, which had not been altered for many years. It consisted of a white cap, with a narrow border, allowing a lock of her beautiful hair to be seen; over a black corset petticoat she wore a dark stuff robe, and from her girdle hung a pincushion and a pair of scissors.

But this grave costume could neither hide the elegance of her form nor the delicacy of her complexion, which, owing to her sedentary life, had become a little pale. From her cell, which was furnished with great simplicity, she had the prospect of a large garden, thickly planted with trees, where the nuns took their exercise. On a low wooden bedstead was placed a single mattress, with the usual covering. A small table, a crucifix, and a chair, completed the arrangements. The walls were covered with pictures of saints—a collection which had been made by the different occupiers of the chamber, and had been left as a legacy when death or other cause summoned the owners away.

One day, as Julia was returning from attending mass, she saw, in passing the vestry, a door open just inside of it, belonging to a large closet. With a rapid glance, she observed that it contained a collection of clothes belonging to the different persons who had placed them there when they took the novice's garb. Julia instantly conceived the idea that, if she could obtain one of these dresses, it might facilitate her escape; and that very night she determined to try.

Accordingly, when the convent was plunged in repose, she glided stealthily across the corridor, and soon reached the chapel. A single taper burnt on the altar, and a lighted lamp hung before a figure of the Virgin, but the other end of the church was plunged in obscurity. In the middle was planted a stake, to which a cord was attached, intended for a punishment for breach of discipline, the culprits being obliged to kneel there a given time with the cord round their necks, and a reversed torch in their hands.

Julia was soon engaged in searching among these spoils of vanity for a disguise which might suit her purpose. When she had taken what was necessary, to which she added a quantity of cord to make a ladder, she prepared to return. The taper on the altar, and the lamp in her hand, enabled her to perceive the figures in the niches, and the portrait of the saints and martyrs of the Seraphic order. Some parts of the walls were covered with paintings of the most striking scenes of martyrdom; but, happily, time and the humidity of the place, had so destroyed them, that the odious details were scarcely to be distinguished. As Julia cast her eyes round, her heart palpitated, and she sighed deeply. Her mind wandered to the night when she had been conducted to the church of the Dominicans.

"How I have suffered since!" she murmured, as, on tiptoe, she gained her cell.

She had scarcely time to hide her treasures, when the clock struck half past four, and instantly a confused hum was heard; all the doors were opened at the same time, and the nuns flocked to the chapel to attend morning prayers.

The following night Julia spent in finishing her ladder, and the next was fixed for her attempted escape. The weather was fine, and no sound was heard but the distant barking of dogs. After assuming her disguise, Julia made a packet of her convent dress, and tiers it, together with her sandals, on to a narrow neck of land which separated the walks of the convent from the river. She then threw the ladder over the window, which opened outside, so as to be able to draw it down after her; then, kneeling and recommending herself to her Maker, she prepared for her perilous attempt. At this moment neither her head nor her heart failed her; but she had not descended many yards on her frail support, before she turned giddy; a cold perspiration broke over her; her feeble arms were almost paralysed; and her strength failed her as she hung over the frightful abyss. Phantoms appeared flying around, and she fancied she heard the flapping of their wings. Her eyes closed, and in a few moments all would have been over, when suddenly she felt a support under her feet.—The projecting sill of a window had saved her from certain death. After awhile she recovered her senses, and in a few seconds arrived in safety on the ground. Her first care was to roll up the cord, and, attaching a stone to it, she threw it into the river.

Two hours later, on finding Julia's door closed at the call for matins, the abbess forced open her cell. On seeing the window open, she looked out, but instantly drew back in terror.

"Fall on your knees, my children," she cried, "and pray for the poor soul. Sister Frances has drowned herself!"

Julia walked on at a rapid pace, the moon lighting her path. But the sun had risen large in the east when she arrived at a secluded spot on the borders of a delightful stream. On one side was a small wood, carpeted with flowers, and completely embowered by the thickness of the foliage. The poor girl, exhausted by her journey, lay down in the cool place and slept, cradled by the perfumed breeze of the morning. The wood was alive with birds, which bounded backward and forward, but did not venture to disturb the sleeper, who, half hidden in her silvery bower, was unconscious of their presence.

Julia had slept several hours, when she was suddenly startled by the sound of carriage wheels. She rose, and running to the road side, saw a travelling coach approaching at a rapid pace. When it came opposite to where she was standing, she saw it contained a middle-aged lady and her maid. These persons had been visiting at a distant town, and were returning to Madrid. Seeing a young girl alone in that solitary spot, and dressed in the fashion of a beggar, the lady descried the position to stop, and beckoning Julia to approach, she questioned her. Clasping her hands and weeping bitterly, Julia begged the lady to protect her, and said she had fled from a home where she had been harshly treated. The lady, thinking so ingenious a countenance could not deceive, and pitying her forlorn position, desired her to enter the carriage, and said she would carry her to Madrid.

The grateful girl accepted the offer, and in a short time the travellers came in sight of the capital, which is entered by an avenue of pine trees. They alighted at a magnificent mansion near the Gate of the Sun. After Julia had partaken of some refreshment, she was shown into an elegant apartment, where a bath and a change of clothes were provided for her. In the morning she was received in an elegant breakfast-room, which opened on a magnificent garden.

The lady, by her kindness, soon won the confidence of her young guest. Julia told her tale, and was surprised to hear that the lady, who was a rich widow, knew Lorenzo's family. His father being dead, he was now Duke of Sidonia; and, though abroad at present, was shortly expected at Madrid. Donna Mercida promised to write to Valencia, where she had a friend who would make inquiries about Julia's mother. In due time an answer came. Donna Isabella was dead. She had not survived the loss of her child three months. Father Antonio, who had never divulged the place of her retreat, was also no more. Donna Isabella had left him all her property; but he did not live long to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. Although she had been the cause of her daughter's misfortunes, the affectionate girl long grieved for her loss; and Donna Mercida, delighted to possess so agreeable a companion, in order to distract her mind from her situation, took her with her into the gay world. They visited theatres, balls and festivals; and Julia, who gradually recovered her spirits, was delighted with everything she saw. In this manner another year passed away. The lovely girl had merged into the elegant woman. She was tranquil, if not happy.

One evening, Donna Mercida, accompanied by Julia, went to a masked ball at the house of a friend. On reaching the mansion, she found all the place in a blaze of light, and the company passed through rows of obsequious lackeys. On entering the superb saloon they found that most part of the company had arrived. The gentlemen wore black dominos, and the ladies were masked. Julia and her friend sat a little apart, wishing to contemplate the gay scene before joining the dancers. They had not been long seated, before the dominos were thrown open, and a tall domino entered, followed by a suite of gentlemen.—The stranger crossed the room and remained standing, leaning against one of the pillars which supported the orchestra. Julia, whose eyes had unconsciously followed this figure, suddenly grasped Donna Mercida's arm, as if to rest on herself, and before she could detain her, she had left her side and was threading her way through the dancers.

When Julia reached the other end of the apartment, she glided behind the pillar, and whispered, loud enough for the stranger to hear, "A noble Spaniard never breaks his vow."

The domino turned round, but Julia had disappeared like a shadow, and was seated by her friend before the gentleman could recover from his astonishment. Julia could see, from the place where she was sitting, that he passed rapidly backward and forward through the crowd, trying to get a sight of every lady's face. Fearing to be recognized in so public a spot, she begged her friend to leave, after explaining her motive for wishing to do so.

The remainder of the tale may be soon told. The Duke of Sidonia (for, of course, the reader is prepared to hear that it was he Julia had seen in the ball-room) ascertained, by making inquiries, that a young person answering her description had been for some time under Donna Mercida's protection; and in a very few days he was seated by the side of her he had never forgotten.

In a week or so the duke presented the beautiful Julia to the fashionable world as the Duchess of Sidonia. Some time after, Diego, who had found his way to Madrid—business being slack in Valencia—presented himself at the palace of his former patrons. He was well received, and overwhelmed with presents; but he refused a post which was offered to him in the duke's household. A wandering life had become a habit, and he would never be able to be contented in one spot.—He accepted the gold, but did not change his occupation. Pedro, the traitor, disappeared from the scene, and it was conjectured that he had joined a band of Bohemians.

THE END.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., OCT. 20, 1863.

THE WAR.

Since our last, Lee seems to have been steadily driving Meade towards the Potomac. *Seems* we say, because, beyond the admitted retirement of the federals, everything is enveloped in a cloud of mystery, for which, no doubt, we have to thank the censors of the Press. Multitudinous rumors are afloat about Lee.—Some say he is about to strike at Washington, others say that he only wishes to hold Meade in check; some say he is in force, others assert that numerically he is very weak. One of two things is certain: Lee feels himself strong enough to carry the war boldly "into Africa," or else he has been driving his opponent before him with *a mere handful* of men. The President has, by proclamation, issued a call for 300,000 Volunteers to serve for three years. Will he get them? is the question which now exercises the Northern mind. Affairs at Charleston and Chattanooga remain in *statu quo*.

THE FLOOD OF NEWSPAPERS.

If the intelligence of a people is to be judged by the number of papers in circulation, Canada, in this respect, should be in advance of the whole world, for no other country with the same amount of population can boast of an equal number of "broadsheets." There is, however, an *if* in the case, as we shall endeavor to point out. First, let us remark that large as the number of newspapers is, hardly a day passes without the birth of a fresh claimant upon the purse and the *good-nature* of the public. We had thought that the *deaths* at least balanced the *births*, and did hope that, in due course of time, the "fourth estate" would be able to strengthen its stakes without unduly lengthening its cords, but now we are convinced that such a reasonable expectation is out of the question. During the past week seven or eight new papers have entered our sanctum, and we shall not be at all surprised to see as many this week, and so on *ad infinitum*. There is something ludicrous about these fledgelings: They affect high-sounding names, such as *Heralds*, and *Gleaners*, and *Dispatches*, and they all promise great things—the reform of local abuses, a perfect cramming of the public with local information, to say nothing of enormous doses of foreign news, &c. They are all to have live editors, too, *behind the scenes*. At haphazard, we transcribe, for the delectation of our readers, the introductory bow of one of these gentlemen. We will give one sentence only, and that the first one: "Kind and indulgent reader, in making our appearance before you for the first time, allow us to *congratulate you* on the *bright prospects* which open upon this our first introduction." The bright prospects are as follows, to wit: The village in which the new paper rears its head contains 1500 inhabitants, and has now to support *two papers* and a half. Shades of Macaulay, what a prospect for both public and newspaper! Unfortunate village; if the people thereof escape being set together by the ears they may consider themselves lucky indeed.

The case we have cited is not a peculiar one. It is the same thing in nearly every portion of the province. At any point where a few jobs or advertisements can be picked up, some person sees a capital opening for a paper, and forthwith purchasing a few types and a press, he comes out all of a sudden a member of the fourth estate, and indulges in the time honored editorial lice to his heart's content. His main object is to print handbills, and to bore every person he meets with solicitations to subscribe for his paper. It is a melancholy fact that *one year* is the average lifetime of such newspapers. Only here and there one holds its ground, and that is where the conductor is in some sort fitted for the sphere he has chosen. The great majority of these new papers come out on the independent ticket—in politics they will applaud the good and denounce the bad with even-handed impartiality.—The fact is, they are not honest enough to state their opinions, if they have any, and the great object is to avoid wounding the feelings of either liberal or tory readers—to hit the great public just between wind and water. The result is a sickly dish of milk and water, and a miserable failure to please anybody. What good influence can such writers exert upon society? Where is that individuality without which no mark can be made on the times we live in? Again, the excessive competition has a direct tendency to become *the death* of the business. All cannot flourish, hence some must go to the wall, half-starved. How in the name of goodness can a man keep up his self-respect, or inspire respect, when his coat is threadbare, and his baker's bill remains unpaid, while he is engaged in a constant struggle to make both ends meet? And how ridiculous to talk of *independence* under such circumstances.

We have long believed that it would be better for the newspaper readers of Canada and infinitely better for the craft, if there were only *two* papers in each county. If the county were a large one they might expect in time to achieve something like financial success. They would be able to employ recognized editors, who, being fairly paid, would be much less likely to indulge in those indecent personal recriminations which at present so frequently disgrace the profession in the eyes of a right-thinking community, and the printers themselves would not be so often diddled out of their money—would received a fair amount of wages for a fair day's work. There would be fewer *half-taught* apprentices turned out, and everything would be more satisfactory. But we know how hard it is to impress this fact upon the minds of young printers. The desire to be their own "bosses" is so great that as soon as they can secure a second-hand press and a few handfuls of type they plunge into a business, which, in most cases, destroys their peace of mind, as well as their future prospects had they stuck to their cases in a respectable office. There is, however, some satisfaction in the thought that as the country advances in population and intelligence the evil alluded to will *cure itself*.

PROROGATION.—The Parliament was prorogued on the 15th, and an immediate scattering of the members took place. On landing at Seaforth, our worthy representative, Mr. Dickson, was greeted with hearty cheers. His manly course during the recent session has given very general satisfaction.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This beautiful monthly is again before us, as bright, chaste, and attractive as ever. The ladies unite in according it the palm as Queen of Fashion Books. The November number is a very fine one. To be had at this Office.

☞ O.—We shall be glad to hear from you again.

☞ See Messrs D. Kerr, Jr. & Co.'s sensible remarks on the "Confidence Game Extraordinary."

☞ Several Editorial articles intended for to-day's issue are unavoidably crowded out, but will appear on Friday.

THEFT.—Some rascal broke into the rear of Mr. Fair's store on Sunday night and stole a considerable quantity of sugar. Such acts are becoming only too common in town.

SALE OF LANDS FOR TAXES.—We advise all holders of lands to examine carefully the List of Lands to be sold for taxes, on Tuesday next. No time should be lost by such as wish to *pay up* previous to the day of sale.

☞ The Postmaster of Kintail writes us to contradict the complaint made by a correspondent with regard to alleged irregularities in his office, and asserts that the party complaining knew perfectly well that there were letters for him—had been told so, in fact—but had failed to release them. Thus much, by-way of explanation.

W. J. KEAYS IN TROUBLE.—From Buffalo papers we learn that an old townsman has got into a mess. It seems that the Buffalo cavalry Co. B, while on picket near Langley, Va., under the command of Lieut. W. J. Keays, was pitched into by the Rebs, and cut to pieces, nearly all the horses being captured. Keays was arrested by the federal authorities and will be tried by court martial. Hopes are expressed that he will be acquitted. It doesn't do to be caught napping when those horrible confederates are about.

PLOUGHING MATCH.

A meeting of Farmers of the Township of Colborne took places yesterday at Ross's Tavern, to take into consideration the propriety of continuing and making arrangements for the Annual Ploughing Match. The meeting was large and respectable, which shows the interest taken in the township to create and encourage an emulation to excel in this most useful and fundamental branch of Agriculture. After the acts of last year were read and passed the meeting was organized, and Charles Girvin, Esq., being called to the Chair, Peter Robertson was appointed Secretary, and John Buchanan Treasurer, the committee of management to consist of Messrs. David Bell, Richard Fullford and John Buchanan. Collectors, Messrs. David Bell, James Rhynas, Andrew Green, jr., Charles Girvin, John Robertson, Andrew Young, Alex. Malloy, Donald McMurchy, Archd. Boyd, Patrick Carrol, Amos Martin. Judges, Messrs. David Michaelwaine, Alex. Annand, and Henry Ford.

Resolved, That the Ploughing Match take place on the farm of Mr. John Morris, con. 9, lot 6, township of Colborne, on Thursday the 29th inst.

Rules 1st,—The ploughing to be not less than 6 inches deep.

2nd,—The competitors to be on the ground at 9 o'clock, ploughing to commence precisely at 10 o'clock, and finish at or before 4 o'clock.

3d,—after the stakes are set no assistance to be given to the ploughmen, and no person to be allowed on the ground to be ploughed.

Prizes for men;

MEN—1st	$6
2nd	5
3rd	4
4th	3
5th	2

Prizes for boys under 20 years of age;

BOYS—1st	$6
2nd	5
3rd	4
4th	3
5th	2

PETER ROBERTSON,
Secretary.

CONFIDENCE GAME EXTRAORDINARY.

About two years ago our town was honored with the presence of a deserter from the federal army named William Webber, who concluded to stop with us and endeavor to make a living for himself and family by the purchase of hides, grain, chickens, &c. Webber was soon spoken of as a good sort of fellow in his way, and his pretty better-half was remarkable as a leader of the middle class *ton*. About the market Mr. Webber was an oracle; he ejected large quantities of tobacco-juice over his red whiskers, bought whole regiments of chickens, laughed at numerous good jokes, and without betraying any great brilliancy of intellect contrived to win the confidence of the whole community, especially as he appeared to be strictly upright in all his dealings. Thus matters went on until a few days ago, when he thought it high time to make the haul for which he had evidently been preparing all along. He wished to enter into a little butter speculation, and applied to his friends to advance the needful. This was forthcoming at once. From four or five persons in town he borrowed sums ranging from $100 to $350 and amounting in the aggregate to at least $1000! With a portion of the funds thus raised he bought up a quantity of butter, and started for Buffalo with it on Thursday morning last. Nobody suspected anything wrong until Webber's wife departed on Monday morning, when the storekeeper's, found that in one little shopping-excursion she had relieved them of over $100 worth of finery. It is a hard thing to say of a fine-looking woman, but the truth may as well be told. We have withheld names up to the present time in the vain hope that Webber would return. Now, however, there appears to be no hope in the case. Neither money nor goods will ever see Goderich again, in all human probability. Of course, there are plenty now, who knew just how it would be, but we must say that we did not expect so much rascality could lurk within such a sleek exterior.

A less important case of skedaddling was that of a great rough, dirty, swearing fellow who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Turkey Jim," otherwise James Hays, a small dealer in fruit, oysters, &c. He contrived to run up nice little store bills and borrow small sums of money, most of which has ere now gone into the tills of the Saginaw saloon-keepers. The town is well rid of him. We confiding Candaians must keep a closer watch upon the movements of the Philistines in future.

LAKE VS. RAILWAY.

In the last issue of the Seaforth *Express* we find the following paragraph:

"During the past week the quantity of grain and produce delivered here is a fall average on last year's delivery, and were it not for the suicidal policy of the Railway, prices would at least be four cents higher. As it is, large quantities are being sent west for shipment at Goderich, the lake freights being so much lower than by rail; this, with the great deficiency of cars, and the long time they are allowed to remain loaded at the several stations, renders the delivery of grain so very uncertain that eastern buyers cannot do business here to advantage. This will be the case so long as the present through policy of the Railway Company remains as it is. That this policy is a blind one, none but its few determined votaries will deny, and is fast causing those interested in the grain trade of this section to look around for a means of relief; the fact that grain is teamed in large quantities to Goderich, from parts hitherto sending by rail, for lake shipment, and the efforts being made for the improvement of the Bayfield harbor, must surely open the eyes of the Railway managers to the necessity of giving the local trade of the line due attention."

While the "through" policy of the Railway may have something to do with the diversion of wheat to this place, it is a well known fact that there are great natural advantages connected with a shipping port, and besides, our contemporary may not be aware that our local millers require a large proportion of the wheat that finds its way to our market to keep their mills in full operation. Mr. Platt alone grinds on an average 1000 bushels per day, which he must have, even supposing wheat *should have to go up*, and he has, of course, to lay in a store of grain for summer grinding. Shippers on their way to Montreal for cargoes of heavy goods can afford to take loads of wheat from here at a cheap rate, hence it is easy to account for the fact that farmers find it to their advantage to come to Goderich market with their grain. Seaforth, however, in our opinion, will always be the *next best* market for the produce of Huron.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—Rev. D. Morris, Cross River, N. Y., says in a letter: "I know of a great many who have had their hair restored by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, therefore I recommend them." Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 198 Greenwich st., New York.

RIFLE MATCH.

The following is the score made by the respective squads at the Match which came off here on Tuesday last. It will be seen that the Stratford men were badly beaten:

STRATFORD.

Rifles.	Points.	Hits.	Total.
Capt. Service	14	9	23
Corp. Hamilton	14	12	26
Priv. Burns	11	10	21
" Edward	17	13	30
" Fortune	19	12	31
" Mormon	22	14	36
" Rudel	14	9	23
" Scrimgeour	16	10	26
" Clyde	7	5	12
" McCulloch	14	11	25
INFANTRY.			
Lieut. James	12	10	22
Col. Serg't Smith	13	12	25
Serg't Dutton	10	9	19
Corp. Smithwick	17	12	29
Priv. Smith	10	9	19
" Neilson	3	3	6
" Scott	6	5	11
" Watson	6	6	12
" Todd	11	7	18
" Elder	13	9	22
	249	187	436

GODERICH.

FOOT ARTILLERY.			
Captain Ross	22	13	35
Lieut. Kirk	14	12	26
" Horton	6	6	12
Sergt. Walker	19	11	30
Priv. Hogg	16	10	26
" Custead	20	15	35
" Thompson	16	12	28
" Platt	16	13	29
" Smith	14	12	26
" Finlay	14	10	24
HURON RIFLES.			
Ensign Hays	17	12	29
Sergt. Graham	12	10	22
" Wright	14	13	27
Corp. McIntosh	17	13	30
Priv. Clarke	9	9	18
" Mills	15	11	26
" King	6	6	12
" Watson	16	12	28
" Thompson	21	15	36
" Seymour	18	14	32
Total, Goderich	302	229	531
" Stratford	249	187	436
	53	42	95

At six o'clock the officers and men, with a few invited guests, sat down to a really splendid dinner at the Huron Hotel, to which immense justice was done, as the men had acquired first-rate appetites.—After the removal of the cloth the following toasts were given and heartily responded to:—The Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, Stratford and Goderich Volunteers, Major Barretto, Sergeants McLean and Woods, the officers of the four companies, &c. The Stratford men expressed a hope that at the return match they would have their revenge; but Sergeant McLean and others informed them that they would have a struggle for it if they did. The greatest good feeling and harmony was kept up during the day and evening, and our guests went away well pleased with everything but their bad shooting.

VERY LATEST WAR NEWS.

Special Dispatch to the S. W. Signal.

DOUBTFUL RUMORS OF LEE'S HAVING RETIRED.

CONFEDERATE RAID TO THE SUBURBS OF WASHINTON.

ROSECRANS TO BE DISMISSED.

WHERE IS LEE?

NEW YORK, 20th.

"Herald's" special correspondence, 19th. It is now quite definitely settled that the rebels are falling back towards the Rapidan. Our army offered battle by advancing.

Washington, 19th.

Yesterday even'g, Mosby's guerillas, numbering about 1000 men, came down near Antilla and succeeded in getting between the army and the defenses. Several officers were captured, together with six men of the 13th N. Y. cavalry, and a number of wagons, &c. Our cavalry was sent in pursuit.

A fight ensued and the rebels were driven with loss.

WASHINGTON, 19th.—The Sec'y of War returned at daylight this morning from his interview with Gen. Meade at Padaquas.—The military authorities here have not reached any conclusion as to the strength of Lee's army. Our cavalry find the enemy in every direction, but their main body had been effectually concealed.

One person says Lee has retired behind the Bull Run Mountain and is falling back towards an intrenched position on the Rappahannock; but some of the most experienced here believe that the principal part of his infantry have been sent in the direction of Harper's Ferry and Winchester, with a view of supporting another cavalry raid into Maryland. It is reported that 700 horses were captured by Mosby's guerillas between here and Fairfax Court House.

The *Tribune* has the following important announcement in its editorial:—We understand on authority from Washington which we deem trustworthy, that Rosecrans is about to be removed from command of the army of the Cumberland. His successor is not yet named.

NEW YORK, 20th.—Bermuda dates of the 13th inst., have been received. The British steamer Plover arrived at Charleston. The Plover did not communicate with Charleston, as the Admiral deemed it prudent not to have any interviews.

The barque 'Jane Pierce,' from England, reports a strong circumstance having happened to her during her voyage out. She was run into in the open sea and in broad day light, by a vessel of war, which proved to be the U. S. 'Onward.' She struck the vessel above the stern, smashing the bulwarks and wheel and injuring the mizzen rigging. The commander of the Onward showed every disposition to remedy the effects of the accident. He lowered a boat to offer assistance to the injured vessel.

UTICA, 20.—Seven carloads of freight, consisting chiefly of petroleum, were destroyed here this morning.

Washington, 20th.

A rumor has been current some days that Gen. Rosecrans is to be relieved of his command, but enquiry of those presumed to be best informed on the subject, has failed to elicit anything either affirmative or negative.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20th.

Flour Market quiet, and tending downwards.

Wheat Market quiet and without much change. Spring quite firm.

Gold 140¾.

New Advertisements.

"CONFIDENCE GAME EXTRAORDINARY."

Vide Semi-Weekly Signal, 16th October.

FAMILIAR with the FRAILTIES OF HUMAN NATURE, we would throw the Mantle of Charity around the indiscretions or shortcomings of brother or friend; but when

DOWNRIGHT RASCALITY

AND

ABUSE OF CONFIDENCE

Are concerned, we would as heartily denounce.

BE OURS then the task in part to afford

Protection to the Honest, Frugal and Industrious,

BY STRICTLY ADHERING TO THE

EXCLUSIVELY CASH SYSTEM!

THUS REQUIRING OF

No Man Payment of Another's Debts.

For remember, LOSSES must be counterbalanced by PROFITS, else the Balance Sheet at the end of the financial year will wear a dreary aspect.

Thankful for the patronage we have received since our arrival in Goderich and which is greater than our most sanguine expectations, we beg to state that our facilities for supplying our friends are better now than at any previous time—being now in almost daily receipt of articles in our line.

Remember the exclusively Cash Store

D. KERR, Jr. & CO.,

West Street.

GODERICH, C. W., 20th Oct., 1863.

NOTICE.

THE AUCTION SALE OF FARM Stock, &c., which was to come off on Wednesday, 28th October, inst., On my Farm on the Huron Road, is unavoidably POSTPONED until further notice.

JOHN McLEAN.

Goderich, October 17th, 1863. w38*1t

Lot 94, HURON ROAD.

IMPORTANT AUCTION SALE OF FARM STOCK! IMPLEMENTS, &C.

G. M. TRUEMAN WILL SELL BY AUCTION on the Farm of Mr. GEORGE DOBBIE, Lot 94, Huron Road, Goderich Township, near Taylor's School House, the following Farm Stock, Implements, &c.,

On TUESDAY, November 3rd, 1863,

Commencing at 1½ o'clock, p.m.

One span horses, 1 bay buggy mare, 5 yrs old, 1 spring colt sired by thoroughbred horse "Cadmus," 1 yoke oxen 7 years old, 5 milch cows, 3 heifers rising 3 yrs old, 2 heifers rising 2 yrs old, 3 steers rising 2 yrs old, 7 calves, 1 large breed sow, 1 iron axletree waggon, 1 double carriage, 1 buggy, 1 set double harness, 1 pair bob sleighs, two ploughs, one pair harrows, two fanning mills, one pair platform scales, one saddle and bridle, with sundry other articles.

TERMS OF SALE,

15 months credit allowed by furnishing approved Joint Notes

☞ The Farm, if not previously sold by private sale, will be sold by Auction on the same day.

Goderich, October 17th, 1863. w38td

A SUPERIOR FARM TO RENT!

Near the Gravel Road, Colborne.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until *MONDAY*, the 2nd day of *NOVEMBER*, 1863, at noon, for the renting of the Farm Lot 10, 5th con., W. D., Colborne, 1 mile from the Northern Gravel Road, and 5 miles from Goderich; 127 acres of Land, about 60 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation. Applicants to state how much rent per year for 5 years. Apply to the proprietor,

DAVID CLARK, Colborne,
Or to ROBERT GIBBONS, Goderich.

October 19th, 1863. w38

PLOUGHING MATCH

THE ANNUAL Ploughing Match of the Township of Colborne will take place on *THURSDAY*, 29th *INST.*, on the farm of Mr JOHN MORRIS, Concession 9, Lot 6, township of Colborne. Ploughing to commence precisely at 10 o'clock.

The following prizes will be awarded:

MEN—1st prize	$6 00
2nd do	5 00
3rd do	4 00
4th do	3 00
5th do	2 00
BOYS under 20 years of age.	
1st prize	6 00
2nd do	5 00
3rd do	4 00
4th do	3 00
5th do	2 00

P. ROBERTSON, Sec'y.

Colborne, 20th Oct., 1863. w38

TO RENT OR SELL!

AN EXCELLENT TAVERN STAND!

CONSISTING OF TWELVE ROOMS, with large Stable Shed, pump and large garden, in the Village of Bluevale, Township of Turnberry, and known by the name of the *BLUEVALE HOTEL*, and in the occupation of the proprietor, H. C. PUGH. The property has large additions and improvements, and is worthy the notice of any man who is seeking a home.

H. C. PUGH.

October 8th, 1863. w37tf

WANTED,

AN AGENT to canvass for McGEE's "IRELAND," in the County of Huron. This is a rare chance for a good canvasser, as exclusive territory will be given.

Address,
WM. PALMER,
General Agent,
Box 1235 Toronto.

swl4-tf]

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

United Counties of