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 25, 1867. [VOL. XX.—NO 26

Business Directory

Medical.

Richard Moore,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W.
February 7th, 1867. w3yr

ROBERT J. SLOAN, M. D
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c.

THREE years surgeon in the U. S. A. during the late war. One of the resident surgeons on U. S. Hospital Steamer "D. A. January." Assistant operator for the 15th Army Corps at Vicksburg, Miss., &c., &c.
Office and Residence.—Mr. T. G. Jackson's Lower Wingham.
N B.—Consultations on surgical cases attended in all parts of the country.
Wingham, C. W., March 9th, 1867. w13 6m*

G. M. McMICKING, M.D.
LICENTIATE COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, C. E. Residence—the house formerly occupied by Mr. Buest, Caledonia Terrace, Goderich. w19

Dr. Stansbury,
GRADUATE of the Medical Department of Victoria University, Toronto, and late of the Hospital and Dispensary, New York. Residence D McDougall's (Bailiff) Bayfield. w49 4m*0

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

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

J. Y. Elwood,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Blake's Block, opposite the Post Office, Goderich.
January 3, 1866. sw37

J. Francis C. Haldan
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c, Goderich, C. W., and Bayfield, C. W. Office—Kay's Block, Goderich, and Mr. Patterson's Store Bayfield.
Mr. Haldan will be at his branch office, Bayfield, every Monday from 10 a. m. till 5 p.m. swdw26

William R. Bain, B. A.
CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE.
GRAY'S NEW BUILDINGS, KINGSTON STREET GODERICH.
N.B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate Quieted.
Goderich, Dec. 24, 1866. sw34

R. SKIMINGS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-IN Chancery, &c., &c., &c. Office—Kingston street, Goderich, 5 doors west of M. C. Cameron's Law Office.
MONEY TO LEND. w20

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c &c. Clinton, C. W.
MONEY TO LEND.

William Fraser,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Walkerton Co. of Bruce. v16n15ly

D. McDougall
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country promptly attended to. w5-1y75

Jonn Campbell,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Offices on Broad way, 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. w40-1y8oox

DENTISTRY.

Dr. PHELPS,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Goderich, C. W.,
Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store
Teeth extracted without pain by the local narcotic spray.
January 13th, 1865. w7 oox-1y

COLONIAL HOUSE!

THE Subscriber always keeps the largest variety and best Stock of
HOISERY & GLOVES!
IN THE COUNTIES.
CHAS. E. ARCHIBALD.
Goderich, August 22nd, 1866. sw103

1863] HENRY GRIST, [1866
Departmental, Parliamentary,
AND PATENT AGENT,
OTTAWA
Transacts business with the Crown Lands and other Government Departments; Takes out Patents for Inventions; Obtains Incorporation for Companies by Letters Patent; Drafts and takes charge of Private Bills during the Session, &c., for parties residing elsewhere.
REFERENCES:
Hon. A. Campbell, Commissioner of Crown Lands. W. M. Wilson, Esq., Simcoe.
St. Jones, Esq., Hamilton. Hon. J. Cauchon, London.
Messrs. R. Lewis & Son, Toronto. R. Bull, Esq., Inspector of Agencies, Colonial Life Assurance Co.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT IN TOWN.

MARTIN AMANN
BEGS TO INFORM HIS OLD CUSTOMers, that he is still able to sell for cash, at the lowest rates,
ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE
At his shop on Kingston street, opposite the Huron Hotel, Goderich. Give him a call.
Goderich Oct. 2, 1866. sw11w37

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

Business Directory.

Malcolm Nicholson.
SURGICAL OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.
ELECTROPATHIST, &c.
TEETH inserted in either Platina, Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized Rubber on reasonable terms
Office over the Post Office, West Street Goderich. w

ALL RIGHT AGAIN.
LARGEST
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY IN THE PROVINCE,
WITH A
New & Magnificent Sky-Light
AND SPLENDIDLY FURNISHED ROOMS.

E. L. JOHNSON
BEGS to inform his old patrons, and the public generally, that he has, at much expense, fitted up his rooms, in STEWARTS' New Brick Block, corner of Hamilton street and Square, Goderich, in such a style as to render them the finest in the country, and the best adapted for the accomplishment of first-class work in his delicate and beautiful art. Those desirous of having Pictures of
CHILDREN
taken will please bring in the morning.
Photographs taken in every Style known to the art, and Old Ambrotypes and Daguerrotypes copied as Photographs. A large Stock of Gilt and Rose-Wood Frames always on hand. Also, ALBUMS, very cheap.
E. L. J., in returning thanks for the liberal patronage of the past, feels satisfied that recent improvements will enable him to merit a continuance and increase of the same.
E. L. JOHNSON.
Goderich, March 1, 1867. w6tf

MAITLAND HOTEL, GODERICH
E. HOSKER, PROPRIETOR. THE above is most pleasantly situated on an eminence 120 feet high, overlooking the Harbor and Lake Huron;—good Orchards, Gardens and Kure Walks attached. Board $1 per day; single Meals or Beds, 25 cents. v1n51ovly

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 Shortest Notice 14:7

THE BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL
EXETER.
ANGUS McDONALD, Proprietor.
NO effort will be spared on the part of the proprietor of the above hotel to render his house all that can be required by the travelling community. Give him a call.
April 17th, 1867. w12

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

PRINCE OF ORANGE HOTEL
DUNGANNON.
A BLACK, Proprietor.
Ample accommodations, choice liquors and good attendance.
Dungannon, Mar 21, 1867 w9tf

ROYAL OAK HOTEL,
LUCKNOW.
JAMES CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
BEST OF WINES & LIQUORS.
Good Accommodation for Travellers,
GOOD STABLING AND ATTENTIVE HOSTLERS
Lucknow, 5th March, 1866. w8tf

WM. ELLIOTT.
General Horse and Cattle Farrier.
New Grocery and Temperance House, Benmillar.
A WELL furnished stable, attentive hostler, and all necessary accommodation for the public, at very reasonable rates.
Benmillar, May 16, 1867. 17w6m*p.

J. D. CAMERON,
HAS REMOVED FROM THE CENTRAL TO
The Bayfield Hotel!
(formerly kept by Mr. Labatt.)
CONSTANTLY on hand, the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c., and an attentive hostler, and by strict attention to business hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
Bayfield, March 8, 1867. w7 6m

Cheaper than ever!
THE Subscriber having moved to the Store one door east of the corner of Kingston Street and Market Square,
Opposite Mr. C. Crabb's Block,
formerly occupied by Messrs. Parker & Cattle, druggists, offers for sale
THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, BEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES!
of any House in town, both
Imported and of his own Manufacture, comprising all the newest styles of Ladies' Gents, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, which he is determined to sell at a small advance on cost, as "small profits and quick returns" is his method of doing business.
Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.
S. FURSE.
Goderich, April 15, 1867. w6

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE

WM. STEWART
OFFERS FOR SALE THE ENTIRE STOCK IN TRADE OF
D. KERR, JR. & CO., GODERICH, ONTARIO.
COMPRISING A LARGE STOCK OF
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS!
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
At such immense reductions as will insure a speedy sale. The following are a few of the many hundred bargains now offered to the public,

4000 yards Dress Goods, from 10 cents up.
1000 yards Cobourgs, from 12½ cents upwards.
500 yards Merino, 45 cents.
200 Berage and Cloth Mantles, $1, regular price $2 50.
250 large Brown Silk Parasols, usual price $2 50—your choice for $1.
Bright Black Glacie Silks, from 90 cents.
Black and Colored Kid Gloves, cents per pair.
400 pieces Brown Cottons from 8 cents.
50 pieces White Cottons, from 10 cents.
Striped Shirting, 12½ cents per yard.
300 pieces fast colored Print, regular price 20 to 25 cts, reduced to 12½ and 15c.
Gambroons from 15 cents.
Tweeds, 50 cents. All-wool Tweeds, 70 cents.
Black Cloths, from $1.

READY-MADE CLOTHING
Coats, Pants, and Vests, very cheap.
All-Wool Suits, from $10.
Flannel Shirts, Cotton Shirts, Ties, Scarfs, reduced 30 per cent.
Paper Collars, 12½ cents per box, regular price 20 to 25 cents.
Purchasers will effect a SAVING OF 25 to 30c. ON EVERY DOLLAR, by calling at once, and securing the best bargains ever offered in this Dominion, at
D. KERR'S OLD STAND.
Goderich, July 5th, 1867. w24

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY!
GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL SALE!
COMMENCED AT THE
EMPORIUM!
BEFORE REMOVING TO OUR NEW PREMISES WE OFFER THE whole of our immense stock of
DRY GOODS AT COST.
GREAT BARGAINS!
FOR CASH,
FOR ONE MONTH!
Goods Cheaper than any House in the Trade!
J. C. DETLOR & CO.
GODERICH, June 11th, 1867. w16

To Get a First-Class Article of
WINTER CLOTHING!
GO TO
Logan's Woolen Factory Store,
Where you will find a large and varied stock of Fulled Cloths and Satinetts, Tweeds in great variety.
White, Plain, Grey, Striped and Checked Wineeys,
A great variety of all wool home-made checked flannels, one yard wide; likewise
WHITE, GREY, SCARLET & FANCY FLANNELS,
A LOT OF FIRST-CLASS BLANKETS, EIGHT TO NINE POUNDS PER PAIR.
Stocking Yarn, Fine Fingering Yarn, Fleecy and Berlin Wools, all in endless variety.
Together with a choice Assortment of
Factory Cottons, Hollands, Prints, Alpacas, Imported Winceys,
Dress Goods, Ready-made Shirts and Drawers; Mens' and Childrens' Socks and Stockings in great variety. A call is solicited.
THOMAS LOGAN.
Woolen Factory Store, East Street, 10th September, 1866. w1

POETRY.

[For the Huron Signal.]

Stanzas on Previdence.

A special kindly providence
Sits, ever up above,
With eye of steadfast vigilance
And smile of heavenly love,
It never slumbers night or day;
Nor flags with toil o'er wrought,
But guides fr.m errors tempting way
The mind with virtue fraught.

It never scorns at indigence
As selfish powers of earth;
For well it knows, the lust of pride
Would tread out humble worth,
The humble mind, the honest aim
The truthful heart and tongue
It warms with inspirations flame
And clothes in light and song.

It soars above the furrow'd field
Where toils the weary hind
And gently fans his sweaty brow
With cooling zephyrs kind;
It whispers to his soul the charm
Of home's pure sympathies;
And strengthens more his brawny arm
To guard those sacred ties.

Its halo gilds the drapery
Of summer's tranquil sky;
Where sings the lark in July's dawn
Its heaven-tuned rhapsody;
The shepherd panting up the steep
In grateful homage kneels
And deems a world's ambition cheap
To half the joy he feels.

Above the tented battle field
When duty calls, to save
From rebel ire, or spoilers hand
The birthright of the brave;
It hovers round the soldiers rest
Bright visions to impart;
Till many an humble ungemm'd breast
Reveals a hero's heart.

It rides above the bursting spray
Of ocean's boisterous tides;
And saves the sailor's trusty ship
Whilst tempests lash her sides;
By whirlpool reef and crested shoal!
Along life's treacherous main,
It guides him to the hoped for good;
And still he trusts again.

O'er feigned friendship's enmities,
Dark treachery and wrong,
It poises high the ardent soul
Of each true child of song!
Tho' barr'd on earth from every bliss
To baser spirits given
Triumphant o'er life's wretchedness
He sings his way to Heaven.

WILLIAM DANNATYNE.
July 8th 1867.

The South Riding Candidates.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—We are preparing for an election of men to represent us in the House of Commons and the Ontario Legislature, and this to these Ridings of Huron, and over the entire Dominion is all important. It behoves men of either politics to look well to the character and ability of such men as they put forward to represent them; that they be fit and proper persons in the best sense of the term. From what I see going on the country, and especially in the South Riding of Huron, in the way of Representatives for our Legislative Halls. It does impress me, and most other men, that there is a descending instance of and ascending in the choice of candidates for such places; and most distinctly is this shewn in the choice of the conservatives in the South Riding of Huron; who by the way are Messrs Carling and Ritchie. To speak in particular of the former gentleman who has assumed the position of candidate for the Ontario Legislature. It was to the astonishment of many sensible and intelligent men, who know him well and liked him well enough as a neighbor, to hear of his being proposed as a candidate for the position already named. But far greater was the astonishment when learning that he had accepted their proposal. If the party proposing were stupid and foolish in their choice, it was hoped that the individual chosen would have more good sense in refusing—he knowing himself better than they did—but both parties for the time being seem to have lost sight of the requisite qualification for the office, and therefore the sad retrograde movement in their case. But the friends of Mr Carling must have had some grounds for his being the object of their choice; let us ascertain them, they say, and continually repeat it, that he is an *honest* man. On their assertion we will say so far so good; but throughout the Riding do not a great many men possess this good property to as large a degree as Mr Carling, and still it don't qualify them for the office of Legislator. It must follow then that there are some other qualifications necessary to enable a man to aspire to such, and on turning to the friends of Mr Carling asking them to produce these qualications on the part of their candidates; we are met with dumbness They have no other to produce. It is very evident and necessary that in the requirements of a candidate for Parliament, he must have a good character, and good mental abilities—be able to think, reflect and judge correctly on plain and intricate questions—be able, also, when occasion requires, to speak his views intelligently—and to do this he should be a man of considerable public business experience. If the friends of Mr Carling can say this of him as we have just stated their case would not be so bad, so far as character and ability goes. But we have to view Mr Carling from another stand point, and we ask what is his political stripe? We are not left in doubt on this—all his antecedents in the past goes to show that he is a Tory, and that too of the most sterile and fossil nature. Mr Carling and all of like politics and principles are endeavouring during this election to assume a false appearance, in order to lead Reformers and others astray; they declare that all old things are passed away, and that all have become new, in the political world—that Toryism has died out and that there is only one party in the country. Pity then it is that the party should be led by such a man as John A McDonald. The instincts of the different animal races lead them together as you may, are still true to their nature; so with J A McDonald, and all who have sympathised with his political workings in the past. Change their position as you please—they are still true to the old tendency of misdoing and corruption. But look for a little to the man Mr Gibbons, who is the Reform candidate, and what a contrast is set forth before his opponent. In Mr Gibbons the Riding saves itself, and all honor to the party he belongs to, he is a true man—true in his honesty, true in his mental abilities and true in public business experience and from his present position in the County Council, is shewn the approval of his course by the people at large. May the good electors of this Riding show in their choice of Mr Gibbons, that he is worthy of them and they of him, and when the Polling comes place him in the van to victory.

Yours, &c., A REFORMER.
Exeter, July 12th, 1867.

Maitlandville Pic-Nic.

The annual Pic-Nic indulged in by the youth and beauty of Maitlandville, came off yesterday (18th) in the delightful grove to the north and east of "The Ridge." The day was all that could be wished for; the lunch,—spread under the able superintendence of the fair Misses Halliday, Simmonds and others,—bountiful and delicious; and the company graced with as bright and blooming "ladyes faire" as ever held their joyous court beneath the leafy arches of the spreading wildwood tree. The contagious game ruled mistress of the hour; there the magic fiddle called on all who "trip the light fantastic toe," to join the magic dance and chase the flying hours with swifter flying feet. The moon was rising in the azure heavens, and redly set the evening sun, before the happy throng could tear themselves away from where they'd spent as merry an afternoon as falls to the lot of us poor mortals but seldom in the revolving year.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—Our attention was called yesterday to an aged lady who was walking up Main street with a firm and elastic step, who had reached the astonishing age of one hundred and ten years. This relic of the past century was born in the County Monaghan, Ireland, and moved to this city some eighteen years ago. Her name is McCabe, and she resides with her son on Elk street. Mrs. McCabe's eyesight is as good as when she was a young girl, being able now to thread a fine combric needle. Her voice is as full and sonorous as many women's of forty years of age, and she sang a song with as much vivacity.—*Buffalo Courier.*

FORTRESS MONROE, July 5.—Accounts of destitution among the poorer classes of the counties of North Carolina are constantly being received, and leave no room for doubt that the most intense suffering and sickness from the want of food prevails to a deplorable extent.

The salaries of the Quebec ministers has been fixed at $3,000 each, and the solicitor-general at $1,000 and emoluments.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY.

A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

Continued.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COURT MARTIAL.

ON THE morning after the conclave at Sebastopol, Philippo skulked back unseen to the British camp. In one place at the left the English position, the rock and brushwood were so plentifully scattered round, that one who went slyly through them was certain to escape unseen. By keeping up the valley of Inkermann before daybreak, and then coming into the camp by the way of this secret place, Philippo arrived at his old quarters safe and unharmed, and considerably richer than when he departed. For the information which he conveyed to Menschikoff was of the most important kind, and had been paid for proportionally.

Galeron rose to greet him as he entered, at an early hour, the apartment of that worthy, and eagerly asked him about the success of the expedition into the town. They then conversed for a long time in their native language.

"Now," said Philippo, at last, "carry out you part of to-day's affairs, and you will be well rewarded."

"I will of course, do my part," answered Galeron; "and if your friend escapes, then blame me not."

"I do not see how he can, when so much is against him."

"Nor I—but see, there comes the officers already. They will have the court-martial early to day. I did not know but that after all, Lord Raglan would decide that it should be put off for a week or so. Already he has been so anxious for preserving forms, that he has suffered more than a fortnight to pass away, with D'Arcey in prison."

"All the better for all parties," answered Philippo. "It will teach Captain D'Arcey fortitude and patience.

"But see, here they come, the assembly will soon be here."

The two Greeks turned away, Galeron to enter the chamber where the trial was to take place, and Philippo to see when his master was to be taken up. He returned to the tent of D'Arcey. There the young officer lay a prisoner, for the charge against him was of too serious a nature to permit of his going at large. Four soldiers were in the tent with him. D'Arcey was pale, but calm. His head had the bandages taken off, and on his forehead there now appeared a very deep scar, covered, however, by his hair. Philippo entered the tent

"Ah, Philippo. I am glad to see you," said D'Arcey, gaily. "You are my only friend, now." He rose and pressed the hand of his valet.

Philippo sat by him, with his face drawn up into an expression of the deepest commiseration.

"Ah, my dear master, why did you venture out? How could you do it?"

"It was carelessness, and it cannot be helped, Philippo; but what avails it now to talk of it?"

"Is Captain D'Arcey ready?" exclaimed a voice without. The guards arose.

"Yes," cried D'Arcey. "I am ready, come in."

"An officer entered, and ordered the guard to bring along their prisoner. The soldiers went out, leading D'Arcey in their midst, toward the tent of Lord Raglan. The soldiers who were near by, stopped in, their work, to see him who was to be tried as a deserter, or a spy, and many of them looked pitifully upon him, for he was known throughout the whole army, as a gallant officer, and a valient soldier.

At length the quarters of Lord Raglan appeared and the guard entered with their prisoner. The room where the court was held, was the same one which Raglan used for a library. There were assembled the principal generals of the British army; and General Canrobert had come to assist at the deliberations. D'Arcey was viewed closely as he entered, and his open manly countenance, his calm and soldierly bearing, produced on the assembly a marked impression in his favour.

"It remains, now," said Lord Raglan, after D'Arcey had taken his stand, "it remains now to hear the charges made against the prisoner. Galeron, come forward!"

"Galeron did so.

What testimony have you to offer? Be brief."

"I will tell your lordships," said Galeron. "About a fortnight since, on the night of the 23rd of November, I was ordered to occupy a particular post on a line between this tent and the mortar called 'Whistling Dick.' It was supposed that communications were held with the enemy, along that line, in consequence of the rugged nature of the ground. With six men I took up a position on the outskirts of a rocky field. We waited two hours, but saw nothing. At last, stealthy sounds approached. We watched—a figure closely and carefully muffled up, appeared walked swiftly yet silently through the gloom. At once we made him stand, took him prisoner, found him incapable of giving a satisfactory reason for his presence there, and upon examination of his person, found a very suspicious paper upon him."

The story Galeron told off with the utmost fluency.

"A paper? Have you that paper?" asked Raglan.

"I have, my lord."

Galeron placed the letter upon his master's desk.

The assemblage interchanged looks.

"Can this evidence be corroborated?" said Raglan.

"My lord, the six soldiers who were with me then, can be examined," answered Galeron.

The six soldiers, who were present for witnesses, were called up, and testified on oath to the truth of Galeron's statement.

"Have you more to say?" asked Raglan.

"How did the prisoner behave? Was anything said?"

"Nothing was said by him. He was perfectly calm and silent after we had seized him. But his servant said something that goes against him."

"Ah! what was it?"

"Here are his words," and Galeron read from a paper the remark which Philippo had made about the frequency of his master's absence.

"Who is Philippo?" said Canrobert.

"He is D'Arcey's servant, a simple-minded fellow," replied Raglan.

"What did the prisoner say?" asked Raglan further.

"He swore at Philippo."

"He did not. He would not. You are lying! He never went out spying! I never said so!" These wild cries came from Philippo, who stood in the corner of the room, looking the picture of despair.

"Take this man out," was the stern order.

Philippo wrung his hands; every one admired the wonderful fidelity of this paragon of servants. D'Arcey himself was affected. He was permitted to remain.

"Appearances are sadly against the prisoner," said Canrobert; and all the officers present seemed to think his case desperate.

"The letter was handed round the assemblage, and all saw there what was evidently an appointment from the enemy, to have a secret and traitorous meeting outside the British army.

"Did not Captain D'Arcey, the prisoner, offer any excuse?" asked Canrobert.

"None, whatever," replied Galeron.

"Did he not remonstrate?"

"Of course. He said he was out on delicate business—that he was a British officer—that we must let him go."

The officers looked meaningly at one another.

"The appearances in this transaction are fearfully against the prisoner," whispered Raglan to Canrobert.

"Have you anything further to state?" asked the commander-in-chief, with a glance full of the deepest meaning.

"I was ordered to examine the prisoner's tent. These soldiers were with me. The man was frantic in his endeavours to prevent me. The man Philippo, I mean. We were compelled to bind him. We searched the tent, and found these."

"What are they?"

"Documents written in Russian, seemingly, —statistics concerning the camp."

"What seal is this?"

"The D'Arcey arms. The prisoner acknowledged the seal as his."

Lionel stood pale but motionless.

"Lay these documents upon the table."

Galeron did so.

There was a gloom on every brow, as the six soldiers again came forward and corroborated by oath the truth of this damning testimony.

Fierce eyes glanced upon D'Arcey, but still, even in their anger, there was a ray of mildness; for they hoped that there might possibly be some way of explaining these things.

After some forms the prisoner was called for.

"What have you to say in reply?" asked Lord Raglan.

"This much my lord. I find myself surrounded by a net-work of my own weaving. How this base plot has been contrived, I know not. Some devil has surely planned it, for I cannot account for these things. I will answer it, and to do so, I will have to explain my private secrets, an unpleasant thing, but here absolutely necessary.

"By a letter from home, I heard that my father was dying by foul means. I was alarmed, and applied for a dismission. It was not granted. My head was severely wounded, but I was not permitted to go. I heard that my betrothed was compelled by the same foul means to fly from England to Odessa—"

"Odessa! A Russian lady. Go on."

"No, my lord, not a Russian, but a Greek. I was alarmed for her, and for my father. The day after my reception of the letter from home, I received that one," and D'Arcey pointed to the letter which Galeron had found upon him.

"You will understand the meaning of it, and you will now see why I ventured forth without the limits of the camp. It was to get a letter from Odessa' from my betrothed. I thought not of danger, I supposed she had arranged the delivery with some friend of hers in Sebastopol. I speak with confidence and openess upon my private affairs."

"Good, good!" said Canrobert; "he speaks well."

"The officers listened with attention.

"That was the cause of my expedition. That is the explanation of the letter. As to the speech of poor Philippo, he did not know what he was saying. I do not go forth from the limits of the camp. None can give proof of having seen me. But this is only my assertion.

"As to these documents found in my tent, before God I swear that they were never drawn up by me. I never saw them till they were found. I was as much surprised and shocked as any one. I never wrote such papers. I am not acquainted with Russian, and could not have produced such a thing. And lastly it is not my hand-writing at all. You have all my papers in your possession. Compare my writing with that, and you will see that it is not my own, nor is it my own in disguise. It is some horrible plot, some fiendish contrivance, this has been made to ruin me. Why any one should do so, I know not. Who they can be, I cannot tell. I cannot say any more than what I have already said."

D'Arcey's answer produced a good effect upon the minds of all present, but still they saw that it was merely his own reply. There was no third person to prove what he had said.

"It may not be your writing," said Raglan, who had been comparing the Russian manuscript with one of D'Arcey's old letters. "It may not be your writing, but you confess this seal to be yours?"

"I do, my lord; but how it came there, I know not. I lost it at the battle of Inkermann. I was plundered while senseless."

"No—no—here it is. I found it three days ago," cried Philippo, gaily. I found it under your couch."

"What—Captain D'Arcey! What have you to say now?"

Suspicion of D'Arcey's veracity began to prevail. His assertion of being plundered was so signally disproved by Philippo's statement, that ill feelings and distrust began again to rule.

"Bring the ring forward," said Raglan. "When did you find that?"

"Three days ago."

"Where?"

"Under D'Arcey's bed."

"How came you to find it?"

"I was looking there, and saw a square parcel. I opened it. It was a sheet of paper with this ring enclosed."

"Ah! give me that paper." Raglan compared the bluish paper with that on which the Russian was written. It was the same paper. He held it up to the view of all. Every one saw that it was the same. This paper, and the seal—what horrible proofs of the prisoner's guilt!

Philippo looked piteously around.

"O, holy virgin!" he cried. "Why am I always hurting my master? Good heaven's! Can I say nothing but what will make him guilty? O, gentlemen! your excellencies—"

"Take this fellow off," cried Raglan. The soldiers seized him.

Philippo cried "mercy! Have mercy on my master. O, your worships—"

The soldiers stopped his mouth. Philippo was carried off, wringing his hands with grief.

The grief of the faithful servant was only an additional proof of the guilt of D'Arcey. The stern assembly considered how great must be his crime, when his faithful valet, who evidently would die for him, should thus innocently give testimony which tended to criminate his adored master.

"We must send this man to prison. We will call him up in a few days. His case is an intricate one."

Thus spoke Raglan, after a few words with Canrobert. This assembly then broke up. The officers departed to their homes, and D'Arcey was led to another prison.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ZOUAVE.

D'ARCEY'S tent was no longer his prison. He was taken to a sort of redoubt which lay far to the front of the British lines and close by the French. It was on a line with the second French parallel which was then nearly completed, and was very close to the walls of the city. The place of his imprisonment was a small house close by a French redoubt and in the immediate neighbourhood of the advanced British army. Why he was confined in this part of the camp, no one could tell. It was supposed by some, that he was sent here, so that his chances of escape should be lessened, for the front rank is always guarded more closely than the rear. By others, it was supposed that he was sent here, so that he might be out of the way of the pestilence, which would most surely have cut him down, had he been confined, in the rear, or in Balaklava. From what cause it arose, however, here he was, in the front of the army, an eye-witness of the siege operations, and of many events that constantly occurred in the immediate vicinity of the city. His hut was built of stockades, and was roofed with boards. Holes served for windows, and to keep out the cold wind, blankets could be let down.

It was evening. D'Arcey had been sent here at mid-day, immediately after the court martial had broken up. Here he had been shut in, and left under the immediate supervision of a sentinel. The immediate vicinity of the French redoubt would preclude the possibility of his exciting the sympathy of his countrymen; and, indeed, the only one of his countrymen who was near enough to be addressed, was the stern and watchful sentinel.

The redoubt was held by Zouaves. Their liveliness and mirth in the midst of danger, their vivacity, and practical jokes, even in the midst of death, afforded much interest to D'Arcey, who, though in a most desperate condition, could not avoid being amused at the actions of these lively fellows. They were armed with Minie rifles, and with these, they picked off with unerring accuracy every man who showed himself at the walls. For some reason, few Russians were visible on this day, and on account of this coyness of the game, the sport became more exciting. These Zouaves viewed the whole affair in the merriest light. Loud were the shouts of applause when the shots took effect, and vociferous was the derisive laughter with which a failing shot was greeted.

An old Russian in a greasy red cap seemed to excite the utmost amusement among them. Occasionally, that red cap would be seen peering above a wall, or behind a parapet would become half visible. The wearer seemed to be an old acquaintance. Whenever he appeared, he was greeted with loud shouts, and—"Hi hi, ho ho! Bonnet rouge!" rang through the air. No one took aim at him, for they considered it useless. He had been shot at so often, and so often escaped, that he was considered to bear a kind of charmed life. A jovial feeling of friendship seemed to be felt for him, and this also prevented them from firing. So old "Bonnet rouge" became quite popular.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded, and all firing ceased. It was a signal for a short suspension of hostilities. From one of the gates an officer came with an attendant, bearing the flag of truce, and advance! toward the British line. A British officer came forth to meet him. The Russian politely touched his hat, and taking off his glove, handed a letter to the English officer, who received it with equal courtesy, and bore it away. The Russian then returned, and the firing was resumed. But during the truce, the jolly Zouaves had not been idle, nor had the Russians. Thousands of heads rose en masse above the parapets, and thousands of heads rose responsively above the trenches on the other side. The Zouaves were particularly demonstrative. They seized bottles and waving them in the air, shouted out, "Bono Moscov!" and drank their contents with inimitable grace.

The Russians shouted out, "Bono Frances! Bono Ingles!" and drank the health of their enemies in the same manner.

Suddenly a red cap emerged, high above the others, from behind the parapet. A grotesque figure stood upon a cannon, with a huge campaign bottle.

"Hi! Hi! Vieux 'Bonnet Rouge?' Ha, ha! A votre sante!" cried the Zouaves, and a hundred bottles were waved and their contents drained.

"Bono Frances! Bono Frances!" cried old 'Bonnet Rouge,' waving his enormous bottle, and drinking it with ineffable grace. Then seeing the officer returning, old "Bonnet rouge" flung the bottle toward the Zouaves, made an "Orientalissimo" bow, and dived down to his former place.

Thus the weary hours of the siege were pleasantly beguiled, in the front ranks, and the Zouaves by their sporting, most assisted D'Arcey's attention and made him forget his woes.