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## THE GREEK ADVENTURER: THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY. A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

BY LEONARD MURRAY.

(Continued.)

### 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 neighborhood of the advanced British line. 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. From whatever cause it arose, however, 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 stocks, and was roofed with boards. Holes served for windows, and to keep out cold wind, blankets could be let down.

It was evening, D'Arcey had been sent here at midnight, 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 antics of these lively fellows. He was amused with their merriment, and with their 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 in the game, the sport became more exciting. These Zouaves viewed the whole affair in the merest light. Loud were the shouts of applause when the shots took effect, and volleys were the derisive laughter with which a falling shot was greeted.

An old Russian in a grey 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 visible. The Zouaves seemed to be an old acquaintance. Whatever he appeared, he was greeted with loud shouts, and "Hi-li, ho! hi! Bonnet rouge!" rang through the air. No one would look at him for they considered it useless. He had been shot at these walls so often, that he was considered to be a kind of claret-bottle. 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 the signal for a short suspension of hostilities. From one of the gates an officer came with an attendant, bearing the flag of truce, and advanced 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 Zouaves had not been idle, nor had the Russians. Thousands of heads rose en masse above the parapets, and thousands of heads rose respectively above the trenches on the other side. The Zouaves were particularly demonstrative. They seized bottles, and waving them in the air, shouted out, "Bonnet rouge!" and drank their contents with unmitigated glee. The Russians shouted out, "Bonnet rouge!" 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 champagne bottle.

"Hi-li, ho! hi! Bonnet rouge!" Ha, ha! A treble such heads as the Zouaves, and a hundred bottles were waved, and their contents drained.

"Bonnet rouge! Bonnet rouge!" cried old "Bonnet rouge" waving his enormous bottle, and drinking it with unmitigated glee. Then seeing the officer returning, old "Bonnet rouge" flung the bottle toward the Zouaves, made an "Orientalism" bow, and divided down to his former place.

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

Evening came on. Suddenly an enormous bomb was sent from the walls, hissing and flaming, toward the wall where D'Arcey stood. He watched it, half willing that it should come with all its terror upon him. It rushed through the air, fell, burst, and shivered to atoms at the very feet of the sentinel. The soldier was blown to pieces! The enormous shell tore up the ground and sent its horrible content far and wide. The Zouaves saw it hit and destroy the sentinel. Two or three came to his post to supply his place. One of them took up the position, and paced up and down, in the spot where the British soldier had trod. Leanness came on swiftly, and D'Arcey still stood before the scene. The walls were visible, and the flashes of light looked grandly as the cannon thundered forth their volleys. But the firing ceased gradually and soon all was quite still. There was only watchfulness on either side. They watched but no longer fought. The day time was now sufficient for such deeds as these. So the silence of night began to take the place of day's clamour and destruction. The Zouaves were still, and their loud laughter and merry jests no longer were heard. Yet it was not dark long, for soon the moon came forth, and at times shining out from among the thick clouds, illuminating the scene.

It was still, and Lionel watched the scene. A Russian sentinel could be seen outside the walls, as he occasionally came forth from a sheltered position behind a rock, and took a hasty glance around. D'Arcey watched him attentively, wondering whether others would see him and shoot him down. Thus an hour passed, and the stillness grew more and more calm and quiet as a peaceful moon came, and the soul of Lionel grew melancholy, as

the excitement caused by the truce of the day gradually subsided.

Suddenly he saw a crouching form forth from the redoubt cautiously and carefully low sounds of another laughing loved the retreating figure. Lionel was the form till it made its way to some place where it became lost to view. He was patently to see the result of this pounce.

Soon a low sound arose from the brushwood not far from the position of Russian sentinel. At once three other figures went off from the redoubt toward the wood, in the same silent and cautious manner. Then an interval of silence followed.

Then came the same sound again, and a deep impatient grunt, as though a horse lost his way, and was wandering about. Then came another one, profound and exquisitely hog-like.

Another grunt arose, as though the horse had determined to do something. This was a short pause, a low attempt at a horse's head, arising from the Russian sentinel position. It was a human grunt, however, Lionel knew it was the miserable after the Russian, who wanted to decoy the deriding hog. He was sure of this, as he saw the Russian come forward a little more carefully around.

Another grunt arose. The Russian swerved it. Then grunt followed grunt, successively, Lionel at once understood it, and almost died of suffocating laughter. The Zouaves in the redoubt were all merry.

For a short time this interesting conversation continued. At length the Russian was to have enough of talking, and to detain upon acting. He looked ahead, grunted the time, for a few moments, and then, turning down his gun, he sprang forward to a spot where he thought the hog was concealed.

At once the Zouave arose, grappled three him down. There was a short stay. Three others sprang forward, and the Russian. Then binding him tight, four Zouaves brought the Russian a prisoner to their camp. Loud shouts of laughter peal upon peal of joyous laughter, and even the Zouaves sentinel joined most loudly in the merriment. The nature of the thing was too apparent, and they laughed most immoderately.

"Ha! ha! monsier—vous risen!" a voice was heard saying, and a hundred face appeared at the window.

"There was no mistaking that face. The Zouave whom he had saved at Inkere was here. I was glad to see you," said D'Arcey.

"Ha! ha! you here—my preserver came you here? I heard it was a spy! Ah, no! I am no Russian spy, am I, in friend?"

"Grand Dieu, I should think not. Some traitors. I was tried to-day, but here till I am tried again and damned."

"Why, it is justice. You must not have cried the impetuous Zouave, if the way had been wronging. Lionel's with inexpressible emotions of all kinds.

"You must not stay here!" cried the Zouave.

"O, yes, I must!"

"Fool! I tell you no! But how world, did you, the brave Englishman, say so? I'm glad to see you."

"I cannot tell you myself. I wish how it all came about."

"But it's very strange."

"I was arrested about a fortnight ago. Is it possible?"

"And a hundred horrible charges were laid upon me, of which I was entirely ignorant."

"Why monsieur must have some enemy?"

"I know of none?"

"Ah, that give him more power!"

"How?"

"Why, you do not suspect him. He does not think of him. You are in his power, and these things against you puny?"

"True, I may have an enemy."

"Monsieur, you must. How else could this be—when you are so innocently arrested?" cried the Zouave, with a warlike.

"I will think deeply over what you say. Ah, I pity you! You are all right here. I have found you. You shall I here?"

"How can I escape?"

"You will, if you can?"

"Certainly. I am innocent, yet you are by powerful foes, whom I do not know?"

"Therefore you must get away from them?"

"But whether?"

"By the Russians?"

"Yes. It is the safer plan. You are endangered here. If I only know how?"

"But how can I go? The sentinel? He is my brother. He need not I will contrive it so that he will be blamed."

"You contrive it?"

"Certainly. Me, monsieur."

"How?"

"Wait, and you will see how a Zouave perform a thing like this. I am the took the Russian pig?"

"Ha, ha—then you can do this, believe."

"Trust me, monsieur."

"How will it be done?"

"No?"

"At once?"

"At once?"

"Yes, watch carefully, and my chance. I will be back to let you will arrange it so that it will seem O, monsieur, I am glad to be of some use like you. Good-night, and the Zouave rushed away, after a hearty prisoner's hand."

### THE ALARM.

The Zouave left D'Arcey and entered the redoubt. There he called two out from the place.

"I have another plan to-night," said the Zouave.

"What is it?"

"Do you see how still the town is?"

"Yes. Provokingly still?"

"Not a gun has been fired for hours."

"It is not fit that these old rascals be so quiet, while we are watching."

"No, you are right."

"And therefore we can raise them?"

"By getting up a grand alarm?"

"I will explain."

"Do you be quick?"

"Now attend to what I say. We are ready to do as much as the other. You are ready to do anything that I propose?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. I want each of you to take six guns, load them, and strap them to your back, and take a large supply of cartridges."

"And you?"

"I will do the same."

"Six guns each, that will be eighteen in all. But you must take a large number of rounds of powder."

"We, and then—?"

"We go down to yonder rocky spot where the Russian pig stood, and fire one salvo each. We will then distribute our selves quickly around from place to place and fire of the guns incessantly."

"Capital. It could not be better."

"We will put the town into an awful excitement."

"I will think that an assault is being made."

"Ha, ha! and we three will become three hundred thousand in their eyes!"

"Well, boys, you understand all now, do you?"

"Yes."

"Then get your guns ready as soon as you can, and when you are prepared come to me. We will go out together."

"The other two went off to prepare.

The preparations did not occupy much time. As soon as possible returned, and then crawling low they made for the walls. The moon was now behind a thick black cloud, so that the dimness and the gloom of indistinct shadows favored the project of the Zouaves. They went therefore with incredible audacity, very close to the walls, under the very eyes of the gunners, but still they were unseen. Placing themselves at different points, they fired their guns, and fired all off in quick succession.

The loud reports thus suddenly breaking the silence, and the reverberations of the loud sounds, roused the garrison. In an instant the whole scene was changed. A hundred guns poured forth their volleys from the walls, and cannon flashed amid the gloom. No enemy was seen by the Russians, but with their usual readiness, they showered a deadly storm of fire in the direction of the camp.

The Zouaves did not wait in one place. Hastening onward, they repeated in other places along the walls, the experiment which had been so successful here. The sudden volleys, wherever it was heard, produced the same effect, and soon the adventurous party had the satisfaction of seeing the whole city of Sebastopol rising to repel the attack.

Volleys of cannon came thundering from the walls, and the roar of the artillery was mingled with the flash and rattle of the musketry. From the earthwork and from the walls, from tower and redoubt, from fortifications of every kind on this side, the stream of fire flashed forth, striking a storm of bombs and balls toward the lines of the besiegers. Soon all who slept were awakened. The alarm was reversed. The French and English supposed that the Russians were making another attempt to break through the whole camp, and every soldier rushed forth to do his duty.

Then the French lines began to send back an answering storm of fire. But they could not pour forth volleys with the lavish expenditure of ammunition which distinguished the Russian artillery. And thus the cannon of the garrison in Sebastopol flashed and flashed amid the shades of night, lighting up the scene with terrific effulgence, and throwing over all the country a fitful and appalling glare! Thus the cannon roared and thundered, breaking the silence of night, and waking echoes far and wide. For awhile, the terrific reports of the artillery from either side drowned all other sounds in the clamour of their deafening roar.

But at length the fury of the cannonading relaxed, and a comparative silence ensued. It was a breathing space, in which the allied soldiers who had all turned out by this time, waited for the expected attack. They did not wait long. For the Russians who seemed to have been thoroughly surprised on the instant, and now that the alarm had been sought to create the same feeling in the mind of their enemies, by repaying the false attack with a real one. Soon, therefore, amid the peal of artillery, and the whizzing of a thousand rockets, and the rattle of ten thousand guns, a large body of men sallied forth, and advanced with rapid pace directly toward the Zouave redoubt. The air was rent with the thunder of the terrible cannonading, and the light of the flaming walls illumined the scene. The loopholes, and portholes vomited fire and death. Cannon shells were hurled through the sky; chain shot, grape shot, and canister, sped death and terror all around! Supported by all this, the Russian division marched swiftly on, and threatened the redoubt. There stood the small band of Zouaves—steadfast and undismayed. Silently they loaded their cannons to the muzzle, and silently they stood, restraining their fire, until the enemy should cross bayonets over the walls of the redoubt.

"Advance! Charge!" cried the leader of the rallying party.

The Zouave sentinel who guarded D'Arcey's tent sprang forward, and leaped in among his comrades. D'Arcey was regarded as a prisoner, and thought that he at least was in Sebastopol. Not, however, as he hoped to enter it, not with the exultant feeling of a conqueror, but with the depressed spirit and jumble name of a prisoner of war. Yet he looked in vain for those accompaniments of a prisoner which he expected to be surrounded. He looked in vain for the air of confinement common to a prisoner's chamber. The room was comfortable, and if the door had not been barred, he would never have supposed himself in custody. Evidently this was some private room. He remembered his gallant host the Russian captain, and felt with an emotion of gratitude that it was to him that he must owe the present comfort of his situation. Thinking of the wonderful assertion of the young Russian, of his relationship to Irene, of her bearing the same name, and of his affirming that he had seen her but lately, made Lionel wish most earnestly to see him.

A step was heard in the passage without. The door was unlocked, and Alexis entered.

"Good morning, Captain D'Arcey," said he, speaking in French, which both could and was fluent and accurate. "I hope you will sleep well?"

"I have. Thanks to your kindness, which has thus cured for me. It makes me forget that I am a prisoner."

"I would have done my duty to you before, and come to see you, but our regiment made a sortie upon the French lines, and was busily engaged for an hour or so."

"I heard the noise of the combat."

"I suppose so. That noise is common now. It troubles me here, for soldiers only dwell within these walls. The inhabitants you know are away."

"You have the whole city to yourselves?"

"Yes. I have good news for you by the way. I have obtained leave from Menschikov, who is a kind of patron to me, to keep you here in my chamber while you are in Sebastopol. It is much better than the prison where your countrymen are confined. You will fare better here, and be free from all molestations."

Lionel expressed the deepest gratitude.

"Irene did not think when she spoke to me of you," continued Alexis, "that I would let you serve among the Zouaves?"

"No," replied Lionel, "I do not belong to that division. If you have time to listen, I will tell you my story."

"I have time. If you have anything to tell me, I shall be most happy to hear it."

"I have the strangest story that you have heard for a long time."

"Tell it then, by all means."

Lionel recounted from first to last all the history of his ill fortune, telling of his last letter, of his seizure, of the loss of his ring, of the Russian manuscript found in his tent, and of the court martial, where Galeron testified against him.

Alexis listened with the deepest attention.

"You have some most bitter enemy. Do you suspect no one? Strange fate! Unfortunately!"

"I suspect none."

"He who pursues you, thus, must know you intimately, and have intimate connection with you?"

"True, for this only would account for the loss of my letter and ring, and the use of my signature as a crime against me."

"Have you no one whom you believe your friend, who has constant access to your tent?"

"For three or four weeks none of my friends have been near me. Sickness on my part or on theirs have prevented them."

"And has no one been in your tent?"

"No, but my valet Philippe."

"Philippe? I've never seen him, and do you not know who he is your enemy?"

"Philippe? You surely do not believe that he would injure me?"

"He. He is well known to me. He is the only man that could do so. Captain D'Arcey, I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes. I know much of your circumstances besides this. I have seen Irene tremble as she spoke of your danger from the machinations of your uncle."

"Good God!" cried Lionel, as though a sudden light flashed in upon his soul.

"Your uncle, who for the sake of seizing upon his family inheritance, is attempting to ruin your father, and, with outstretched arms seeks to extend his grasp even to you in the Crimea!"

Lionel was silent.

"Pardon me for speaking thus of our family. It is necessary for me to do so. Irene has told me all, for I am like her brother, since we were brought up together. You yourself know all this."

"Yes, I had a letter from my servant."

"Had you none from Irene? She wrote you at the same time?"

"I never received any."

"This is a most curious part of the same plot. Does Philippe go for your letters?"

"Yes, replied Lionel, thoughtfully; and it was on the morning of the day that I received my uncle's letter, that he went to the post-office, and returned without any."

"Say rather," cried Alexis, eagerly, "that he had received that letter which came to you from Irene, and warned you not only against your uncle, but especially against this very Philippe, in whom you trust so implicitly."

"Can it be?"

"It is so. They overheard the plot—which your uncle and his son were conversing about—the plot which they had made for the destruction of your father, and your father's life. I heard a long breath, and ground his teeth, but said nothing."

"Philippe is their paid agent?"

"Good Heavens! I have trusted in him implicitly. He has always seemed the most devoted of servants. His grief in the courtroom was heart-rending to behold."

"It was a fearful grief of the man who had stolen your ring, put false seals to forged papers, buried them in your tent; who stole your letters and made himself acquainted with their contents; whose outcries when you were arrested and insinuations, only plunged you more deeply into the snare; whose feigned grief at the time of your trial only involved you more inextricably in the folds of falsely imputed guilt! Yes, all this was done by Philippe!"

Alexis spoke these words with a look of furious energy, for indignation had sent his heart's blood boiling through every vein, and had excited him to a state of angry enthusiasm for Lionel.

Lionel's blood seemed turned to fire. His heart beat heavily, and he was sending forth irresistible torrents of blood in great through every vein. He sprang from his seat, and paced the narrow confines of his room with hurried pace, and the angry aspect of a caged tiger.

"I have yet more to say—still more to tell of the villainy of this Greek, whom I blush to say belongs to my own race, who I should have thought would have been a noble fellow. You spoke of Galeron. As you are a prisoner here, I will tell you, though you know it to be a great crime, I will tell you, however."

Alexis whispered in Lionel's ear.

Lionel sprang back as though an adder had stung him—"A spy!" he murmured, hoarsely.

"Hush!" cried Alexis, "and when you remember that Philippe is his friend, what think you of Philippe?"

"All things—anything."

"That glorious prince of valets, Philippe, was in Sebastopol, three days since!"

"He! Here! In Sebastopol?"

"He is the same character as Galeron."

"He, Philippe. The loathsome wretch!"

"I saw him, and knew him. I recognized him as your servant, and understood his character from all that Irene had told me. He was in my custody. I suspect he suspected that I would not be averse to shooting him down. He was right. He had not made a sudden escape, this would have ended forever his traitor life."

"He came in time to give his damning testimony against me. But Galeron—he too! Good Heavens what have told me?"

"The truth. I must tell you, since he has assisted Philippe to put you to death. But he is not to be compared to your valet. For Philippe has gained your confidence, and while innocently seeking your life, he has made you believe him to be the best, the most faithful, the most devoted of adherents."

"O, villainy and baseness. And now," cried Lionel, bitterly—"now—here am I a prisoner—condemned and suspected by my countrymen, who will consider my present misfortune of captivity as an additional proof of my guilt."

—land to hand, and knife to knife, fought the two bands. The voice of the Russian captain was heard everywhere, as he encouraged his men. They came on overwhelmingly, upon the Zouaves. These gallant men fought on with more than their wonted bravery. Wherever one Zouave fell, there three more would be slain in his stead! They were strong to madness by the night of fœmen so near to capturing them, and roused themselves to greater action.

Suddenly a fierce charge was made upon the side of the redoubt where D'Arcey's prison lay. The defenders rushed to repel it. Down went the Russian before the widening fire; and they staggered again—again they lurched—again they retreated. A cheer, a deafening cheer, arose from the gallant Zouaves.

"Back to the charge!" Upon them! screamed the Russian captain, in tones of madness.

The men would not flinch.

The Russian rode into the midst of them. They were falling falling and answering the shot of the Zouaves. A crowd of them were struggling.

"To your ranks!" cried the captain, riding furiously toward the struggling throng. But the sight which he beheld made him pause involuntarily. He saw a tall man with long hair, surrounded by a half dozen Russians. With his back to the side of a hut, he stood and defended himself unflinchingly. The soldiers pressed him hard. He grappled with them.

The Russian captain sprang forward. He hurled the foremost soldier to the ground.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "Go, attack the redoubt, and meet a more equal match. Leave this man to me. He is not better than to attack one man!"

The soldiers lowered their arms.

The stranger was surprised. He saw his situation, and coming a step forward to the Russian captain, he presented him his sword, with a graceful bow.

"Sir," said he, in French, "the fortune of war has made me your prisoner. I am proud to deliver up my sword to you brave a soldier."

"And I regret that fortune which has deprived you of a sword, which you can use so well," replied the Russian in the same language.

A sudden report of a huge cannon followed by a trumpet blast was heard.

"Retreat! Retreat!"

The soldiers took their prisoner and retreated hastily toward the town. The Zouaves now to repay the compliment which the Russians had given them. Sallying forth in one body they charged furiously, straight upon the retreating foe. The Russians stood and met the shock. The collision and the crash were terrible. For a time the foremost lines of the two weapons into one another with frightful effect. But neither line wavered. Then the Zouaves desisted. The Russians continued to retreat. The Zouaves charged again. The Russians met them, fell back, and charged upon the Zouaves. Thus it was, until the Russians arrived under the walls of the town, when the adventurous Zouaves widely concluded to return.

The Russians re-occupied the city, and their prisoner was conveyed under the captain's supervision to his own quarters, there to remain until morning. After the retreat of the rallying party, the cannonade ceased on both sides, and in an hour the silence of night again ruled around.

"Monsieur," said the Russian, as he led his prisoner into a comfortable room in the barracks, "Monsieur, permit me to inquire the name of your visitor?"

"My name?" said the prisoner. "Captain D'Arcey."

"D'Arcey? Lionel D'Arcey?" cried the Russian. "Good Heaven, what a fortune!"

"Why?" cried D'Arcey. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"Alexis Arbanon. Captain of the czar's army. You know me—I know me. Tell me do you know her—Irene?" said Lionel, impulsively.

"Know her? Yes, Captain D'Arcey. She is my cousin—I might say, my sister, for we are the same. I have heard from her lips all about you—all about her flight!"

"Her flight? You have seen her recently, then?"

"O, yes. Ten days or a fortnight since—I saw her at Odessa."

"Strange! I have not heard from her."

"O, no. It was time. But she was well and had escaped in safety. Had she known that I would meet with you, I should have had other things to give you than mere tidings. But come, my friend—for this I hope you will permit me to call you—it is time to retire. To-morrow we will talk over these things."

THE PRISONER.

D'ARCEY awoke the next morning, amid the roar of cannon, and the noise of the commanding armies. He was in a comfortable room, the windows of which overlooked the city. From it he could get a sight of the French works, and of their more advanced parallels. Sharp skirmishing was going on between the walls and the foremost French position. D'Arcey remembered that he was a prisoner, and thought that he at least was in Sebastopol. Not, however, as he hoped to enter it, not with the exultant feeling of a conqueror, but with the depressed spirit and jumble name of a prisoner of war. Yet he looked in vain for those accompaniments of a prisoner which he expected to be surrounded. He looked in vain for the air of confinement common to a prisoner's chamber. The room was comfortable, and if the door had not been barred, he would never have supposed himself in custody. Evidently this was some private room. He remembered his gallant host the Russian captain, and felt with an emotion of gratitude that it was to him that he must owe the present comfort of his situation. Thinking of the wonderful assertion of the young Russian, of his relationship to Irene, of her bearing the same name, and of his affirming that he had seen her but lately, made Lionel wish most earnestly to see him.

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"Irene did not think when she spoke to me of you," continued Alexis, "that I would let you serve among the Zouaves?"

"No," replied Lionel, "I do not belong to that division. If you have time to listen, I will tell you my story."

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Lionel was silent.

"Pardon me for speaking thus of our family. It is necessary for me to do so. Irene has told me all, for I am like her brother, since we were brought up together. You yourself know all this."

"Yes, I had a letter from my servant."

"Had you none from Irene? She wrote you at the same time?"

"I never received any."

"This is a most curious part of the same plot. Does Philippe go for your letters?"

"Yes, replied Lionel, thoughtfully; and it was on the morning of the day that I received my uncle's letter, that he went to the post-office, and returned without any."

"Say rather," cried Alexis, eagerly, "that he had received that letter which came to you from Irene, and warned you not only against your uncle, but especially against this very Philippe, in whom you trust so implicitly."

"Can it be?"

"It is so. They overheard the plot—which your uncle and his son were conversing about—the plot which they had made for the destruction of your father, and your father's life. I heard a long breath, and ground his teeth, but said nothing."

"Philippe is their paid agent?"

"Good Heavens! I have trusted in him implicitly. He has always seemed the most devoted of servants. His grief in the courtroom was heart-rending to behold."

"It was a fearful grief of the man who had stolen your ring, put false seals to forged papers, buried them in your tent; who stole your letters and made himself acquainted with their contents; whose outcries when you were arrested and insinuations, only plunged you more deeply into the snare; whose feigned grief at the time of your trial only involved you more inextricably in the folds of falsely imputed guilt! Yes, all this was done by Philippe!"

Alexis spoke these words with a look of furious energy, for indignation had sent his heart's blood boiling through every vein, and had excited him to a state of angry enthusiasm for Lionel.

Lionel's blood seemed turned to fire. His heart beat heavily, and he was sending forth irresistible torrents of blood in great through every vein. He sprang from his seat, and paced the narrow confines of his room with hurried pace, and the angry aspect of a caged tiger.

"I have yet more to say—still more to tell of the villainy of this Greek, whom I blush to say belongs to my own race, who I should have thought would have been a noble fellow. You spoke of Galeron. As you are a prisoner here, I will tell you, though you know it to be a great crime, I will tell you, however."

Alexis whispered in Lionel's ear.

Lionel sprang back as though an adder had stung him—"A spy!" he murmured, hoarsely.

"Hush!" cried Alexis, "and when you remember that Philippe is his friend, what think you of Philippe?"

"All things—anything."

"That glorious prince of valets, Philippe, was in Sebastopol, three days since!"

"He! Here! In Sebastopol?"

"He is the same character as Galeron."

"He, Philippe. The loathsome wretch!"

"I saw him, and knew him. I recognized him as your servant, and understood his character from all that Irene had told me. He was in my custody. I suspect he suspected that I would not be averse to shooting him down. He was right. He had not made a sudden escape, this would have ended forever his traitor life."

"He came in time to give his damning testimony against me. But Galeron—he too! Good Heavens what have told me?"

"The truth. I must tell you, since he has assisted Philippe to put you to death. But he is not to be compared to your valet. For Philippe has gained your confidence, and while innocently seeking your life, he has made you believe him to be the best, the most faithful, the most devoted of adherents."

"O, villainy and baseness. And now," cried Lionel, bitterly—"now—here am I a prisoner—condemned and suspected by my countrymen, who will consider my present misfortune of captivity as an additional proof of my guilt."

Was ever mortal so unfortunate? He wronged his friends, and sighed bitterly.

"Bear up, my friend! Support yourself like a soldier," said Alexis.

"I thank you, Captain Arbanon. Pardon my weak emotion. I will be calm. But if I could but see my father, and save him I would care nothing for captivity."

"Alas my friend," said Alexis, "there is the greatest sorrow. For yourself you may not care, you have your own sources of support and consolation; but the sufferings of a friend or of an aged parent—and such sufferings as these—are things which it is hard to endure. You have my sympathy—would that you could have my aid."

"Thanks to you, thanks beyond all that I can utter, generous friend!" cried Lionel, grasping the hand of Alexis. "You make me your grateful friend forever. To you I can only say, as the highest praise which I can offer you, that you are worthy to be the cousin of my friend."

"Tell it then, by all means."

Lionel recounted from first to last all the history of his ill fortune, telling of his last letter, of his seizure, of the loss of his ring, of the Russian manuscript found in his tent, and of the court martial, where Galeron testified against him.

Alexis listened with the deepest attention.

"You have some most bitter enemy. Do you suspect no one? Strange fate! Unfortunately!"

"I suspect none."

"He who pursues you, thus, must know you intimately, and have intimate connection with you?"

"True, for this only would account for the loss of my letter and ring, and the use of my signature as a crime against me."

"Have you no one whom you believe your friend, who has constant access to your tent?"

"For three or four weeks none of my friends have been near me. Sickness on my part or on theirs have prevented them."

"And has no one been in your tent?"

"No, but my valet Philippe."

"Philippe? I've never seen him, and do you not know who he is your enemy?"

"Philippe? You surely do not believe that he would injure me?"

"He. He is well known to me. He is the only man that could do so. Captain D'Arcey, I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes. I know much of your circumstances besides this. I have seen Irene tremble as she spoke of your danger from the machinations of your uncle."

"Good God!" cried Lionel, as though a sudden light flashed in upon his soul.

"Your uncle, who for the sake of seizing upon his family inheritance, is attempting to ruin your father, and, with outstretched arms seeks to extend his grasp even to you in the Crimea!"

Lionel was silent.

"Pardon me for speaking thus of our family. It is necessary for me to do so. Irene has told me all, for I am like her brother, since we were brought up together. You yourself know all this."

"Yes, I had a letter from my servant."

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THE VALUE OF THE TELEGRAPH TO RAILROAD COMPANIES.

It is a well known fact, that every railroad company ought to have a line of magnetic telegraph, as the greatest security against collisions. Their cost is but a trifle to the valuable lives that are lost yearly on railroads, at a cost to them of all their profits and reputation, and interminable and vexatious law suits.

A number of our leading railroads, now have telegraphs owned and managed by themselves—all should have them. Every railroad in England has its telegraph; it was first applied there to railroad business.

On New Year's day, 1855, a catastrophe was averted, on one of the London railroads by the aid of the telegraph. A collision had occurred in an empty train at Gravesend, and the driver having leaped from the engine





**THE PAST.**  
Weep not for what is past  
With vain and fruitless tears,  
But husband well thy strength  
To serve the coming years.  
In noble deeds, not idle grief,  
Let the true soul find sweet relief.

Mourn not for what is past;  
Not tears of blood will bring  
Our wretched moment back,  
Or stay time's rapid wing.  
Put not thy soul's best life away—  
Begin anew to live—to-day.

The past!—that narrow scope  
Is nothing now to thee,  
Poor prisoner of time,  
Yet in time infancy;  
The past should carry thrall despise,  
The future hath no boundaries.

**EXTRACTS FROM DR. LEWIS'S LECTURES.**  
SYMMETRY OF PERSON.  
The normal action of the internal organs, depends, to a considerable extent, upon their relative position. This position depends upon a certain symmetry of person. All medical men are agreed in regard to this point. When one begins to stoop, and becomes what is known as "round shouldered," the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, &c., the internal viscera, lose their relative position, and become liable to disease. During a period of more than ten years, I have carefully observed in reference to this fact, and I have never seen a single case of serious lung, heart, or stomach disease, which was not accompanied by this loss of symmetry. I have seen many cases of specific poisoning, not connected with symmetrical disproportion, but I am speaking of the common visceral diseases. Before you can have a serious disease of any of the organs within, you must begin to stoop.

To cure most of these diseases, it is first necessary to restore this lost symmetry—just necessary to arrest this tendency to stooping—to make the patient straight. This, in the great majority of cases is easily done.

**DEFICIENT CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.**  
An unequal and feeble circulation of the blood, is the proximate cause of many common ailments. Headache is becoming almost universal in our country. Much of it arises from the want of equal circulation. The head is crowded with blood while the feet are cold and bloodless. I know this unequal circulation is a bad effect, or, rather, it is the immediate cause of many ailments, and is, as such, the legitimate subject of treatment.

The headache, where it is congestive, is one example of this unequal circulation of the blood. I might mention many others. This inequality often lies at the foundation of our serious ailments, and should never be allowed to long exist. Fortunately the people are themselves well informed in regard to the means by which the difficulty can be removed.

**NERVOUS SYSTEM.**  
In the nervous system may be found a large percentage of the diseases of the people. What are known as Sick Headache and Neuralgia, are examples of disease of the nervous system. There can be no doubt that much of this species of disease originates in the use of tea and coffee. When a person has a nervous system, induced by these means, established, it is perhaps not always possible to cure the disease by abandoning these drinks. But there can be no doubt that if our children were taught abstinence from these drinks, the next generation would be free from disease of the nervous system.

In view of this fact there is imposed a slight obligation on the parent. The charge I have made against tea and coffee, might be urged with equal force against tobacco. It is productive of much disease of the nervous system. The irritable temper, and low spirits, untidy habits, and general restlessness of most tobacco users, all show the unhappy influence the poisonous weed is exerting upon the nervous system. If this were the proper occasion, I should urge a general reform in regard to the use of tobacco, as a serious religious duty, a duty from which no Christian can acceptably excuse himself. As you would guard the young against intoxicating drinks, so guard them against this vice, unchristian habit. Its influence upon the nervous system, and hence upon the constituted means and usefulness and enjoyment, is most disastrous. It is only after one of the most painful and tedious, and recovered so far as may be from its unhappy effects, that he can estimate the extent of the injury which is perpetrated upon the nervous system.

**DYSPEPSIA.**  
Dyspepsia is truly a Yankee malady. It is the most common of the ailments which America would show more dyspepsia than all the rest of the world. There are many causes which contribute to this end. We eat too rapidly. We make our stomachs do what it was designed the teeth should do. The suggestion in the old spelling book, "children must eat like pigs," is good advice. Instead of spending ten minutes at the dinner table, we should occupy half an hour in masticating and preparing the food for the stomach. Nor is this the only mistake we make. We drink too much at our meals. Our Maker has placed next to the mouth an apparatus which will supply all the moisture to prepare the food for swallowing, and he has so constructed it that this saliva is indispensable in the process of digestion. If, instead of saturating each mouthful of food with saliva, we help it down by drinks, very soon the stomach is deprived of the necessary supply of saliva, will fall into dyspepsia. The truth is, we should drink nothing while we eat. While a student in Harvard University, many years ago, I became seriously dyspeptic. By a careful attention to these rules, combined with a slight prescription by an excellent physician in Boston, I was soon completely restored. You ought never to allow yourselves to be dragged for this malady. There are thousands growing under the influence of this dreadful disease, with all the despondency, emaciation and stopping which usually accompany it, who could be cured by following the simple rules I have just mentioned. In treating this disease, but little medicine should be used, and that in ways of the mildest character. With the light recently given on this malady, no disease is now more easily removed. Those who are suffering on with all this distress and sinking at the stomach, might, by proper treatment be quite restored in a short time.

He declared that at least one-third of all the children born in the United States die before they are five years old. This was not accidental, nor could it, without impairing the good-

ness of God, suppose the cruel mortality attributable to the sick or still of our Heavenly Father.  
The fault was at our own doors, and we were under the highest obligation to ascertain its nature, and use every effort to remove it. These little infants were not given us for constant mortals, but for a few years, and then to suffer, grief and premature death, and when this was the history of their brief life, we should look well to our treatment of them, resting assured that we shall not find ourselves guilty.

He would mention a few of the faults in the general care of children.  
They were fed irregularly, both in reference to time and quantity. While we, adults, are made sick if we habitually fill our stomachs before our previous meal is digested, we feed tender babies daily, five, ten, twenty or thirty times a day, either in thought or in regard to system, without any reference to quantity.

If the babe cried, no matter from what cause, it must be allowed to take nourishment. Whether it is hungry, or suffering from heat, or from the prick of a pin, or from having lain too long in one position, it is in all the same, we have but one remedy—give more nourishment. A very important item in the successful care of children is to give them their nourishment with great regularity both in regard to time and quantity. Without this, the frequent and irregular meals, which have been so generally adopted, will be a great hindrance to the system, and a great difference would soon be observed in its rest at night.

**MARKETS.**  
Perth, August 21, 1856.  
Pot Ashes, per cwt. 23 0 30 0  
Pork per cwt. 45 0 0  
Butter per lb. 0 7 1/2 0  
Oats per bushel. 1 0 1 9  
Wheat do. 5 0 6 0  
Flour per barrel. 25 0 0  
Oatmeal do. 22 0 0  
Onions per bushel. 1 3 1 6  
Eggs per dozen. 0 6 0 7  
Veal, per lb. 0 3 0 3 1/2  
Beef, per cwt. 22 6 27 9

Ottawa, August 21, 1856.  
Flour—Miller's Superior 37 6 0 0  
Wheat—Fall per bushel 7 6 0 0  
Spring do. 0 0 5 9  
Oatmeal per bbl. 196 lbs. 20 0 22 6  
Rye per bushel, 56 lbs. 0 0 9 0  
Barley per bushel, 48 lbs. 0 0 3 0  
Oats, per bushel, 33 lbs. 1 2 1 9  
Potatoes per bush. 0 0 2 6  
Hay per ton. 40 0 45 0  
Pork, per 100 lbs. 37 0 40 0  
Beef, per 100 lbs. 25 6 0 0

**THE NEW VOLUMES OF BLACKWOOD AND THE FOUR BRITISH REVIEWS.**  
COMMENCE AS FOLLOWS:  
The North British, May, 1856.  
Edinburgh, July, "  
London Quar., July, "  
Westminster, July, "  
Blackwood, July, "  
Subscription Formulas, Blackwood or any one of the Reviews, \$3 a year. Blackwood and one Review, or any two Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews, \$8. Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10.

Postage (which should be paid quarterly in advance) on the four Reviews and Blackwood to any Post Office in the United States, only 80 cents a year. Namely: 14 cents a year on each Review, and 24 cents a year on Blackwood.

Address, L. SCOTT & Co. Publishers, 54 Gold Street, corner of Fulton, New York.

**LAND FOR SALE.**  
THE Subscriber wishes to sell the East half of Lot number Twenty-one in the Fourth Concession of the Township of Ramsay. There is a good House, Barn, Stable, and other buildings on the premises. The land is good; 60 acres cleared, fenced and well watered by the Indian River.

For terms, see apply to the Subscriber on the premises.  
JOHN ARNELL,  
Ramsay, Aug. 12, 1856. 48-u.

**LAND FOR SALE!**  
THE Subscriber offers for Sale 100 ACRES OF LAND! being composed of rear half of Lot No. Eighteen, in the Eighth Concession of the Township of Lanark. There is a good Stone House, well finished; also two Barns, Stables, Sheds, &c. &c. The Land is well fenced and well watered, and in a good state of cultivation; about one Lot from the main road from Lanark to Bellamy's Mills.

For particulars, apply to the subscriber on the premises.  
ISAAC MATTHEWS,  
Lanark, Aug. 11, 1856. 48-u.

**LAND FOR SALE.**  
TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND for Sale, being Lot Number Twenty-four, in the second concession of the Township of Marlborough, County of Carleton.

Application, if by letter post-paid, may be made to M. P. 37, St. Antoine Street, Montreal, or to the Proprietor of the Recorder, Brockville.

**LAND FOR SALE.**  
THE North East half of Lot number Eighteen, in the sixth range of the Township of Bristol, containing 100 Acres of Land. The Land is of excellent quality; about six acres cleared.

For particulars apply to the Subscriber, if by letter, postage paid.  
JOHN NICHOL,  
Carleton-Place, August 19th, 1856. 49-p.

**ANOTHER FARM FOR SALE!**  
THE Subscriber offers for sale a farm of land and premises, being the north east half of lot number two in the fifth concession of the Township of Ramsay, containing 108 acres; about fifty acres cleared and well fenced. A good stone house, barn and other buildings on the premises. The land is in a good situation, being about a mile from Carleton-Place, on the main road from Perth. Particulars made known upon application to the subscriber on the premises. See also notice in Carleton-Place, 19th August, 1856.

**DAVID WARD.**  
Place, 1856. 48-f.

**J. W. WYLIE,**  
giving his Summer supplies, a very extensive assortment

**DRY GOODS.**  
Do. Do.  
Iron and Nails!  
CRYSTAL WARE,  
LEATHER, &c.

**THE Subscriber takes this method of intimating to the Farming Population, that he will pay the very highest price for BUTTER, in Goods, at cash prices, and at rates lower than heretofore; he will also furnish customers with cash for the same article.**

**RECEIVED!**  
50 SIDES Coleman's Best Sole Leather.  
THOMAS LECKIE,  
Leckie's Corner, Perth, July 30, 1856. 47-f.

**FOR SALE.**  
THE Lot Number Eight, in the Township of Lanark, to the Subscriber, JAMES S. MOORE.  
856. 49-f.

**SPORTSMEN.**  
A good Double Barrel Warranted real twist. Ap. Office, 1856.

**NOTICE.**  
I am indebted to the subscriber for accounts rendered previous to January last, and are past due, are hereby notified to pay the same to the subscriber.

**GEO. DUNNET.**  
Place, 1856. 47-f.

**WYLIE & OTTAWA RAILWAY.**

**Notice to Contractors.**  
TENDERS addressed, to the Secretary, will be received, up to 12 o'clock, on Monday, the 15th day of September, for Contracting, Fencing, and Brick [except superstructure] the Line of the Brockville and Ottawa Railway from Brockville to Smith's Falls, Carleton-Place and Arran, and Specifications will be ready for inspection at the Office of the Engineer at Smith's Falls, by the 1st day of the month.

The work will be divided into Sections of 5 miles. Tenders will be received for one or more Sections. Terms of tender will be furnished at Brockville or Smith's Falls, or any information can be obtained from the Engineer.

Tenders will meet at Smith's Falls, on Tuesday the 16th September, at 10 o'clock.

ROBT. HERVEY,  
Secy. B. & O. R. C.  
Perth, Aug. 9th, 1856. 48-p.

**MERCANTILE.**  
Thomas Leckie  
has pleasure in again thanking his customers for past favors, and in that he is now opening out a large and varied assortment of

**Summer Goods,**  
which have been selected with the greatest care, and of the highest quality, and at such low prices, as to enable him to favor his customers with the most extensive and varied assortment of

**Woolen Goods,**  
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**MERCANTILE.**  
**NEW GOODS**  
Low Prices!!

**THE SUBSCRIBER**  
IS receiving a Fresh Stock of Goods, consisting of

Printed Muslin,  
Muslin de Laines,  
Mohair Dresses,  
Robe Dresses,  
Gros de Naples,  
Prints,  
Cobourgs,  
Orleans,  
Summer Shawls,  
Ribbons, &c.,  
FANCY BONNETS!  
(NEWEST STYLE.)

Mens' Silk Hats,  
Ladies' Hats,  
Rough Hats,  
Misses' Gipsy Hats,  
Girls' Hats,  
GROCERIES!  
Teas—Best Twanky,  
Old Hany,  
Congo,  
Muscovado Sugar,  
Craik'do.  
Tobacco,  
Pipes, &c.,  
BOOTS & SHOES!  
Ladies' Parcella Boots,  
Jenny Lind Shoes,  
Slippers,  
Great Calf Boots & Shoes,  
Children's Shoes,  
HARDWARE!  
Iron,  
Steel Scythes,  
Sickles,  
Forks,  
Grindstones,  
Wire Riddles,  
Glas, (all sizes),  
Putty, &c.  
J. MENZIES,  
Almonte, Ramsay,  
May, 1856. 36-f.

**MACFARLANE & ANDERSON**  
Having received  
**A Beautiful Stock**  
of  
**NEW GOODS!**

Printed Muslin,  
Muslin de Laines,  
Orleans,  
Prints, &c.  
Fancy Bonnets & Hats,  
Caps, Girls' Hats, &c.,  
Dress Silks,  
Ribbons,  
Laces, &c.,  
Shelf-Hardware  
Stones of Glass,  
Ware, Sta-  
tionery,  
&c. &c.

**Black & Green Teas,**  
Muscovado & Crushed Sugar,  
Tobacco, &c. &c.  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES**  
of all descriptions  
All of which they will dispose of at prices as low as can be afforded, with liberal discount for cash.

The **HIGHEST PRICES** paid for **BUTTER** according to quality.  
At the Store formerly occupied by Messrs. Gemmill & Menzies,  
Ramsay, 31st May, 1856. 38-f.

**FARM FOR SALE!**  
THE Subscriber offers for Sale an EXCELLENT FARM OF LAND, in the Township of Goulbourn, containing 130 acres, 75 of which are under a high state of cultivation. There is a Log House, Barn, and Out-Building, together with a small Orchard on the Lot, which is situated mid-way on the Mail Road between Ottawa and Perth, 25 miles from Ottawa and 5 from Richmond.

Terms of payment and other particulars made known by application on the premises, to  
HUGH MONTGOMERY,  
July 16, 1856. 46-eg.

**IMPORTANT**  
**News to Farmers.**  
**MOWING**  
AND  
**THRASHING MACHINES!**

THE SUBSCRIBERS  
HAVE just received a lot of Superior Improved Mowing Machines—  
Manufactured by  
GEORGE N. O'ILL,  
ST. CATHARINES.

The above Machines are warranted to cut and spread with one span of Horses and Driver—from ten to twelve acres of Grass per day. They are also warranted to be made of good materials, and superior to any other Machines now in use.

—PRICE—  
WITH TWO SETS OF KNIVES  
\$120.  
The subscribers have also received a few of GEORGE N. O'ILL'S Improved Eight Horse Power Thrashing Machines AND SEPARATORS!

These Machines are acknowledged to be superior to any other Thrashing Machine ever brought into this country.  
—PRICE—\$300.  
G. M. COSSITT & BROS.,  
Smith's Falls, Agents,  
July 14th, 1856. 40-f.

**LOOK THIS WAY!**  
THE Subscriber will dispose of his entire STOCK OF GOODS, at Cost and Charges, for Ready Pay. Those who want GOODS, at Wholesale Prices! would do well to give him a call. He would also remind those indebted to him that he is very much in want of money.

JAMES S. MOORE,  
Ennisville, Aug. 18, 1856. 49-f.

**BUTTER**  
THE Subscriber takes this method of intimating to the Farming Population, that he will pay the very highest price for BUTTER, in Goods, at cash prices, and at rates lower than heretofore; he will also furnish customers with cash for the same article.

MATTHEW ANDERSON,  
Smith's Falls, 47-f.

**RECEIVED!**  
50 SIDES Coleman's Best Sole Leather.  
THOMAS LECKIE,  
Leckie's Corner, Perth, July 30, 1856. 47-f.

**MERCANTILE.**  
J. J. WYLIE,  
Have received a nice assortment of  
**SPRING GOODS.**  
The Public will do well to  
CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.  
Ramsay, April 22nd, '56. 33-f.

**NEW THOUSAND BRICKS**  
A suitable for house and outside work, put on hand at the Perth Brick Yard.  
Perth, April 28th, 1856. A. McMILLAN, 32-f.

**Wool, Wool, Wool!**  
100,000 lbs. WOOL WANTED,  
For which the highest market price will be paid in CASH.  
JAMES SHAW, JR.,  
Smith's Falls, May 29, 1856. 37-f.

**CANADA**  
**MINERAL WATER!**  
FROM  
THE ARTESIAN WELL  
550 FEET IN DEPTH,  
ST. CATHARINES,  
CANADA WEST.  
For further particulars, see Hand-Book, &c.  
A. McARTHUR,  
Carleton-Place. Agent.

**FURNITURE WAREHOUSE!!!**  
Flint's Block,  
Corner Court House Avenue,  
Main Street,  
BROCKVILLE.  
ANDREW GAY  
IS now prepared to exhibit the most extensive and varied Stock of NEW AND FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

ever offered in the Town!  
Amongst his variety will be found  
SOFAS, COUCHES, WALNUT  
CHAIRS, TABLES,  
Toilets, Bureaus, and Walnut Bedsteads,  
Case and Rush Bottom Cottage,  
Office, Dining, and Common Chairs, together with a general assortment of modern and low priced Furniture, with a large assortment of Looking Glasses and Pictures framed in gilt frames.  
Being desirous to sell all off, will sell Five per Cent Cheaper than he has ever done for CASH.  
He writes all to come and see his stock of Furniture.  
Brockville,  
February 26, 1856. 27-f.

**HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS**  
ever offered in the Town!  
Amongst his variety will be found  
SOFAS, COUCHES, WALNUT  
CHAIRS, TABLES,  
Toilets, Bureaus, and Walnut Bedsteads,  
Case and Rush Bottom Cottage,  
Office, Dining, and Common Chairs, together with a general assortment of modern and low priced Furniture, with a large assortment of Looking Glasses and Pictures framed in gilt frames.  
Being desirous to sell all off, will sell Five per Cent Cheaper than he has ever done for CASH.  
He writes all to come and see his stock of Furniture.  
Brockville,  
February 26, 1856. 27-f.

**LAND PLASTER**  
AND  
**Water Lime.**  
THE Subscriber has on hand a large consignment of Land Plaster and Water Lime, of a superior quality, which he will sell low.

JAMES SHAW, JR.,  
Smith's Falls, May 29, 1856. 37-f.

**BUTTER!**  
WANTED IN ANY QUANTITY!!  
FOR WHICH  
The full Market Price  
will be paid,  
THOMAS LECKIE.

**MANUFACTURES.**  
**GOOD NEWS!**  
**Woolen Factory**  
at  
**Innisville!!**  
75,000 lbs WOOL WANTED.

The Subscribers would most respectfully inform their numerous customers and the public, that they have their  
**WOOLEN FACTORY**  
in full operation at present, and are manufacturing  
Woolen Cloths,  
Satinets,  
Flannels,  
Blankets, &c.,  
of the best quality offered in this part of the country for many years past. They have on hand at present a good supply of the above cloths, which they intend to dispose of at a low remunerating profit for Cash, or in exchange for

**WOOL**  
at the highest market price. They would also call the attention of Farmers and others who intend getting their WOOL manufactured during the season to give them a call before going elsewhere, as they are prepared to manufacture cloths 12 1/2 per cent cheaper than what heretofore in this part of the country has been done.  
A. & G. CODE.

**WOOL CARDING**  
AND  
**Cloth Dressing**  
Carried on as heretofore. Reduction in Carding, 2d Cash 2nd credit.  
A. & G. CODE,  
Annisville, June 2nd, 1856.

**WOOL CARDING**  
AND  
**Cloth Dressing,**  
IN CARLETON-PLACE.  
ALLAN McDONALD,  
TAKES this method of informing his friends and the public in general that his  
**WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING ESTABLISHMENT**  
is now in full operation, and that he is prepared to complete all orders with which he may be entrusted, in the best manner and at rates as low as it can be done in other places. He has also a stock of excellent cloths on hand which he proposes to exchange for wool or sell cheap for cash.  
Carleton-Place, June 9th, 1856. 68-f.

**Wool! Wool!!**  
50,000 lbs. WOOL  
WANTED!!!  
By the Subscriber,  
FOR WHICH THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE IN CASH WILL BE PAID.  
JAMES BOSAMOND,  
May, 1856.

**GREAT REDUCTION IN CLOTHS**  
THE SUBSCRIBER  
would invite the attention of Farmers to his large and excellent  
**Stock of Cloths**  
Ever offered in this neighborhood  
which he offers for sale at a  
**GREAT REDUCTION**  
on former prices.  
He is also prepared to Manufacture  
**Cloths, Satinets, &c.,**  
AT A REDUCTION  
of at least 12 1/2 per cent, on former rates.  
JAMES BOSAMOND,  
May, 1856.

**CARDING**  
AND  
**CLOTH DRESSING!**  
PARTICULAR ATTENTION  
Will, on a reasonable price, be paid to all orders of carding and cloth dressing.  
JAMES BOSAMOND,  
Victoria Works, Perth, 30th Aug. 1856.

**Merchandise & Produce.**  
Those in want of GOODS, would do well to give them a call and examine the quality and price of the Goods before purchasing elsewhere.  
JAMES BOSAMOND,  
Victoria Works, Perth, 30th Aug. 1856.

**BUSINESS NOTICES.**  
**ALEXANDER DRYDALE**  
THANKFUL for the liberal share of patronage he has received since commencing business, takes this method of informing the inhabitants of Perth and surrounding country, that he will continue carrying on the  
**BLACKSMITHING AND VAXE MAKING**  
Business, in all their various branches.  
He also continues to receive and sell CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKING  
Business; and, besides keeping a large assortment of ready-made work, composed of the best material, and made in a workmanlike manner, he will be at all times ready, with promptness & despatch, to fill all orders with which he may be entrusted.

**ALEXANDER DRYDALE,**  
Perth, March 1, 1856.

**HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE!**  
A BARE CHANCE for any one desirous of commencing business in the flourishing Village of ALMONTE, in the Township of Ramsay. The party in possession of the House and Lot, on Princes Street, it consists of one-fifth of an acre of Land, and a new Frame Dwelling-House, 1824, quite new, having been erected last Summer. For further particulars apply on the premises to  
FRANCIS HALL,  
Almonte, Jan. 29, 1856. 20-f.

**FOR SALE OR TO LEASE.**  
FOR a term of years, in the Village of Almonte, (late Waterford, Ramsay,) the Victoria Grist Mill, now in complete running order, with two runs of Burr stones, and an abundant supply of water at all seasons.  
Also for Sale at the same place an excellent water privilege, with Twenty-five feet of fall, and in a most convenient situation for any kind of business.  
Terms made known on application to  
J. & J. WYLIE,  
Ramsay, April 8th, 1856.

**TAILORING.**  
**RAMSAY**  
Tailoring Establishment.  
VILLAGE OF ALMONTE!!  
THE Subscriber is thanking the inhabitants of Ramsay and vicinity, for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him since commencing business amongst them, would take this method of informing them, that from increased facilities for doing business, he will be enabled to execute a larger number of orders than heretofore, and he trusts by attention, punctuality, a good fit and moderate charges, to merit and receive an increased share of public patronage. Through a correspondence with some of the first artists in Montreal and Ottawa, his customers will have the benefit of the latest improvement.  
Maltins or other uniforms made to order, a la mode.  
THOMAS McLAREN, Jr.,  
Almonte, April, 1856. 30-f.

**SCHOOL NOTICE!**  
WANTED Immediately for School Section No. 4, Township of Grattan, County of Renfrew, a legally qualified Teacher, to whom liberal encouragement will be given.  
Apply to  
THOMAS J. FOURKE,  
NEIL LIVINGSTON,  
JAMES STEELE,  
Grattan, July 24, '56. 46-u.

**NOTICE!**  
EXTRA SUPERFINE FLOUR, in Barrels, for Sale, by  
A. McARTHUR,  
Carleton Place, June, 1856.

**FIRST SPRING ARRIVALS!!!**  
Per Steamers  
"EMBU" and "CANADA."  
AT BOSTON.  
THE Subscriber has just received, per the above Steamers the first of his Spring Importations!!!  
LONDON BONNETS,  
Plain and Figured Ribbons,  
AND  
AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF PARASOLS.  
With a large variety of Dressing and FANCY ARTICLES!  
Which he offers for sale low for CASH.  
He will also be receiving from the St. Lawrence River, on the opening of the Navigation, a full and complete assortment of all descriptions of GOODS,  
Direct from  
LEEDS AND MANCHESTER,  
and from the factories of persons in buying in English markets, he flatters himself, the Public on inspection will be satisfied they can buy from him 10 per cent cheaper than heretofore—and 15 per cent lower than any Shop in this neighborhood.  
JOHN SUMNER  
Ashton, April 15th, 1856.

**Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c.**  
AT THE OTTAWA BOOK AND STATIONERY DEPOT.  
THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the sale of the celebrated DR. FITCH'S Medicines and Mechanical Remedies, and OMSTOCK'S & BROTHER'S various Medical Preparations,  
DOWNS' Vegetable Balastric Elixir, for Consumption, &c.,  
DOWNS' Balm,  
DOWNS' ASTLEY COOPER'S PILLS, &c. &c.  
Is now prepared to supply all the above and other Patent Medicines and Drugs at Wholesale and Retail.  
He has made such arrangements as will enable him to furnish country Merchants and Retail Dealers, at more favorable terms than they can import from New York.  
Invited a wishing to consult the eminent DR. FITCH, can do so, and obtain his advice and Prescription by applying to the Subscriber.  
F. B. HELLY,  
Bookseller, Stationer, and Dealer in Drugs and Patent Medicines,  
Ottawa, July 18th, 1856.

**ATTEND TO THIS.**  
**Coulter & Bell,**  
C