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, MAY 4, 1865. [VOL. XVIII.—NO 14.

Business Directory.

P. A. McDougall

CAN BE CONSULTED UP TO 10 A.M., at his residence on North Street, next door south of the residence of Rev. Mr. Elwood. 10:1

G. C. Shannon, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C. W. 13;40-1y

Thos. F. McLean, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., (Late House Surgeon, Kingston Hospital).—OFFICE—At Arthur's Boarding House, [sw60w9] Goderich, C. W.

Dr. Cole,

LATE OF STANLEY—CLINTON, HURON Road. (Mr. Thwaites's former Store July 1, '62.

DR. A. WORTHINGTON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., will attend, particularly, to diseases of and surgical operations upon the eye.

HOWICK VILLAGE, Dec. 15, 1862. [w17-1y

Ira Lewis,

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

M. C. Cameron,

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

J. S. Sinclair,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office, over the Store of J. V. Detlor & Son, Goderich.

Henry McDermot,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Notaries Public, &c., West Street, Goderich. 1011

John Davison,

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

Lefroy & Patterson,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Office McKay's corner, West Street, Goderich. 9:42

John B. Gordon,

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

William T. Hays,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., Goderich, C.W.—Office, over H. Gardiner & Co's Hardware Store. v15d29

Money to Lend on Real Property.

Shade Gooding,

ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., GODERICH, C. W.—Office: Up Stairs Watson's Block, West St.; entrance First Door west of Kingsway House.

Toms & Moore,

ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK

ISAAC V. TOMS. LEWIS MOORE

Goderich, August 27th, 1864. sw103w31

H. L. Doyle,

ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR &c. OFFICE Crabb's New Block, Goderich, C. W. v15sw8ly

Cameron & Elwood,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Goderich and Clinton.

M. C. CAMERON. J. Y. ELWOOD. Goderich. Clinton.

Office in Clinton—a few doors north of the Post Office. v12n47

William Fraser,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Wiarton, Co. of Bruce. v10n15ly

Frederick Proudfoot,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Southampton, Co. Bruce. [w42-6m*

Thomas Weatherald,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor. Office and Residence, Hamilton Street, Goderich. v15n3

A. Bay,

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

L. H. Hamlin,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine 11:

JAMES SMAILL,

ARCHITECT,

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style. Office at the Huron Auction Mart, King Street, Goderich. [sw vln71ly

G. M. TRUEMAN

LAND AGENT,

Market Square, Goderich.

Sends CLINTON every Wednesday, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. sl:10

THOMSON & HAZLEHURST,

(LATE SMAILL & THOMSON,)

Auction & Commission Merchants,

Cameron's Block, Kingston St., Goderich;

And next Door to Strong's Hotel

SEAFORTH.

SALES of Household Goods, Horses, Waggons, &c at the mart, every Saturday at noon. Particular attention paid to the Sale of Bankrupt Stock, Farm Stock, &c. Cash advanced on goods left on Commission. Goods appraised, debts collected, landlords warrants executed, mortgages foreclosed, houses rented, Division Court Business attended to. Sales at the Branch Auction Mart, Seaforth, every Thursday.

County Sales attended to on reasonable terms

Goderich, July 12th, 1864. w22-1yr

D. McDougall,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w9-1yr$o

Alex. Findley,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for HURON and BRUCE Sales punctually attended to. Address, Baldwin P.O. w50-1yr$o

John Campbell,

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

Peter M'Rae,

FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, INVERHURON, C. W.—Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1y$o8x

NEW MARBLE WORKS

Main Street, Exeter.

D. & A. M'CONNELL.

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, Posts, &c., of every description and style of workmanship, furnished on short notice, and at the lowest prices. Liberal reduction made for cash.

ALL ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO Designs of Monuments &c. may be seen at the shop.

Exeter, October 1st, 1864. w12-1y

Business Directory.

John Kane,

COMMISSIONER IN THE COURT OF Queen's Bench, Conveyancer, &c. A Registry kept of Farm and Town Lots for Sale; parties having lots for sale, or desiring to purchase will please send full particulars.

Dungannon, Feb. 20, 1857. 9:9

JOHN BRETT,

Tin, Sheet-Iron, and Copper Smith,

EGMONDVILLE, C. W.

Stoves, Cultivators, &c., for Sale.

Repairing Done at Short Notice.

MARINE INSURANCE.

British American Insurance Co

OF TORONTO,

Marine Department.

GEORGE RUMBALL, Agent.

Goderich, April 25th, 1865. w13tf

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 Rural Walks attached. Board $1 per day, single Meals or Beds, 25 cents. v15n10viy

DAYS' HOTEL,

WROXETER

IS situated on the Gravel Road running from Seaforth to Southampton, one mile north of where it leads off to Wroxeter, and any one traveling to

Belmore, Walkerton, Southampton,

or any place in that direction, will find accommodation such as he only expects to find at first class city hotels, in all respects.

ICE ALWAYS ON HAND

FOR THE

Trout-Fishing Friends!

THE BUILDINGS COVER A LENGTH OF

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET!

CHARLES DAYS, Proprietor.

w46-1. Commercial Hotel, Mitchell C.W

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

GODERICH

CABINET WAREHOUSE

(THE OLDEST IN THE COUNTY.

D. GORDON,

CABINET MAKER

AND UNDERTAKER,

Manufactures and has now on hand a complete assortment of Furniture, at the Warerooms,

WEST STREET, GODERICH,

SUCH AS

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wood seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, a variety of

Home Manufacture and Imported!!

D. G. has always on hand a complete assortment of COFFINS. Also, HEARSES TO HIRE.

Lumber and Cordwood taken in exchange for Furniture.

Goderich, 27th Oct., 1863 w27

RIFLES, SHOT GUNS,

PISTOLS, &c. &c.

FOR SALE!

AND

MADE TO ORDER,

BY

J. C. M'INTOSH.

Opposite the Market.

All kinds of repairing done on most reasonable terms.

Goderich, August 2n 1864. sw94

BLANK BOOKS

AND

BOOK-BINDING.

HAVING made arrangements with Mr. D. McGREGOR, Book-binder and Manufacturing Stationer, (who has lately returned from Phila delphia with a large stock of Binding and other material), I am prepared to Furnish Blank-Books of all kinds, size and styles with and without Printed Headings, at ten per cent cheaper than Toronto prices.

All kinds of Binding not giving satisfaction will be repaired free of charge.

sw46w21 JOHN BUTLER.

ISAAC FREDRICK

REMOVED

TO F. NITSCHES' OLD STAND.

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

WEST ST., GODERICH,

Next door West of Mr. Stotts' Saddlery,

ALL KINDS OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE.

In the best Style & Warranted.

ALSO, A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Gold & Plated Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, &c., &c.

Constantly on hand and warranted to be as represented or money refunded.

Goderich July 7th, 1864. w16n31

Business Directory.

INSURANCE.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. British American Assurance Company; Head Offices, Toronto. Marine, Fire and Life Insurances effected on favorable terms.

Office in Mr. J. B. GORDON's Law Chambers.

JOHN HALDAN, Jr., Agt.

Goderich, Nov. 24, 1866

ROYAL

Insurance Comp'ny

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL—TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

Accumulated Funds on hand, $5,000,000.

Annual Income Exceeds $2,500,000.

FIRE Insurances effected at the *LOWEST RATES* consistent with safety.

Life Insurance—Ample Security.

LARGE BONUS AND RATES LOWER THAN MOST ENGLISH OFFICES.

Losses Promptly Settled Without Reference to a Board of Directors

CHARLES FLETCHER, Agent.

Goderich, May, 1864. w15

North British and Mercantile

Insurance Co.,

Office in Mr. Gordon's Law Chambers.

JOHN HALDAN, Jr., Agent.

Goderich, October 13, 1863. sw12-1yr

Money to Lend,

ON very reasonable terms. Apply to

B. L. DOYLE,

Crabb's new Block.

Goderich, 9th Jan. 1865. w50 1yr

MATT. ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER

OF ALL KINDS OF

FURNITURE!

SUCH AS

Bureaus, Sofas, Lounges, Bedsteads in endless variety, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Mattresses, Center Tables, Dining Tables, Breakfast Tables, Toilet Tables, Wash Stands, Chairs, and many other articles too numerous to mention. All kinds of

WOOD TURNING

Promptly attended to. UPHOLSTERY, in all its branches.

UNDERTAKING, &c., &c

Mr. R. respectfully invites an examination of his stock. Warranted to be made of the best materials and workmanship, and at greatly reduced prices. Call and examine, and be satisfied before going elsewhere.

Cordwood and all kinds of Farmer's Produce taken in exchange.

Warerooms on Elgin Street.

Goderich, March 24th, 1865. sw9

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Capital, £2,000,000. Sterg.; *Accumulated Fund*, $3,671,728.

Brittania Life Assurance Co. of London.

THE undersigned having been appointed Agents for the above highly respectable Companies, is prepared to accept both Fire and Life risks, at moderate rates of premium.

A. M. ROSS, Agent.

Goderich, July 1st, 1859 v13n24

GODERICH

MARBLE WORKS,

W. C. TRELEAVEN

Monuments, Head-stones

Tombs, Tablets, Table-Tops, &c.

GODERICH, C. W.

Such as Caps, Sills, Bases, &c., Cheap for Cash. Ohio Free Stone kept on hand for Building purposes

THE HAWLEY FARM!

2 MILES from Goderich on the Huron Road,

TO LET OR SELL.

The above farm will be let or sold on very reasonable terms. Apply to

J. BLAKE, Huron Road.

Goderich, March 6, 1865, w6tf

Insolvent Act of 1864.

THE Creditors of the undersigned are notified to meet at the Hotel of James Johnston, inn keeper in Bluevale village, in the County of Huron, on Monday, the 1st of May 1865, at 11 o'clock, forenoon, for the purpose of receiving statements of his affairs and of naming an assignee to whom he may make an assignment under the above Act.

Dated at Bluevale Village, the 15th of April, 1865.

w12 2t HENRY C. PUGH.

BOOTS AND SHOES

SUITABLE FOR

SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR

JUST RECEIVED AT

James Collins, Sen.'s

KINGSTON ST., GODERICH.

A CALL IS SOLICITED.

A Night of Peril.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Of course it is to be expected in a life like mine, I should often be exposed to danger of a personal character; it is the lot of all detective officers, and I have been no exception to the rule. In the course of my life I have been subjected several times to extreme peril. In the following story I am about to give an instance of such peril to the reader.

One day I was sent for by the President of the Bank of Commerce. When I arrived there, I found the whole bank in a state of consternation. The safe had been broken into during the night, and all the specie abstracted. I immediately proceeded to examine the safe, and found that the locks had been forced; but a single glance was sufficient to show me that it had been forced after it had been opened, or in other words that whoever had taken the money, had wished to convey the impression that it had been forced open from the outside. Of course I came at once to the conclusion that some one connected with the establishment had taken the money. While examining the spot, I found on the ground a single leaf of a white Provence rose. It is the observation of small things that makes a good detective, for it is often the most trivial circumstance which supplies the first link in the chain. I did not pick up this rose leaf—nor indeed appear to notice it. After the scrutiny was over, I went to the President's, Mr. Cameron's apartment.

'Well, Brampton,' said he, 'what do you make out of it?'

'Do you suspect anybody connected with the bank?' I asked.

'Certainly not. It is impossible that any body connected with the bank could have committed the robbery; it must have been the work of burglars. Did you visit the cellar where the robbers entered?'

'Yes, and found that the bars had been filed from the inside.'

'Indeed! but what do you make out about the safe?'

'That the lock was forced after the safe was opened.'

'What do you infer from that?'

'That some one connected with the bank is guilty of the robbery; and he has endeavoured to make it appear that it is the work of burglars. But he has done his work very bungingly.'

'You must be mistaken,' replied the President. 'I would answer for all in the employ of the bank with my life.'

'I am afraid you would lose it,' I replied, with a smile; 'for there can be no doubt about the truth of my assertion.'

'But how can you prove it?'

'That remains to be seen. How many have you in the employ of the bank?'

'Twelve, including the porter.'

'Who has care of the safe.'

'Mr Charles Watson.'

'Have any of your clerks a special fondness for flowers?'

'That is a strange question. But since you ask it, I remember that Mussel generally has a flower in his buttonhole.'

'Who is this Mussel?'

'A very worthy young man. You surely do not suspect him?'

'I shall be very much surprised if he does not prove to be the robber.'

'You astonish me! He has the reputation of being very pious.'

'Very well, we shall see. Where does he live?'

'No. ——, East Broadway.'

'What time does he go to dinner?'

'At two o'clock.'

'Just point him out to me as I go through the bank, and I will see you again to-morrow morning.'

Mr. Cameron did as I requested. The young man I suspected was about 25 years of age. He was quite handsome; it might have been fancy, but I thought there was a style of critical look about his face. I glanced carelessly at him, so that I might engrave his countenance in my memory, and then into the street.

I directed my steps at once to East Broadway, and coming to the clerk's residence, found that it was furnished in gorgeous style, far beyond his means. The door was opened by a shrewd old woman. I asked to see Mr. Mussel, but was of course told that he was not at home. But my purpose was answered by my visit, for in the hall, I saw a quantity of choice flowers in pots, and among them a fine Provence rose. I employed the rest of the day in making inquiries as to the private life of Mr. Mussel, and found that he was very extravagant in his habits, and also discovered that on that very day he had deposited a large sum of money under a false name in the Manhattan Savings Bank. The next next morning I went to the bank for the purpose of reporting progress to the President, and advise the immediate arrest of young Mussel.

'Well, you were right about that young man,' said Mr. Cameron to me, the moment I entered his his private room.

'You have come to that conclusion, have you?' I replied.

'Yes. After you had gone yesterday, I caused his accounts to be examined, and found a terrible deficit, amounting to $30,000. I called him into the room and asked for an explanation—"

'The worst thing you could have done,' I interrupted.

'You are right—he has escaped.'

'I expected as much. And where has he gone?'

'He left last night by the Southern train—at least, so we suspect. He has an uncle living about fifteen miles, from Augusta, Ga., and it is very likely he has gone there.—Now, Mr. Brampton, you must follow him'

'If you had left the matter in my hands, he should have been arrested without any trouble.'

'I acknowledge I am in fault, and am the more anxious to have him captured. Come, I will pay you well. Say, will you go.'

It was the middle of the summer, decidedly not the best time to travel in. But the affair was imperative, and I was obliged to undertake the journey. That same afternoon at five o'clock I had started on my expedition.

Railway travelling in July! Who is there that has experienced it, that does not vividly remember its discomforts. The hot, glaring sun, the dust, the intolerable thirst, and the warm water in the coolers, are all evils of such magnitude that they make an indelible impression on the mind. Why, at the very thought of it at this moment, my throat feels choked up, and I feel the pricking of the flinty dust in my skin. And then the view from the car window; how hot and glaring everything looks. The poor cows are panting in the meadows; the dogs at the stations appear to be on the verge of hydrophobia every body and everything is lazy, except the flies; and it appears to be their particular province to keep passengers from dozing, so that they (the passengers) may not lose any of the beauties of the scenery.

The longest journey must eventually come to an end, and after three days of really hard work, I reached the pleasing town of Augusta, in Georgia. I was, however, in a very bad humor. I was annoyed at the banker's want of thought in allowing his dishonest clerk to escape. Now, when a man is in a bad humor with a journey he is obliged to take, he is very apt to consider the town at which he is compelled to stay, as the most odious part in the world. I was no exception to the general rule. I hated Augusta, I detested it, I abominated it. I—but I cannot just now think of any other word to express my abhorrence of that unoffending Southern city. I went to the best hotel in the place and entered my name in the most savage manner, actually blotting the book in the act, much to the disgust of a precise looking clerk, who stood looking at me while I made the entery.

At last I partook of supper, and I must confess after that genial meal, "a charm came over the spirit of my dream." After all, Augusta was not such a very bad place. I actually began to think that it possessed some fine streets and elegant houses. A cup of tea will sometimes work a marvel. I determined I would go and explore the city till bed time, and make inquiry after the absconding bank robber.

This young man's fondness for flowers seemed to be the greatest misfortune that could befall him. I have mentioned that a single bud remained on the rosebush in the hall. During my investigation this bud had blossomed. When he had absconded from New York, he took this flower with him. By means of it I had no difficulty in tracing him to Augusta. There was something peculiar about the rose; it was a large, white one, and fortunately attracted the attention of all the conductors on the route. My business now was to visit all the hotels in the city, to see if he had been there. The very first one I entered, immediately settled the question in my mind that Mussel had left Augusta, and this, too, before I had made a single inquiry.

I entered the bar-room; and the first thing I noticed was a faded Provence rose on a chair. On the back of this chair was a newspaper. I took it up, and my eyes at once fell on a paragraph containing an account of the bank robbery in New York; but I was immediately struck with the fact that where the person of the defaulter was described, the paper was mutilated, seemingly accidentally, but sufficiently so as to mar the description. This paper was the New York *Herald*, and from its date I knew it had only been delivered in Augusta that morning. I walked up to the bar and called for something to drink.—While the barkeeper was preparing it, I said to him, carelessly:

'There was a young man here this morning, with very black hair and dark eyes; he was of medium height, but stooped a little.'

'I suppose you saw him there,' replied the barkeeper. 'He did not stay long, however, but left with Mr. Theodore Mussel, of Parkville.'

'You know Mr. Theodore Mussel, of Parkville, then?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'What sort of a man is he?'

'A very rough customer.'

'How do you mean rough?'

'He's been tried for his life twice, but managed to escape.'

'You say he lives in Parkville?'

'No, that's his post town; but he lives in the woods five miles from the village.'

'How can I get there?'

'You had better take to Parkville, which is twelve miles off, and then inquire your way—his house is rather hard to find.'

The next day I got a horse and buggy, and drove to Parkville; the horse, however fell dead lame just as I entered the village, and could proceed no further. I drove up to the tavern, and determined to proceed the rest of the way on foot. After making particular enquiries as to my road, I set off on my five miles walk. I did not suppose I was known to Mussel, and my intention was to verify his actual presence, and then return the next day with the proper officers to arrest him.

It was a beautiful July evening, just cool enough to render walking a pleasant exercise. It was dark when I started, and I had not walked a mile but one it became quite dark.—But I had informed myself so well as to the right road, that I thought I could not mistake it. It soon, however, became apparent to me that a great change had taken place in the scenery around me. Instead of the road being clear and open, as it was when I first set out, large trees loomed upon each side of me, and the road became very bad—entirely different from the smooth gravelled road I had first passed over. But I still pressed on, not even suspecting I had mistaken my way, a low began to get tired. I must have walked at least two hours before any doubt entered my head.

By this time the broad road had degenerated into a narrow path. I knew, then, that there must be something wrong, for the people of the town, of whom I had enquired, had informed me that the road to Mr. Theodore Mussel's house was pretty good all the way. I paused for a moment irresolute, and did not know whether to retrace my steps or press forward. It had now become pitch dark, and I determined to go on, well assured that I could never find my way back. I had not proceeded many steps, before I became convinced that I was wandering about in a forest. The underbrush began now to seriously impede my progress, and I found great difficulty in keeping on my feet.

My position was anything but agreeable—in the midst of a forest on a dark night. I was at last completely overcome by physical fatigue, and sank exhausted on the stump of a tree.

I rested my head upon my hands, and determined to pass the night there, being now certain that it was perfectly futile endeavoring to find my way till morning. While in this stooping position, I thought I saw a light glimmer through the trees. I looked earnestly and became convinced that such was really the fact. I immediately determined to make for it, hoping to find shelter for the night.—I advanced in that direction, and soon reached a dilapidated house but entirely of wood. It was a miserable, looking abode, and had it not been for my tired condition, I should have hesitated seeking its shelter. But anything was better than spending the night in the forest, so I resolutely knocked at the door again and again, then the door opened and a gruff voice asked what I wanted.

'Can you give me lodging for the night?' I replied.

I was told to come in, and found myself in a room of moderate size, miserably furnished. A log fire was burning on the hearth; and two persons occupied the apartment. The one that opened the door to me was a man about fifty years of age, very stoutly built, and possessed of a very sinister expression of countenance. The second occupant was none other than the absconding clerk. I knew that I was in Mr. Mussel's house, and congratulated myself on my good fortune.—I noticed that as I entered he cast a scrutinizing glance at me; but as I felt assured he did not know me personally, I experienced no alarm.

'I have lost my way in the forest,' said I, in answer to their looks of interrogation, 'and if you will afford me shelter for the night I shall be happy to repay you for your hospitality.'

'Be good enough to sit down,' said Mr. Theodore Mussel, his eyes sparkling when the word 'repay' was used.

'Where are you going?' asked his nephew, and then fixing another searching look on my face.

'I am going to Centerville. I left Parkville at six o'clock, but I suppose I mistook the road, for I have been wandering about the woods ever since.'

'You are fifteen miles from Centerville,' said the uncle with a kind of leer.

'You do not belong to this part of the country?' said the banker's clerk.

'No,' I replied, 'I am from the State of Virginia.'

'What is your business?'

'I am collector for a house in Richmond.'

'I should have taken you for a Yankee,' said the young man.

'No, indeed,' I replied, with an attempt to smile.

The uncle and nephew now left the room, and I could hear them whisper together in the next apartment. Still I did not feel any uneasiness, for I relied on the fact that I was unknown to the absconding clerk. They soon returned to the apartment where I sat.

'We have only one room in the house,' said the uncle as he entered; 'if you will not mind sleeping with a son of mine you can have part of his bed.'

I, of course, immediately consented, glad enough to find any place where I could rest my weary limbs.

After a pause of a few minutes, I pulled out my watch, and said I should like to go to bed. I noticed at the time significant looks pass between the uncle and nephew when they saw my watch. It was a fine gold one—a real Cooper—and had been presented to me by an importer of watches for services which I had rendered.

'You will find my son next the wall,' said the uncle. 'You will have the goodness not to waken him, for he has been sick lately, and has to get up very early.'

I replied that I would certainly avoid waking him. The uncle took up a candle, and showed me to a room up stairs; it was the only habitable sleeping room in the house, and was situated over that in which we had been seated. Continuing me to put out the light as soon as I was in bed, he left me.

I found myself in a room, the exact counterpart of the one below, excepting that this one contained a bedstead. Snoring on the bed next the wall was a man some years younger than myself. I cautiously brought the light to bear on his face. The first thing that struck me was, that the man below had deceived me when he had told me his son was sick. He was undressed, and wore on his head a night cap.

A vague sensation of uneasiness crept over me. I regretted having entered the house, and looked round the room for some means of exit. There was only one door in the room, that by which I had entered. Opposite the door was a window. I walked up to it, and endeavored to peer into the outside darkness, but could distinguish nothing. I tried to reason away my forebodings, and succeeded doing so to some extent.

I began to prepare for bed, and had already taken off my coat and waistcoat, when I fancied I heard a step on the stairs. I immediately extinguished the light, and waited with breathless anxiety; the door faintly opened, and the uncle cautiously thrust forward his head. In the gloom of the chamber he could not perceive me; and finding the light extinguished, I suppose he thought I was in bed; for he closed the door very softly and descended the stairs again.

I was now worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. I felt certain that something was going to happen. I remembered my lonely situation—the inquisitive questions of the men below. There was no possible means for me to escape, except in going through the room in which they were seated—and such a course I knew would be perfect madness. I summoned up all my philosophy, and determined to wait the *denoument*, and tried to persuade myself my fears were groundless.

But, when I thought of the significant looks that passed between the men when they saw my gold watch, I must confess that the effort was a failure. And then the thought suddenly struck me, if, after all, the clerk had recognized me, he would never let me leave the place alive. How long minutes passed away, and I heard nothing. At that moment a light flashed before my window. I went to it, and saw the uncle with a spade digging in the garden. I watched him with eager eyes; he was digging a hole about six feet long and three feet broad.

'Good God!' I exclaimed to myself, 'he is digging *my grave!*'

I now felt certain that the young man had been left in the room below to prevent my escape. But I determined to satisfy myself if such were the fact or not. I opened the door noiselessly and stole cautiously down the stairs in my stocking feet. I glanced through the keyhole of the door which opened into the room, and saw that my suspicions were well founded, for the absconding clerk sat beside a table with a revolver already cocked within his reach. I returned to the bedroom again.

I again took my position at the window.—Five minutes more of agonizing suspense ensued. I had nothing with which to defend myself, and was completely at their mercy.—A sudden calmness now took possession of me. I suppose it was the calmness of despair, but within my faculties were perfectly clear, and I turned over a hundred plans to escape the doom that awaited. All this time I was eagerly watching the actions of the uncle.

The soil was very light, and he soon succeeded in opening the hole to at least four feet. He then threw down his spade and entered the house again. I expected every moment to hear them ascending the stairs, and made up my mind to sell my life as dear as possible, when a purring sound attracted my attention.

I now perceived for the first time that the light from below penetrated through several chinks in the floor. I lay down on the ground and looking through one of the cracks found that I could perceive everything in the apartment. One of the men was sharpening a large knife on a grindstone, and it was this that made the purring sound which I had heard. He felt the edge, and finding it sharp enough discontinued his employment.—They then began to converse. I could hear every word they said.

'Are you certain, Charles, that this is the detective?' said the uncle.

'Perfectly certain,' returned the clerk. 'I know Brampton as well as I know you.'

'It is certain he must die then. I suppose he has plenty of money with him besides his gold watch.'

'Yes he must be well provided with funds, and his business here is evidently to arrest me.'

'Come then, let us finish the business at once,' said the uncle.

'Do you think he is asleep yet?' returned the clerk.

'No matter if he is not, he'll sleep well enough afterwards, anyhow.'

The clerk laughed—hideously, I thought.

'Will you do it, or shall I?' said the nephew.

'O, you may go, but be sure you make no mistake. Bill, you know, lies next the wall; he has a nightcap on, the detective has none. Leave the light outside the door for fear of waking Brampton; and above all be quick about it.'

In a moment my plan was formed. Bill was fast asleep. I gently turned him over to the outside of the bed, and pulling off his nightcap, put it on my own head. I accomplished this without waking Bill. I then cautiously laid myself in his place near the wall. The agony of the next minutes was intense—my heart seemed ready to cease beating. I heard a step on the stairs; it advanced, the door opened softly, and the floor creaked with the weight of a heavy tread.—The murderer approached the bed, I could feel his hot breath on my cheek. I had presence of mind enough to imitate a snore. I felt his hand passing over my head—it rested on my shoulder. O agony of agonies, he had found out my *ruse*, and was about to kill me! My whole body was bathed in a cold perspiration.

Suddenly I heard a heavy thud on the bed, which was followed by a groan, and then all was still. The blow had been struck, and I was not the victim. A pause of some moments ensued, and then I heard the uncle ascending the stairs. They wrapped the body of the unfortunate Bill in a sheet, and conveyed it at once into the garden. They had no sooner left the house, than I leaped out of bed and ran to the window. They had evidently not discovered their mistake, for the body was already in the grave prepared for it, and they were filling it in.

I lost not a moment to put on the rest of my clothes, and creeping quietly down stairs, escaped through the front door. I ran as fast as I possibly could, and by chance the right road. In less than an hour I was at Parkville. I roused the whole village, and in a few learned words, told my story. A large party of men immediately set off for the scene of the tragedy, accompanied by myself.

When we entered the house, we found the front room still occupied by the uncle and nephew. When they saw me they turned deadly pale, and I really believed they thought that I had risen from the grave, for they had not yet discovered that they had sacrificed Theodore Mussel's son. When they saw that I was really alive, they assumed an air of bravado, supposing that I had only come to arrest the clerk for the bank robbery. Their dream, however, was soon dissipated, for in a few moments the body of the murdered man was exhumed, and they were confronted with their bloody work.

It was shocking to see the uncle's agony when he discovered that his son had been murdered. Neither of the criminals attempted any defence. Three months afterwards, they were tried, convicted and executed.

A Remarkable Dream.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which from the extreme profligacy of its members and the desecrations of their orgies, was common called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B. who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promises in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipations.

One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Mr. Archibald B., having retired to his bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite horse that he always rode, and that he was proceeding towards his own house, (then a country seat embowered with trees and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over by the city), when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented him distinctly seeing suddenly seized his horses rein exclaiming 'You must go with me.'

'And who are you?' exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths as he struggled to free himself.

'You will know that by and by,' returned the other in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to escape, but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was still beside him; till at length in his efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but instead of being dashed to the earth as he expected, he found himself falling, falling, falling still, as if through the bowels of the ground.

At length, a period being put to their mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still by his side, whither they were going. 'Where am I? Where are you taking me?' he exclaimed.

'To Hell!' replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, 'to hell! to hell! to hell!'

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of the cries, and groans, and lamentings, which the terrified traveller expected to hear, there was nothing but music, and mirth, and jollity, and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far excelling any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within too, what a scene? No amusement, employment, or pursuits of man on earth, but was carried on there with a vehemence which excited his utmost amazement; there the young and lovely still swam through the mazes of the giddy dance; there the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitements of a goaded chase; there over the midnight bowl the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song or maddening blasphemy; the gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slave of Mammon toil through eternity their fathers toil; and all in the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was amongst old acquaintances whom he knew to be dead; and each he observed was pursuing the object which had formerly engrossed him, whatever it was. When finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome companion, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D., whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requesting her to rest from the game and introduce him to the pleasures of the place which appeared to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with a cry of agony, she answered that there was no peace in hell, and that they must to ever toil at those very pleasures; and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, 'there is no peace in hell!' while throwing open his vest, each disclosed in his bosom an everburning flame. Such, they said, were the pleasures of hell; their chance on earth was now their never ending doom! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again upon earth; but as he quitted him, he said 'Remember, in a year and a day we meet again.'

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effects of his dream or his previous orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed several days, during which period he had time to make many serious reflections which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his nefarious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well however than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member to their society; and having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his dejection, which, as may easily be supposed appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolution. He joined them again, resumed his old course of habits and when the annual saturnalia came around, he found himself with his glass in his hand, when the president rising to make the accustomed speech, commenced by saying, 'Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary,' &c., &c. His words struck on the young man's ear like a knell; but ashamed to expose his uneasiness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the evening, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts; till in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home. Some hours afterwards, the horse was found quietly grazing by the road side, about half way between the city and Mr. B's house whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

Now, as I have said in introducing this story, it is no fiction; the circumstances happened as here related; and an account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family; two or three however were preserved, and the narrative has been reprinted.

European News.

HALIFAX, April, 26.—The steamship Africa, Capt. Anderson, from Liverpool at eleven o'clock, a. m., of the 15th, via Queenstown on 16th, arrived here at five o'clock this evening with 57 passengers for this port, and 52 for Boston. Her dates are three days later than those already received.

The news of the fall of Richmond created intense excitement in England, but it arrived too late to admit of the papers generally commenting on it, and as most of the markets had closed from the 13th to the 17th, the effect of the news cannot be fully developed until they are open.

The London Daily News say that the army of Virginia, so long deemed invincible, the pride, the hope, the centre, the citadel of the Confederacy, has been not only beaten but shattered. The Davis' government is now vagrant and fugitive. Richmond, which received it and gave it for a time a dignity which it could never have acquired when it remained among the cotton plantations where it had its rise, was set on fire by its departing guests. That the Confederate army fought with all its old tenacity and *elan* we cannot doubt, but it has been broken up by men who, as we have often been told, were the sweepings of Northern cities. Davis began the war by declaring he would carry it where food for the torch awaited Southern armies in populated cities, but the attempt to burn New York ended in nothing but an execution, while Davis set his borrowed capitol in flames and decamped.

The Morning Advertiser says the further circumstances and consequences of this heavy blow will be looked for with intense anxiety as the close of the war or the inauguration of a new and wide-spread guerrilla conflict of unknown duration may spring from the conflict.

Other papers are silent as yet upon the news.

The London Times has an editorial regretting that the people of Melbourne should have displayed so much sympathy with the crew of the Shenandoah, who were engaged in the destruction of ships coming upon errands of peace to their ports.

The Times has an article strongly condemning the conduct of Judge Smith, of Mont