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, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1867. [VOL. XX.—NO 31

Business Directory

Dr. P. A. McDougal

WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock, a. m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day.

G. C. Shannon, M.D.,

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

DR. McLEAN,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., Office and Residence third door south Central School

Medical.

Richard Moore.

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W.

February 7th, 1867. w3yr

G. M. McMICKING, M.D.

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

Dr. Stanbury,

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

ROBERT J. SLOAN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c.

THREE years surgeon in the U. S. A. during the late war. One of the resident surgeons on U. S. Hospital Steamer "D. A. January." Assistant operator for the 15th Army Corps at Vicksburg, Miss., &c., &c.

Office and Residence.—Mr. T. G. Jackson's Lower Wingham.

N B.—Consultations on surgical cases attended in all parts of the country.

Wingham, C. W., March 9th, 1867. w13 6m*

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

John Davison

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

Sinclair & Walker,

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

Toms & Moore,

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

PATRICK TOMS. LEWIS C. MOORE.

Goderich, August 27th, 1864. sw103w31

William T Hays.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Goderich, C.W.—Office, over C. E. Archibald's Store, Crabb's Block.

Money to Lend on Real Property

D. Shade Gooding,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., Goderich, C. W.—OFFICE: Up stairs Watson's Block, West St.; entrance first Door west of Glasgow House.

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.

B. L. Doyle,

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

J. Y. Elwood,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Blake's Block, opposite the Post Office, Goderich. January 3, 1866. sw27

J. Francis C. Haldan

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, C. W., and Bayfield, C. W. Offices—Kay's Block, Goderich, and Mr. Patterson's Store Bayfield.

☞ Mr. Haldan will be at his branch office, Bayfield, every Monday from 10 a. m. till 5 p.m. sw&w36

William R. Bain, B. A.

CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE.

CRABB'S NEW BUILDINGS, KINGSTON STREET GODERICH.

N. B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate Quieted.

Goderich, Dec. 24, 1866. sw34

R. SKIMINGS

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

MONEY TO LEND. w20

S. Malcomson,

BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c &c. Clinton, C. W. w34

MONEY TO LEND.

William Frader,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, &c Office, Market Square Goderich, C.W. Walkerton Co. of Bruce. v16n50y1y

Thomas Weatherald,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Toronto Street, Goderich. v15n3

E. H. Hamlin,

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

Consulate of the United States of America.

DARK'S HOTEL.

Office hours from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

D. McDougall

LICENS D AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country attentively attended to. w24yr0

Jean Campbell,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT Commissioner for Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broadway, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 9:2

Peter McRae,

FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, Saugeen, C.W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1y2m22

Business Directory.

Malcolm Nicholson.

SURGICAL OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL

DENTIST.

ELECTROPATHIST, &c.

TEETH inserted in either Plates, Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized Rubber on reasonable terms

☞ Office over the Post Office, West Street Goderich. w

ALL RIGHT AGAIN.

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

E. L. JOHNSON

BEGS to inform his old patrons, and the public generally, that he has, at much expense, fitted up his rooms, in STEWARTS' New Brick Block, corner of Hamilton street and Square, Goderich, in such a style as to render them the finest in the country, and the best adapted for the accomplishment of first-class work in his delicate and beautiful art. Those desirous of having Pictures of

CHILDREN

taken will please bring in the morning.

Photographs taken in every Style known to the art, and Old Ambrotypes and Daguerrotypes copied as Photographs. A large Stock of Gilt and Rose-Wood Frames always on hand. Also, ALBUMS, very cheap.

E. L. J., in returning thanks for the liberal patronage of the past, feels satisfied that recent improvements will enable him to merit a continuance and increase of the same.

E. L. JOHNSON.

Goderich, March 1, 1867, w6tf

MAITLAND HOTEL, GODERICH

E. HOSKER, PROPRIETOR. THE above is most pleasantly situated on an eminence 120 feet high, overlooking the Harbor and Lake Huron;—good Orchards, Gardens and Rural Walks attached. Board $1 per day; single Meals or Beds, 25 cents. v1n51y1v

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell C.W

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

THE BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL EXETER.

ANGUS McDONALD, Proprietor.

NO effort will be spared on the part of the proprietor of the above hotel to render his house all that can be required by the travelling community. Give him a call.

April 17th, 1867. w12

CANADIAN HOTEL, CLINTON, C. W.

W. TUDSBURY Proprietor.

THE establishment is furnished with all the requirements essential to the comfort of guests. w34tf

PRINCE OF ORANGE HOTEL DUNGANNON.

A BLACK, Proprietor.

Ample accommodations, choice liquors and good attendance.

Dungannon, Mar 21, 1867 w9tf

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, LUCKNOW.

JAMES CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

BEST OF WINES & LIQUORS.

Good Accommodation for Travellers,

GOOD STABLING AND ATTENTIVE HOSTLERS

Lucknow, 5th March, 1866. w8tf

WM. ELLIOTT.

General Horse and Cattle Farrier.

New Grocery and Temperance House, Benmillar.

A WELL furnished stable, attentive hostler, and all necessary accommodation for the public, at very reasonable rates.

Benmillar, May 15, 1867. 17w6m$p*

J. D. CAMERON,

HAS REMOVED FROM THE CENTRAL TO

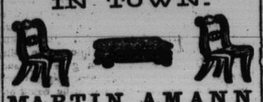
The Bayfield Hotel!

(formerly kept by Mr. Luby.)

CONSTANTLY on hand, the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c., and an attentive Ostler, and by strict attention to business hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

Bayfield, March 8, 1867. w7 6m

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT IN TOWN.



MARTIN AMANN

BEGS TO INFORM HIS OLD CUSTOMERS, that he is still able to sell for cash, at the lowest rates,

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE

At his shop on Kingston street, opposite the Huron Hotel, Goderich. Give him a call.

Goderich Oct. 3. 1866. sw11w37

Money to Lend.

ON very reasonable terms. Apply to

B. L. DOYLE, Savage's new Block.

Goderich, 9th Jan. 1865. w50

Business Directory.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. PHELPS,

SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Goderich, C. W.

Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store

☞ Teeth extracted without pain by use of narcotic spray.

January 13th, 1869. sw38-y1y

W. M. SAVAGE,

BUYS and sells New York Drafts—Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money, at current rate of exchange.

19th Dec., 1865. w47-1yr$1

J. & J. SEEGMILLER,

TANNERS!

DEALERS IN LEATHER FINDINGS!

&c., &c

GODERICH, C. W.

February 12, 1865. w47

INSURANCE.

Fire, Marine and Life Insurances

EFFECTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Office—J. F. C. Haldan's Law Chambers. Kay's Block, corner Court House Square and West St., Goderich, C. W.

JOHN HALDAN, JR., Agent.

Goderich, 27th Sept., 1866. w36tf

GODERICH FANNING MILL AND Pump Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of the Counties of Huron and Bruce that he is still Manufacturing, and has on hand a number of his

SUPERIOR FANNING MILLS & PUMPS.

He would particularly draw attention to hi Mills, as he will warrant them to free Wheat from oats, cockle, chess, &c. Pumps made to order and warranted.

Factory on Nelson st., between Victoria street and Cambria Road.

Also, agent for the sale of Morgan's premium and patent CULTIVATOR, which has never yet failed to give general satisfaction to persons who have used them.

HENRY DODD.

Goderich, April 22nd, 1866. 5

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

COATS, VESTS, PANTS, Felt Hats, Caps, Shirts, &c., Unusually Cheap For Cash,

AT A. SMITH'S, Merchant Tailor.

Goderich, June 21st, 1867. w37.

AWFUL CHEAP BOOTS & SHOES

WM. DUNCAN

HAS received at his store West side Market Square, a large Summer stock of Boots and Shoes, which will be sold at very

LOW PRICES FOR CASH!

PRUNELLA BOOTS

in great variety. From 85 cts upwards.

☞ Call and inspect, and you will be sure to buy.

WM. DUCNAN.

Gaderich, May 3. 1867. w15

Auction & Commission.

GODERICH & CLINTON

Established 1852.

SALES of Miscellaneous Property in Goderich every Saturday, and in Clinton every Wednesday.

Money advanced on Property for immediate sale and prompt returns made.

Farm Stock and other Sales punctually attended to throughout the County.

G. M. TRUEMAN'S Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich

w61

Money to Loan on Real Estate,

APPRAISER to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada.

G. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square, Goderich.

w6

Land Office,

A REGISTER of Improved Farms and Wild Land for Sale.

G. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square

Goderich, March 1, 1867.

COLONIAL HOUSE

THE Subscriber always keeps the largest variety and best Stock of

HOISERY & GLOVES!

IN THE COUNTIES.

CHAS. E. ARCHIBALD.

Goderich, August 22nd, 1866. sw103

DRUGS, DRUGS!

F. JORDAN,

(Successor to R. B. Reynolds)

Medical Hall,

Court-House Square, Goderich,

DISPENSING CHEMIST & DRUGGIST

Dealers, and Importers of

GENUINE DRUGS

Chemicals, Perfumery,

Hair Tooth, and Nail Brushes

PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, DYESTUFFS,

HORSE & CATTLE MEDICINES

GARDEN SEEDS, &C., &C.

Orders from Medical men punctually attended to at Lowest Trade Prices.

N.B.—Physician's Prescriptions carefully dispensed.

Goderich, Jan. 10, 1868.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT

ROCK & COAL OILS,

Burning Fluid, Lamp Oils.

For Sale by F. JORDAN.

Goderich, Jan. 17, 1859 50

NEW GOODS!

AT BUTLER'S

Stationery, Toy, & Fancy Goods Store.

BABY CABS!

of all kinds, styles and prices, excellent quality and first class finish.

The Dominion Clothes-Wringer!

The best in use; wholesale and retail.

50 Reams of Blue line cream-laid letter Paper. 150 Reams Cream laid, Blue laid, and

Variously Tinted Note Papers.

50 Reams Blue and Cream laid

FOOLSCAP!

OF ALL WEIGHTS AND PRICES

75,000 ENVELOPES!

All Colors, Quality, Sizes and Kinds.

☞ All the Popular Magazines received as soon as published.

Miscellaneous Books!

on hand always. Also, an extensive stock of the

Various School Books!

A very large and varied stock of Ladies' and Gentlemens'

FANCY & SPORTING GOODS

always on hand, all of which are bought and imported direct from the Best European and American Manufacturers.

Everything in Stock will be sold at a very small advance on cost.

All the Popular Ballads

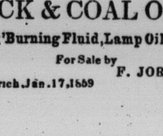
Songs, Vocal and Instrumental Music, procured in two days' notice, and sold at Publisher's Prices.

At BUTLER'S.

Goderich, June 28th. 1867. w48

ALLAN P. MACLEAN,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER,



HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE

ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS

Consisting in part of West of England Broad cloths, Beavers, Whitneys, Bearskins, Fancy English, Scotch, and French Tweeds, Cashmeres, Doeskins, and a variety of Canadian Cloths; Plain, Satin, and Flowered Vestings, Shirts, Gloves, Caps, &c., &c.

He feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders.

TWEED SUITS (all wool) $12 and upwards.

☞ N. B.—Cutting done to Order. ☜

Goderich, Sept 25th. 1866.

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 his Warerooms,

WEST STREET, GODERICH,

SUCH AS

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wool-seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, in 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. 186 w3.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The members of the Association were very warmly received and feted by the people of Goderich and the Saginaw Valley, a full account of which will be given in our next.—*Whitby Gazette.*

On Tuesday and Wednesday fully one hundred, including ladies, met at Goderich, and found comfortable quarters at the numerous well appointed hotels of "the lake town," chief among which we may mention the "Huron," Mr. Wright, its proprietor, appeared to us to be "the right man in the right place," and a perfect type of the good landlord, owing probably to the fact that he is an old typo. The corporation and people of Goderich did everything in their power to render the stay of the Association in Goderich pleasant and agreeable, and they succeeded admirably in causing every person on the trip to carry away the most favorable impression of Goderich as a summer resort without a rival in Ontario. The crowds of American visitors who constantly throng its thirteen hotels during the heated months, proves that it has already taken a high position as a watering place, and the inexhaustible supply of the purest brine in the world for making salt, combine to raise Goderich to a first position among the chief towns of the Dominion.—*St. Mary's Argus.*

Votes of thanks were returned to the Mayor and Town Council of Goderich and to the editor of the Huron *Signal*, Mr. Cox, for the trouble they had taken to render the visit of the Association agreeable, and the meeting separated.

The members of the Association who had reached Goderich up to Wednesday morning were taken in charge by the Mayor, the Warden of the County and members of the Town Council, and driven to all the points of interest in and around the Town. Goderich is the terminus of the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railway and possesses a fine harbor. It is built upon high ground overlooking the lake in a remarkably healthy situation, beautifully laid out, and thus far regularly built. It possesses great facilities for trade, and its fisheries and salt wells will prove a source of great wealth.—*Paris Star.*

The members, with ladies constituting a party of almost one hundred, were treated with marked kindness in Goderich.—Every arrangement had been made for their comfort by Mr. Cox, of the *Signal*, in addition to which carriages were placed at their disposal being paid for by the members of the corporation. After a drive through the principal streets of the town, the party paid a visit to the "Goderich Salt Wells," where is manufactured the finest salt in use in the province. Each of the editors was presented with a small portion, properly parcelled; so that it is to be hoped the salutary and preservative qualifications of the little gift may have a beneficial influence on editorial gyrations for a year to come. * * * Goderich is a fine, clean, and apparently healthy town of about four thousand inhabitants. It is understood to have been its early intention to be the middle of a large octagonal "square," and I suppose in the middle of the town, stands the Court House, very appropriately placed in full range of every street running to the square; and I might here say that if a street wishes to be any consequence in Goderich at all, it must take that direction. Every building upon the square seemes to stand upon a corner, and every building anywhere else seems to stand where it likes. Taken as a whole, however, the situation of Goderich is very beautiful, overlooking the "deep blue waters" of Lake Huron, and constituting the terminus of all Canadian railway enterprises to the north-west. I may say, also, that in no town in Canada have the members of the Canadian Press Association been so kindly received, and so well treated, as in this.—*Cobourg World.*

The town is clean and healthy, and contains many excellent stores and private residences. The plan of the streets is octagonal. The centre or pivot about which the town radiates is a handsome Court House, from which the eight streets stretch out in the direction of the several points of the compass. We are not sure that this plan is comparable with the square-block system adopted in most cities, but certainly the effect in Goderich is very picturesque. The outskirts of the town embrace exceedingly romantic scenery, to view which properly the tourist should stand upon the bluff to the north of the Maitland. Many Americans are spending the summer here, inhaling the healthful breezes and bathing in the clear Lake. Speaking of bathing, we give it as our belief that Goderich would soon take rank as an attractive Canadian watering place. Let the men of enterprize take the hint. We suppose it would be an unpardonable offence were we to neglect speaking of the Salt Works. And in truth, they are well worthy of mention. The well is about a thousand feet in depth, and is covered by a derrick similar to those seen in the oil regions. The brine, which is the strongest and purest yet discovered in the world, is conveyed by pipes into a large tank, and from thence conducted as required to the kettles, fifty-four in number under which a hot fire is kept day and night. The salt gravitates to the bottom of the kettles; it is then dipped out with iron ladles and deposited in large baskets to dry. This is the whole operation. A large cooperage has been established in connexion with the works. The brine is apparently exhaustless, and it is continually increasing in strength. The works will be increased largely, and new wells sunk. Let no Londoner visit Goderich without inspecting the Salt Works. The party next went on board H. M. gunboats *Cherub* and Prince *Alfred*, and were kindly received by the officers and crew, by whom explanations were freely given.

The annual meeting, and the particulars of the trip to Saginaw, have already been given in these columns. The Press Association are under obligations to the officials and people of Goderich, and to Mr. Cox, editor of the Huron *Signal*, for many acts of kindness and courtesy. The trip to Goderich, though made under somewhat unfavorable circumstances, will not soon be forgotten.—*London Evening Advertiser.*

The members of the Canadian Press Association who were able this year to leave their homes, found in the incidents connected with the meeting and excursion a most agreeable change from the heat and strife of an exciting contest. The meeting took place in the of Goderich, whose claims as a delightful summer resort are now so fully recognized by the Americans that they have a project on foot for the erection there of a first-class hotel, specially designed for their own accommodation.—*Stratford Beacon.*

We were domiciled at the Huron Hotel, which institution is admirably adapted for the comfort of the travelling public, the host, Mr. J. J. Wright, being in every respect a genial, accommodating and jovial representation of the merry sons of old England, and withal a type in former times himself. The Excursionists were received very kindly by Mr. Detlor, Mayor, and the members of the Corporation of Goderich, at whose expense carriages were furnished to convey the party to the various places of interest in the neighborhood. The Salt Works which have recently been put in operation just outside the limits of the corporation, on the banks of the Maitland, were inspected and the entire party joined in expressing their gratification at being privileged to examine those extensive and important evidences of the material wealth of our country. At present 104 large boilers or kettles are in use, and between fifty and sixty barrels of salt are manufactured daily, while it is expected that in a very short time the capacity of the works will be doubled. The salt manufactured has been pronounced by the most competent judges to be superior in flavour and quality to any in the world, and the Goderich people have every reason to be proud of the highly important discovery they have made, as we have no doubt the prosperity and manufacturing and commercial importance of the town will be very considerably increased as the resources of this salt bearing district become more fully developed.

The party were driven to Galt's Point opposite the town where a splendid view of the lake and town was obtained, after which they were taken on board the Gunboat *Cherub*. * * * In conclusion we desire to add that the excursionists must feel that they owe a warm debt of gratitude to Mr. Cox of the Huron *Signal*, for the great exertions he put forth to add to the comfort, pleasure and entertainment of the members of the Press and the ladies who accompanied them on this their tenth annual excursion.—*Dundas Banner.*

The *Advertiser* reports that, in the course of last week, Mr. Spurgeon received from one quarter a contribution of £600 towards his intended orphanage, and £500 from another.

The death of Marie Sophie Amelia, ex-Queen of Naples, is announced.

The British Government has instructed its Minister at Washington to make inquiries into the recent killing of Capt. Speer by an American soldiar.

London, Aug. 20.—Though it is difficult to obtain any reliable information from Spain, it is known that Gen. Prim is still at the head of the insurgents. The insurrection had not been quelled. It is reported that Gen. Prim is supplied with funds by prominent bankers at Paris.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY.

A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

Concluded.

London. Filled with the utmost feeling of anxiety for his father's condition, and utterly unable to bear suspense, he hurried his two fair companions, and by the first train left the southwest counties, the party left London, on their way to Beacon Hall.

Lionel took out the paper whereon were the secret cypher letters—the cryprographs, and busied himself in the task of deciphering it. With a led pencil in his hand, he sat for five hours, motionless, poring over the paper, occasionally stopping to mark something; and marking more and more frequently, the longer he gazed.

At last he drew himself up, and handed the paper to Irene, who all this time had viewed him sympathizing, and occasionally cheered him by a pleasant remark or a friendly word.

'Have you finished it?' said she.

'Yes,' said Lionel.

Irene took it. Over every letter Lionel had put its equivalent, and there it was, deciphered—the translation being written interlineously. To read it off now was an easy task.

'This will be something with which to confront him. It was worthy the trouble of deciphering,' said Lionel, as he carefully folded it up. 'Were I only to have this against him, it would give me a power over him, at the thought of which he well might tremble.'

For the remainder of the way, Lionel was himself again. The nearer he approached to his home the more his gloom and sadness died away, the more his natural gaiety resumed its sway.

Sir Gasper D'Arcey was restless, as he sat in his huge arm-chair. Richard stood near him, his countenance as usual motionless, and he as usual silent.

'Tis strange Lionel has not come yet,' said sir Gasper, impatiently. 'He should have been here two days ago. I am afraid something has happened to him. For here it is now nearly the night of the 19th, and yet he is not here. Ha—by Jove. Look Richard. Who is that, walking up Lionel's favourite path, back there? Run, Richard, run—'

The man vanished.

Sir Gaspar's heart beat with a violence unusual to age, as he waited the return of Richard. Soon he heard returning footsteps. He sprang from his seat. The door opened. For a moment, Sir Gasper paused. In another moment his son was in his arms!

'Lionel! Lionel! my brave boy, welcome to your home, and to your father's heart.'

'Father!' cried Lionel, in a transport of amazement and happiness. 'You are well again. I was told that you were dying—'

'Speak low, my boy. Richard, where is my brother and nephew. Did they see Lionel?'

'No, sir. They are up at the hermitage.'

'O, Richard. Go to Norbury with a carriage. Madame Arbanon and her daughter are there. Can you bring them up—on the sly—you know, and let them into their old quarters, unknown to my uncle?'

'Trust me, master Lionel.'

'Well, haste! But what are you waiting for?'

Richard stood still with his eyes fastened on Lionel, and a tear—a tear, trembled in the corner.

'O, my young master! I am glad to see you.'

Lionel grasped the faithful old fellow's hand heartily. Richard hastened from the room.

Then Sir Gaspar and Lionel carefully fastened the door, talked long about the past and much about the immediate future. Sir Gaspar, Lionel, Irene—all looked forward to the morrow.

CHAPTEE XXIII.

THE TWENTIETH OF JANUARY.

THE sun arose in a cloudless sky on that appointed day towards which all the inmates of Beacon Hall now looked with such varied feelings and expectations. The old hall, illumined by the rising sun, laid aside its dim and mysterious air, and became bright and cheerful in its appearance. The fields without, the groves and hedges, the brooks and streams, all became beautified in the morning dawn. Never had the old hall and its noble grounds appeared so grandly.

But within the large apartment of Sir Gaspar D'Arcey all was gloom and darkness. The heavy curtains, drawn closely together, suffered but a scant supply of light to enter the room, and amid the dimness and indistinctness of all around, but little could be discerned. It was such a light, and such an atmosphere, as is permitted to dwell in the room of one who lies at the point of death.

Sir Gaspar was on his chair, covered up with thick clothes. But a part of his face was visible, and as he lay reclining upon the cushioned seat, he seemed too feeble, too sickly to last much longer. He appeared so debilitated that a slight shock, or an abrupt blow of any kind, might be sufficient to kill him.

Richard sat on the chair by the window, silent: motionless, with a face as expressionless and impassive as ever. The two alone were in the room. The hour of nine was slowly tolled out by the deep-toned bell of a large clock in the hall without.

'Here they come, sir!' said Richard.

Footsteps were heard approaching the room, and Sir Gaspar, after arranging a fold of the quilt which lay over him, awaited the entrance of the visitors.

'Come in!' said Richard, as a knock sounded at the door.

The heavy portal was thrown open. Henry D'Arcey and his son Reginald slowly entered and quietly approached the chair of Sir Gaspar.

'Good morning, brother!' exclaimed Henry D'Arcey, as he came up to Sir Gaspar, 'My God! how pale you are! Do you feel no better?'

'No,' said the sick man, faintly.

'I have not been able to visit you, dear brother,' said Henry D'Arcey, 'so frequently as I would have wished, for these last few weeks, I trust you will forgive me?'

'O, certainly,' said Sir Gaspar.

'I am deeply grieved to see you so low as this. I thought that the last medicine which I sent you would put you out of pain.'

'It did, nearly,' murmured the sick man.

Henry D'Arcey's face wore a strange expression as he heard his brother's reply.

'I hope, my brother,' he said, 'I hope that you may yet recover.'

'No—why hope so? foolish?' said Sir Gaspar.

'Yet let me hope—there is a pleasure in hoping. But I come to you, dear brother, with dreadful news this morning—'

'Ah?' said Sir Gaspar quietly.

'Dreadful news—most dreadful—so terrible that although I heard it several days ago, I had not the courage to tell you—'

'Indeed?'

Henry D'Arcey was evidently surpised.

'My brother, I pity you!' he went on to say. 'Forgive me if I be the unwilling bearer of this most awful intelligence.'

There was a pause. Henry and his son drew nearer to Sir Gaspar, and did not see Richard as he silently went to the door and turned the noiseless lock.

'Sir Gaspar—my brother!' continued Henry D'Arcey, in funeral tones.

'What?' replied Sir Gaspar, with a coolness which to his brother was utterly inexplicable.

'You are childless!'

'Ah? Indeed!'

'Good heavens, Sir Gaspar,' said Henry, now roused and exasperated by this unexpected indifference, 'do you hear what I say?'

'I do.'

'You are childless!'

'Ah?'

'I mean,' said Henry, in a loud tone of voice. 'I mean that your son, your boy, the light of your eye—your comforter and protector, will return no more to you! Lionel is dead!'

'Liar!' suddenly sounded from behind Henry D'Arcey, in the fierce tones of a voice which could not be mistaken.

The father and son turned round in terror, amazement and dismay! At the same time, the curtains were pulled wide apart—the gloom fled—and the rays of the sun streaming in, fell upon the noble form and features of Lionel D'Arcey! There he stood—alive—well—stronger only through all his misfortunes.

'Liar!' he cried. 'Liar! who comes thus to torture my father. Is this your work? this the success of your magnificent scheme? Alas, baffled wretch!'

The frame of Henry D'Arcey shook with a thousand emotions. He was speechless. His son stood by him, and in the immensity of their astonishment they seemed stricken dumb.

'You thought I was dead—did you?' sneered Lionel. 'You trusted to Philippo's tidings. Poor baffled conspirator—defeated plotter—behold the result of your infamous scheme! I, who was esteemed dead, am living and come home for vengeance, while he in whom you trusted, has died, confessing all his sins!'

Lionel moved towards his trembling uncle.

'You are dyed and stained by a thousand infamous crimes. I know enough of you to bring you to the gallows, and to send your son an exterial exile from his home. Yet I will not do so. What punishment is so severe to one like you as the maddening consciousness that in every point he has been beaten. For you are overthrown. All your schemes have come to nothing. You are ruined, and beaten!'

'Beaten? baffled?' answered Henry D'Arcey, making a mighty effort to throw off his agitation. 'Foiled?' he repeated, gathering confidence from the sound of his own voice, 'Boy! when did you come home, that you are ignorant of the complete success of one scheme?'

He spoke with a bitter sneer, and an expression of fiendish malice in his face.

'Success in any of your schemes is what I would wish at this moment to see you show me,' said Lionel.

'Though I may not have the mournful consolation of telling my brother that his beloved boy, his noble Lionel, is dead, yet perhaps one solace may be left me. Young, inexperienced, unsuspecting boy! When you go from your home, why do you leave tools for the hands of those who know how to use them?'

'Tools?' said Lionel scornfully.

'Yes, tools such as he.' He pointed to Richard, who rose up, and with his unalterable countenance stood reverentially before them. 'Tools? yes, tools. You spoke of Philippo, and lo a greater than Philippo is here! Ha, ha!' laughed the villain, boldly, mockingly. 'Ha, ha! I cannot say now, 'Father, your son is dead!' but this I can say, 'Son, your father is dying!' Behold!' he cried triumphantly, turning and pointing to Sir Gaspar who had hitherto been silent.

Sir Gaspar flung off the quilt, rose vigorously to his feet, strode up towards his brother and folding his arms, gazed sternly, relentlessly upon him. The younger brother quailed beneath the fierce glance of those terrible eyes, and again in sudden astonishment was still.

"Henry D'Arcey! Reginald D'Arcey! Where now is your exultation? Is Beacon Hall yours? Is Sir Gaspar dead?'

Father and son were silent.

'And think you Richard was a tool? You, who are proud of your penetration—you, who call yourself my brother—look at him! He, and he only is the cause of your ruin. To him you are indebted for this. But for him, and his incorruptible fidelity, mingled with impenetrable secrecy of soul, we would have fallen victims to your villainous arts! He—the tool—the slave to gold! he—Richard, the humble valet! he has conquered you!'

Then light and knowledge flashed into the minds of Henry and Reginald—then they knew and understood all. As Henry turned he saw Richard standing calm—unaltered—unaffected! He gnashed on him with his teeth.

'Was I ever unjust to you, Henry?' said Sir Gaspar. 'Was I ever otherwise than generous? My house was your home, my purse was open to you, my heart always beat towards you. But now I know you! I know you for an abandoned villain—a monster of iniquity! You have arrived at a height of wickedness and guilt which I shudder to contemplate! Your whole life has been one of villainy and dishonesty—of vile conspiracy, plotting and spying! Were you guilty of but one offence, I might be willing to put down and annihilate the demands of my heart for vengeance. But to you—a hardened ruffian, whose guilt is so black, whose offences spread over a lifetime—to you there can be no pity—for you no mercy!'

'I ask for none!' cried Henry. 'I expect none—and least of all from you! But you cannot punish me. Who can prove anything against me? If my measures were successful, they were artfully contrived, and I am safe. I stand involved in an impenetrable wall. Who are they who can be witnesses against me?'

'I!' cried Richard, advancing forward. 'I have your papers. I knew secret passages to the retreat-chamber which you knew not!'

'There! 'tis over!' cried Henry D'Arcey, staggering as though a blow had struck him. 'Secret passages! Good heavens! Why did I not think of that?'

'Who are your accusers?' cried Lionel, heedless of his uncle's remarks. 'The dying testimony of Philippo, which is even now in the hands of the lords at home.'

'Philippo?' cried Henry.

'And here, too, cried Lionel, drawing forth a paper which Henry D'Arcey well knew, 'here, too, is a testimony against you. If the papers which Richard might find could prove nothing against you, this would serve to brand you, and hang you as a Russian spy!'

'A spy!' cried Henry D'Arcey, now no longer master of himself, and unable to bear up under so much disappointment. 'A spy? Who told you that? It cannot be proved—I swear it cannot. No one in England knows it! Pooh! I tell you I am not. What are you, that you dare to bring up such a charge against me? Begone! I am a true man! That letter—it is a secret symbol. Who can detect its meaning?'

'It is a cypher of your invention,' answered Lionel. 'You rave when you speak as you do. See this cypher. Is it not explained? And do you think that writing of this kind could be a barrier to discovery? Behold! I have discovered it!'

Henry D'Arcey stamped his foot upon the floor in rage. He darted forward to snatch the paper. Lionel drew back.

'The king of darkness himself has assisted you! He has turned from me to you, and he alone has brought this about!' Henry D'Arcey cried, in a kind of frenzy.

'The king of darkness? No! You, who recognize no other ruler,' said Sir Gasper, 'you may call it the power of the king of darkness; but we recognize another power—it is that of the Most High, who will not suffer the innocent to perish nor the guilty to escape!'

'Then there is no more need to remain here,' said Henry D'Arcey, moving towards the door. He turned the knob. The door was locked—Richard held the key.

'Are you going to detain me as prisoner?' he cried.

'To what end? No. But you must remain a moment longer.'

'I acknowledge myself beaten, baffled, foiled,' said Henry, walking back a step, as a thought seemed to strike him. 'Yet I have one single consolation. It does not concern you, Sir Gaspar, but it concerns you boy—you stripling!' he repeated, contemptuously, 'who was the first to give me this serious of disappointments. For he must stay here in England, while his Grecian maiden—his betrothed—is far away. For him there will be no joys of love and matrimon to yerown his present happiness. She is away, safe enough, I vow, on Russian soil, and her Lionel must sigh in vain for her, during the long years of this war?'

Lionel said not one word.

"And her property, too, is there; if that be any additional grief," said his uncle, maliciously.

Still Lionel was silent.

A light sound of footsteps was then heard, and a small door at the end of the room was opened. Henry D'Arcey and his son looked at one another in consternation. For there, beautiful as ever, stood Irene, and beside her was the stately form of Madame Arbanon.

'It is time for me to go! My last hope is gone!'

'See,' cried Lionel, as he advanced towards Irene and took her hand, see how heavily your curse and bitter wrath fall down upon my devoted head! Russia! Ah, you thought that beloved country was the home of my Irene!'

'Go!' said Gasnar to his brother, 'away! Begone forever! Never more let your shadow darken this threshold! Never more let your face come near to mine! Begone forever, and let me never see you—never hear of you—or,' and his voice grew deep and terrible in its menacing tone, 'or you will see what punishment is in store for a *Russian spy!*'

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DENOUEMENT.

ON the day after the incidents described in the last chapter, the steamer for Calais left the port of Dover, with a large company of passengers. The day was dreary in the extreme, and severely cold. Across the dull leaden sky the scud drifted with dizzying velocity, while the strong wind, rushing from the realms of night and eternal winter, rolled the waves of the North Sea through the Channel in black ridges, while the foam, whirled away as rapidly as it was formed, was driven along horizontally in showers of spray. The little steamer laboured heavily, though she was staunch and strong, with her bows now rising high in the air, and anon plunging deep in the water while she rolled from side to side, one paddle-wheel being occasionally clear, while the other was buried in the water.

The passengers huddled together in the cabin, clinging to their seats, and consoling themselves for the roughness of the passage by the hope that it would soon be over. But one among them seemed the very spirit of unrest. He was a man advanced in life, well dressed and wrapped in a thick broadcloth cloak. He spoke to no