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. 22, 1867. VOL. XX.—NO 30

Business Directory.

Malcolm Nicholson.
SURGICAL OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.
ELECTROPATHIST, &c.

TEETH inserted in either Platina, Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized Rubber on reasonable terms
☞Office over the Post Office, West Street Goderich. w

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

E. L. JOHNSON

BEGS to inform his old patrons, and the public generally, that he has, at much expense, fitted up his rooms, in STEWARTS' New Brick Block, corner of Hamilton street and Square, Goderich, in such a style as to render them the finest in the country, and the best adapted for the accomplishment of first-class work in his delicate and beautiful art. Those desirous of having Pictures of
CHILDREN
taken will please bring in the morning.
Photographs taken in every Style known to the art, and Old Ambrotypes and Daguerreotypes 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. w1a510vly

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

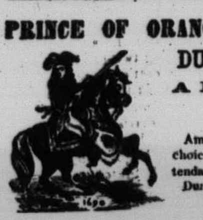
THE BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL
EXETER.
ANGUS McDONALD, Proprietor.

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

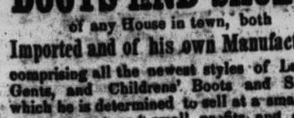
WM. ELLIOTT.
General Horse and Cattle Farrier.
New Grocery and Temperance House, Benmillar.

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 hostler, and by strict attention to business hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
Bayfield, March 8, 1867. w7 6m

Cheaper than ever!



THE Subscriber having moved to the Store one door east of the corner of Kingston Street and Market Square,
Opposite Mr. C. Crabb's Block,
formerly occupied by Messrs. Parker & Cattle, druggists, offers for sale
THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, BEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES!
of any House in town, both
Imported and of his own Manufacture,
comprising all the newest styles of Ladies' Gents, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, which he is determined to sell at a small advance on cost, as "small profits and quick returns" is his method of doing business.
☞ Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.
S. FURSE.
Goderich, April 15, 1867. w43

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, 1860. sw38-yly

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

PHŒNIX FIRE ASSURANCE Company of London England, established in 1782, one of the oldest, largest and best offices in Canada.
HORACE HORTON, Agent.

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE Company of Canada, Head Office Toronto. Will take risks on Country and City Property. Marine risks taken at as low rates as any other first class office.
HORACE HORTON, Agent.

MONEY TO LOAN.

$20,000 on good farm security payable from one to twelve years. No ... retained in advance.
HORACE HORTON Agent.
Goderich, March 31st, 1866. sw7

G. N. DAVIS

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Stoves, Ploughs and Castings of every description. Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, at the Market Stove Depot, Market Square, Goderich.
COAL OIL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞Coal Oil Lamps, &c., &c. Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Rags Wool Pickings and Sheepskins taken in exchange. 27tf

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

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,
w61 Market Square, Goderich

Money to Loan on Real Estate,

APPRAISER to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
w6j Market Square, Coderich.

Land Office,

A REGISTER of Improved Farms and Wild Land for Sale,
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Goderich, March 1, 1867. Market Square

Take Notice.

SAMUEL POLLOCK, Esq., late Deputy Sheriff has been appointed official Assignee under the Insolvent Act of 1864 for the United Counties of Huron and Bruce.
☞ Office in Cameron's Block, Kingston street.
February 20th, 1866. w50

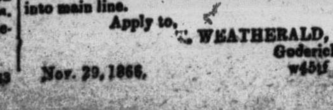
NORTH BRITISH
AND
MERCANTILE FIRE AND LIFE
Insurance Co.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
CAPITAL £2,000,000, STERLING.

Fire Department.
INSURANCES effected on all classes of risks at moderate rates. Losses promptly paid.

Life Department.
In virtue of the guarantee afforded by their large Capital and accumulated profits, this Company can adopt rates lower than are practicable by many other offices.

To Farmers.
Special low rates have been made for farm buildings and other isolated risks.
The undersigned having been appointed agent of the above Company for Goderich and surrounding country, will be glad to receive proposals for insurance in both branches, and will always be ready to give information to parties wishing to insure.
Wm. RICHARDSON, Agent,
Bank of Montreal, West St.
Goderich, May 1st, 1866. sw70

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

SALT TERRITORY

20 ACRES OF SALT TERRITORY to lease, situated on and adjacent to the River Maitland, and just east of the Goderich Railway Station, and fronting on G. T. Railway—very convenient for a siding into main line.
Apply to, ... WEATHERALD, Goderich.
Nov. 29, 1866. w45tf

Business Directory.

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-lyr$

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 his 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 farmers who have used them.
HENRY DODD.
Goderich, Aug. 22nd [illegible]

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

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.
Goderich, May 3. 1867. w15

Sign of the Large Padlock.

H. GARDINER & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware Merchants,
Market Square, Goderich,
HAVE now on hand a complete and well assorted stock of Hardware, consisting in part of
Adzes, Broad Axes, Chopping Axes, Augurs, Brushes, Borax, Waggon Boxes, Canada Plates, Chains, Curry-Combs, Cordage, Dung Forks, Hay Forks, Files, Glue, Glass, Putty, Grain Tin, Grindstones, Powder, Shot, Cape Hinges all kinds, Iron, Steel, Spring Steel, Hubs, Spokes, and Bent Stuff, Bar Lead, Lamp Glasses, Looking Glasses, Looking-Glass Plate, Horse Nails, Cut Nails, Raw And Boiled Oil, Benzoline, Coal Oil, Machinery Oil, Varnish, Paints and Colors, Coal Oil Lamps, Plough Moulds, Muley Saws, Cross-Cut Saws, Hand Saws, &c.
☞ The above will be sold cheap for Cash.
GILLING and STURGEON TWINE FOR SALE CHEAP.
Agents for Commercial Union Assurance Co., of London, England.
1st September 1866 w43

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

EXECUTION OF JERRY O'BRIEN FOR THE MURDER OF KATE SMITH—SKETCH OF THE MURDERER—HIS TRIAL, CONVICTION, AND SENTENCE—THE CRIMINAL ON THE SCAFFOLD—SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC, ETC.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 10, 1867.

Jerry O'Brien was executed at the Tombs yesterday, for the murder of his mistress, Kate Smith, on the 20th of June 1866. This deed which O'Brien expiated by his death upon the scaffold, for its attrocity, has hardly ever had a parallel in the history of crime.

SKETCH OF THE MURDERER.

Jerry O'Brien was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. The family of which Jerry was a member has been singularly unfortunate—strong drink and evil associations having led to the violent death of no less than three of its members; and the imprisonment of a fourth, who is now serving a term in the Sing Sing State Prison. Some fifteen years ago the father committed suicide, while labouring under the influence of liquor, and about a year ago a brother of the murderer was shot dead while in the act of robbing a groceryman's till in the Ninth Ward in this city. For several years past, Jerry has borne an unenviable character, and has habitually associated with thives, rowdies, and abandoned women, one of whom, the victim of the murder, became especially his companion. He has been heard to say that he loved her dearly, and intended, if circumstances should favour, to redeem her from a life of shame, and make her his wife. It was the old story, which has been rhymed by Owen Meredith:

"She was a harlot, and I was a thief,
But we loved each other beyond belief."

Jerry's love of strong drink rapidly grew upon him, and while grossly intoxicated he was led into active sympathy with the Fenian movement. He enlisted here in the ranks of those theives and cut throats who made a raid upon Canada, and the final defeat of these Fenian raiders found him a prisoner in the hands of the victorious Canadian troops. Shortly afterwards, however, he managed to escape, and returned to this city, where he learned that Kate, disgusted with him on account of his cruel treatment of her, had, in his absence, chosen a more agreeable companion in the person of a noted thief, who, being expert, was never in want of money.

THE MURDER.

Jerry's bad nature rose within him on hearing this; was jealous of the girl, and happening to meet her in the street soon afterward, struck her a coward's blow that felled her bleeding to the pavement. The following day he made a resolve that the girl should be a companion to him or to no other man living, and accordingly he proceeded to the stand of a fishmonger, on the corner of Prince and Greene streets, where he managed to steal a hugh knife, more than a foot in length. Armed with this weapon mad with jealously, and inflamed with drink, he proceeded to the house where the unfortunate women lived and unnoticed, went up to her room. But few moments elapsed before the cries and screams of the girl attracted the attention of the other inmates of the house, and they rushed to the room and opened the door. There they beheld O'Brien and the girl both on their knees; he with the murderous knife in his grasp, and she with one hand on her heart and the other on his shoulder, saying: "For the love you have for me Jerry, and for your dear mother's sake, give me what you have in your hand. O! do not kill me: I am not prepared to die!" At this moment some one cried out: "Run, Kate, run for your life." She sprang with the quickness of thought from the room, and he no less quickly pursued her, and overtaking her plunged the fish knife into her back, litterally cutting her heart in twain, and causing her instant death. He then attempted to take his own life, but was frustrated in the effort by the prompt interference of the witnesses of the bloody deed, who wrested the weapon from his hand, and then delivered him over to the police authorities. For several days afterward he lay at the point of death, from the effects of the terrible wounds which he had inflicted upon his head and neck with the knife, but under the careful attention of a skillful surgeon, he gradually rallied, and eventually became entirely convalescent.

THE TRIAL, CONVICTION, AND SENTENCE.

of the prisoner was commenced here in the court of General Sessions, on the 13th of November last, and occupied three whole days. O'Brien was ably defended by Ex-Judge Stuart and Mr. D. F. McCarthy, two of the most eminent criminal lawyers in this city. No attempt was made by counsel to disprove the fact of the killing, as alleged and sustained by the prosecution. They sought, however, to save their client by endeavoring to show that he was labouring under a temporary fit of insanity at the time of the murder, and was therefore not responsible for the dreadful deed. Mr. Gunning S. Bedford, jr., the Assistant District Attorney, conducted the case on behalf of medical testimony which he produced, completely demolished the theory of the defence. In the course of a thrilling speech to the jury, after the conclusion of the evidence, Mr. Bedfore spoke as follows: "Insanity, gentlemen, is the common plea of the murderer, as the records of this and other criminal courts will show, but this plea often falls to the ground for want of both collateral and direct support. So it is in the case now before you. The facts demonstrate, beyond all doubt, that the prisoner instead of being insane, had method in his madness; he was cool, deliberate, calculating, constructive. What are the facts to support this position? We have it in evidence that on the afternoon of the 20th of June last, about 3 o'clock. Jeremiah O'Brine is seen near the stand of a fish-monger at the corner of Prince and Greene streets. On that stand, at the time, was this monstrous fish-knife—the messenger of death. That at about 4 o'clock of the same afternoon he sent a letter to the deceased, and in a few minutes afterward learned that she was at home. Armed for the occasion, stealthily and unknown to any one, he proceeded to No. 139 Prince-street, there to carry out his deadly purpose. A few moments after gaining access to her room, a shriek was heard. The inmates of the house rushed to the apartment, where they saw the deceased on her bended knees, before the prisoner. She was begging for mercy at his hands, saying: 'For the love you have for me and your mother. Oh! Jeremiah! give me what you have in your hand. Do not kill me, I am not prepared to die.' O'Brien, in response to her appeal, requested the deceased to order Mrs. Cutler, the landlady, to leave the room. The deceased said nothing in reply, but shook her head, looking terrified and gazed imploringly at the prisoner. She arose, left the room, succeeded in reaching the stair-case, when O'Brien, overtaking her, intent on the purpose of death, unwilling to give the poor girl a moment, even to breathe a prayer to her Maker, for forgiveness and mercy instantly deprived her of life by plunging the knife into her back, tearing open her very heart. The evidence here, gentlemen developes the significant fact, that after the deceased had pleaded most earnestly for her life, and while the murderous intent was in full incubation in the mind of O'Brien, he deliberately and cooly requested the poor girl to order Mrs Cutler from the room, well knowing that to have a human eye to witness the tragedy about to be enacted would absolutely fix the crime upon him. Again he voluntarily remarked to Capt. Mills, 'I wrote the letter I did it, and will plead guilty to save the country the expense of the trial.' Is such the conduct, such the language of an insane man? In the face of these broad, irresistible facts, demonstrating with all the force of truth, this deliberate premeditated murder, what, I ask, becomes of the theory of insanity? Throw it gentleman, to the winds; it has not the consistency nor the strength of a rope of sand; it has no principle nor cohesion: it falls to the earth by the pressure of its own infirmity."

The jury after a brief deliberation returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and the prisoner was accordingly sentenced to be hanged on the 19th of January last. The case was then carried on appeal to the higher courts, but only resulted in a confirmation of the sentence, whereupon he was resentenced by the judge to be hanged on the 9th of the following August.

IN PRISON.

during the first month of his incarceration, the condemned man was subject to brief fits of despondency, but under the faithful ministrations of his spiritual advisers, however, these spells of depression ceased, and he was ever afterward cheerful, and apparently resigned to his fate. He usually rose at 6 o'clock in the morning, and employed the hours until supper time in reading religious books, supplied to him by kind friends. In the evening, of late, with the aid of kerosene light, he sketched and painted from copy or imagination, little pictures that were either bestowed upon near friends or made to relieve the blank walls of his dungeon.

THE EXECUTION.

At 8.53 o'clock precisely, the culprit marched to the gallows with a seemingly firm step, supported by his spiritual advisers. On arriving at the scaffold he knelt with them and repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which he arose and was heard to say, "Oh, my Father, I offer my life to Thee for the one I took—it is my best gift." "God bless Sheriff Kelly," and then for nearly half an hour he continued to repeat, "Almighty Jesus, have mercy on my soul!" "Oh God! receive my spirit!" It then became apparent that his strength was failing fast, for he was compelled to lean upon the arms of the priests for support. His voice grew faint and husky, and he beckoned to the Sheriff and asked him for a glass of water. This was furnished immediately, and in view of his weakness Jerry was allowed to sit down for a moment in a chair that was brought from the Warden's room. It seemed as though the unfortunate man prolonged prayers with the lingering hope that at the last moment the news of his reprieve would come. He clung to life with a tenacity that was painful to behold, and ever and anon cast a hurried glance in the direction from which help might be expected to come, if it came at all. The hardihood, that did not seem to desert him in prison for a long time before and after his tral, at last gave way. When brought to the foot of the scaffold, face to face with a fate that greater criminals have met with decent firmness, and that some innocent men have almost ennobled by the manner of their going off, he appeared the guilty minded coward that he was. As the black cap was being placed on his head, he besought the executioner to ask his surviving relatives to continue to pray for the repose of his soul. In an instant afterward the unfortunate man's countenance was veiled, the knot was properly adjusted, and at a given signal from the Sheriff a heavy axe blow was heard upon the block behind the screen, and the next moment the body of O'Brien was drawn violently into the air. He arose about four feet, and then fell back pendulous a few inches nearer the earth; a convulsive twist of the head followed; then a dozen or more times the feet slowly rose and subsided; the legs swerving back and forth a few times, one or two shudders, and all was still. Twelve minutes after the drop had fallen pulsation ceased, and at five minutes before ten o'clock the corpse was lowered into a plain mahogany coffin, and after the usual inquest had been held the remains were handed over to his relatives for burial.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The influence of capital punishment as a prevention of crime had an illustration in an incident which occurred within the prison-yard yesterday, just as O'Brien was trembling on the verge of dissolution, it commenced raining heavily. Umbrellas were hoisted, and the crowd of spectators were impatient and dripping, when a well-dressed but villainous-looking man reached over through the dripping crowd, and, in a suppressed, wicked whisper, exclaimed to the man before him: "Look here! I've told you to take that umbrellar from before me three times, if you dont do it this time *I'll kill you on the spot!*" This was at the foot of the gallows. As another instance of the morbid curiosity of men to witness the dying struggles of a fellow being, I may here note the fact that on Thursday last a well-dressed individual, named James Dugan, went before Judge Dowling at the Tombs police court, and told that official that he wished to be committed to the City Prison for ten days, as a drunkard, so that he might have an opportunity to witness the execution from his cell, by means of a piece of looking-glass which he had in his pocket. The would-be convict was considerably surprised when the Judge sentenced him to a short time on Blackwell's Island instead of the Tombs. After the execution a large number of persons still hung around the vicinity of the prison anxious to know if the hanging had really come off.

B.

DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP BY FIRE—SEVEN LIVES LOST.—A singularly distressing accident occurred to a Sunderland vessel, named the Meteor, in her voyage from New York to London, in the middle of June. The Meteor, which was laden with palm oil, took fire on the 15th of June, and in the conflagration which followed and which destroyed the ship, the first and second mates, the painter, the carpenter, and four of the crew were burnt to death. The captain and the rest of the crew, however, were saved, and have been landed at Falmouth.

A MONSTER CLOCK.—The four dials of clock of the House of Parliament are each 22 feet in diameter, and are the largest in the world. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, but it only strikes for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding-up of the striking mechanism occupies two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is 8 feet high and 9 feet in diameter, weighing nearly 15 tons. The weight of the hammer alone exceeds 400 lbs.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY.

A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

Continued.

"A week longer for instance."

"Yes, about a week."

"Then I would not tell him this till then."

"O, I see. You think the sudden news would kill him?"

"In his present feeble state, I certainly believe that he could not survive the shock."

"He is very fond of his son?"

"Yes—very fond and very proud of him."

"Well, Reginald, I do really think your advice is good. I had better not say anything about it just yet."

"I suppose, father, there is no doubt about the news being thoroughly true?"

"Not the least. Philippo managed it all well. He would not write me on an uncertainity. And besides, he states the case as it is."

"Leaving us to form our own conclusions?"

"Yes and I conclude that Lionel is forever gone—out of the way."

"The coast being left clear to his loving relatives? Ha, ha."

"I tell you one thing that troubles me, my boy," said Henry D'Arcey after a pause.

"What is that?"

"Those missing papers."

"The Russian letter?"

"Yes."

"To tell the truth, I feel rather anxious."

"I suppose it is foolish to feel so, but I cannot avoid feeling as though they were in the hands of those who would make a terrible use of them."

"By heavens, father, do not talk so," cried Reginald, startled and terrified.

"And the mystery of the transaction," continued his father, "makes the thing worse."

"It is unaccountable! It is beyond my comprehension. I have not the slightest idea how it could have happened."

"And that is just what troubles me most."

"Do you believe in spirits?"

"Well, not quite."

"If anything should tempt me to believe in spirits, it would be the loss of those letters."

"What the cause could have been, I cannot imagine. But the thought of it terrifies me, and gives me an unendurable feeling of insecurity. What will be the result? It throws a gloom over me, and an undefinable fear haunts me now, even when I should be most exultant. When will it cease to trouble me?"

"Ah, well. A truce to this unpleasant talk about this mysterious subject. We shall doubtless find the letter in some rat hole. I have heard of rats walking off with papers in this mysterious way."

"Rats could not get into a private drawer and take the title deeds of the Arbanon property!"

"True I had forgotten."

"Those women were at the bottom of that, I firmly believe."

"They were, of course, in some way or other."

"But how?"

"Ah, how indeed?"

"Well, Reginald, we must now attend to the finishing stroke. I would have wished that those miserable and despicable Greeks had not run away; and above all, that they had not taken those papers, however they got them; but since they have gone, and the loss of these different things is irremediable, it is necessary to bear up and endeavour to make the best of it."

"Which I shall certainly endeavour to do," replied Reginald.

"We are now so near the goal to which we have been tending so long, and which it has cost so much time, and money, and anxiety to reach. But we are near it, thanks to the king of evil, his satanic majesty, and all other powers of darkness who have assisted us."

"They must be thanked, certainly. Who else?" said Reginald, with a fiendish grin.

"Well, we have arrived at this point, and one small obstacle yet remains to be removed. I am not anxious that he should be finished with to-day. In fact, I would be willing to wait, as you suggested, for a week, and then wind up the affair."

"And gain the handle to your name?"

"Yes I imagine Sir Henry D'Arcey will not sound meanly," said he, with a complacent smile.

"And gain, above all, the broad acres around Beacon Hall?"

"Ah there you hit the nail on the head."

"You will wait, then."

"Yes a week."

"Good. It will be better."

"We can play as the cat with the mouse."

"Let Richard gradually tease him down, and then you go in and finish him."

"The way the Emperor Napoleon thinks he will do with Sebastopol."

"Just so. And when will the old fellow be sent to Acheron?"

"Let me see, this is the 12th of January. Let it be the 20th. That will be a good time. If he does not die before then, I can give him the finishing stroke, by telling him about Lionel."

"Well, I will go. I wish you happiness," and Reginald exultantly left the room.

As Reginald left the house and went down the steps of the hall, Richard suddenly entered the chamber of Sir Gaspar. The old man suddenly sprang to his chair, and lay there apparently suffering and feeble.

"Well, Richard?" said he.

"Master, they think themselves sure of their game."

"What news?"

"They have received a letter which makes them rejoice. They think that Lionel is slain."

"Lionel—ah, then, it is all right, they have not seen that telegraphic despatch?"

"No."

"My boy is in Marseilles. How skilfully he contrived that message. He sent it to Bloundel, who gave it secretly to you. Yet I feared that they might by some chance see it."

"They have received a letter from Philippo, who states that he was killed."

"And the Greek, I dare say, thinks that he was killed."

"Without doubt."

"And they think themselves sure of their game?"

"Yes, they have only you to remove."

"Me—ah—O, yes!"

"They think you at the point of death."

"Better and better!" cried Sir Gaspar, by no means with the voice of a sick man; and rising from his chair, he walked gaily about the room. His noble form appeared to advantage as he paced up and down. "They did not know that I had an antidote to nicotine?"

"No, they think you dying."

"What more?"

"Thinking Lionel dead, they reserve you for a time."

"Ah—to play with me."

"And then your brother will tell you that your son is dead, which news he hopes will kill you."

"Kind brother!"

"They have all the plan nicely arranged."

"O, what a pity to defeat so fine a plan. But tell me, when will my brother perform his last act of this drama?"

"On the 20th of January."

"Ah, good—just the time. My boy will be here on the seventeenth. This will be the best thing. He can stay here unseen a day or two."

"And then when the 20th comes—"

"Ah, then you will see the triumph of the innocent over the guilty, and the victory of the soldier over the spy."

Richard relapsed into silence. His features which had been motionless, even in his utmost exultation, continued to hide the feelings which dwelt within his breast.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RETURN.

IT WAS midday on the 18th of January, when the steamer from Harve arrived at Southampton. Among the most eager to gain the shore was a young man, whose military bearing proclaimed him an officer. It was Lionel D'Arcey.

He took his valise in his own hands and hurried to the custom house, where an examination was speedily made, and he was permitted to go forth. At once he hurried to the railway station, and took the train which was just starting for London. It was dark within the station house, and Lionel was too busy with his own thoughts and reflections to look about him. He did not notice an elderly gentleman who sat opposite him, viewing him most intently.

Lionel burried his head down into the collar of his coat, and indulged in a thousand conjectures as to the state of affairs in his family. Impatient of delay, he felt an impulse to leap from the cars and set off on foot. He looked from the window at short intervals, and then at his watch to see when the cars would start. As he acted thus impatiently, he felt a hand laid gently upon his shoulder. He looked hastily up. The elderly gentleman had touched him.

"Well, Lionel—you in England! How came you home safe? When did you leave the Crimea?"

"General De Lacy Evans!" cried Lionel, grasping the proffered hand.

"It gives me an unexpected pleasure to see you, Lionel. I thought you had met the fate of all the brave fellows in your regiment."

"Perhaps I may wish that I had."

"Ah? I know what you mean. Do not be alarmed—you are safe."

"Safe?"

"Yes. Rest assured of that. But tell me how you came here? I heard you were dead."

"I was taken prisoner," said Lionel, and as the cars began to move, he began his story, and recounted to Sir De Lacy Evans his past adventures. The old warrior was filled with enthusiasm, and listened with all the delight of a soldier to a soldier's tale. His pleasure would burst forth in exclamations, and as Lionel told of his escape, and arrival at the English ships, he seized the hand of Lionel, and exclaimed:

"Well done, brave boy! brave Lionel. Your misfortunes were a blessing to you, if they led to this. Ah, my boy, you bear the true blood of the D'Arceys."

"You speak of misfortunes. Have you heard of them?"

"Yes. Lord Raglan's private despatches mentioned the circumstances. I cannot tell you how I was shocked. But I did not believe a word of it. It was only made known to a few of the principles generals. I spoke in your favour, and induced them to look upon your actions as the effect of youthful rashness. But it all right now."

"All right! what mean you?" cried D'Arcey, trembling with agitation.

"Have you not heard, then? Did you leave Constantinople without knowing? But how should you? Lord Raglan wrote a dispatch dated 2nd January. It came here two days since. He says there was a vigorous sortie on the morning of the 2nd, that the Russians were repulsed with great slaughter, that a Greek, named Philippo, who had been valet to you, was mortally wounded.

"He said that this Greek was brought to his quarters, and there made a dying confession, by which it seems that by his plotting, caused, in the first instance, by the bribes of a powerful party in England—"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Lionel.

"By means of this bribe," General Evans continued, "he plotted against you, and caused you to be seized as a spy. You yourself, however, well know what would be the burden of such a confession. It induced them to consider your case agian, and your character was cleared from every charge, and you were most honourably acquitted. A testimony of your valour and subordination accompanied the despatch."

D'Arcey could not speak. He pressed the hand of Evans in silent gratitude.

"Of course the thing was explained to all here, and your character is now unstained. But there was another statement. Philippo charged, with his dying breath, Lord Raglan's secretary, Galeron, with spying. He was seized, his papers were examined—the charge was found to be entirely true, and the infernal rascal was at once sent off to Constantinople. There he will probably be formally tried, and shot as a spy."

"Praise be to Heaven!" cried Lionel, "which favours the innocent, and thus punishes the guilty!"

"My young friend," said Evans, "you have escaped from a wonderful plot. I shudder as I look upon the danger that enveloped you. It must have been a fierce hatred which prompted any one to treat you thus."

"It must indeed. But O, tell me—is my father—father well?"

"Sir Gaspar?" said Evans. "He is living, but he is very low. He cannot probably recover. I heard this from your uncle, about a fortnight since. You must hasten to him."

"From my uncle!" exclaimed Lionel, and was silent.

"Yes, He had heard of your death!"

"Had he—a fortnight ago?"

"A fortnight—no. It was the 13th. I was mistaken. I saw him a fortnight ago also; but it was on the 13th that he told me of your death. Raglan mentioned your death in his despatch which cleared up your fame."

"Thank Heaven, I am yet in life. Ay, and able to punish my enemies!" cried Lionel, fiercely; then not heeding Evan's look of surprise, he continued: "Have you heard of my regiment?"

"Yes, you have no regiment now."

"No regiment! How?"

"Out of one thousand men, but three are left."

"Is it—can it be possible?"

"These three are on their way to Scutari."

"Disabled?"

"Yes. You are the only able man in the regiment now."

"Then I cannot return to the Crimea."

"Not for a long time—perhaps never. For it will require a year or two to discipline recruits to fill up the ranks again, and before that time, this terrific struggle in the Crimea will doubtless be over."

"O, heavens, what news you have to tell me!" cried Lionel, clenching his hands together.

"Sad news, indeed. Most mournful, truly. News which has thrilled through the heart of England, and roused to madness the whole empire."

"Who will be punished for these things?"

"Who? who can be found? On whom can the blame be laid? The newspapers, headed by the Times, attack the government, and blame the system of military rule. Others blame the expelled ministry. Others throw it all upon Lord Raglan."

"You, I see," said Lionel, "are the popular favourite just now?"

"Yes," said Evans, with a faint smile; "the idol of an hour, you know. However, I am not carried away with it. I feel that my race is nearly run, and that in a short time I must join my gallant componains in arms on the eternal shore!"

"But, O, what sufferings, what heroism, what bravery. Starvation, cold, weariness, suffering and agony of every kind, have killed the brave soldiers, but failed to subdue their lofty souls."

Thus conversing, they continued till the housetops of London appeared beneath them, as the cars rolled along the high track, and Lionel bade adieu to the brave old general, in the station house.

D'Arcey procured a cab, and at once put off for a hotel where he usually stayed while in London. The carriage rolled through the crowded streets, and was not long in arriving there. He was shown to a room. At the hotel he found that no train would leave London for the vicinity of Beacon Hall, until the following morning. He was compelled therefore to resign himself to his fate, and make preparations for retiring.

He sat down and wondered where Irene and her mother might be now? If nothing adverse had occurred to prevent them from carrying their plans into execution, they might even now be in London. And if in London, to what hotel might they more readily go, than this, their favourite stopping place? A wild thought came into his head.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, "impossible!"

Just then a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" he cried.

The door opened, and the waiter entered.

"Well?" said D'Arcey.

"Please, sir, is your name D'Arcey, sir?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Captain D'Arcey?"

"Yes."

"Well, a lady wants to see you."

"A lady?" cried Lionel, his heart beating very violently.

"Yes, sir; a young lady, sir."

"Where?"

"No. 31, is the room."

"No. 31, where is that, you fool?" cried Lionel, excitedly.

"I'll show your honour at once."

Up sprang Lionel, in a furious haste, and rushed toward the door. The waiter hurried along through passages and halls, up a flight of stairs, along a hall, until they came to the door. It was partly open. Two brilliant eyes were peeping forth.

Lionel sprang toward the door. It was flung open. In a moment he was in the arms of Irene.

"Irene, Irene!" he cried.

"Lionel!"

Again in that tender embrance the two lovers found perfect bliss—all the greater now, for they knew there would henceforth be no separation.

"But, Irene, when did you get here?"

"A day since. We arrived here yesterday morning."

"And I an hour."

"I saw you get out of the cab. My heart told me who it was. I saw your name on the valise which the servant threw down in the hall, I could not resist a temptation to look at it. And it was yours. I sent the servant to bring you here."

Irene's mother advanced to greet Lionel; weariness and travel seemed but to have given her freshness and energy. She was erect and stately, and met Lionel with warmth and affection.

"You are safe from all danger from bombardment in this country, madam," said Lionel.

"Yes, we may rest at ease here."

"But tell me how you escaped?" asked Lionel, folding Irene to his heart, and addressing Madam Arbanon.

"I feared that it would be a difficult task, but I was agreeably disappointed. I had sold my property before you came to Odessa, and took a passport for Warsaw the day of your escape. I got it without any difficulty. At Warsaw, I obtained a passport to Berlin, and at Berlin I obtained one for London. It took about three weeks for us to travel the whole distance, and we journeyed incessantly."

"Meeting with no delays or dangers, I suppose—you were indeed fortunate in that respect," said D'Arcey. "But I am surprised at the ease with which you obtained your passports."

"I suppose the commandant at Warsaw had heard my name associated with that of a certain Englishman, whom I will not mention, who is favourable to the emperor. In short, I believe, they supposed I was coming here on the emperor's business. In Odessa, Alexis procured our passport."

"Fortunate for you—was it not? O, by the way, was there any disturbance about my escape?" said D'Arcey.

The two ladies burst into merry peals of laughter.

"O, Lionel!" cried Irene. "It was successful more than you supposed. In the morning as they entered the room, they found the window, cut, or rather the iron grating; they saw no rope, no means of escaping. The writing on the table attracted their attention. An English prisoner, who was sent for, translated it for them. It was pronounced a case of suicide.

"All through Odessa, the report was spread, that a British officer, filled with despair, common to Englishmen, had taken the natural cure for the blues, and had sprung from the fourth story window into the water."

"And Irene," said her mother, "went to the prison, wept, lamented, and was inconsolable."

Irene blushed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GATHERING.

"WE cannot leave London until to-morrow," said Lionel to Irene. "Have you nothing with which I may employ the time? Something which may relate to this uncle of mine. For soon I will return when he does not expect it, and I wish to overwhelm him with irrefragable proofs of his own guilt."

"I have that strange writing—in cypher letter, I suppose it is—but of what use is that?"

"A letter?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get it?"

"In the room, where we found our papers."