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, NOV. 7, 1867. [VOL. XX.—NO 41

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 east of Central School

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 4m9

ROBERT J. SLOAN, M. D

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c. Three years a surgeon in the U. S. Army, 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. R.—Consultations on surgical cases attended in all parts of the country.
Wingham, Ont., Oct. 7th, 1867. w37

Lewis.

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

Peter M'Rae,

FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, Inverhuron, C.W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entested to him will receive prompt attention. w48-1y

H. B. Hamilin,

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

Toms & Moore,

ATTORNIES, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK
Goderich, August 7th, 1864. LEWISE. MOORE. sw103w31

D. Shade Gooding,

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

John H. 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 C. E. Archibald's Store, Crabb's Block. v15n29

Money to Lend on Real Property

H. L. Doyle,

BARRISTER, &c., GODERICH, C. W. OFFICE—Savage's New Block.
MONEY TO LEND. [sw5

J. Y. Elwood,

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

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. Fatte son's Store Bayfield.
☞ Mr. Haldan will be at his branch office, Bayfield, every Monday from 10 a. m. till 5 p. m. sw3w36

William Fraser,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Walkerton Co. of Bruce. v16n1ym

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

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MONEY TO LEND. w20

S. Malcomson,

BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c &c. Clinton, C. W. w34
MONEY TO LEND.

D. McDougall

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country promptly attended to. w3-1y28

JAMES FERGUSON,

SECRETARY HURON TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, BRUCEFIELD, POST OFFICE. w40

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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

John Campbell,

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

Thomas Weatherald,

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

Business Directory.

Medical.

Richard Moore,

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

G. M. & McMICHING, M. D.

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

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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

WM. ELLIOTT.

General Horse and Cattle Farrier.

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A WELL furnished stable, attentive hostler, and all necessary accommodation for the public, at very reasonable rates.
Benmillar, May 15, 1867. 17w6m$p

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AND STAGE-OFFICE,

R. S. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.

SITUATED on the corner on the Northern Gravel Road, Lucknow. Stages leave every morning for Goderich and Walkerton. The hotel is fitted up with every accommodation for commercial travellers. A large Hall attached.
June 24, 1867. w22

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DUNGANNON.

A BLACK, Proprietor.

Ample accommodations, choice liquors and good attendance.
Dungannon, Mar 21, 1867 w9tf

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, LUCKNOW.

JAMES CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

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Good Accommodation for Travellers,

GOOD STABLING AND ATTENTIVE HOSTLERS
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The Bayfell 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

GODERICH

BROOM FACTORY.

Isaac Dobson & Son.

HAVING ESTABLISHED A FACTORY for the manufacture of Brooms in Goderich, the subscribers are prepared to attend to all orders in their line of business from any part of Canada with promptness

AT WHOLESALE ONLY.

Their facilities for manufacture will, they feel confident, enable them to compete with any establishment of the kind in the country.
☞ Factory on Kingston Street, opposite Huron Hotel, Address,
ISAAC DOBSON & SON,
Goderich, C. W.
December 11, 1866. w46tf

Salt Territory!

THE Subscriber offers to any person or company for a royalty of one-fifteenth of the production, one half acre of land, with about four hundred feet front. Land situated about eighty yards from the present Goderich Salt Works.
For further particulars apply by letter or personally to
E. CAMPAIGNE,
Keeper of County Gaol.
Goderich, Dec. 6th, 1866. w46tf

ALLAN P. M'ACLEAN,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE

ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS

Consisting in part of West of England Broadcloths, 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.

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Commission Merchants,
CORNER HOSPITAL & ST. JOHN ST'S.
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THE MANUFACTURES OF CANADA when accompanied by the proper official certificate of their being such, are now admitted into the
LOWER PROVINCES
FREE OF DUTY.
Consignments Solicited.
July 17. w27

Money to Lend.

ON very reasonable terms. Apply to
B. L. DOYLE,
Savage's new Block.
Goderich, 9th Jan. 1865. w50

POETRY.

THE BEWITCHED TERRIER.

BY ARKANSAS NIGHTINGALE.

Sam Johnson was a culled man,
Who lived down by the sea;
He owned a rat terrier
That stood 'bout one foot three;
And the way that creature chawed up rats,
Was glorious for to see.

One day the dorg was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
An ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back,
With many jumps to rove.

Then up arose the terrier,
With frenzy in his eye,
And wallin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist himself around
Most wonderfully spry.

But all in vain, his shape was such—
So awful short and fat—
That though he doubled up himself,
And strained himself at that,
His mouth was half an inch away
From where the varmint sat.

The dorg sat up an orful howl,
And twisted like an eel,
Emitting cries of misery
At every nip he'd feel,
And tumblin' down and jumpin' up,
And turnin' like a wheel.

But still that most awfacious flea
Kept up a constant chaw
Just where he could'nt be scratched out
By any reach of paw,
And always half an inch beyond
His victim's snappin' jaw.

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his animile;
But when he seen the critter spin—
A barkin' all the while,
He dreaded hiderfote
And then began to file.

"The pup is mad enough," says he,
And luggin' in his axe,
He gave the wretched terrier
A pair of awful cracks,
That stretched him out upon the floor
As dead as carpet tacks.

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this terrier,
Now turned to sausidge-meat;
And when misfortune's flea shall come
Upon your back to eat,
Beware, or you may die because
You can't make both ends meet.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

BY THE POOR YOUNG MAN.

De Bisac once said, inadvertently, that "the golden mean of human happiness is to be found only in a healthy, wholesome *Mediocrity*." The assertion must have dropped from the great French writer inadvertantly, for, of all the men of recognized genius who have entered the field of European literature for the past seventy years, he was the most exciting and morbidly sensative when the claims of talent over the commen-place came in question. And yet, I believe he was right when he used the words I have quoted. If men of mediocre talent do not rule the world—win its military victories, guide its literature, and sing its songs,—they enjoy the good things of life, and, as a general rule, are as free from monetary wants as they are innocent of the fact that they possess stomrchs, livers, and heads (to ache). Mediocrity makes money, rides in a carriage, drinks generous wines, wears fine clothes, waxes fat in person, and drinks to the full of the cup of calm domestic joy. The man who has but an average quantity of brains, plods on in business, working industriously, counting his gains carefully at night, watching his chances quietly by day, and little by little crawling up the ladder of success. He may not reach the top, but he goes far enough to leave a comfortable sum for his very respectable wife and decent respectable children, when the "Grand Geomitrician of the Universe summonses him to the grand lodge above." There can be no question about it, that men whose talents and general ability never rise above the standard of mediocrity, enjoy in placidity of temperament, domestic felicity, and business prosperity, the "happy mean." If any of the readers of the *Signal* are sceptical on this point, I venture a wager that they are influenced by the idea that they possess a spark of genius, and have, therefore, a *right* to contradict me. Poor fellows, I pity them from my soul.

How different it is with a man of talent—or Genius, if you will—as compared with the representative of Mediocrity. Your genius is blessed with a delicacy of organization, physical and mental, which renders him a source of torment and trouble, not only to himself, but to all with whom he comes into intimate contact. What is genius? A combination. A combination of morbidly sensitive nervousness. A man who has received the essentially requisite organization is *born* to be an orator, poet, musician, or writer; but he is, at the same time, born utterly devoid of the elements of worldly wisdom. He lives in the world, but not of it. In the pursuit of his favorite themes he sees with a directness which is incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. In the exercise of his (to him) glorious powers, he soars to heaven-gates, and exults in full view of his ideal world, and then, alas, he descends as swiftly, to find himself in a miserable garret, and, perhaps, half starved at that. His life is made up of exaltations and corresponding depressions.—And such depressions! Depressions under which the heart sickens, the poor nerves break down, and the whole being is sunk in an indefinable sense of wretchedness. I have read a good deal about men of real genius, and this seems to be their experience, in nine cases out of ten. In his hours of exaltation, the genius is intoxicated with delight, but when the sorrowful season comes on, he sinks and sinks until he learns the fatal secret of artificial stimulants. Then, indeed, is his joy and his sorrow intensified, until at last what has been resorted to as a temporary stimulus becomes a necessity of life.—It is not so always, and I do not assume that it must be necessarily so, but the vast majority of talented men are thus cursed, beyond question. Byron wrote Don Juan undes the influence of gin and water, Ben. Johnson loved still stronger exitants. Charlie Lamb, the gentle Elia, Goldsmith, and a host of that class were ardently devoted to the inspiring punch bowl; and, indeed, were the truth known, I venture to say that, in nine cases out of ten, the most brilliant effusions of men of genius during the past half century have been born under the evenescent effects of something stronger than pump-water. It may appear harsh and uncharitable, what I assert, but "facs are chiels that winna ding!" Alas, poor Robby Burns, you knew that full well by personal experience, in this respect. The man of genius sometimes marries. And how, pray, can *he* cultivate those social amenitics which go so far towards making up "the sum of human happiness." He lives in a world of his own, and strive as he may, his eccentricities, and fits of depression, and general waywardness, are almost sure to upset the savory altar of domestic felicity. As soon as Love's Young Dream is over with him—and that is not long—he falls out of the conventional traces, and only discovers his error when he is treated to an outpouring of perfectly justifiable wifely indignation.—Poor fellow, he is aghast. He knows he is all wrong, but how to make it all right he cannot tell. He cannot fall back upon the serene philosophy of the immortal Mr. Caudle, simply because it does not enter into his nature. It would require a volume to point out clearly the inevitable poverty, and general misery of the born genius, and I shall therefore leave a large blank here which can be readily filled by the intelligent reader, and ask if, after all, the possession of a golden mean of temperament and ability is not the most enviable position for any mortal to occupy.

As for myself I hardly know what to make of it. I don't think I was born *very* great in any respect, and yet I know that I am moved by almost too much of the *Divine afflatus*, and all that sort of thing, to feel at home in sawing wood for a living. On the other hand, I have not mediocrity enough to make money, wear broad-cloth, and be nice and respectable outwardly. When I succeed in placing myself properly I will let the public know. In the meantime I will leave the readers of my humble effusions to do the same.

LIFE IN LONDON.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

LONDON, October 26th.

Again it is Indian Summer—and again we are on the verge of a long, dreary winter. "A winter in Canada," may sound very well as the caption of some long letter to a foreign paper, from a Canadian correspondent, or as the title of a romance in the snow, but it is a harsh, dreary, and very unwelcome sound to many a poor citizen of this city. Writers may spend many a weary hour, and spread themselves over more than one quire of foolscap, describing the varied beauties of a Canadian autumn—and well our autumns merit all they can say—but they forget, while viewing the present to look into the future—they forget while they themselves are in the height of enjoyment, admiring the beautiful hues of our forests as they receive the mellowing touches from Nature's great painter, that in the crowded city—and even here in London we have more than can be kept in constant employment—those who work for their daily bread do not love to hear the falling maple-leaf, or to look at the trees so soon to become leafless, because they dread the bitter cold winter, of which all this beauty and loveliness is but a forerunner.

I love to go for an evening ramble along the banks of the Thames at this time of the year, and after I have grown weary with walking sit down, and gaze on the sun as it sinks beneath the western horizon, and dream of the distant future, and that land where it is always summer. To leave the busy city, is pleasant, but to forget the world is far pleasanter; to walk along our river and follow its windings fills my soul with joy, but to dream of a ramble on the margin of the River of Life, in the Eden of Love, raises my whole self far above an evil thought.

To the poor of London, I fear the coming winter will be an excessively hard one; indeed, the summer has been hard with a good many. Wood cannot be had for less than $4.50 per cord, and the price of flour ranges from $3.75 to $4.75 for one hundred pounds. How the laboring man, who has to work and save during the warm months, can live and let his family have enough to eat and wear for the next six months, I can's divine. Many, no doubt, will be compelled to do what others have done before them, steal, and teach their children the same trade, till at last they all find a warm and quiet home in the County Gaol.

The failure of the Commercial Bank caused but little excitement among monied men here. The crash had been anticipated for some days, and the wiser ones, of course, were prepared. A few, however, lost heavily.

Last Sunday the Bible Christians held their missionary services, and on Monday evening their missionary meeting. They had a visitor from Goderich, the Rev. Wm. Wade. He preached to them on Sunday, and on the Monday he ceased not his earnest appeals to the purse strings of his hearers, and he elicited a goodly subscription. The Bible Christians are growing stronger every day, and I hope they may go on in their good work, for there are any quantity of young men and women in this city who need the light from some source, and there is no reason why the Bible Christians of London should not have those wayward ones as well as any other denomination. There is work enough for all.

ENTULUS.

A Boston journal contains the following advertisement: A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step.

THE OUTCAST:

—OR, THE—

MASTER OF FALCON'S EYRIE.

CHAPTER I.

JUDGE CROWNINSHIELD, of Falcon's Eyrie, was dead, and had lain since seven nights in the splendid marble tomb, where five-and-twenty years before he had looked his last upon the face of his fair young wife. Close beside her now he lay in the silent communion of the dead, and the world, that is the little world of Riverside, waited anxiously to know into whose hands the stately demesne of Falcon Eyrie was about to pass.

It was natural enough that the villagers should take a more than ordinary interest in this question, for the Crowninshield family was the great support and honor of the Township of Riverside; indeed, they were the only persons within its limits claiming rank above the yeomanry; and though the Riversiders were good republicans (as dwellers in the State of William Penn could hardly fail to be), they had a human fondness for wealth and station, and white handed luxury, and would have been very sorry indeed, if old Squire Crowninshield, father of the judge, had on his removal from Maryland, chosen to build his new mansion upon any other headland of the Susquehanna, than that one, two miles from the village of Riverside, named by him the Falcon's Eyrie.

A noble mansion it was, too, and might well have been the pride and boast of any village, within the wide domain of the New World. Built from freestone (a quarry of which had been discovered within the bounds of the estate by the squire's surveyor,) upon a scale of palatial extent and magnificence with lofty facade, wide-spreading wings, graperies, conservatories, and substantial stables and farm buildings, surrounded by a lawn of several acres of rich velvety sward, only broken by here and there a circle of gorgeous flower blooms, or a clump of ornamental shrubbery, commanding from its elevated position a wide spread prospect, through which the Susquehanna wound its graceful course in many a glittering curve, the noble house of Falcon's Eyrie sat upon her lofty eminence like a queen upon her throne, overlooking her domain, herself the cynosure of many an admiring eye.

Let us now enter the hospitable doors, and, moving invisibly through hall and bower, listen, and examine the course of events within, and solve for ourselves the question so perplexing for many a day to the gossips of Riverside:

Who is the Judge's heir?

In the stately library, surrounded by shelves of oak, sturdily bearing up the weight of the thousands of volumes, in whose selection the late judge had spent more than half his life, and as the gossips whispered, more than his fortune also, sat two young men, the twin sons and only children of the late lord of Falcon's Eyrie. Sitting at opposite ends of the marble hearth, in which a great wood fire blazed and sparkled, with a study table bearing a tea-service, surrounded and almost covered with papers, between them, the brothers seemed to have turned from their examination, to ponder upon some difficult and suddenly presented aspect of their affairs. Let us take the favorable moment to examine their external appearance—the more hidden character must be developed by the progress of their story.

Percy Crowninshield, the young man sitting at the right hand of the table, and leaning back with folded arms in his study chair, is a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose stately figure promises a rare combination of strength and elegance. His fair hair, waving so gracefully around a snow-white forehead, might give you an idea of effeminacy, but as you marked the quick, bold glance of his steel-blue eyes, the firm line of his mouth, and the thick growth of his russett beard, you would speedily abandon that idea. True, his shapely hands were white as those of a woman, but his favorite double barrelled ducking gun is one that few men would care to raise to their shoulders, and fewer still could with so heavy a piece make sure of four shots out of five, without rest.

For the remainder, one might judge that Percy Crowninshield was a man good humored though passionate, active though idle, generous though peremptory. As he now sits gazing at the fire, a slight frown contracts his handsome forehead, and his strong white teeth visibly compress his under lip. He ponders some intelligence, or proposition, apparently little to his liking.

It is a usual thing for twins to bear a close resemblance to each other, but surely never was a stronger contrast to the Saxon lineaments of the handsome Percy, than the face and figure of his brother Ronald, as he sits leaning forward, his elbow resting upon his knee, his chin upon the palm of his hand, whose dark and slender fingers nervously tap upon his beardless cheek. His lips, thin and mobile, are now pressed so tightly together, that their usual faint red has altogether disappeared, leaving them colorless as his swarthy cheek. His gloomy dark eyes are angrily fixed upon the glowing fire, and his long black hair is swept passionately back from the low wide brow, as if its weight had been found oppressive. In figure, Rowland Crowninshield is slight, agile and graceful and adept in sports requiring quickness and dexterity, but morbidly avoiding those where a display of strength might become necessary; preferring the fishing-rod to the fowling piece, the seat at the rudder to that at the oars, the well-trained hunter to the unbroken colt.

For characteristics, those of Ronald Crowninshield were not to be read upon his face like those of his calmer brother, and indeed, so involved and so contradictory were his traits, that no living being, not even himself, could at that day have faithfully described the character of this young man who now sits so moodily tapping his own thin cheek, and glooming at the fire.

Percy was the first to break the silence.

"Yes, Ronald, it is very strange indeed," said he, thoughtfully, answering apparently some remark made by his brother previous to that long silence, during which we have intruded upon them. The other made no response, and Percy, taking from the table a paper folded in the form of a letter, read it aloud, in a slow, emphatic manner, as though desirous of impressing its contents upon his mind. It was as follows:

"I have for some days been conscious, my dear boys, that my death is near at hand. Our good physician has given me this information at my own earnest request, as I felt it important to leave my affairs in such order, that my heirs should find no trouble in arranging their inheritance; I also desire so to express my wishes, that they shall be clearly understood by those upon whose obedience their fulfilment depends.

"The result of this investigation of my affairs, has, I must confess, much surprised me, and will I fear, lead to a serious disappointment on the part of my sons. I find, that after the mortgage upon the estate, the notes of hand, and the other heavy debts of which I enclose memoranda, are cancelled (as I desire they immediately may be), there will remain, besides the house and estate of Falcon's Eyrie, only sufficient property to yield an income of about two thousand dollars. This, though not so much as we have been in the habit of expending, is a good and sufficient income for one family, in this secluded place, but only for one.

"The property will not bear division, nor am I willing that Falcon's Eyrie should be sold. The house built by my father, the birthplace of myself and my two sons, must not pass into the hands of strangers. It therefore is necessary that I should choose one of you to be my heir, leaving the other penniless, but this I find a difficult, nay, an impossible task.

"Not only is my affection so equally divided between you, my dear boys, that I know not which is the favorite, but circumstances which I will not narrate, bind me alike in duty and honor to slight the claims of neither. The choice shall be left to Fate; and the mode of questioning the oracle I leave to you. Decide by lot in any manner you may select, which one of you shall become the master of Falcon's Eyrie, and of every other piece of real or personal property now belonging to me, and which shall be thrown upon the world to carve out his own fortunes with his own strength.

"But upon both heir and outcast I desire to impose certain conditions. First, to the heir: I wish you, my son, to marry as soon as convenient, a young woman of virtue, understanding, good breeding and of position in life equal to your own, and I pray God to send you good and dutiful children. I desire you to leave the estate of Falcon's Eyrie, to your oldest son, with a sufficient income to maintain him in it, educating your other sons to follow honorable professions.

"Should you have no sons, and your brother, marrying under conditions presently to be named by me, have sons, I desire that you leave the estate to one of them; failing sons in either branch, to a daughter, first of your own, then of your brother's whose husband when she marries, shall take the name of Crowninshield. Live prudently with your income, and may God bless you, my dear son and heir, beyond my power to imagine.

"Now to the outcast: you, my boy have a life of struggle and self denial, of labor and sacrifice before you, and on your own energy and determination does it depend, whether existence shall henceforth be to you a blessing or a curse. Remember that you must depend upon nothing but your own resources for I hereby forbid your brother alienating one cent of the revenue necessary to maintaining his estate, in your behalf. It is better to utterly sacrifice one of my sons than to involve both in lifelong combat with poverty and its manifold embarrassments.

"I have spoken of your marriage; but ours is an honorable and an ancient name, and I cannot consent that it should be perpetuated in a rank and with surroundings inferior to those hitherto belonging to it. I therefore, my son, absolutely prohibit you from marrying, unless you shall first have achieved a fortune equal to your brother's, or unless your wife shall on the day of your marriage be possessed of such a fortune. I leave you, my son, my blessing and my prayers, and I humbly implore your forgiveness, for that I have so lavishly spent my fortune, as to have nothing else to give you.

"One injunction I impose upon you both, my sons, and as you value the eternal peace of your father's soul, see that you neither forget nor evade it. Should you ever meet a lady bearing the name of Theodora Mortimer, fly from her as you would from destruction. Pause not to mark her beauty, her virtues, or her fascinations, but leave her at once and forever. My curse and the curse of God rest on the head of either of you who shall dream of her as wife or mistress. She is not for you. My strength fails. Doctor Althorpe, who signs this as witness, is acquainted with its contents, but no one else. Farewell, my boys, farewell. Your father."

Percy Crowninshield, speaking the last words of this singular, testament, in a voice husky with emotion, refolded the paper and laid it again upon the table. Then drawing his hand across his eyes he turned his chair so as to face his brother, and holding out his hand said, in a frank and cordial tone:

"One thing, Roland, we can decide upon without delay. That is, always to be friends and brothers; and I for one, am ready to promise that if the "outcast" lot shall fall to me, I will cherish neither envy nor sulky pride toward you, but will cheerfully accept a seat at your board, and a bed under your roof, till I can find an opening in this wide world, big enough to give me a foothold. Will you promise as much, old fellow?"

Roland looked up and took the proffered hand.

"I'll promise to try, Percy," said he, slowly, "But you and I are very different men, and each must act himself."

"That's true enough, Roland, "Well, there is no doubt about our father's wishes. You agree with me, as to the necessity of obeying them, don't you? I, for one, would far rather voluntarily accept the part of outcast, than to attempt breaking the will, or, should we succeed in doing so, selling the estate in which my father and grandfather took such pride."

"I agree with you," returned Ronald, coldly. "The estate must belong to a Crowninshield, and as you are by far the fittest representative of the name, I have determined to make over to you my chance of the heirship, and to leave the place as soon as possible. You have always been superior to me in everything, and it is no more than consistent that this advantage also should be yours. No one seems able to determine which of us came first into the world, but I have never doubted that it was you, and the birthright has clung to you ever since."

"You are bitter, Ronald," said Percy, sorrowfully. "Now I do not see why that should be, or why you should say what you have just said. I know of no advantages that I possess ever you—at all events, I want none—"

"Not even in the eyes of Rose Vivian?" asked Roland, suddenly springing to his feet, and beginning to pace rapidly up and down the long apartment.

The color rushed vehemently to the face of the young man just addressed.

"No—that is—you know, Roland—" stammered he, then pausing a moment, he added firmly:

"No, Roland, I wish for no advantage over you, even there. You may go to day, and offer your hand to Rose, before I have ever spoken a word of love to her."

"My hand?" sneered Roland. "And what would a girl like Miss Vivian do with the hand of a beggarly outcast like me, I desire to know? It is for the master of Falcon's Eyrie to pay his address in that quarter."

"If you think so meanly of Miss Vivian as that speech would intimate, I should not suppose it would be any sacrifice to give her up, should you be compelled to do so," returned Percy, with some warmth.

"And suppose I don't think so? I imagine I am as well able to judge of the young lady's character as you, Master Percy, as I have seen her almost every day for two years—"

"Well, well, Roland, don't let us quarrel about nothing. We will decide this matter of the inheritance first, and the heir may then, if he chooses, woo Rose Vivian. As for the outcast, he will not of course desire to do so, for the fifteen thousand dollars which Mr. Vivian promises her, will do well enough for pin money to the lady of Falcon's Eyrie, but would hardly enable a poor penniless fellow such I expect to become in a few minutes, to marry and maintain her in the style to which both she and you and I have been accustomed."

While speaking, the young man had with a silver paper-knife lying beside him, cut a long strip from the edge of a sheet of paper, and divided it across in two pieces of unequal length. These he now concealed in his hand, leaving only a corner of each exposed.

"There, Roland," said he, rising and approaching his brother. "Draw which you please—the longest represents Falcon's Eyrie so see that you choose discreetly."

The young man thus addressed, paused in his progress up to the room, and looked fixedly at the edge of paper protruding from his brother's hand.

"And one of these contemptible fragments of paper represents home, and wealth, and love, and station, and the other, beggary and despair, you say?" exclaimed he, at length; then, with a rude gesture, pushed away the outstretched hand and resumed his walk, saying bitterly:

"Surely, my fortunate elder brother, you need be in no such haste to decide the matter. We both know how it will finally end, but you need not grudge me a few moments' longer of the delusion, that I have an equal chance with yourself of this fair heritage."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Percy Crowninshield, as with a gesture of impatience he rolled the bits of paper into a ball, and threw them into the blazing fire; "your jealous and unreasonable fancies fairly run away with your common sense; Roland, Nothing could be fairer than the plan you reject indignantly; but as you don't like that, propose one for yourself—decide the matter as you please, only decide it with as little delay as possible. Shall we try a throw of the dice? Here is a backgammon table."

"Shame on you, Percy, would you so dishonour your father's memory as to gamble away his patrimony before he is cold in his grave?" cried Roland, furiously.

His brother regarded him a moment, the colour mounting angrily to his brow, then thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders he strode to the window, and stood looking out at the darkening prospect, whistling softly as he stood.

"Yes, now you're indignant, and think to shame me by your forbearance," exclaimed Ronald, peevishly. "Well, we'll make an end of it. I see that there will be no peace between us till you are settled on your throne, and I am a homeless wanderer in the wide world. I propose, therefore that we remain in this room, until some one enters, and addresses one or the other of us by name. The person thus addressed is the heir, the other the outcast. What do you say to this?"

"Agreed," returned the other, between two bars of the air he was whistling. He said no more, nor did Roland again speak, but throwing himself into a chair beside the table sat gazing gloomily into the glowing coals before him.

A deep silence settled upon the apartment. Percy ceased his low whistling, the fire smouldering silently upon the hearth, and save the melancholy sobbing of the east wind, as it moaned about the house, all things lapsed into quiet, deep as that closed in by the iron doors of the tomb, glimmering from the far hillside, where lay the judge and his wife, waiting till their children should come to join them.

A half hour, an hour, an hour and a half passed thus. The short twilight faded within and without the house, leaving in the library only the dusky glow of the sinking fire—upon the landscape the dubious glimmer of a cloud o'l moon.

Neither brother spoke nor stirred through all this time, till suddenly Percy bending forward, placed his hands beside his face in such a manner as to shut off the firelight, and leaning his forehead against the glass, peered eagerly out into the night.

"Ah, I thought it would upset at the turn of the road!" exclaimed he, at length, and turning from the window, he seized his hat from a chair where it lay, and was about to rush from the apartment.

"Stop' stop, Percy!" cried Roland, slipping before him, and standing with his back against the door. "Where are you going—don't you remember we were to stay here till some one came to hail your master? Isn't Falcon's Eyrie worth waiting for a little longer?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow—we can try it out some other time, or you may keep the whole yourself, if that will suit you better. Let me pass now, however. A carriage coming down the mountain road has been run away with and capsized at the turn just up here. I must call the people, and go to help the travellers whoever they may be."

"I tell you, Percy Crowninshield, you sha'n't leave this room unless over my body, till this question is decided," cried Roland, passionately. "What do you care for a parcel of fools who haven't wit enough to keep their carriage right side up? They haven't an estate to give you, I'll be bound. No, it's just your arrogance. You feel so sure of being master, you wont condescend to wait till you are named so, before you begin to act the part. What right have you to order the people to go hither or thither? They're not your servants yet."

The young man thus addressed drew back, and the florid colour brought by any light emotion to the handsome face faded utterly away, leaving only the bright blue of his sparkling eyes to relieve the deadly pallor.

"My brother Roland," said he, very slowly, and with a visible effort at self-control, "there must be an end to all this. I have borne from you to-night, all the insolence, all the suspicion, all the falsehoods that I intend to. You had better remember what used to happen when we were boys, and you put me past my patience—"

"Ah!" hissed Roland, between his teeth. "You would wish to beat me like a dog, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. We are boys no more, but men. Let us behave like men, and spend no more time in this folly," said Percy, coldly, as his eye glanced over the slender figure and delicate proportions of his brother. "But," added he, sternly, "I am going out at that door this moment. I hope you will not compel me to remove you from before it."

An insolent smile lighting up the swarthy features of Roland Crowninshield, was his only reply, as he placed his hand within his breast and evidently grasped the handle of some concealed weapon. His brother saw the smile and the movement, and folding his arms said, coldly:

"I will give you till I count twenty to move from before that door. After that, I shall move you." The dark face stirred not a muscle, and Percy began to count.

"One, two, three," a distant door was heard to open and close quickly, "four, five, six, seven," feet hurried along the passage, "eight, nine, ten," a knock at the door, "eleven, twelve," counted Percy, and a voice from without cried in agitated tones: "Mas'r, Mas'r Roland,—"

The rest of the sentence was lost to the ears of the young men, as their eyes met in a long and significient look. Percy was the first to break the silence.

"Well, Roland," said he, extending his hand, "the question is decided—both questions in fact, for I suppose you will let me out now? You are the heir, and I wish you joy. Shake hands, old fellow—we were both too hot, but it's all over now, and let us go see about the carriages."

The master of Falcon's Eyrie slowly took the hand extended to him and held it, while he looked keenly into his brother's face, by the dim firelight.

"You are no hypocrite, Percy," said he, at length; "and I do not remember that you ever told a lie. But what can you mean by saving you wish me joy? If you had won, I should have wished to kill you."

"What! No, no, I wont believe that," cried Percy, eagerly; "you would have been disappointed, far more so than I am I verily believe, and it was partly on that account; partly because I think you less fitted to battle with the world than I am; that I wished you joy. Of course, I don't pretend I like being a beggar, and as our poor father says, an outcast, but I don't bear you any malice; and I trust no envy; because you have got what I haven't. And now, do for Heaven's sake let us hear what Xerxes is bellowing at us through the door?"

"Percy, I'd give all this fest for your disposition," said Roland, vehemently, as pressing his brother's hand with all the strength of his slender fingers, he dropped it and opened the door.

Upon the threshold stood a middle-aged negroe, dressed in a suit of livery, his grizzled wool standing upright upon his head, and his hard, coarse features wearing a ludicrously mingled expression of importance and displeasure.

"Clare, I didn't know as Mas'r Percy, Roland was here arter all—bress me, Mas'r Percy, I done sent Sam ober to de village to fetch you long wif de doctor. Dat fool sad you gone dere."

"You thought Master Roland was alone in the library then; when you called to him just now?" asked Percy, with a covert smile upon his lips, and a half glance toward his brother.

"Sartain, Mas'r Percy; cause Sam—" began the negro, but was interrupted by his new master, upon whose dark brow a sullen scowl had suddenly settled.

"There, there, Xerxes," said he, harshly "you needn't say all that over again, but let us know what brought you here at all. What did you want of me?"

"Why sure nough, Mas'r Roland, you'd wanted dough Mas'r Percy will do now I's found' him, fustate, cause dey wants some un dat can help git de poor lady out ob de vehicle—"

"Tell me this instant, you old fool, what the matter is—and do try to speak ten words without putting 'Mas'r Percy' at the beginning and end of it!" cried Roland, in incontrollable impatience, at the evident preference for