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. 21, 1867. [VOL. XX.—NO 43

Business Directory.

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. P. A. McDougal
WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock, a.m., every day until visiting patients at any hour afterwards night or day.

G. C. Shannon, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C.W. 13;46-1y

DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c. Office and Residence third door west Central School

J. B. Christie, M.D., C.M.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, & ACCOUCHEUR, (Graduate of McGill University, Montreal,) Goderich. OFFICE—Over F. Jordan's Drug Store. Can be found during the night at the Albion Hotel. w42*3m

ROBERT J. SLOAN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c. Three years a surgeon in the U. S. Army, during the late war. Office—Residence—one door west of the Court House. Goderich, C. W. w47

A. Lowrie,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office—Court House. w14o49

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. 9u13

Sinclair & Walker,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office—over the Store of V. Dwiver & Sons, Goderich, C.W.

Peter McRae,
FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, Inverhuron, C.W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1y8ox

J. W. Harris,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine. 1y

Toms & Moore,
ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK. w1o10, w1o40, w1o44
Dated this 13th, August 17th, 1864. ew109w31

D. Shade Cooper,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office: Upstairs Webster's Block, West St., 1st entrance first 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. Hayes,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., Goderich, C. W. Archibald's Store, Crabb's Block. w15o29

Money to Lend on Real Property

B. L. Doyle,
BARRISTER, &c., GODERICH, C. W. OFFICE—Savage's New Block. MONEY TO LEND. [aw5

J. V. Elwood,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Bleke's Block, opposite the Post Office, Goderich. January 3, 1866. w27

J. F. Francis C. Haldan
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, C. W., and Bayfield, C. W. Office—Kays' Block, Goderich, and Mr. Pattenden's Store Bayfield.
☞ Mr. Haldan will be at his branch office, Bayfield, every Monday from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. ow4w26

William Proudfoot,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Wallaceton, C.W. w1o5y1mo

William R. Bain, B. A.
CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE.
Crabb's New Building, Kingston Street GODERICH.
N. B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate Quieted.
Goderich, Dec. 24, 1866. ew34

R. SKEMINGS
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.

D. McDonald
LICENS'D AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country attended to. w8-1y6

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

Consulate of the United States of America.
DAVIS'S HOTEL.
Office hours from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

JAMES McMAHILL,
ARCHITECT,
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style. ☞ Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. [aw1o7]y1y

Thomas Weatherald,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Toronto Street, Goderich. w1o2

D. S. CAMPBELL,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, CIVIL ENGINEER,
&c., &c.
All kinds of Surveying promptly attended to. Office—In Post Office Buildings, Wingham, Co. Huron. w39

Business Directory.

Medical.

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

Dr. Stanbury,
GRADUATE of the Medical Department of Victoria University, Toronto, and late of the Hospital and Dispensary, New York. Residence D. McDougall's (Bailie) Bayfield. w49 4m8o

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 ablings for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire on Shortest Notice. 14:y

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. 17w6m8p6

LUCKNOW HOTEL
AND STAGE OFFICE,
E. 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 26, 1867. w22

PRINCE OF ORANGE HOTEL
DUNGANNON.
A. BLACK, Proprietor.
Ample accommodation, choice liquors and good attendance.
Dungannon, March 21, 1867 w9u

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 9, 1867. w7 6m

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. w47-1yr8

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, situated about eighty yards from the present Goderich Salt Works.
For further particulars apply by letter or personally to
E. CAMPBELL,
Keeper G. County Gaol.
Goderich, Dec. 6th, 1866. w46tf

THE BARCLAY SEWING MACHINE FOR
Tailoring & Family use.
T. J. Moorhouse, Agent,
SIGNAL OFFICE, GODERICH.
The Barclay Sewing Machine is unquestionably the most
SIMPLE and PERFECT
Family Lock Stitch Machine now in use. It will sew from the finest cambric to the heaviest cloth or leather with perfect ease and neatness without slipping stitches. It embraces all the qualities of any other Machine in the Market and has advantage over its rivals, in its strength, simplicity, durability and general construction.
Parties in want of a really good Machine are invited to come and test it. Bring along your work and try it.
☞ An Operator wanted.
Signal Office Book and Stationery Store.
Goderich, Aug. 29, 1867. w30

CONVERSE, COLSON & LAND
Commission Merchants,
CORNER HOSPITAL & ST. JOHN ST'S. MONTREAL,
Bonnett's Wharf, Halifax.
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
AT
EIGHT PER CENT
Lent on Mortgage.
Apply at
WM. R. BAIN'S
Chancery and Law Office, Crabb's Block Goderich.
Goderich, March 8th, 1867. aw35

Business Directory.

GODERICH
CANADIAN AXES
AXE FACTORY!
THE Subscriber having recommenced the Axe Business
AT THE OLD STAND,
on the Corner of
Waterloo and Light-House Streets,
would beg to intimate to his old friends, and as many new ones as favours him with a call and trial, that he will produce and sell a
WARRANTED HOME-MADE AXE, CHEAP
also old ones jumped at a small cost, Picks, &c., Made and Sharpened on short notice
N.B.—Also a number of Sleighs on hand.
JOHN McPHERSON.
Goderich, Oct. 30th, 1866. 40t

LOOK HERE
THE subscriber having REMOVED to the store lately occupied by WM. DUNCAN, first door south of Bingham's, Market Square, wishes to inform his friends in the Town of Goderich and surrounding country, that he now has the largest and most complete stock of Fall and Winter
Boots and Shoes
of any house in the country, containing every style of Ladies' and Children's goods, and that he has also a very large assortment of GENTLEMEN'S
WINTER BOOTS
coarse and fine, both imported, and of his own manufacture, which he will sell
Cheap for Cash!
Call and examine, as he is satisfied that he has just the goods you want.
SAM'L FURSE.
Goderich, Sept. 24, 1867. w4

$1000 REWARD!
FORGERY!
Not of the Bank of Montreal Notes, but a fac simile of the human face committed every day by
CRABB'S BLOCK, D. Campbell OVER ARCHIBALD'S STORE, GODERICH.
where he has refitted his Rooms, and enlarged his Sky Light, making it the largest in the County, and one of the best in Canada especially for taking groups. Two persons taken together at the same rate as one.
In returning thanks for the liberal patronage of the past, Mr. Campbell feels satisfied that those who wish a good Photograph should try his new Sky Light.
☞ Pictures taken in every style known to the Art.
Proofs shown if required. Photographs taken in all kinds of weather.
Life-Size Photographs
plain or colored, taken on reasonable terms.
D. CAMPBELL,
Crabb's Block.
Goderich, July 23rd, 1867. w27

GEO. RUMBALL & CO.
FORWARDERS,
And COMMISSION Merchants
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
PRODUCE, COAL, SALT, WATER LIME, &c.,
☞ Agents for first class Marine and Fire Insurance Companies.
21 HARBOR QUAY, Goderich, C.W.

Farm for Sale.
THE west ½ of lot 25 Bayfield Road, Township of Stanley, 77 acres, about 50 cleared. The land is of first-rate quality, and a good spring creek running through the lot. Terms, part of the money down. Time given for the remainder at 8 per cent per annum. Further particulars may be had on application or to JOHN JOHNSTON.
Lot 9, Bayfield Road Stanley.
Goderich, Sept 9th, 1867. w33.

GODERICH MILL
FLOUR AND FEED STORE,
Crabb's Block Kingston Street.
FLOUR, Oat-meal, Corn-meal and Mill Feed.
ALSO, a lot of prime Sugar Cured HAMS and Rolled Bacon.
Just received this morning,
500 Bushels prime Potatoes,
1000 " oats.
T. B. VANEVERY & Co.
Goderich June 7, 1867. w20tf.

SALT TERRITORY
FOR SALE OR LEASE.
WITHIN 150 yards of the present Goderich Salt Works. Also,
FARMING LANDS
convenient to that locality. Apply to
JOHN BELL GORDON,
Solicitor, Goderich
Goderich, 1st Dec., 1866. w46tf

NOTICE.
PARTIES indebted to the undersigned will please pay up all arrears without further delay.
WILLIAM HAWKINS,
401 King St. West, Toronto
Oct. 3, 1867. w37,3m.

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.

D. R. PHELPS,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST Goderich, Ont.
Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store
☞ Teeth extracted without pain by use of narcotic spray.
January 13th, 1865. w36

Rintoul Brothers,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
87 & 89 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.
Advances made on consignments of Produce to Liverpool, Glasgow and other port in Great Britain.
Consignments of Ashes, Butter, &c., respectfully solicited.
Sept. 3, 1866. w2

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE
VERY CHEAP.
LOT No 200, on Quebec St., Goderich.
" " 1054, Harbour Flats.
" " 1 and 2, on the bank of Lake Huron overlooking the harbour, an eligible situation for a summer Hotel.
For terms, &c., Apply to
J. FRANCIS HALDAN.
Solicitor &c Kay's Block, Goderich
Goderich, June 1, 1867. w19

NOTICE.
Farmers of Huron
THE VICTORIA MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF CANADA,
HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON,
HAVE ESTABLISHED AN AGENCY IN Goderich for this County. Robert Gibbons, Esq., Warden of the County, has kindly consented to act as Director for Huron. Wm. Hardy, now of Goderich, is the Company's Travelling Agent. The Victoria is truly mutual, and has already established for itself a very high reputation for promptness in the payment of losses, and economy of office management. The cost of insuring in this Company for 3 years is less than any other reliable Company doing business in Canada. Any farmers wishing to insure will please write to Wm. Hardy, Goderich, giving Township, number of concession, and lot, and the Agent will give prompt attention to his request.
DIRECTORS:
Messrs. Geo. H. Mills, Hamilton; Alex. Brown, East Flamboro'; Joseph Rymal, Barton; Thos. Lottridge, Barton; Levi Lewis, Saltfleet; James Cummings, Hamilton; Samuel B. Weylie, Glanford; A. T. Wood, Hamilton; James Calder, Ancaster; Robt. Gibbons, Goderich; Jacob H. Fisher, Nelson; Geo. Murison Hamilton; Henry Hall, Binbrook; Peter Carrol, E. Flamboro'; Thos. McIlwraith, Hamilton.
SECRETARY.—Wm. D. Booker.
Office—Small & Hardy's Auction Mart.
WM. HARDY, Agent.
Goderich, 16th July, 1867. w25 1yr8ow

TAVERN STAND
For Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for sale that well known Tavern, the
BELFAST HOTEL,
situated on the Northern Gravel Road between Goderich and Lucknow, one of the leading roads to the County of Bruce. The Buildings are all in first-class order—and all the requisites for the business complete. For further particulars enquire on the premises.
JOHN McCROSTIE.
Belfast, 17th Sept., 1867 w36tf

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. aw11w27

NOTICE.
THE undersigned having purchased the large stock of Saddlery and entire
HARNESS
BUSINESS!
of Mr. Horace Horton, who has been so long and favorably known in that capacity, beg to state that we are prepared to continue the business on the same favorable terms to purchasers as they have hitherto enjoyed.
The Subscribers have on hand at their Shop, Market Square, a very large Assortment of
SUPERIOR HARNESS,
IN EVERY STYLE,
Saddles, Trunks, Valises, &c., &c., which they are prepared to offer to the public at greatly reduced prices, for cash.
Farmers will do well to call and inspect their stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as such a chance is seldom offered.
H. & W. MARTIN.
Goderich, Oct. 16th, 1866. w37

MONEY TO LEND.
ON FARM PROPERTY,
AT FROM 8 TO 10 PER CENT.
☞ Costs very moderate.
J. FRANCIS C. HALDAN,
Solicitor, &c., Kays' Block.
Goderich, April, 1867 w11tf

FROM NEW YORK.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Matters Political.

New York, Nov. 8 1866.

It was almost universally expected that the elections in this State would result in favor of the Democrats. It was scarcely expected however, that the majorities would be so large. The Radical Party is beaten; according to the *Tribune*, "beaten by Republicans." This fact could have been announced as confidently before the elections took place as now, for until some scheme to produce effect, the result could not have been otherwise. The Republicans have lost their hold of the affections of the masses, they have ceased to be the popular party, and must go like the former Whigs, into a permanent minority. They have had the entire power and responsibility ever since the close of the war; they were called to restore the Union to put the finances on a stable, consistent and reasonable basis, and to devise a system of taxation which would supply the wants of the Treasury, without interfering too much with the productive industry of the nation. These three things were required of them; but they have accomplished neither, success fully; they have bungled in all of them, and the people are dissatisfied. Their methods of raising revenue are unscientific, complicated and oppressive; their financial management is without fixed principle or plan, and sufficiently unskillful to keep the commercial mind in a state of uncertainty and chronic fever. The *Times* charges them with being tyrannical, insolent, selfish and unprincipled, regards their defeat as a severe lesson administered by a cheated people, and admonishes them to be "wiser, more discreet, less arbitrary and extreme in their measures and less arogant and overbearing in their tone." They have been defeated in this State by an immense majority, and now the Democratic Party holds the sceptre, in this State at least; will they retain the power they have just succeeded in gaining? and bring satisfaction and prosperity to the country. I hope they may.

President Johnson seems to be becoming as great a mystery as the Sphynx. Wendell Phillips, in a lecture at Boston last week, said, "The representative man at Washington to day is the great American riddle. Out of twenty millions of people who have watched him for six years not one knows his opinions." Several have tried to make something of him but find him "impenetrable." It is, of course, always assumed by omniscient politicians that he is a tool in somebody's hands, but what if it should turn out after all that he does exactly as he pleases without consulting any body in particular?

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

This distinguished minister, since his arrival in this country from England a few weeks ago, has visited various places throughout the Republic, as well as the Dominion, and has been everywhere received with the heartiest welcome. Nor need we be surprised at this, for to Americans he has been made known long ere his arrival here, as one of the most useful men in London, and as an ardent friend of America, as a speaker he is very attractive. His voice is remarkable for its sweetness of tone, and his whole manner of address is peculiarly winning. Since he came to New York he has preached four times on Sunday, and almost every night in the week, and always to crowded audiences. One object he has had in view in coming here has been to speak words of peace and conciliation between his own country and this. For thus promoting peace between these two great nations he delivered an address upon the "Relations between America and Great Britain" last evening in Steinway Hall, a large and intelligent audience assembled to listen to him; among whom were a dozen or more of the principal ministers of the city and a goodly number of "Honorables."

Ex-Gov. Morgan occupied the chair. His address was both interesting and instructive and he received the unanimous thanks of the audience at its close.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE REFORMATION.

Thursday the 31st ult, was the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of the Reformation by Martin Luther—the 31st, of October, 1517, being the day on which that bold reformer nailed his famous 95 Theses to the chapel door of the Elector of Saxony. Last Sabbath—was the seventh semi-centennial occasion of this kind, and was observed in all the German Protestant churches in a manner befitting the day. The services at the "German Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. Matthias," in Walker street, were unusually interesting. The church was beautifully decorated throughout with festoons of evergreens and natural flowers, and at either end of the audience room was an arch with appropriate inscriptions. The arch in the rear of the pulpit was inscribed with words from the great Reformer, whereon he proclaims that the life of the Christian ought to be a continual repentance. The base of the arch was inscribed with an extract from Colossians, and from a popular Lutheran hymn. On the arch at the opposite end of the room was an inscription from 1st Romans, 17th verse—"The justified shall live by faith"—which is said to have been the passage of scripture that led Luther into a train of reflection which resulted in his subsequent career as a religious reformer. At the morning service the pastor, Rev. Dr. Chas. F. E. Stohlmann, preached a discourse from the fifth chapter of Ephesians, 15th to 21st verses. The theme was the future of the Lutheran Church. At 3 P. M. there was a grand festival of the Sabbath and day-school children connected with the church, who assembled to the number of one thousand or more, and, after singing and listening to addresses from their teachers, were each presented with a beautifully executed medal of the size of a half dollar, with an inscription on one side commemorative of the anniversary, and on the other a representation of Martin Luther in the act of nailing his Theses to the door of the chapel before mentioned. About one hundred of these medals, wrought in silver, were struck off for different members at the congregation who desired a more enduring memorial of the anniversary. After the presentation of the medals the children were treated to a bountiful repast in the basement of the church, served up by their mothers and grandmothers, who for the occasion acted the part of waiters for the youngsters and assisted them in having a good time.

NYE.

Punch has a caricature which is making a great sensation. Louis Napoleon is holding the Pope over an abyss by a slender cord. All around are red shirts (Garibaldians), bellowing, "Let him fall." "No," replies Napoleon, "that would make too much noise; I'll let him slide."

☞ We have to thank Senator Donald McDonald, and Messrs. M. C. Cameron M. P. and J. Whitehead M. P. for Parliamentary papers.

THE OUTCAST:
—OR, THE—
MASTER OF FALCON'S EYRIE.

Continued.

Excuse me, Mr. Crowninshield—I have neither wondered nor interested myself in any manner about that or any other of your occupations. I have heard sociably from your brother, that you were fully and apparently very pleasantly engaged, and I have been pleased to know that had so many methods of passing your time, then you felt no need of the society of your old friends. Every one is the best judge as to what associates are most suitable and agreeable to him."

"Miss Vivian, you do me injustice," began Percy, proudly, but the young lady was too busily employed with her embroidery, to notice him.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," counted she, and then looked up.

"You were saying, Mr. Crowninshield—"

The young man made no reply, and looking up, Rose met his eyes, so full of reproachful love, injured feeling, and a little more, that she dropped her own silently upon her work.

Percy stood for a moment longer, silently contemplating her familiar yet even now beauty of face and figure, trying to impress upon his memory every line and lineament, for he felt that never again should his eyes rest upon so fair a form, never again should he stand face to face with Rose Vivian.

"Good-by," said he, at last, "I am going now, and shall not intrude again. Good-by, Rose. I think you will be sorry some time for having so lightly thrown away a—a friend who would never have deserted you. Perhaps some time, you will do me justice—perhaps some time you will understand both me, and what I would have told you. Good-by, Rose Vivian—I never shall love another woman as I have loved you."

He turned, and quickly left the room, not hearing or not heeding the low cry of.

"Percy—Percy!" from beneath the handkerchief which concealed the tears of the repentant coquette, who had by no means intended to let her lover go, without a happy reconciliation.

In the hall stood Robert, much surprised at the speedy termination of an interview to which he had allotted at least an hour.

As he saw Percy, the old fellow tried to escape, but finding this impossible, he hastily put on an expression of stolid innocence, and stood his ground.

"Golo', Mas'r Pusse!" ejaculated he.

"Yes, Robert. Master Charles is not in the drawing-room yet, I suppose, you'd find him by, I see him dar dis berry second wid dese yer eyes," cried Robert, with the mental reservation—"Fore break'as, dough."

"Well, he's out now, and I want you to tell him that I was very sorry indeed to be obliged to kill his bloodhound yesterday, but I found him throttling a young woman in the woods back here, and couldn't do any other way."

"Bress me, Mas'r Pusse! Did you—dun kill dat ar hoss? Well, I clare to mas'r I hasn't hard sich a piece ob joyful news ever since ole Hannah died."

Percy could not but slightly smile, for the quaints of old Robert and his shrewish wife, Nancy by name, had been one of the standing amusements of Vivian Lodge, during the years of his merry boyhood.

"An' how did you kill him, Mas'r Pusse?" asked the old negro, as he followed Percy to the hall door.

"With my riding whip. You see it is loaded at the butt?"

"Well, now I do say, Mas'r Pusse! Guess Mas'r Roland wont a struck mo'rn once wid dat ar, 'fore he'd killed old Sauge."

"Good-by, Robert—don't forget the message to Mr. Charles, and here's something for you to buy tobacco with."

"Tank you, mas'r, tank you kindly, sar," said Robert, with a deep bow, as he closed the door behind the departing guest, and returned through the hall, muttering:

"Dat's do one for Miss Rose, and dat's do one shall hab her, of dis nigger can fetch it about. Guess I'll go in an' put sum more coals on de fire, an' see what de pleasuney's about."

But Robert's curiosity was doomed to disappointment; for as he soon after entered the drawing-room by the door, his young mistress sat by another, so immediately that she did not perceive she had dropped her handkerchief. Old Robert picked it up. It was soaked with tears.

"Sho!" said the old man, laying it down tenderly upon the little work-table where Rose had been sitting. "Wot for dat you go fallin' out wid him, pleasiney? Plenty time fall out arter you den git married. Wore' of it is, dere don't nebber seem to be no time to fall in den.

"Another hope gone," thought Percy Crowninshield, as he sadly remounted his horse. "I begin to feel indeed like the outcast my poor father unlikingly named me. Perhaps, though, it is better, as we could never be all I once hoped to each other that we would be strangers. I would be only misery to see her constantly, and yet know that I never must speak of what fills my heart."

Thus mournfully musing, our poor lover slowly rode along, until coming to the intersection of his road with the hill road, he suddenly remembered his errand to the old nurse, and after a little hesitation turned his horse's head in the direction of her home.

"It's no reason I should leave her to suffer because I'm low spirited, and don't want to talk; besides, I promised Zimri I'd attend to it," thought he, and already cheered with the prospect of making another happy, though happiness seemed denied to his own lot, the good-natured young fellow rushed on his horse, and was not long in coming within sight of the little black hovel, far up upon a wooded hillside which he remembered had once been pointed out to him as the dwelling of his old nurse.

A narrow and crooked lane, divided from the road by a set of bars, seemed the most probable approach to the house, and Percy, touching Bayard with the spur, and announcing him with his well known voice, leaped lightly over the barrier, and trotted briskly up the rugged track, which after many devious turns conducted him finally to the front of the little hovel.

Stooping from his horse, the young man tapped lightly with his whip handle upon the door, but met with no response. Waiting a moment longer, he leaped to the ground, and fastening Bayard to a stunted fir tree standing sentinel before the hut, he pushed open the door and entered.

The building was neither extensive, nor particularly clean, consisting indeed of only one room, which evidently served its occupant for sleeping, sitting, eating and cooking apartment, and as no especial pains had been taken to separate these various avocations, or preserve any distinction between them, traces of each appeared, mingled in a most heterogeneous and unsavory manner.

Mr. Percy, whose tastes were perhaps a little too fastidious in the matter of cleanliness and agreeable odours, stopped short just inside the door, and would, perhaps, have retreated, had he not met the eyes of a little decrepid old woman, bent and shrivelled by age, who crouched upon a low stool in the chimney-corner, and with a short black pipe between her teeth, seemed trying in vain to warm her blue and skinny hands over a smouldering peat fire.

Her small black eyes, once uncommonly sharp, were now dim, and blurred with age, and her voice had that hollow and far-off echo, characteristic of the voices of some aged persons, and which, in this instance, increased ten-fold the weird and witch-like aspect of the solitary old hag.

"Come in," said she, seeing Percy hesitate upon the threshhold. "Come in, young man, I expected you, the fork stuck up in the floor last night, and old Brimstone has mewed at the door one two three times this day. Haint you, Brimstone?" asked she, of an enormous yellow cat lying in the ashes beside her.

The creature, as if understanding its mistress, rose, stretched itself and walked up to the stranger, rubbed himself against her legs, and returned purring to its bed in the warm ashes.

"Brimstone likes you, Brimstone's glad you've come," muttered the old woman, caressing the cat. "I'm glad too, if he's glad. What's your name, young man?"

"Percy Crowninshield, mother. Do you not remember it?"

"Percy Crowninshield!" mused the old woman. "I know something of a man named Crowninshield, but he's a judge, and his name is Richard—"

"That was my father, mother. He is dead now, and I have come to see what you need to make you comfortable this winter. My father promised that you should never want, Zimri says."

"Percy—Percy Crowninshield!" still mused the old woman, taking the pipe from her mouth. "What do you know of Percy Crowninshield, Brimstone? Eh? Brimstone? Have we anything to say to a young gentleman called Percy Crowninshield?"

CHAPTER VI.

UNSAVORY as was the hut, and repulsive as he had found its solitary inmate, it was a full hour before Bayard's master re-appeared upon the little esplanade before the mountain hovel, and began slowly to unfasten the horse who had long been whinnying with impatience. Even then he did not seem ready to depart, but after standing a moment gazing abstractedly upon the magnificent view spread before him, he turned again toward the house, and opening the door glanced in at the old woman, who sat crouching over her fire precisely as when he had first seen her, and said:

"Well, mother, I am going. Tell me when I shall return to hear what you have promised to tell me?"

"Ho, hi?" laughed the old woman, with a feeble chuckle. "When was old Peggy in such demand before, I wonder? He, he! Well, there's no knowing but another young gentleman will be just as glad to hear what I have to say—no knowing. It wont do to be partial. Brimstone, you know—we'll try both strings and see which fits the bow best. Eh, old boy—eh?"

"Do leave your cat alone," cried Percy, impatiently. "And tell me what I want to know!"

"See now how eager he is, Brimstone? When Peggy was young and handsome, there were plenty to talk just so to her; but it isn't very often now that a handsome young gallant comes to see her—and wants to come again, too, mind you, that old Brim—he's been, and he wants to come again. Well, well, Mr. Percy Crowninshield," continued the hag, raising her watery eyes, and fixing them upon her guest with a more direct interest in his presence than she had hitherto exhibited, "you shall hear from me in the course of a few days. Let my grandson, Zimri, come up here to-night. I have a message to send by him, and as that is answered, so shall I be governed. Now go, for Brimstone has a word to say, and likes no listeners but me. Go, young gentleman, go."

Complying with this inhospitable request, our hero closed the door, and mounting his horse, rode slowly down the rugged path, his eyes fixed steadily before him in a reverie which lasted until Bayard, pursuing languidly the road he fitted best to travel, came to a standstill before the stable doors at Falcon's Eyrie.

"What, home!" ejaculated the young man, as he started and looked about him. At that moment Zimri appeared to take the horse, the sound of whose feet had apparently roused him from a nap among the stable litter.

"I've seen your grandmother Zimri," began his young master, slowly. "And she wishes very much to see you. My visit did not answer the purpose. Can't you go tonight, after your work is done?"

"If you says I may, Mr. Percy, I shall go," returned the man. "Mr. Roland, he swore this morning I shouldn't, but if I goes by your orders, I suppose, sir, you'll see that no harm comes of it to me. I'm a poor lad, sir, and I don't want to lose my place, for I reckon not get another where I could see old granny once in a while."

"Certainly—I cannot give you leave myself, but I will speak to my brother about it, and send you word by Xerxes," replied Percy with a proud humility, though the ready blood burned upon his cheek, as he thus confessed his inferiority of position, in the house where he had been accustomed to act as master.

As the young gentleman entered the house, he was informed by Xerxes, that dinner was about to be served, and he had barely completed the necessary changes in his toilet, when the bell summoned him to the table, where his brother and Miss Morriton awaited him.

The meal passed over silently. Roland was habitually taciturn except when excited, Percy was buried in thought, and Maud, though she glanced often at the faces of her companions, especially that of the latter, said very little, and soon after the dessert was placed upon the table, excused herself and withdrew.

A few more moments of silence ensued, and then Percy, nervously crushing a filbert between his fingers, said:

"I went to see our old nurse, Peggy Waterman, to-day, Roland."

"Ah," replied his brother, holding his wineglass up, that the rays of the setting sun might light the molten rubies that it held. "A very pretty article of Madeira this, Percy. I mean to put the rest of the bin under lock and key. Our father allowed Xerxes rather too free a range of the wine cellar, and the rogue knows where to look for he best better than I do."

"She wants to see her grandson," pursued Percy.

"She—what she?" inquired his brother, abstractedly, as he closed one eye, and agitated the contents of his glass, causing the glowing fire within its depths to shiver into a thousand dashing rays, crossing and recrossing each other in bewildering coruscations.

"Peggy Waterman."

"Wants to see her grandson? Well, I sincerely hope she may be gratified, but confess I am at a loss to know why you should call my attention to the fact." And Roland placing the glass at his lips, slowly sipped his wine, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Why, because he's your servant, and don't feel at liberty to leave the place without your permission," retorted Percy, waxing impatient.

"My dear fellow, what do you mean?" drawled Roland, exaggerating his own indifference of manner, as he perceived that it irritated his brother, whose face he watched with the same sort of languid amusement a Spanish donna feels in seeing the bull teased and goaded by the insults of the banderillos who prepare the way for the attacks of his deadlier foes.

"I assure you the master of this estate has too many demands upon his time, to have any to spend in studying the genealogies of the servants' hall. You, having no such more leisure, I dare say find it amusing."

To this covert sneer the disinherited brother made no response, but the silver nut crackers with which his right hand toyed, bent beneath his nervous grasp, until the handles met. Roland watched him slyly.

"How strong you are in the wrist, Percy," said he, lazily. "But don't experiment upon my nut-crackers, please—I don't want to see them spoiled, for I expect to leave them to my eldest son, the heir of Falcon's Eyrie, along with the rest of the family plate."

With a muttered oath, the object of this address threw the ruined toy into the middle of the table, and said, sternly:

"That's enough for once, Roland. What I wish to say is simply this, I sent to-day to see the woman who cared for us in our motherless infancy. I found her old, decrepid and friendless, but the only request she made, the only desire she intimated, was that she might see her grandson, whose name is Zimri Waterman, and who is a groom in these stables—in your stables, if you prefer it. On mentioning to the man what I had heard, he told me that he could not go without your permission, and did not apparently wish to ask it himself. I therefore volunteered to do so for him, and the task is now completed."

"My dear Percy, let me give you a word of advice," said Roland, with more animation than he had yet shown, as he set his wineglass down with such emphasis as snapped the thread-like stem in twain. "Don't allow yourself to be made a confidant of the fancied wrongs of my servants. It will lead to no end of trouble, I assure you."

"Will you tell me whether this young man may visit the lonely old woman who asks to see him?" said Percy, in a low tone, and with his teeth close shut.

"No," snarled Roland, who had by this time taken much more wine than was good for him, "he shall be heptwhere he is, to mark my displeasure at his insolence and at your interference."

Without trusting to reply, Percy immediately rose and left the apartment, his head reeling with a sense of angry humiliation almost greater than he could bear. In the hall he met the old butler.

"Xerxes," said he, "I wish you to tell Zimri, that his master is not willing that he should go."

"Yes, Mas'r Percy. Pose you mean Mas'r Roland not willin'—Zimri hab two young mas'rs, like the yes' so."

"No, you mustn't suppose so. There's only one master at Falcon's Eyrie, and that's my brother."

With an obstinate shake of his woolly head, the old servant was commencing a disclaimer of this idea, but without pausing to listen to it, Percy moved moodily away, and entered the drawing room.

By the window, watching the setting sun at the one end, and the rising moon at the other, stood Maud Merritou. As the young man entered she turned, and came towards him.

"I need not ask if you had a pleasant excursion this morning," said he, "for your face tells me you have not. But was it a satisfactory one?"

"Neither pleasant nor satisfactory," replied Percy, gloomily. "But as much to as anything in the future that is likely to befall me. One thing I have definitely determined, however. I will leave this house without more delay. I cannot remain to be the butt of my brother's ill-humor, and the object of contemptuous pity to everybody else."

"Not to me," said Maud, softly. "I have admired your noble forbearance, and gentlemanly bearing under provocation, more than I can tell. Do not go—not yet, at least."

"But it is contemptible to stay."

"Not half so much as to run away," said Maud, blushing a little as the thought flashed across her mind that, she had herself been ready to leave the place, she should have been far less likely to urge Percy to remain. But as she perceived that her more powerful mind could sway at will that of her companion, the temptation to retain him near her overcame and silenced her more quiet conviction, and she said again, though she despised herself in saying it. "No, my friend, you must not go. The place of a soldier is in the fore-front of battle, not upon the safety distant hill tops. Stay a little longer—a month perhaps. Will you try for one month more?"

"Yes, if you think I ought," said Percy, hesitatingly. "Indeed it makes but little difference. I have lost alike the respect of others and self respect. I have neither present enjoyment nor future hope to comfort me, I am a lost man."

"Nay, now I must assume my new privilege of friendship in earnest, and scold you soundly," said Maud, half-