Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXV. NO. 13. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1313.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1846.)

One of the Largest Sheets published in Canada, is printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Old Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit taken. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and four cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $6.

Legal advertisements to be charged by the space contained in the sheet, by a scale of scal Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbidd, and charged accordingly.

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The following rates will be charged to merchants and others, yearly by the year,—

One Column	1 year	$60
"	6 months	35
"	3 months	25
Half "	1 year	35
"	6 months	25
"	3 months	15
Quarter "	1 year	20
"	6 months	12
"	3 months	8
Eighth "	1 year	12
"	6 months	8
"	3 months	5

This agreement is to be confined to ordinary business of commercial houses, and firms it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Dissolution, Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, houses to let or for Sale, &c.

The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall

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. 4w

G. J. Shannon M.D.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-1y

DR. McLEAN.

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

Dr. Cassidy,

McGill College

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, over his Drug Store, Goderich, Ontario. sw105

J. Campbell, M. D., C. M.

(Diploma of McGill University, Montreal)

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, Corrigor for the County. Office and residence over the "Farmer's Store," (old post office building) Main Street, Seaforth. 1808-1y

Ira Lewis

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Kingston street, Goderich. W. R. CAMERON. sw2. M. T. GARROW.

Doyle & Squier,

BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS-IN-Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. H. DOYLE. sw1 W. R. SQUIER, B.A.

Doyle & Elliott

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich. CHAS. ELLIOTT.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. DICKSON, Sec.

Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw72-1y

I. O. OF G. T.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

GODERICH TEMPLE NO. 222, OF THIS ORDER hold their meeting in the Temperance Hall, West St. every Monday evg. commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

G. CAMPAIGN, Secretary.

June 24th, 1871. sw57-6m.

Huron Division No. 120

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

REGULAR WEEKLY MEETING OF THE Sons of Temperance held every Friday evening at 7½ o'clock in their Hall on West St. first door west of Post office. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Goderich 4th July 1871. 30-tf

I. O. O. F.

Huron Lodge, No. 22, meets at their Hall Albion Block, Goderich every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock. Excursion Kingsbury street. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

G. F. STEWART, Secretary.

Goderich, Feb. 24, 1871. sw9-1y

Hotels.

ZURICH HOTEL,

H. Happel, - - - Proprietor.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR COMMERCIAL travellers, having the best samples room in Zurich. The bar is well supplied with liquors of the best quality. Good stabling and attentive hostler.

Zurich, Oct. 6th, 1871. w1-1

HURON HOTEL,

ZURICH, CO. HURON

JOHN PRANG, - - Proprietor.

This house is fitted up with every convenience for the travelling public.

☞ Good Stabling and experienced hostlers.

Aug 16 1871 w1-1y

PORT ALBERT HOTEL,

PORT ALBERT.

GEO WILSON, - - Proprietor.

GOOD accommodation. Ample stabling. Outbuildings, no complaints; but blank kept in good style.

Port Albert, Dec. 1st, 1871

GOLBORNE HOTEL,

CODERICH.

E. MARTIN, Proprietor.

Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.

☞ This is admitted to be a First class House, kept in Good Style.

Aug. 11th, 1870

D. McRAE'S HOTEL,

GODERICH, ONT.

(LATE OF PORT ALBERT.)

Corner of Kingston and Victoria Streets.

This house has undergone a thorough renovation and is now furnished with the best liquors and cigars. Good Stabling and careful hostlers. 1311-1y

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Available Assets, $27,000,000.

Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION.

Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.

FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.

Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL

G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL

A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND

At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest

THE undersigned has any amount of money to lend on loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest, on favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.

HORACE HORTON

Agent for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

Office, Market Square, Goderich. 326-1y.

$30,000 TO LEND ON THE SECURITY OF Real Property IN THE COUNTY OF HURON, at 6 per cent. by DOYLE & SQUIER, Barristers, Goderich. Aug 15, 1870.

MONEY TO LEND ON EASY TERMS

INCORPORATED 1864. A. D. 186

HURON & ERIE SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY.

CAPITAL, - - - $700,000.

THIS SOCIETY ADVANCES MONEY ON SECURITY of Real Estate, and on Terms very favorable to Borrowers.

NO LAWYERS' COSTS ARE CHARGED

The Society pays its Solicitor's charges. ANY sum of money, from $200 upwards, is lent for any number of years, from one to fifteen. Money may be obtained at any time with little or no delay beyond the time occupied in investigating the title and preparing the deeds, for which a fee of which is paid to the Society. The full amount of the loan is advanced on the mortgage being made for commission or other charges, which step, add materially to the cost of a loan from other Societies or from individuals. The Borrower can repay his loan by yearly, half-yearly, or monthly payments. The periodical instalments include, besides interest, a small sum for principal, and they are so divided that by their payment the debt is entirely extinguished, and the mortgage discharged at the end of the time stipulated.

EXAMPLE.—A Borrower obtains $500 for 15 years; he pays $66.70 each year, and at the end of the time his Mortgage is paid off. The rapidly increasing business of this Society, is the best indication of the manner with which it is regarded by the farming community, and its popularity will become greater as the merits of its system of lending become better known and understood. By the small payments of principal included in the yearly instalment, the borrower gradually, and without trouble, pays off his loan—thus avoiding the risk of losing his property which too often happens when the principal falls due in a large sum at the end of the term.—He can, at any time, pay of his loan in advance on favorable terms (which can be settled at any monthly meeting by the Directors, the application for the borrower,) and interest at six per cent. per annum will be allowed on all payments in advance.

Full particulars and loan table may be obtained at the Society's Office, or by letter post paid, addressed to the Secretary, or from any of the Society's valuators

CHARLES FLETCHER, Valuator, at Goderich

Money to Loan on Real Estate,

APPLIES to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada.

C. M. TRUEMAN, Agent.

Market Square Goderich

$25,000

TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to

C. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,

Oct. 20th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND

AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST, for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either yearly or half-yearly. Apply to

HENRY MATHERS,

St. Helens.

1309-tf.

ELEVATIONS. SPECIFICATIONS. PLANS AND DETAILS.

W. HICK, ARCHITECT

JORDAN'S BLOCK,

Market Square,

Goderich

ONT.

SOMETHING NEW FOR GODERICH.

ALL kinds of sewing machines repaired by a first-class machineist from New York. Orders may be left at McIntosh's gun shop. All kinds of guns made and repaired at J. McIntosh's.

☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE! In rear of F. Jordan's Drug Store.

Goderich, March 1st. 1307

Poetry.

Written for the SIGNAL.

To a Skylark.

BY W. BANNATYNE.

Happy Skylark! tow'ring singer!
Rapturous herald of the day!
Morning's stars delight to linger
On their paths to greet thy lay.
From thy bed among the daisies,
Fluttering high on dewy wing;
Just as Dawn its curtain raises,
'Tis thy joy to soar and sing.

Up, where man holds no dominion,
Where his vision fails to pry,
Hailing morn on twinkling pinion,
Vocal spirit of the sky!
On thy track the shepherd ponders,
As thou wend'st thy heavenward flight,
Loves thy lay—but deeply wonders
What inspires thy loud delight.

Thrush and Robin, Merle and Linnet,
Lift from bow'r, or greenwood spray;
Their's, the carrol of a minute,
Thine the music of a day.
Up! amidst the golden daylight,
High o'er valley, wood and hill,
Making from grey dawn till twilight
Cloud and rock and forest thrill.

Swains may pipe when echoing valleys
For the winding notes convey:
Harps resound in festal palace
Where resort the proud and gay;
Dulcet voice and skilful fingers
Wake but tones of earthly flame;
Thou art nature's noblest singer,
All their strains to thine are tame.

Far from earthly song companions,
Where no ravening hawks pursue,
Boldly thy seraphic pinions
Dip in heaven's ethereal blue.
Fervid noon more bliss instals thee,
Lofties louder wakes thy thrill;
And, when eve to earth recalls thee,
Down thou flutterest singing still.

Tell me—happy skylark! wilt thou!
Whence the measure of thy mirth;
Tho' a home on earth thou'st build thee,
Are thy passions not of earth?
Man, the dupe of fraud and folly,
Curse of care and tyrant wrong;
Thine the mission sweet and holy,
Blending earth and heaven with song.

Would, that I could sing but near thee!
Would, thy happiness were mine!
Would, some cherub wings might bear me
To that pure free realm of thine!
Partner there in sweet vocation,
Free from earth's discordant crowd,
We would join in jubilation
Brother minstrels of the cloud.

Amherly, Ashfield, March 2nd, 1872.

THE GREAT CHANCERY SUIT

OF GOTOBED *vs.* BLITHERS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

There were two great events in the history of Rising-cum-Lark, which in former times had convulsed the population with excitement, and which had always been considered as beacons or landmarks in the annals of the place. The event took place in the reign of George II., when Mistress Tabitha Skirl was convicted of being a common scold, and, being placed in the ducking-stool or ducking stool, amply justified her sentence by the observations she addressed to the assembled multitude.

The second event happened in 1815—the year in which the battle of Waterloo was fought—when Hannah Matilda Bogglebottom, a charity scholar, dropped from the gallery of the church during the sermon time a quarto edition of the New Version of the Psalms, and the sharp edge of the volumn struck the nose of old Mr Tomkins's grandfather, who was slumbering below in the family pew, and caused that gentleman to utter an expression which, as the clergyman facetiously said, was not to be found in the Psalms of Mr. Gotobed's position in the parish. To these two memorable events we now added a third—namely, the creation of Mr. Blithers' manufactory of Patent Cocomia, which, without duly disparaging the former incidents, might be justly regarded as the most exciting and the most lasting.

When the fatal news was fully known, Rising-cum-Lark gave itself up to angry lamentation. Its society was cruelly troubled: Miss Anastasia Tomkins declared that the rapture of repose was gone forever, sure it well.

The rector, as a friend of waning to the age, were every day his very stiffest and largest cravats, which he had hitherto reserved for the bishop's visitations. The doctor cleared his throat. The military gentleman with one arm felt that something was required of him, and walked continually up and down the street, armed with his native ferocity, and a formidable cane, which he carried like a flagstaff. Mr. Barry O'Looney affectionately polished up an old black thorn of his father's, with the remark, that, in the present state of his feelings, a bit of shillelagh might be useful at any moment.

We should have been only too glad to relate how Mr. Gotobed at this crisis showed a noble courage, worthy of his glorious ancestry. We should have wished to tell how he followed the example of Earl Warenne before the commissioners of Edward I., and drew the mighty sword of his forefathers to defend his rights to Rising-cum-Lark against Mr. Blithers and his cocomia. But the truth must be told: Mr. Gotobed collapsed under the blow. When the first violence of the shock was over, he fell into a deep melancholy took possession of him. He was urged to expostulate with, to bribe, or to threaten Mr. Blithers; but he only groaned and sighed. To the rector and Miss Tomkins, who were foremost in pressing him to 'do something,' he said that he had long foreseen that the tide of the thin end of the wedge was approaching. Now it had arrived. Everybody was introducing the thin end of the wedge into everything. He should never change his opinions; but he should be left alone, and all the inhabitants of Rising-cum-Lark would assist him. When Mr. Gotobed said this, Miss Tomkins murmured: 'Though the herd should desert thee, I'll stick to thee, my home lad!'—Here she took out her pocket-handkerchief.

No, continued Mr. Gotobed in a somewhat muffled tone; 'that fellow Blithers will go on as he has begun. Perhaps he will demand from me the inheritance of my fathers. I don't see that there is anything to prevent his doing so. But in that case I shall take my stand with such of the wolf hounds as remain faithful to me, and'—

They ought both of them to be hung—him and Mr. Bubb, interrupted Miss Tomkins. No lady was more particular in her grammar than Miss Tomkins: but on this occasion her feelings were too much for her.

The rector rolled his eyes; he would have shaken his head as well but his cravat prevented him. His wife only allowed him four clean ones a week, and he durst not crease it rashly.

But while Rising-cum-Lark was thus bemoaning itself, Mr. Blithers was all cheerfulness and activity. The navigators finished their work of destruction; and when they had levelled everything, and made the farm one great puddle, they celebrated their success with a frightful orgy of darkness; and after kicking each other about the head with their hobnailed boots, they left the village singing songs of a languishing and sentimental kind. But to the navigators succeeded whole regiments of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, boiler-fitters, and some machinists. Row after row of oblong buildings rose in front of the windows of Gotobed Hall. An immense brick chimney, which bid fair to be the highest and ugliest in the country, became a prominent feature in the landscape. The foundations were laid of two streets of cottages for work-people. And, to crown all, a plot of land was marked out for building a fold to accommodate the sect of dissenters to which Mr. Blithers belonged. Mr. Blithers himself began to assume the aim of a successful general. His face became greasier, and his laugh more rollicking than ever. He walked about Rising-cum-Lark as if he was master of the place, and he chucked the sample boy of the village school under the chin and gave him sixpence, which the sample boy put into the missionary box when he thought the master was looking.

A few months passed away, and the works approached completion. Mr. Blithers announced his determination of giving a *fête* (which he pronounced *feet*) to celebrate the occasion; and sent a message to Gotobed asking for the use of Gotobed Park for the purpose. And Mr. Gotobed was in no condition of mind or body to resist him. The unhappy gentleman had remained in a state of profound depression ever since his interview with Mr. Samuel Bubb, and the "feet" drove him to despair. The week after Mr. Blithers' message came, the Gotobed family left the village. It was whispered that they had taken a chalet in Switzerland, and that it was uncertain when they would return. The Hall was shut, and the picture of Sir Blazius de Gotobed was turned with its face to the wall. The victory of Blithers was decisive and overwhelming.

It is impossible to describe the consternation that filled Rising-cum-Lark when the Gotobeds left. There were no imbridings, no complaints; but blank despair seized the little society. The rector's cravat became limp: the doctor found that in order to return his practice it was necessary that the clearings of his theatre should become sepulchral; the acute intellect of Miss Anastasia Tomkins gave way under the strain, and she took to *Lalla Rookh* and breakfasting in bed. But the state of feeling in the place may best be indicated by the following artless document, which was picked up in the neighborhood of the red brick house near the church. From the handwriting and internal evidence, it was supposed by the finder (Mr. Barry O'Looney) to be the first rough and hasty notes of a theme on Commerce, penned by the niece of the county member. It ran as follows:

Commerce. A very early thing. The Phœnicians sent their ships for tin—Solomon ditto for apes. Commerce necessary to go for tea, eau de cologne, furs, and other articles of food. Too much commerce Very Bad. Instance from our own observation. Peaceful valley. Rasselas. Suggesting lines of poet, In my cottage near a wood. Commerce enters peaceful valley with stealthy foot. Where once the blithe thingumbob carolled its plaintive lullaby smoke of commerce rises like (some nasty simile). Where once the bee entered the foxglove, horrid workpeople enter a factory. Sorrow in peaceful valley. Peasants no longer twang the jocund dance or weave the mazy lyre. All desolation. Examples from history Marius lamenting over the ruins of the Coliseum. The Earl of Tenterden weeping over Codwin Sands. (Is this right?) Moral reflection. Commerce is a—

The manuscript here ends abruptly, but some friend of the fair writer had rounded off the last sentence by inserting the word 'beast' in pencil.

Rising-cum-Lark was indeed now lying in the very depths of humiliation. The enemy had come so suddenly, so swiftly, and so vigorously, that the citadel was in his hands almost before its garrison was aware of an attack; and worst of all, in the disorder of defeat, no one thought of resistance; no one, for a long time, was found bold enough to unfurl the flag of gentility, and lead the society of Rising-cum-Lark against the insolent boasting Blithers. But the sorest need a second Joan of Arc arose.

We have not yet mentioned Mrs. Gotobed. She was descended from the noble race of the Lairds of Tweedle in the Scotch borders, and boasted almost as high a descent as her husband. From a long line of bold ancestors—the most part of whom had been hanged for cattle-lifting, under the superintendance of the deputy-sheriff of Northumberland she inherited a strong mind and resolute will. In the olden times, the Lairds of Tweedle had stood no nonsence; and even in modern and more degenerate days, her own father, when one Angus Macpherson, snuff merchant of Edinburgh, had attempted to serve him with a writ, recalled the chivalry of the past, and played with a garden squirt upon the countenance of the sheriff's officer. With such a family history as this, it may easily be conceived that Mrs. Gotobed viewed with much disgust the pusillanimity of her husband. When, however, Mr Gotobed was sunk in despair, she felt, with the true instinct of a woman, that nothing remained for her but to snort; so she snorted. But when Mr. Gotobed began to show signs of returning health and spirits, she perceived that the hour for taunting had come; so she taunted.

But what am I to do? pleaded Mr. Gotobed.

Show yourself! retorted his wife with a look of contempt.

Eh! What? said he with a sudden gleam of hope.

Show yourself! answered she, firing off her words like the successive fragments of chewed paper discharged from a boy's pop gun, one missile propelling another

If I thought'——he began.

Show yourself! interrupted she inexorably.

So, after a twelvemonth's sojourn in Switzerland, it was decided that the family should return to Rising-cum-Lark, and that Mr Gotobed should shew himself.

When the news was heard in Rising-cum-Lark that the Gotobeds were returning, the village was filled with exultation, and an undefined feeling that Mr Blithers' hour had come began to spread. On the day when the Gotobeds actually arrived at home again, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds. The young ladies of Miss Tomkins' establishment were ranged on the lawn with clean white pocket handkerchiefs, ready to wave when the Gotobeds came in sight. Miss Tomkins herself stood on the door-step hysterically flourishing the best drawing room anti-macassar. A triumphal arch was erected across the village street, which would have been most effective, had not a cart laden very high with barley, in attempting to pass underneath, carried off the whole structure exactly an hour before the carriage arrived. The rector appeared at his garden gate, prepared with a friendly greeting, and cheerfully brandishing over his head a copy of *Dyspepsia or Death*. The school children were up in front of the school house, duly instructed to cheer when the master led off with, Hip, Hip! The sample boy read a florid address expressly composed for the occasion; and, being much disturbed in his sample behaviour by the knowledge that the boy behind him was possessed of a large pin began with, 'Respected patron and patroness, in a loud clear voice, and ended somewhat hastily with a gruff allusion to a bloody nose, intended for the ear of him with the pin.

But amid all this festivity and exultation Mr Blithers was unmoved.

'Ould Stick-i'th'-mud seems quite cock a hoop 'to nest,' said 'he with his usual vulgarity to Mr Samuel Bubb; but he hasna seen th' works yet, has he?

Nay, answered Mr Bubb; an' oh, my precious eyes, he hasna smelt th' cocomia neither!

When the Gotobeds arrived at Rising-cum-Lark after their long absence, it was dusk in the evening. They were delighted with the enthusiasm of their reception, which proved that some part of the population remained faithful, and was still devoted to the old family. There had been nothing at the time to remind them of Blithers or his hideous works. The engines had stopped for the night, the hands had left their work, and the buildings themselves were hidden in the misty haze of evening. Fatigued by their journey, but happy in the joyous welcome of their old friends and neighbors, Mr and Mrs Gotobed had gone to rest thinking only of the happiness of home, and their sleep was undisturbed by any dreams of the cocomia.

From a sound slumber, Mr Gotobed was awakened the next morning by a sudden roar of the Blithers' cocomia, heard before near Gotobed Hall. It was the bell of the works. When the bell had rung long and loud enough to account for its cracked condition, a low ominous murmur began, gradually swelling to a grumbling roar, which at intervals was choked into a grunt, or stifled into a snore, or startled into a screech, or mellowed into a rumble, but always returned again to the same horrible monotonous roar. The general effect was something like half a dozen luggage trains, filled with the contents of the Zoological Gardens, endeavoring to enter a tunnel all at a-breast. Mr Gotobed looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him.

Hush! said Mr. Gotobed; I think I hear something.

Oh! you do hear something, do you? answered his wife with great disdain. I should have thought it was not loud enough, perhaps!

Mr. Gotobed said no more, but sprang out of bed, drew up his window blind, and looked out. It is what he saw; exactly in front of his house stood the great manufactory of cocomia in all the glory of success. From the midst of the works rose a gigantic brick chimney, whence issued dense volumes of black smoke which, gently wafted by the morning breeze, rolled in sombre masses through the trees of the park, settled in turbid clouds among the shrubs of the garden, and bearing along an odd-lying whirlwind of blacks and smuts, darkened the very sky. Mixed with this smoke was a nauseous sulphureous stinking vapour, which had blasted the land as effectually as a simoon. Of the mighty elms and shady sycamores, once the pride of the park, fully one half had perished, withered to the roots; the other half barely struggled to exist in the poisonous atmosphere. The shrubs—the laurels and rhododendrons—had been cerrolled into plaintive lullaby smoke a few of the hardiest survived, with shrivelled petals and drooping leaves. More than this, an intolerable odour stole through the mansion and the garden and among other places went up Mr Gotobed's nose and down his throat.

Mr Gotobed said not a word but dressed quickly, and went down stairs. There, even at that early hour, he found his steward already waiting to see him and bowling with a long and piteous face. There were no rents, said the steward; all the crops had failed; the oldest tenants talked of giving up their holdings; all the young plantations were destroyed; the cows, the steward had heard, when their white bellies in deadly disgust, and had been eaten for breakfast by Mr Blithers' hands; all the pheasants had swiftly and so vigorously left the place of Mr Gotobed's position in the parish. To these two memorable events we now added a third—namely, the creation of Mr. Blithers' manufactory of Patent Cocomia, which, without duly disparaging the former incidents, might be justly regarded as the most exciting and the most lasting.

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They ought both of them to be hung—him and Mr. Bubb, interrupted Miss Tomkins. No lady was more particular in her grammar than Miss Tomkins: but on this occasion her feelings were too much for her.

The rector rolled his eyes; he would have shaken his head as well but his cravat prevented him. His wife only allowed him four clean ones a week, and he durst not crease it rashly.

But while Rising-cum-Lark was thus bemoaning itself, Mr. Blithers was all cheerfulness and activity. The navigators finished their work of destruction; and when they had levelled everything, and made the farm one great puddle, they celebrated their success with a frightful orgy of darkness; and after kicking each other about the head with their hobnailed boots, they left the village singing songs of a languishing and sentimental kind. But to the navigators succeeded whole regiments of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, boiler-fitters, and some machinists. Row after row of oblong buildings rose in front of the windows of Gotobed Hall. An immense brick chimney, which bid fair to be the highest and ugliest in the country, became a prominent feature in the landscape. The foundations were laid of two streets of cottages for work-people. And, to crown all, a plot of land was marked out for building a fold to accommodate the sect of dissenters to which Mr. Blithers belonged. Mr. Blithers himself began to assume the aim of a successful general. His face became greasier, and his laugh more rollicking than ever. He walked about Rising-cum-Lark as if he was master of the place, and he chucked the sample boy of the village school under the chin and gave him sixpence, which the sample boy put into the missionary box when he thought the master was looking.

A few months passed away, and the works approached completion. Mr. Blithers announced his determination of giving a *fête* (which he pronounced *feet*) to celebrate the occasion; and sent a message to Gotobed asking for the use of Gotobed Park for the purpose. And Mr. Gotobed was in no condition of mind or body to resist him. The unhappy gentleman had remained in a state of profound depression ever since his interview with Mr. Samuel Bubb, and the "feet" drove him to despair. The week after Mr. Blithers' message came, the Gotobed family left the village. It was whispered that they had taken a chalet in Switzerland, and that it was uncertain when they would return. The Hall was shut, and the picture of Sir Blazius de Gotobed was turned with its face to the wall. The victory of Blithers was decisive and overwhelming.

It is impossible to describe the consternation that filled Rising-cum-Lark when the Gotobeds left. There were no imbridings, no complaints; but blank despair seized the little society. The rector's cravat became limp: the doctor found that in order to return his practice it was necessary that the clearings of his theatre should become sepulchral; the acute intellect of Miss Anastasia Tomkins gave way under the strain, and she took to *Lalla Rookh* and breakfasting in bed. But the state of feeling in the place may best be indicated by the following artless document, which was picked up in the neighborhood of the red brick house near the church. From the handwriting and internal evidence, it was supposed by the finder (Mr. Barry O'Looney) to be the first rough and hasty notes of a theme on Commerce, penned by the niece of the county member. It ran as follows:

Commerce. A very early thing. The Phœnicians sent their ships for tin—Solomon ditto for apes. Commerce necessary to go for tea, eau de cologne, furs, and other articles of food. Too much commerce Very Bad. Instance from our own observation. Peaceful valley. Rasselas. Suggesting lines of poet, In my cottage near a wood. Commerce enters peaceful valley with stealthy foot. Where once the blithe thingumbob carolled its plaintive lullaby smoke of commerce rises like (some nasty simile). Where once the bee entered the foxglove, horrid workpeople enter a factory. Sorrow in peaceful valley. Peasants no longer twang the jocund dance or weave the mazy lyre. All desolation. Examples from history Marius lamenting over the ruins of the Coliseum. The Earl of Tenterden weeping over Codwin Sands. (Is this right?) Moral reflection. Commerce is a—

The manuscript here ends abruptly, but some friend of the fair writer had rounded off the last sentence by inserting the word 'beast' in pencil.

Rising-cum-Lark was indeed now lying in the very depths of humiliation. The enemy had come so suddenly, so swiftly, and so vigorously, that the citadel was in his hands almost before its garrison was aware of an attack; and worst of all, in the disorder of defeat, no one thought of resistance; no one, for a long time, was found bold enough to unfurl the flag of gentility, and lead the society of Rising-cum-Lark against the insolent boasting Blithers. But the sorest need a second Joan of Arc arose.

We have not yet mentioned Mrs. Gotobed. She was descended from the noble race of the Lairds of Tweedle in the Scotch borders, and boasted almost as high a descent as her husband. From a long line of bold ancestors—the most part of whom had been hanged for cattle-lifting, under the superintendance of the deputy-sheriff of Northumberland she inherited a strong mind and resolute will. In the olden times, the Lairds of Tweedle had stood no nonsence; and even in modern and more degenerate days, her own father, when one Angus Macpherson, snuff merchant of Edinburgh, had attempted to serve him with a writ, recalled the chivalry of the past, and played with a garden squirt upon the countenance of the sheriff's officer. With such a family history as this, it may easily be conceived that Mrs. Gotobed viewed with much disgust the pusillanimity of her husband. When, however, Mr Gotobed was sunk in despair, she felt, with the true instinct of a woman, that nothing remained for her but to snort; so she snorted. But when Mr. Gotobed began to show signs of returning health and spirits, she perceived that the hour for taunting had come; so she taunted.

But what am I to do? pleaded Mr. Gotobed.

Show yourself! retorted his wife with a look of contempt.

Eh! What? said he with a sudden gleam of hope.

Show yourself! answered she, firing off her words like the successive fragments of chewed paper discharged from a boy's pop gun, one missile propelling another

If I thought'——he began.

Show yourself! interrupted she inexorably.

So, after a twelvemonth's sojourn in Switzerland, it was decided that the family should return to Rising-cum-Lark, and that Mr Gotobed should shew himself.

When the news was heard in Rising-cum-Lark that the Gotobeds were returning, the village was filled with exultation, and an undefined feeling that Mr Blithers' hour had come began to spread. On the day when the Gotobeds actually arrived at home again, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds. The young ladies of Miss Tomkins' establishment were ranged on the lawn with clean white pocket handkerchiefs, ready to wave when the Gotobeds came in sight. Miss Tomkins herself stood on the door-step hysterically flourishing the best drawing room anti-macassar. A triumphal arch was erected across the village street, which would have been most effective, had not a cart laden very high with barley, in attempting to pass underneath, carried off the whole structure exactly an hour before the carriage arrived. The rector appeared at his garden gate, prepared with a friendly greeting, and cheerfully brandishing over his head a copy of *Dyspepsia or Death*. The school children were up in front of the school house, duly instructed to cheer when the master led off with, Hip, Hip! The sample boy read a florid address expressly composed for the occasion; and, being much disturbed in his sample behaviour by the knowledge that the boy behind him was possessed of a large pin began with, 'Respected patron and patroness, in a loud clear voice, and ended somewhat hastily with a gruff allusion to a bloody nose, intended for the ear of him with the pin.

But amid all this festivity and exultation Mr Blithers was unmoved.

'Ould Stick-i'th'-mud seems quite cock a hoop 'to nest,' said 'he with his usual vulgarity to Mr Samuel Bubb; but he hasna seen th' works yet, has he?

Nay, answered Mr Bubb; an' oh, my precious eyes, he hasna smelt th' cocomia neither!

When the Gotobeds arrived at Rising-cum-Lark after their long absence, it was dusk in the evening. They were delighted with the enthusiasm of their reception, which proved that some part of the population remained faithful, and was still devoted to the old family. There had been nothing at the time to remind them of Blithers or his hideous works. The engines had stopped for the night, the hands had left their work, and the buildings themselves were hidden in the misty haze of evening. Fatigued by their journey, but happy in the joyous welcome of their old friends and neighbors, Mr and Mrs Gotobed had gone to rest thinking only of the happiness of home, and their sleep was undisturbed by any dreams of the cocomia.

From a sound slumber, Mr Gotobed was awakened the next morning by a sudden roar of the Blithers' cocomia, heard before near Gotobed Hall. It was the bell of the works. When the bell had rung long and loud enough to account for its cracked condition, a low ominous murmur began, gradually swelling to a grumbling roar, which at intervals was choked into a grunt, or stifled into a snore, or startled into a screech, or mellowed into a rumble, but always returned again to the same horrible monotonous roar. The general effect was something like half a dozen luggage trains, filled with the contents of the Zoological Gardens, endeavoring to enter a tunnel all at a-breast. Mr Gotobed looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him.

Hush! said Mr. Gotobed; I think I hear something.

Oh! you do hear something, do you? answered his wife with great disdain. I should have thought it was not loud enough, perhaps!

Mr. Gotobed said no more, but sprang out of bed, drew up his window blind, and looked out. It is what he saw; exactly in front of his house stood the great manufactory of cocomia in all the glory of success. From the midst of the works rose a gigantic brick chimney, whence issued dense volumes of black smoke which, gently wafted by the morning breeze, rolled in sombre masses through the trees of the park, settled in turbid clouds among the shrubs of the garden, and bearing along an odd-lying whirlwind of blacks and smuts, darkened the very sky. Mixed with this smoke was a nauseous sulphureous stinking vapour, which had blasted the land as effectually as a simoon. Of the mighty elms and shady sycamores, once the pride of the park, fully one half had perished, withered to the roots; the other half barely struggled to exist in the poisonous atmosphere. The shrubs—the laurels and rhododendrons—had been cerrolled into plaintive lullaby smoke a few of the hardiest survived, with shrivelled petals and drooping leaves. More than this, an intolerable odour stole through the mansion and the garden and among other places went up Mr Gotobed's nose and down his throat.

Mr Gotobed said not a word but dressed quickly, and went down stairs. There, even at that early hour, he found his steward already waiting to see him and bowling with a long and piteous face. There were no rents, said the steward; all the crops had failed; the oldest tenants talked of giving up their holdings; all the young plantations were destroyed; the cows, the steward had heard, when their white bellies in deadly disgust, and had been eaten for breakfast by Mr Blithers' hands; all the pheasants had swiftly and so vigorously left the place of Mr Gotobed's position in the parish. To these two memorable events we now added a third—namely, the creation of Mr. Blithers' manufactory of Patent Cocomia, which, without duly disparaging the former incidents, might be justly regarded as the most exciting and the most lasting.

When the fatal news was fully known, Rising-cum-Lark gave itself up to angry lamentation. Its society was cruelly troubled: Miss Anastasia Tomkins declared that the rapture of repose was gone forever, sure it well.

The rector, as a friend of waning to the age, were every day his very stiffest and largest cravats, which he had hitherto reserved for the bishop's visitations. The doctor cleared his throat. The military gentleman with one arm felt that something was required of him, and walked continually up and down the street, armed with his native ferocity, and a formidable cane, which he carried like a flagstaff. Mr. Barry O'Looney affectionately polished up an old black thorn of his father's, with the remark, that, in the present state of his feelings, a bit of shillelagh might be useful at any moment.

We should have been only too glad to relate how Mr. Gotobed at this crisis showed a noble courage, worthy of his glorious ancestry. We should have wished to tell how he followed the example of Earl Warenne before the commissioners of Edward I., and drew the mighty sword of his forefath