Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXV. NO. 12. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY. APRIL 10, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1312.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum in advance, $2 if not in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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One Column	3 year	$60
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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.

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DR. McLEAN,

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

Dr. Cassady,

McGill College

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

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

Graduate of McGill University, Montreal,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,

Corner for the Country. Office and residence, next the "Farmer's Store," (old post office building) Main Street, Seaforth.

Ira Lewis

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

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Kingston street, Goderich.

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BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Goderich, Ont. H. S. DOYLE. W. R. SQUIER, B.A.

Town Solicitor for Goderich.

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c., Goderich.

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BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.

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CHANCERY AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Gode Water St., Goderich.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., A. F. 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. sw12-1y

I. O. OF G. T.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, GODERICH TEMPLE, NO. 22, OF THIS ORDER meet their meeting in the Temperance Hall, West St., every Monday evening at eight o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

G. CAMPAIGN, Secretary.

June 24th, 1871. 1m27-tf

Huron Division No. 120

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE REGULAR WEEKLY MEETING OF THE Sons of Temperance will be 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 18 1. 40-tf

I. O. O. F.

HURON LODGE, No. 6, Meets at their Hall in the Albion Block, Goderich, every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock. Entrance on Kingston street. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

J. F. STEWART, Secretary.

Goderich, Feb. 21, 1871. w3-1y

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ZURICH HOTEL,

H. Happel, - - Proprietor.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR THE COMMERCIAL Travelling; having the best sample room in Zurich. The bar is well supplied with liquors of the best quality. Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

Zurich, July 14th, 1871. w7-1

HURON HOTEL,

ZURICH, C. HURON.

JOHN PRANG, - - Proprietor.

This house is fitted up in a style of comfort for the travelling public. Good Stabling and attendance.

June 5, 1870 w15-tf

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PORT ALBERT.

GEO WILSON, - - Proprietor.

GOOD accommodation. Ample stable room. The bar is supplied with first-class liquors, and kept in good style.

Port Albert, Dec. 14, 1871

COLBORNE HOTEL,

GODERICH.

E. MARTIN Proprietor.

Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.

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

August 15th, 1870

D. McRAE'S HOTEL,

GODERICH, ONT.

Corner of Kingston and Victoria Streets.

THIS HOTEL is in the best new condition. The Bar is supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling and an attentive hostler in attendance. 1917

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THE ... TRAVELLERS INSURANCE CO.

INSURES AGAINST ACCIDENTS causing Injury or Death, guaranteeing the payment of a fixed sum upon the principal sum insured, in every case death with-

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE,

APPLY to Canada Trust and Loan Company, or of Upper Canada.

C. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square Goderich

$225,000

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

C. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c., Goderich.

Oct. 30th, 1871. 41tf

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AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST. In sums of $1,000 and upwards. Interest repayable either yearly or half-yearly. Apply to

HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens.

1209-tf.

W. HICK, ARCHITECT

Jackson's Block, Market Square, Goderich ONT.

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

Goderich, March 1st. 1307

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Available Assets, $27,000,000.

Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years succeed.

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

A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

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THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable in yearly instalments; fair of expenses will duly be paid.

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

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Effect can be made with the above Companies on the lowest possible rates

HORACE HORTON

Office Market Square, Goderich.

Oct. 20th 1870. e34-1y.

TO LEND ON $30,000 Real Property

THE SECURITY OF COUNTY OF HURON,

at 6 per cent. by

DOYLE & SQUIER,

Barristers, Goderich.

Aug 15, 1870.

MONEY TO LEND

ON EASY TERMS

HURON SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY.

CAPITAL, $700,000.

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

NO LAWYERS' COSTS ARE CHARGED

The Society pays its Solicitor a charge. Any sum of money, from $200 upwards, is lent for any number of years from one to fifteen. Money maybe obtained at any time with little or no delay beyond the time occupied in investigating the title and preparing the Mortgage, the cost of which is paid by the Society. The full amount of the loan is advanced—no deduction being made for commission or anything else, which often add so materially to the cost of a loan from other Societies. The borrower has the power can repay his loan by yearly, half-yearly, or monthly payments. The Periodical instalments include 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 $600 for 15 years; he pays $66.76 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 favor 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, all the loan gradually and without trouble, pays off, the borrower run no 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 off his loan in advance on favorable terms, which can be settled at any monthly meeting by the Directors, on 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,

AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST. In sums of $1,000 and upwards. Interest repayable either yearly or half-yearly. Apply to

HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens.

1209-tf.

Poetry.

The Bridesmaid.

O Bridesmaid, ere the happy knot was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see;

Thy sister smiled and said, "No tears for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride."
And then the couple standing side by side,
Love lighted down between them full of glee,
And over his left shoulder leaned at thee,
"O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride."

And all at once the pleasant truth I learn'd
For while the bridal service made thee weep,
I lov'd thee for the tear thou could'st not hide,
And press'd thy hand, and knew the press return'd,
And thought, "My life is sick of single sleep;
O happy bridesmaid make a happy bride!"

—Trangon.

"Home, Sweet Home."

[A writer in the New York *Evening Post* supplies the missing stanzas of "Home, Sweet Home," and remarks: These words were by John Howard Payne, and weresung in "Clari the Maid of Milan." The air was originally Sicilian, and was, with slight alterations, introduced by Donzetti in his opera of "Anna Bolena," at the suggestion of the *prima donna*, Pasta. The stanzas in question are the third and fourth of the song, and are as follows:]

III.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me, the pleasures of home.

IV.

To thee I'll return, overburden'd with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

THE GREAT CHANCERY SUIT

OF GOTOBED *vs.* BLITHERS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

For many years, the ancient and venerable hamlet of Rising-cum-Lark has passed an existence unrobbed by strife from within or disturbance from without. For many years the population of its life had only been relieved by such strictly domestic events as best parlour cleaning, hay-making, preserving time, or the wife of Mr. J. Smith of a little girl. Such tender reminiscences as the last rose of summer, or the first dish of new potatoes, alone enabled its inhabitants to moralize over the lapse of time. Nothing like a murder or twins, an elopement or an enormous gooseberry, a fire, or a toad imbedded in rock, had occurred within the memory of the oldest villager. No fortunes had been made, and none had been lost. There was no poverty, for every one possessed what he called his own little something. There was no amusement, because Miss Anastasia Tomkins set her face against frivolity. There was no business because there was nothing particular to do. Nothing saved Rising-cum-Lark from utter and complete stagnation except a singular delusion, deeply implanted in the breast of every inhabitant, that Rising-cum-Lark was a very remarkable place.

It was not, perhaps, easy for a stranger to discern at first sight the grounds of this conviction. It is true that Miss Anastasia Tomkins declared that the rapture of repose was there; and those inn paintings, which adorned the ale houses, though they did not think much of the rapture. Indeed, the village seemed as though nature had had it in a cradle and tucked it in; for great hills embowed it, and chattering woods sheltered it, so that the noisy world was quite shut out. And the villagers partook of the character of the place; for they lived and died as if life was a long opium pill, and troubles and joys mere poppy head fomentations. Everything spoke of peace and tranquility. In the woods of Rising-cum-Lark, the fragrant Weasel (*Mustela fragrans*) passed a life free from care, save when caught in the steel trap of the gamekeeper; in its meadows, the agile frog (*Rana agilis*) knew no sorrow, save when cut in half by the mower's scythe; in its back kitchens, the matronly cat (*Felis cantatrix*) increased her family devoid of anxiety, save when they were all drowned in the stable tank; and in its streets and byways the belated cur (*Canulus ululans*) never felt Black Care behind him, save when some unlucky wag tied a tin kettle to his tail. The inhabitants of Rising-cum-Lark lived together like a happy family in a cage, without—as we once heard a gentleman say, alluding to the monkey—any elements of combustion in their midst.

And if the above mentioned stranger were further compelled to pause and reflect—strangers being a race notoriously liable to such an accident—he would still have been at a loss to discover any peculiarity in Rising-cum-Lark beyond its peacefulness. Its architecture was old, but plain and unassuming; and though its church was profusely decorated with carvings, yet these possessed but a local interest, being chiefly executed with a penknife in the interior of the pews, as I representing the initials of the congregation. Daisies and buttercups grew wild in its fields, and spring onions in its gardens, but these plants are not unknown elsewhere. At the head of its national school was a sample boy; but so there is a sample boy at the head of every national school.—There were, moreover, within its bounds the following characters: a sweetly pretty girl, a triumphantly aged female, a bad man in ordinary, a drunkard in ordinary, a leading good man, a deputy good man, a parochial ghost (for public use, and having no connection with family apparitions,) a mad bull, and a dog under a cloud; but we only mention these characters to show that Rising-cum-Lark was not strange in this respect, for they are to be found in every country village of pretension, and to speak logically, are the inseparable accidents of country villages.

No; the real thing on which Rising-cum-Lark prided itself was an implacable gentility—a gentility that was self sufficient, and scorned the outer world; a gentility that armed the place like a hedgehog, whom none would venture to worry; a gentility that stiffened the vulgar into absurdity, and relaxed the polite into a conceit; a lace mitten gentility suggestive of tea, muffins, music, and despair. The influence of this gentility was all prevading. No one that lived in the village escaped from it. Something in the atmosphere of the place—whether it was the natural flavour of the air, or a subtle emanation from the dust of the great family of the Gotobeds which slumbered in its churchyards—made Rising-cum-Lark an enchanted ground irresistibly bringing on gentility. The very children were not as other children, but had the hooping cough politely behind their gloves, and you half expected to see the dogs put their paws before their mouths when they gaped. The very rocks caught the infection, and assumed an air of respectful secrecy which gave them the appearance of family lawyers. The rector, in his undergraduate days at Oxford had been rather noted for singing a good song about *Three Jolly Postboys*; but he was no sooner inducted into the living, than the exceeding stiffness of his neck cloth, and the bulginess of his cheeks above it, marked him as a churchman whose orthodoxy was beyond suspicion. The doctor, in his student days, was supposed to have smoked black clay pipes, to have known the Christian names of more barmaids, and to have been a greater critic of the taps of porter in the neighborhood of Clare Market, than of his contemporaries at King's. But he no sooner bought the practice than he invented a respectable clearing of the throat that put his safety as a practitioner beyond a doubt, and was of itself a specific in nervous disorders.

When all were so genteel, it seems invidious to particularize. But in truth the gentility of the place culminated in Miss Anastasia Tomkins, who kept the boarding school for young ladies. She was a tall and stately woman; and it may help the reader to picture to himself her general appearance, if we say that a stranger, meeting her for the first time, would not be unlikely, through some remote association of thoughts, to whistle 'The British Grenadiers.' Her nose was of the most Duke of Wellington order; but from beneath it, the tones of her voice, like a strain of music issuing from under a frowning portcullis, came in gentle and refined accents. She was a passionate devotee of modern poetry, and talked much of her inner life.' Matters of heraldry and coat armour were much considered in Rising-cum-Lark, and the crest of Miss Tomkins was thought to have very beautiful significance—it represented a griffin smelling at a forget me not. This cognizance was abundantly displayed on all convenient parts of a large house near the church, the bricks of which were so red, and the lawn in front so green, that it looked like a first attempt with a sixpenny paint box, and suggested the family of Noah and a miniature tea service of tin. Here Miss Tomkins received a limited number of young ladies, all of whom were highly connected, and rejoiced in parentage untainted by trade. To these young ladies, Miss Tomkins being of a poetic turn, was in the habit of alluding as the 'young gazelles.' When her 'young gazelles' came to know her too well, and gave a quarter's notice, their places were always supplied by an equal number of young gazelles from the Sahara of the outer world. Thus Miss Tomkins flourished, and became genteeler every year. When she had numbered among her pupils the neice of a county member, she defied the scholastic world; and when she had sent away an otherwise unexceptionable girl, whose first cousin was discovered to be in the bone boiling line, her triumph was complete.

The extraordinary thing about this gentility of Rising-cum-Lark was, that it could hardly have been expected from the character of the place. The village was in a northern country. On every side of it the country roared with the din and hurry of commerce. On every side lay prosperously ugly towns, where machinery whirred all day, and furnaces glared all night. All around might be seen the square cut mansions of men who—to use their own expression—had 'risen from nowt,' and who tooked at black chimneys with the affection inspired by early associations. Bordering the parish was a dark and muddy canal, on which fleets of barges passed, loaded with iron, cotton or wool. No place boasting gentility ever had such a vulgar neighborhood as Rising-cum-Lark.

But perhaps it was the very vulgarity of its surroundings that gave such a zest to the gentility of Rising-cum-Lark. The place seemed like an oasis of high breeding in a wilderness of snobbery. And Rising-cum-Lark steadily averted its eyes from commerce, and would have none of the allurements of factories or forges. When a visitor was admitted into the stately courtesies of its society, if, haply, he had concerns relating to of interest in the loveliness of mule twists, or the deadness of pig iron, he blushed at his own base born thoughts, and held his peace for shame. Luckily, the sheltered situation of Rising-cum-Lark kept all traces of commerce from aristocratic eyes; and the awful dignity of its inhabitants—to say nothing of Miss Anastasia Tomkins—entirely protected it from personal invasion.

Every place has its peculiar cultus or hero worship. The towns which lay near Rising-cum-Lark adored, according to their respective lights, Jackson and coal-mines, Muggins and mule spinning, or Higinbotham and dye works. Rising-cum-Lark, for its part, worshipped the Gotobeds and their birth. Now, the Gotobeds were a great race. Their pedigree was one of the longest in England, and at an early period of their history, they had discovered that a steady persistence in one path was the surest road to success. Accordingly, for many generations, the Gotobeds had devoted themselves to the task of descending from their ancestors. Ever since the days of legend—some said earlier—each Gotobed had been the son of his father, and before he died had been blessed with a son who took the same view of the responsibilities of life. Absorbed in this duty, the Gotobeds had never distinguished themselves in any other way. And yet such oneness of character perhaps made them the more interesting. There was a singleness of aim in their lives which was almost touching. So it came to pass that antiquaries, compilers of county history, and the inhabitants of Rising-cum-Lark, bowed down before the Gotobeds as before superior beings.

At the time of our story, the inheritor of the family honors and traditions was a Gotobed worthy of his high birth. He was the son of his father; and for him the round world did not contain such another fact. His only ambition was to preserve his estate and the village of Rising-cum-Lark exactly as they came to him. His political creed was simple, yet comprehensive. It was the duty of every right-minded person, said Mr. Gotobed, with some ambiguity of metaphor, to assist in stemming the tide of the thin end of the wedge. In this idea Rising-cum-Lark seconded him heart and soul, and so did Miss Anastasia Tomkins.

Setting aside the Gotobeds, who moved—or rather stood still—in their own sphere, the society of the place was but limited. It comprehended merely the rector, the doctor, Miss Anastasia Tomkins, and a little old gentleman living in a gabled house near the park gates, who, on the strength of an iron gray moustache and the loss of one arm in a turnip chopping machine, was vaguely regarded as an authority on military matters. These confederate powers cultivated their alliance in cycles of tea parties, and mourned in concert, with a haughty grief, over the age in which they lived, and Mr. Darwin's theory about the descent of man. Like bees who continue to gather honey though Dr. Watts' songs had never been written, they pursued gentility without wishing for worldly fame.

There was yet another gentleman who was just outside the charmed pale of the society. This was Mr. Barry O'Leoney, the doctor's red haired assistant. The reason of his exclusion was that he had fallen in love with the neice of the county member, Anastasia Tomkins' most cherished flower. His passion was desperate; he gazed at her in church, and became an ambuscade for the young ladies in their walks abroad. He thought of her all day, and dreamed of her all night. Once, indeed—so the story goes—he had such a blissful dream of a happy marriage, that, with the characteristic enthusiasm of his nation, he supped for several nights in succession off cold plum pudding, cold pork, and toasted cheese, in order to insure a disturbed night, and the return of so blacker clay pipes. But he dreamed instead, of being kicked by the county member; and desisted from further experiment on his stomach. There never was a more hopeless case. He had no means of communicating his affection except by rolling his eyes when no one was looking. He turned over in his mind a wild project of sending her a sonnet, written on tissue paper, and concealed in a blue pill; and he also debated with himself the desirability of serenading her with the tune of 'St. Patrick was a Gentleman'—the only one he knew—set to somewhat tenderer words than the original song. At last, grown reckless, he wrote a letter, wherein he he said, with much pathos, that his heart was like the Irishman's waistcoat, whereof only the arm-holes remained. The letter also contained many other pretty nothings of the same sort, so dear to lovers. The letter was opened by Miss Anastasia Tomkins. From that time, it was understood by the society of Rising-cum-Lark that Mr. Barry O'Looney was a young man who must be kept at a distance.

Such was the primitive state of Rising-cum-Lark and its society. How long this happy condition of things might have lasted it is impossible to conjecture. The village might have gone on worshipping the Gotobeds, and congratulating itself on its gentility till the end of time, but for one dreadful event, which, so to speak, transformed the tranquil waters of Rising-cum-Lark into a cataclysm of rage and fury. The event was the arrival of Mr. Nathaniel Blithers.

CHAPTER II.

Who was Mr. Blithers? That was exactly the question to which not a soul in Rising-cum-Lark could return an answer. One thing was certain—the like of him had never been seen in the place before. He was a big stout man, with a moist face; a nose covering half his face, that seemed not unfamiliar with snuff; and a double chin adorned at its extreme point with a fierce, obstinate tuft of black hair, that seemed as though it had broken out by force, and intended to remain where it was, all razors to the contrary notwithstanding. His usual attire, for both morning and evening, was a drab coat, which contrasted ill with a pair of large-checked plaid trousers, and a yellow seal skin waistcoat. He wore no gloves and apparently never washed his hands. He was loud and violent in his ways; he smoked the biggest and ollicest of cigars; and when he took snuff, his most partial friends were reminded of a trombone. He was horribly vulgar; the dottles he swore by were 'Gum' and 'Jingo.' He had not been in Rising-cum-Lark a week before he openly, and in the light of day alluded to Mr. Gotobed by the title of 'Ould Stick i' th' mud." He had not been there a fortnight before he had kissed his hand to Miss Tomkins' charge, walking in solemn procession, and vent that lady home in a state of trembling rigidity, like an automaton with a spring or two broken. He avowed an opinion to the landlord of the 'Pig's Head' that the place wanted 'wakkening oop;' and that he, 'Nat Blithers,' intended to 'mak 'em all look alive.'

The way in which Mr. Blithers gained a footing in Rising-cum-Lark was as follows: Directly opposite Gotobed Hall—the shrine and sanctuary of all that Rising-cum-Lark held sacred—stood a quaint and picturesque farm house, surrounded by a few acres of meadow and pasture, which sloped down to the canal. This little farm was just outside the park wall, and distant from the house about a quarter of a mile. The farm buildings, and the orchards that encircled them, formed a pleasant feature in the landscape, and hid from the eyes of Mr. Gotobed the canal and its barges. The land, indeed, did not belong to the Gotobed estate, as all the rest of the parish did; but they had never coveted its possession. The honest old yeoman race, who had tilled the farm for two or three centuries, felt as much as much the vassals of the great family as their own tenants. At last, however, this old yeoman race died out. The land was left to a distant relative, who would gladly have bought it; but money was scarce, his sons expensive, and he never dreamed of danger. A sale by public auction was held; and Mr. Blithers became the purchaser in fee simple of the farm house and the land sloping down to the canal.

No sooner was the purchase completed, the money paid and the title deeds delivered, than Mr. Blithers appeared at Rising-cum-Lark, and took up his quarters at the Pig's Head.

No sooner had he arrived, than an ominous feeling began to creep about the village that something terrible was about to happen. A horrible mystery that enveloped the man Blithers in Rising-cum-Lark, beyond conception. Who was he? What was he? What did he want? What was his object in buying the land? To all these questions absolutely no answer could be returned—Mr. Blithers continued to occupy a bed room and sitting room at the Pig's Head. He made himself very agreeable to the company assembled there in the evening. He visited his newly purchased farm every day; but nothing more could be ascertained. Mr. Blithers took no steps to find a tenant for the farm, and he evidently was no farmer himself. Many attempts were made in the smoke room of the Pig's Head to pump Mr. Blithers as to his intentions; but the such attempts he merely replied with a wink, or with the reiterated assurance that he meant 'to mak 'em all look alewe.' This dark saying nearly drove the place mad.

After a time Mr Blithers began to entertain company at his hostelry. From neighboring towns came friends of his, all, like himself, fat, vulgar, and addicted to big oily cigars. As soon as they came Mr Blithers took them down to see his farm.

They seemed intensely interested in some secret plan. All day long they were engaged in measuring and surveying, or stood consulting with their hats on one side, and their thumbs in their waistcoat pockets. On such occasions it was noticed that Mr Blithers frequently pointed with a sinister meaning in the direction of Gotobed Hall, and that whenever he did so his friends were instantly doubled up with laughter. After that they would return to the inn purple with inward amusement. Whatever did it all portend?

As we are told in natural history books that wild horses, in the presence of danger, place themselves in a circle with their heads together and their heels outward, so did the society of Rising-cum-Lark take counsel, and prepare for defence. The mystery that hung about Mr. Blithers so disturbed their minds as to lead to the entire cessation of their usual business of doing nothing in particular. They held counsels of war at each other's houses. Never had the village shop so many orders for muffins, crumpets, Sally Lunns, and tea cakes. The military gentleman with one arm wore his dress clothes four times in a single week. The rector preached old sermons, because he could not give his mind to the composition of new ones. The doctor's head became so confused that he sent Miss Betty Parkins a bottle of water, colored green and flavored with peppermint, instead of her usual dose of water colored pink and flavored with camphor. And when it came to the doctor's turn to entertain the company, Mr. Barry O'Looney apologised so humbly for his indiscretion, and talked so bravely about his 'ancesthors' in County Donegal, that Miss Tomkins (metaphorically) took him to her arms and forgave him on the spot. At these tea parties the discussion as to Mr. Blithers gave a piquancy to the tea, and added a zest to the muffin. But though they argued about Mr. Blithers from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, the united sagacity of the party failed to fathom his profundity; and no solution of their doubts could be found. The general feeling of Rising-cum-Lark was somewhat like that of the gentleman who saw the head of a boa constrictor just inside his bedroom window—they thought that there was more to follow.

Suddenly Mr. Blithers, when he had been staying at the Pig's Head for about a month, manifested a desire to cultivate friendly relations with the society of the place, and thereby caused a greater flutter than ever in Rising-cum-Lark.

He called on the rector, and let the most astonished manner expressed his wish to be on good terms with that dignitary of the church. Visers caruse' urged Mr. Blithers, and why? Because there was many views. But what was views? Nowt. And if the rector wanted a fi-but note for his ould church, or happen, for hissell, when bills was 'eavy at Christmas toime, he 'ud be most happy. The rector could scarce refrain from kicking Mr. Blithers into the street.

Undaunted by his cool reception at the rectory, Mr. Blithers next betook himself to Miss Anastasia Tomkins' establishment, where he was shown into the drawing room, and became painfully aware, during a long interval of waiting, that a strong draught through the key hole converted giggles into sneezes. When at length a stiff watered silk appeared, with Miss Tomkins' compliments swimmingly inside it, he hastened to ingratiate himself with that lady. He had called, he explained, on behalf of a friend of his who had a daughter as was getting a big lass, an' terrible 'ankerin' after schoolin'. Now, he knew what might Miss Tomkins' terms be for a big lass in her teens? The which Miss Tomkins answered, that her terms were, that he might go to hell in his chair of life. And, to enforce her words, she swept about the room at him insensible slavishness, that he had a half retreat, frightened by eyes from all the bookcases. Miss Tomkins herself instantly retired to her private apartment, and had a comfortable attack of palpitations and temporary fuss of anxiety.

Next, this bold man met Mr. Gotobed, and, holding out a very perspiring hand, offered his acquaintance on the spot with the remark that he 'reckoned' himself to be neighbors. But Mr. Gotobed muttered something about insolence and the thin end of the wedge, and passed on. When Mr. Blithers went to bed that night, the light of his eyes was obscured by liquor, and the expressions of his tongue, the landlord said, 'were such as no man would be ashamed to use.'

The morning after these awkward attempts on the part of Mr. Blithers, the astonishment of Rising cum Lark was changed into pure bewilderment. A large wagon, laden with carpenters, and a man in a brown great coat and brighand hat, came by an early train to a neighboring station; and after refreshing themselves with a few quarts of ale, they marched down to the farm. Under the guidance of the gentleman in brigand hat, they commenced a work of destruction; they pulled down the farm house, they cut down the orchard, and grubbed up the hedgerows; they drove piles into the canal bank, and protected more and than they knew what to do with, though they carried as much as they conveniently could about their persons. And while their hands were made the place a wilderness, their voices made it a howling wilderness. So long as they continued in Rising cum Lark, it was their custom every evening after their work was done to get comfortably drunk, and then to serenade the village with songs, so rude and lasterous that Miss Tomkins' young ladies were shut to hear the sweet creatures, with cotton wool in their ears, and a stern injunction to keep their heads well under the bed clothes.

Simultaneously with the carpenters there arrived in Rising cum Lark another stranger, who announced himself to be Mr. Blithers' foreman. He was a hard featured man, with a taste for machine oil as a perfume, a marked preference for a lump of cotton waste in the place of a pocket handkerchief, and a tendency to draw ground plans with the end of a very broad and dirty thumb. Suggestive of any remark he might be offering.

As a slumbering invalid, on whom, unconscious of the coming of a strong blister has been placed, awakes and demands an explanation, so did the inhabitants of Rising cum Lark, with Mr. Gotobed at their head, and the military gentleman with one arm bringing up the rear, feel that the time had come for satisfying their doubts. It had come.

Early one morning, when the cavigtors had nearly finished their work, Mr. Gotobed was seated in his room at Gotobed Hall. This was his favorite room, it was dark, sombre and oak panelled. The furniture was black oak. Over the chimney piece, the family arms, paternal and hereditary, were painted—namely, Sable, on a fess argent a dormouse proper dormant between two night caps ensa. About was the family crest, a mailed hand grasping a candlestick. Beneath was the family motto, *sterto vigilantissus*. On one side of the fire place hung an iron mace picturesquely studded with sharp points, and bearing in its handle in half defaced characters the legend '*I for lys noble*;' on the other side hung an antique petronel which was supposed to be still loaded with a silver bullet once intended for Oliver Cromwell. On a side table stood a present cup of the time of Queen Elizabeth; and flanking it, a candle cup of the time of Queen Anne. Round the walls were suspended portraits of the Gotobed ancestors, all dead in armour, and smiling feebly, as if their armour pinched them. In this room Mr. Gotobed was studying the 'Times' when Mr. Samuel Bubb, foreman to Mr. Blithers, was announced. A powerful odour of anti-friction grease, that Mr. Bubb brought with him, at the same time announced itself.

'My name, sir,' said the visitor in a thick voice, in Samuel Bubb. I'm Mr. Blithers' foreman; an' I've called on business. So saying, Mr. Bubb, in a very methodical and determined way, took a chair, placed it close to the table near which Mr. Gotobed was sitting, sat down, drew a large handful of cotton waste from his pocket, wiped his mouth with it, and confidently waited encouragement to proceed.

'State it, said Mr. Gotobed shortly. He did not like the man's manner.

'You'll hexcuse my speaking through my nose, said Mr. Bubb.

Mr. Gotobed intimated by a stately motion of his hand, that he would waive any objection to that channel of eloquence.

'It's a bad ould affair' out o' th' mud an' sluttish by th' canal banks, explained Mr. Bubb.

Oh! said Mr. Gotobed in a majestic voice.

Did you ever hy a man o' warsh an' water, wi' a lump o' butther in't for a sauce? inquired Mr. Bubb with much friendliness.

I thought, exclaimed Mr. Gotobed angrily, you'd come on business.

So I have and Mr. Bubb.

Then be so good as to mention it, retorted Mr. Gotobed.

But Mr. Bubb seemed in no hurry to begin. He looked cunningly at Mr. Gotobed out of the corners of his eyes, and said apologetically, It's shore and sweat like a donkey's gallop.

Can's you say what you want, demanded Mr. Gotobed.

A malevolent grin flickered for a moment over Mr. Bubb's features. He placed his hands on his knees, and bending forwards, said in a hoarse voice:

On that piece o' ground as Mr. Blithers has purchased, it is his intention to erect a works for the manufacture of his Patent Cacomela.

He what? gasped Mr. Gotobed.

It's good Latin, answered the foreman with some pride. For the hinvention o' that there word Mr. Blithers paid eighteen pence to a Hoxford scholar as was short of a job through drink. An' it means *Patent Chemical Liquor Gandre!*

Mr. Gotobed started from his chair. The veins in his forehead swelled, his breath became short and fast. Had it been possible to annihilate Mr. Bubb on the spot, he would have done so. In old times the Gotobeds had possessed or taken baronial privileges. There is no doubt that Sir Richard de Gotobed (known to the chroniclers as Sir Dickon of the Bloody Toe,) who was knighted on the field of Agincourt for killing a Frenchman with one kick of his mailed boot, would have instantly ordered Mr. Bubb to the gallows, unhouseled, disappointed, unsnel'd. The march of modern civilization only rendered it possible for the descendant of this doughty warrior to blow his nose; and he did so. To a person of refined perceptions, this instance was remarkable.

Leave the room, and—Mr Gotobed had recently been reading the tale of The Raven; he was about to add: Take the beak from out my heart; but he looked at Mr Bubb and substituted—never let me see you here again.

By the evening of that black day all Rising cum Lark had become aware that Mr Blithers was about to erect in their midst a manufactory of Patent Cacomela; and Miss Anastasia Tomkins, with three smelling bottles held at her nose, and one by mistake at her ear, had fainted away on the school room hearth-rug.

A Clever and Gallant Feat

The Quebec *Chronicle* publishes an interesting report of the rescue of the Pride of England, with her cargo of timber, by the steamer Arctic, Capt. Robert Dickey. It will be remembered this was one of the unfortunate fleet of merchantmen caught in the ice of the Lower St. Lawrence, at the end of November, and which it was found necessary, at the time, to abandon to their fate. After lying in that inhospitable region all winter, and enduring the buffetings of the fierce storms from all points of the compass, with ice all over, below and around her, the staunch ship has been withdrawn from her perilous position, and safely beached at Tadousac. The enterprise was well conceived, and carried out with rare skill and courage. We believe such a feat was never before performed in the St. Lawrence, and it was no wonder the intelligence created an unusual stir and excitement in Quebec. The Arctic had to 'hug the' North Shore on her course down and up, being tried nearly the whole time by piercing winds and violent gales. Masses of floating ice had also to be encountered, but the gallant little tug surmounted all these difficulties and dangers. The storms being mostly from the North-west, it is no wonder the Southern shore of the river was unapproachable by reason of the enormous fields and pack of ice. The expeditions of the Arctic will throw some light upon the question of the winter navigation of the St. Lawrence, which many