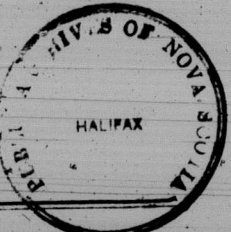


CHIGNECTO POST.



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No. 11.

Literature.

Was There Ever Such Luck?

CHAPTER III.—A FLUNK IN A NEW DIRECTION.

The spot where Tom Chatteris had temporarily located himself was not so thickly built over then as it is now, and they got home pretty quietly; but the few people who did see them showed interest. In front, the doctor driving fast, and the groom kneeling on the seat; behind, Tom and a body, which, with the assistance of the groom, he was preventing from rolling into the road.

When they arrived, the landlady became hysterical; but Tom, ignoring her, had his charge carried up into his own room, laid on his own bed, and there properly treated.

First, the patient recovered, and then he went to sleep. Sterne tells us we water a fever because we have planted it; imagine, then, the interest felt by Tom in this individual (declared by the tail of his shirt to be S. P. Collins), for whose sake he had ruined a penknife, slept on the sofa, and possibly incurred a doctor's bill.

"I suppose I ought to thank you?" said S. P. Collins.

"Well, perhaps it would be the correct thing to do," replied Tom, for, having prepared himself to check an overpowering burst of gratitude, he was taken aback.

"Exactly," continued the unhang-d one; "and yet you might give a man credit for knowing his own mind. You don't suppose I placed myself in the position in which you found me for the sake of testing your agility, or intruding on your hospitality, do you? (However, you meant well. But when I think that I had got over that first horrible choking fever, and had floated into delicious insensibility; and that now I have got to go through it all again—I wonder if laudanum is better!"

"Well, you are a cool hand!" cried Tom.

"Why?" replied Collins. "You have stopped my making a certain journey by one route, I must try another."

"Don't talk such infamous nonsense. One may commit a crime in a moment of impulse, and be deserving, perhaps, of more pity than blame; but to meditate on it beforehand is unpardonable. Oh, I don't want to split hairs, and listen to casuistry. If people were utterly rational, and believed in nothing, and killed themselves directly as a bore, the world could not go on. You owe me nothing for preserving your life, but you do owe me a lot for preserving you from a crime."

"Ah! it is very well for you to talk, young man; but you do not know what hope deferred is: to see Fortune just within your grasp, and never to be able to seize her; to be neglected, laughed at, when you know you have reason on your side."

Tom, who had set his heart on effecting a cure, encouraged him to talk. The man was an inventor, who had had the bad luck of his tribe: each of his discoveries had been discovered already by somebody else; others had made the fortune of those to whom he had intrusted the working of them, while he himself had received a mere pittance. So at last, when he had perfected a machine which would save manufacturers of a certain description full ten per cent. on their outlay, he determined to work the patent himself. As he was a poor man, however, he had to start on borrowed capital; and just as he was on the point of success, the lender of the money came down upon him; either mistaking the speculation, or anxious to secure the profits for himself. There was no help for it; the bills were due; the debtor had not got the money to meet them with; and the creditor refused to renew. The poor mechanic felt as if fate were against him, and in the poignancy of despair, determined to put an end to himself.

"Well," said Tom, in a fever, "but how much are these bills for?"

that are against you?"

"With interest, fifteen hundred pounds."

"That would set you quite free?"

"Quite."

"And how much more would start your invention fairly, so that it might begin to pay?"

"If I had another thousand, success would be certain."

"Well, look here," cried the impatient Tom: "I have only got five thousand pounds in the world, so do not hurt me without getting any good yourself. But if, on going over the matter carefully, there really seems a good prospect of making the thing pay for an expenditure of two thousand five hundred, we will go into partnership."

It was a wonderful thing to see how the light of hope and triumph flashed upon Collins' face as he heard these words.

"Come, come to my lodgings," said he, "and I will satisfy you. Oh, I can bear the journey to London well enough, never fear."

Tom Chatteris knew nothing whatever about mechanical contrivances, but he had a certain amount of general intelligence; and Collins' explanation of his model was so lucid that it became evident enough that, supposing he was right about the present state of that description of machinery, he had improved upon it considerably. He supported this view of the case by letters from well-known firms consenting to give him a patent, and authorising him to send them the novelty when ready; and he also had account-books and other memoranda showing the state of forwardness his little manufactory was when silenced for want of the sinews of trade.

In short, a good deal less would have sufficed to determine Tom, whose impulsive and speculative nature had caught fire at the other's enthusiasm. Neck or nothing, he went heart and soul into the affair; sold out three thousand pounds, took up the bills, and provided Collins with the means of completing his orders as soon as possible.

He was a little damped on Sunday, when he went to the Fossils'. Ju., indeed, was pleased enough to learn that he had at last heard of something; but when he was off with her brother for the hebdomadal walk, he got rarely exasperated.

"O Tom, Tom," said William Fossil, "I would not have believed such a green tickle possible! To cut down a madman who hangs himself, is all very well, but to go into partnership with him afterwards!"

"Of course, it sounds queer, if you put it in that epigrammatic way," said Tom; "but I believe it is a real good thing for all of us."

"Well," said Fossil, "you certainly follow to the most wonderful ally to fall on your legs! I ever did know that a life is comfort."

CHAPTER IV.—SAFE UP TO THE SUN-FACE.

I am so sorry to be unable to say, or even hint, what Mr. Collins' invention was, or to what branch of industry it applied. If I were to do so, very many people might name names, and Mr. S. P. Collins would not like his real one divulged in connection with that suicidal episode. He often confesses, indeed, that at one period of his life he was, for a short time, in a terrible state of suspense; but he does not intend to be taken literally. You must, therefore, take Tom Chatteris's marvellous piece of luck on trust, and without verification; for the success of the scheme in which he had embarked with a gambler's desperation was never in doubt from the day that Collins completed his first order; and Tom embarked the rest of his capital and all his time in the affair.

At the end of a twelvemonth, he was in a position to marry Ju. Fossil, who likes the north, where they live, and is gradually developing a fine piny, which is nearer akin to scorn than love for all people who are not rich. But she is very charming in her own set, and an angel at home.

her unwitting adoption of the purvey-haute, but refrains from quizzing her, for that particular madman pays in their neighborhood. A goose who kept her head down in a flock where all the long necks were erect, would run the chance of being stifled.

As for Tom himself, he has developed into a capital man for business, so far as action and energy are concerned; though, of course, if his partner died, the best thing he could do would be to take to farming or some congenial pursuit of that kind. He hunts twice a week, keeps a good table, believes in his wife to any extent, plays at no game except whist, and never exceeds half-crown points.

He patronizes the local races, but remains in his carriage, and does not go near the ring. He gives no very high moral reason for this prudent conduct.

"Well, the fact is," says he, "it does not do to tempt Fate; and I have had such a tremendous wind-fall, that I have most probably exhausted all the luck due to me during the whole term of my natural life."

AGRICULTURE.

Hay Making.

In this country, owing to the hot weather that usually prevails about the time that haying usually commences, the drying of grass is an easy matter; but to make good, sweet, well-cured hay, is only accomplished by proper care and treatment. To such an extent, indeed, does the proper curing of grass effect its value as fodder, that considerable judgment needs to be expended upon this operation.

There is a time to cut grass, and if that opportunity be not seized, the hay cannot be cured as number one. There is in all grass, and more especially in clover, during their entire growth, a constant secretion of saccharine matter in their stems. As the seeds approach ripeness, this secretion decreases, and when perfectly matured, nature having obtained her object, the whole plant begins to decay. Now, it is this saccharine secretion which forms the chief fattening quality in the grasses, and more especially in clovers, and therefore our object must be to retain in the hay the maximum amount of this sugar.

It has been found by many carefully conducted experiments that grasses, when cut in their full vigor, contain nearly double the amount of nutritive matter that they possess when allowed to retain their growth and make some progress towards decay.

The grasses have attained their full vigor when they are in flower, and then is the right and proper time to commence cutting. Indeed, with clover, it is better to cut before the flower begins to show any individual signs of decay, and thus save the whole crop when in its most vigorous state, and when most full of sap. Moreover, if some hay be lost by early cutting of the first crop, the increased after-math will give us full compensation. Fortunately, in Canada, we are seldom troubled with very early seasons at haying time, and yet annually many acres of hay are almost ruined by bad management in curing. The great advantage of having our meadows well rolled in the spring is perceived when we come to mow, for the mowing machine should be made to cut as near the ground as possible, as one inch of the bottom of grass weighs more than two at the top. If turning be required it should follow the cutting as soon as possible, as the more rapidly the hay is cured upon both sides the essential juices be retained, and the less browed will be the color.

The chief points to be borne in mind in curing hay, especially clover, are to preserve the hay as much as possible from all rain and dew; therefore to bring it into winrows, and if possible to cook it each night and each wet day; never to open it in the morning until the dew has entirely disappeared, and not to allow it to remain too long in the scorching heat of the sun. Clover hay is better cured when thrown into large cocks and left there some time before drawing home.

We are apt to forget in this country that our hot sun apparently dries the outside of the hay long before the juices are fairly fixed in the stems.

The chief points to be considered in storing hay in the barn are: Mowing away in such a manner that it may be easily moved again. When the hay is inclined to be damp sprinkle salt upon successive layers is very useful to correct any mustiness which might arise from heating. Indeed, it is always advantageous to sprinkle hay with coarse salt, for it seems to keep it fresh and green, imparting a cool dampness to the bulk, and certainly makes it more palatable to the stock.

It stacking hay more care should be exercised than is usual in keeping the bottom from wet. We believe that a regular stand upon some stone pillars or wooden posts would pay; for such would not only keep the stack perfectly dry, but would also allow of a current of fresh air passing below the hay.

When hay is very damp a ventilator is most useful. This is simply made by keeping a bag filled with chaff, or some light but bulky substance, always standing in the center, building around this bag, and drawing it up each time that the layers of hay rise to the mouth of the bag.

This plan of ventilation need not be resorted to unless the hay be very damp, for a moderate sweating of the hay renders it more palatable to the cattle.

The principles of a well built stack are that the center be all the time kept higher than the sides, and that the whole be kept well trodden down.—*Tor. Globe.*

COMMUNICATION.

Fruit and Fruit Growing.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post.

Dear Sir,

Some time since I promised you an article on fruit and fruit growing for your spirited little paper. Want of time, and a rush of business has detained me. I now give you a hurried sketch which you can publish, or assign to the oblivion of the waste basket as judgment dictates. In such an agricultural centre as you possess, given in each paper, what an influence for good might you wield in your own and adjoining counties!

I shall premise; and say that the province of Nova Scotia, and to some extent that of her adjoining sister, are situated amid, or at least within the contending influences of the different ocean currents, and affected and acted on, being the passive recipients of their different influences. So immediately are we in their vicinity that a change of air current of but a few hours duration will transport us at least in sensation, hither and thither, between regions in which we luxuriate in the moist, soft, calm air of the Gulf Stream, as it passes our shores on its mission of mercy; and that in which we have a vivid realization of those scenes pictured by Kane in the polar home of the glacier, the influence of whose breath is felt as it chills the air to the eastward, in that Arctic current washing the shores of Newfoundland, as well as chilling the gulf to the mouth; and its influence is by us ever ready to be felt.

Were we but a small remove to the South our shores would be washed by that warm river of the Tropics, and we might be growing the vine, the olive, and the fig, equal, if not superior, to those of the "sunny land of France."

And were we equally so to the Eastward our agricultural riches (broad-leaf and all) would for ever "take to themselves wings," and we men, instead of handling the "shovel and the hoe," would at the first of each March be preparing to go on

the ice floe in hunt of our fare of seal.

Little use is it to speculate on what might have been had our condition had our location been a little different. We are placed here by a bountiful Providence, and all we properly turn to the best account the resources that "God and nature have placed in our power," from observation in many lands, I boldly say a few people are more favored than we.

But there is much want at present of the schoolmasters being abroad amongst our agricultural population.

How long to our shame will it be said that the thick headed sons of the family (when there is such a one) with little or but half an education was good enough to make a farmer. A profession in which a preponderating portion of our population are engaged, and the one of all that requires the deepest reflection, the greatest experience, and the highest scientific knowledge, ought not to be without Agricultural Training Institutions. Various States of our neighboring Union have such institutions. Massachusetts, in particular, has a splendid one, where a scientific agricultural education is given, whilst receiving a sound literary one.

Even Michigan, in the almost unrivaled fertility of her vigorous youth, has acknowledged their utility in the attachment of one of the best agricultural faculties in existence to her State University at Ann Arbor.

Various European States either have such institutions already in existence, or are rapidly forming them. Belgium formerly took the precedence; but is now surpassed by North Germany, in which four Royal Academies of Agriculture have been established, teaching the theory and practice of scientific farming in a two years course, tuition fee \$10.00 per annum. The students are instructed in political and rural economy, management of woods and trees, fruit and forest, as scarcity of fuel requires the government to look to the forest tree and its cultivation; in horticulture, vine culture, gardening, field crops; in manufacture of beet sugar used within her borders, which is after refined and imported to England in large quantities; the making of wine, butter, and cheese, breeding domestic animals and their habits, instructions in the elements of mineralogy, botany, and chemistry, veterinary practice, practical mechanics, rural laws, and the history of their country.

Nineteen provincial schools are also in operation, largely endowed by the state, where the laws of agriculture are taught in such a manner as to be comprehended by the most simple rustic employed. Teachers go from farm to farm to give instructions, during the time of putting in, and the growing of the crops. Schools throughout the state for the analysis of soils, and experiments in organic chemistry, so that every one can, if he wishes, know what ingredients are contained in his fields, or in what it is deficient, how to remedy, and for what crop best adapted.

Prussia, in other branches besides the killing of men, leads the world. And of all ambitions that of agriculture is her most laudable one.

(To be continued.)

Dr. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," says the best medicine in the world is the cure of diseases are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move a foot; and sometimes they succeed, but often the powers of life are thereby completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the first indispensable steps to a sure and speedy recovery.

GREENEY sums it all up when he says that farming will certainly pay if conducted in a profitable manner.

The prohibitionists of Massachusetts have got the prohibitory law restored again, fermented and malt liquors being included in the list of prohibited articles.

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to College and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshmen year, without a dollar, and with several ugly habits. About the close of the vacation, the Judge said:

"Well, William are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it was all I could give you; you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; left home, made his way to the college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the United States and has made a record for himself that will not soon die; being none other than Mr. William Howard Sewall.

A Prussian officer of Uhlans, captured at the battle of Orleans, demands \$50,000 of the French Government for brutal treatment received while passing through the country to his place of confinement. He was mobbed six times in different cities, had his arm broken in two places, and sustained other bodily injuries. Bismarck has assured him that he shall have indemnification.

The Riot in New York.

(From the Boston Post.)

THE FIRST REAL COMMOTION was caused by the appearance of Mr. John Johnson, the mounted marshal of the Orange lodges, who rode up the avenue on a fine bay horse, wearing his Orange sash. At twenty-seventh street he was saluted from all sides by the most fiendish yells and oaths, and with an occasional stone, brick, and other street refuse. The police facing down the crowd, and by using their clubs on every person who came in their way quickly cleared the avenue, the crowd running down both sides of the street like sheep. But on the police retiring the bulk of the crowd returned to the corner of the streets and avenues again. A few minutes after 2 a well defined roll on the drums was heard, and up came the Ninth Regiment, quickly followed by the Sixth and Tenth, the Sixth and Ninth marching directly up the avenue and countermarching so as to bring their right on twenty-ninth st. and formed in column by companies. At 2 the lodges formed on twenty-ninth street.

THE MARCH.

After a short delay the "order" march was sounded along the line, and the band struck up "The Red, White, and Blue," previous to which all the troops had loaded with ball cartridge. As soon as the Orange lodges made their appearance in the avenue, they were received with yells, and epithets of every description. At twenty-seventh street the procession was delayed, and the first shot was here fired by some unknown person standing on the southeast corner of the street.

THE FIRING INTO THE CROWD.

When the procession neared the Twenty-sixth street, in eight avenue, it became evident that a terrible scene of bloodshed would ensue. The mob, which crowded the sidewalks and pressed out into the streets, became more turbulent and threatening. Their looks became more full of deadly animosity, and the soldiers guarding the procession could see as they passed the glittering chambers of revolvers held in the rioters' hands. Bang went the first shot, that of a rifle fired by a Hibernian from the second story of a house. This was the first presage of the bloody scene. In clear, distinct tones were heard the orders of the officers of the regiments.

"READY—AIM—FIRE!"

and the Eighty-fourth regiment was the first to pour volley upon volley into the mob of rioters, who rushed frantically down the avenue. The rioters dropped by the score, and the

sidewalks along the line of route were instantaneously converted into abattoirs. The sidewalks ran with blood, and a more ghastly mosaic work could not be fancied than the white flags partially covered over with human gore. The volleys of the soldiers told rapidly and the mob melted away, leaving their dead and dying on the street. Six of the rioters lay stark and stiff on the corner of Twenty-fifth and Eighth avenue, and all along the sidewalk the body of a man, either young and powerfully framed, or old and feeble, would be seen dead, and red with the essence of life.

THE GALLANT NINTH.

On the West side a conflict ensued between the mob and a portion of the Ninth Regiment. Col. Fisk did not start with his regiment in the morning, having an engagement with Gov. Hoffman to go to the Panama Ferry. He assumed command at 2.30, entering the ranks with his sleeves rolled up and drawn sword in his hand. A rioter struck him with a club and broke one of his ankles. He was conveyed to a private residence in Twenty-fifth street, where Drs Pollard and Thompson were called and dressed the wound. But the most melancholy part of the whole affair was the shooting and death of Henry C. Page, the manager of Fisk's Grand Opera House, and a private soldier in Company H. Ninth Regiment. He had been detailed to Command from Company K, and came out like the rest of the men full of spirit and vigor. When the command "fix" was given, Page was standing in "load" position, and his captain was showing him some defect in the lock movement of his musket, when a ball struck him in the center of the forehead, and he fell a disfigured mass of earth, dead, to the ground. Almost the entire upper portion of his skull was taken off, and the brains scattered over the shutters of a store on the corner and the jacket of the sergeant of his company. There was no time to take up his body, and the regiment passed on, firing into the mob. Mr. Page was a native of England, and a really accomplished man. He filled the position of press, front of house, and advertising manager of Fisk's Opera House for over a year past, and gained the friendship of all who knew him, by his courteous bearing and true appreciation of all worthy of knowing. But Mr. Page's lamentable loss is not the only disaster the Ninth Regiment has to regret. Sergt. Wyatt, of Company F, an old soldier and veteran of the Mexican war, was shot through the abdomen and fatally wounded at the corner of twenty-fifth street. He fell to the ground and died shortly after. His body was left on the street.

Again the "great unbraced" approached the banks and rear of the forces, and with redoubled determination attacked them. Bricks and paving stones flew in every direction about the heads of the soldiers. From the house tops missiles were flung, and the rage of the mob increased momentarily. On the southeast corner of Twenty-fourth street is Dan Ryan's liquor store. These are a wooden awning and a new stand in front of it. From the shelter of these a murderous attack was made upon the Eighty-fourth Regiment, commanded by Lt. Col. Mitchell. Here the real affray may be said to have begun. A woman flung a piece of crockeryware from the roof and a pistol shot was fired from the window, the ball striking one of the men of the Eighty-fourth. Another vessel hit Captain Bonglass, of the same regiment, on the head, and without receiving any order from Gen. Varian, who commanded the troops, or, indeed, from any one else, the men began to fire upon the densely packed mob. A volley was poured into the window, too, and the Sixth, following the former company's example, blazed away also. The Ninth took up the fusillade and added to the slaughter. It is almost impossible to describe the horror of the scene at this point. Screams and groans, mingled with curses and imprecations, rent the air. Children wailed and women shrieked in mortal terror, and men fled again, trampling friend and foe, weak, wounded and dying, beneath their cowardly feet. Such a sight makes one's blood run cold, and almost stops the pulsation of a human heart. Bullets rattled against windows and doors, and, panic-stricken, the mob had fled, leaving the street strewn with dead and dying creatures. The procession had halted during this combat, and the band of the Orangemen stopped playing; but in a minute or two after the fight of the assailants, struck up again a lively quickstep, and the whole resumed their march up twenty-third street to Fifth avenue.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.