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VOL. 8.—NO. 5.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 359.

Original Poetry.

[Written for the Post.]
"Who Knows the Depths?"
BY ISOBEL.

The downcast eyes—the heaving breast—
The hand in hers so closely prest—
The faltering lips—the drooping head—
The one last look so sweetly sped—
Conveying thoughts she did not tell—
No sound save that sad word "Farewell!"
Who knows the depths?

A coffin black—a shrouded form—
A mother's lips once cherry red;
No tear-star that loved one is shed;
But clinched hands and eyes' strange glare,
These tell a mightier grief is there.
Who knows the depths?

The dying light at set of sun,
The starry train their course to run,
The silvery moon on heaven's blue
Ope to our tear-dimmed eyes a view,
A darkened view, of bliss to be
Beyond life's stormy sea.
Who knows the depths?

PARSONS, May 18th, 1877.

LITERATURE.

[From Harper's Monthly Magazine.]
SOLOMON PODY'S COURTSHIP.

[Continued.]

Nothing is so apt to establish two strangers on congenial terms as the endurance of mutual misfortunes. When Solomon and the lady sat up and loosed into each other's scratched and bleeding faces, all restraint was thrown aside.

"I am afraid, Sir, I have caused you great trouble and pain by my foolish nervousness," said she, as she adjusted her spectacles to her nose and looked at Solomon's face.

"Oh, no, madam, I am used to—I mean I could not do otherwise under the circumstances," stammered that gentleman, holding his handkerchief to his bleeding countenance.

"The lady smiled sweetly, and held out a hand that he might help her to her feet. The grasses and alpenstock were picked up, and then Pody, blushing so scarlet as to almost hide the bleeding scratches, intimated that a seat in his wagon was at her disposal for her journey home.

"If you have room, I should like to ride as far as the next turning near Mr. Hicks's house. I am stopping there," said she, as she took the proffered seat. "May I ask the name of the gentleman who has been of such service to me this morning?"

"Pody, ma'am, Solomon Pody," replied the owner of the name.

"Oh, indeed! Mr. Pody," exclaimed the lady with another smile. "I have heard the young ladies at Mr. Hicks's speak of you. Here is my card, and I hope you will call when you are passing, so I can thank you more fully than I can now."

Solomon felt very warm, and hoped those girls hadn't been ridiculing him. The card read, with Miss Tabitha Jones, 1921 West Twenty-third Street.

"Ha!" continued Miss Tabitha, "I will stop here, if you please. There are some of our young friends. Thank you, Sir; I can get down better here than from off the wall." And Miss Tabitha alighted, and was immediately saluted with a chorus of "Good gracious, Miss Jones! where have you been?" "Merely how your face is scratched!" "Did he give you the ferns? Aren't they splendid?" "Do tell us. What did the old gentleman say?" "Oh, what a flirt you are, Miss Jones! from the surrounding bevy of girls, as Solomon drove rapidly away.

That night he did not sleep a wink, but lay thinking of Miss Tabitha, and congratulating himself on the good impression he must have made. He refused to eat his breakfast, and imbibed Miss Perkins by swooning upon her and mentally comparing her to his new-found heroine. All the morning he wandered around the place, unable to turn his hand to any thing, and at last concluded to brave the battery of sly looks and giggles and ride down to Hicks's to inquire into the effects of the adventure on Miss Tabitha's health.

Acting upon this decision, he adorned himself in his best, ordered his wagon, and drove off, leaving Miss Perkins in a state of mental confusion and under the impression that he had gone mad.

When the love-stricken swain pulled up in front of Hicks's house, Mrs. H. was employed in adjusting a shiny row of milk pans along the fence, and, of course, woman-like, immediately divided his mission, and smiled slyly as she welcomed him.

"Good-day, Mr. Pody. Just drive round to the front door, and Mary Ann shall open it for you." Then in a loud voice to Mary Ann, in the kitchen, "Mary Ann, tell

Miss Jones Mr. Pody has called to see her, and open the front door for him."

All Solomon's resolution oozed away at this open proclamation of his business.

"No, no, Mrs. Hicks," he said, in great trepidation. "I—I was only driving past, and—and—in fact—Well, where is Mr. Hicks?"

"Never mind, Mary Ann. He wants to see Hicks. You needn't tell Miss Jones," screamed the irrepressible Mrs. Hicks.

Solomon's trepidation increased, and as he noticed the movement of an upper shutter and heard a faint laugh he whistled the road would open and swallow him, horse, buggy, and all.

"Oh, it's nothing in particular," stammered he. "Only I was driving past, and thought I should like to see him about—about—oh yes, about that pig."

"He's in the barn, or—here he comes," returned Mrs. H., with a look of supreme disgust on her face.

"That man is the biggest chicken-hearted goose that ever lived. I just wish he had come courtin' of me, Mary Ann," remarked the irate lady to her handmaid, when she returned to the kitchen.

"How do, Pody?" said Hicks, as he walked up. "Come to see how Miss Jones got over her fright? Lucky thing you was passing at the time, or she might have hurt herself. It jess beats me how these city folks do gal round in the most unairly places," and Mr. Hicks winked in a knowing manner.

"Hang Miss Jones!" Solomon was on the point of ejaculating, but he only smiled in a sickly manner, and asked, as if it was a matter of life or death to him.

"What do you want for that pig, Hicks?"

"What pig?" returned the mystified Hicks.

"Why—ah! that pig. Ah, that pig I passed down the road," stammered Mr. Pody, with a guilty look, trying to remember if he had passed the pig in question.

"Oh, that old hog. Why, you can have him for his keep. He'll break down all your fences, and root your garden to ruins," said Hicks, with a broad grin upon his face.

"You don't see any thing laughable in me buying a hog, do you, Mr. Hicks?" asked Pody, with mock dignity. "That's a very fine hog. I want him for the breed."

This was too much for the farmer, and he laughed outright.

Well, if you want him, send down and get him. I was thinking of shooting the old rascal," said he.

"I will," said Mr. Pody, with great earnestness, and then he drove off. Up the road he passed a long-bodied, lean, bristly old boar, rooting in the ditch with his ugly tusks, which he presumed was his rash bargain.

Giving the unfortunate grunter a lash of his whip, and cutting poor old Dobbin unmercifully over the back, he rattled home, cursing Hicks, the hog, himself, and all mankind for his own folly.

At home he was so unbearable that Mrs. Perkins resolved to put the screws on, and adopted her old pushing tactics to bring him to the wall but with no result.

Two miserable days passed, and then he made a desperate resolve to see Miss Jones, or drown himself in the mill-pond on his return if he was a second time so foolish as to forego that pleasure. He would go straight to the front door and ask for Miss Tabitha, without troubling either the master or the mistress of the house. He couldn't very well withdraw after that.

But this ingenious plan very nearly failed. Arriving at the house, he tied his horse in a very careful and scientific manner, who had never shown the slightest inclination to run away. Three times he got as far as the gate, and returned to satisfy himself the knot was safe. At the third attempt to mount the steps and knock, who should come round the corner of the house but old Hicks.

"It's no good," thought Solomon. "I can't do it; and here is a loophole for escape."

"That you, Pody? When are you going to send for that hog?" slyly asked the farmer.

"I—I have come for it now," stammered Solomon.

"Well, it ain't there. Come round to the barn."

Pody's face assumed an agonized expression, and he turned away from the door, fully resolved that the corner should have a job and the country a sensation, when a well-known face with a pair of gold spec-

acles appeared at a window, and Miss Tabitha's voice was heard.

"Is it really you, Mr. Pody? I was afraid you had suffered from my foolish accident. Do come in."

Mr. Solomon Pody went in, and was introduced to all the girls, and knocked over several chairs, gave some very contradictory answers to questions, blushed and hesitated, and, in the words of Mrs. Hicks, "behaved more like a big overgrown gawky boy than a man of fifty."

All of which furnished amusement for the young lady boarders, who were sternly reproved at supper table by Miss Jones for their heartless conduct.

The ice was broken; and by some mysterious process—he never knew himself just how it was brought about—before the return flight of the boarders to New York in the fall, Tabitha Jones had confided her maidenly heart to Solomon Pody's keeping, and they were to be married in December.

Miss Jones was possessed of a small income, which enabled her to occupy with comfort the second-floor back room of Mrs. Hasher's fashionable boarding house in twenty-third Street. Here she took herself on the approach of frost, and decorating her room with the grasses and other spoils of the summer holidays, kept her own counsel, and waited in patience until December should come, and Solomon with it to claim his bride.

The front-room on the same floor at Mrs. Hasher's was occupied by a widow lady, Mrs. Daniel Bankum by name, and her son, Mr. Charles Bankum, was domiciled in a light and airy apartment nearer the roof. Other boarders called Mrs. Hasher's their home, but Miss Jones and Mrs. Bankum were the sole representatives of the fair sex.

Mrs. Bankum was a large, handsome, flashy woman of forty, voluble of speech, always ready to give her opinion or advise on any subject whatever. The late Mr. B. had made a fortune in oil, and then died of over-exertion and excitement in the service of his county during an unsuccessful candidature for member of congress. So the widow gave out. Bankum's assistants or "workers" in that noble gift ascribed his death to too much good nature, and a perseverance in the idea that drinking with every individual among his scores his constituents, and paying all his scores himself, must result in an overwhelming triumph.

The widow was well supplied with ready money, and her sole need was a successor for the dead-and-gone Bankum, and a father, as she told the assembled company at Mrs. Hasher's for her poor boy, who she feared, was in need of a parental hand to keep him from temptation.

Old Mr. Snuffkins, a bank cashier, and very regular in his habits, muttered to his neighbor, Miss Jones, that he hoped the parental hand would compel that young gentleman to take his boots off before going up stairs at two o'clock in the morning, and trying every door on his way to his own.

Mrs. Bankum had selected for the position of parent a certain Mr. Wilks, a wealthy gentleman in the neighborhood, and by dint of perseverance and the exercise of all her powers of fascination had almost secured his capture. The victim was a sturdy pillar in the Rev. Mr. Heartsease's church, on Fifth Avenue, and the widow had forced herself into the position of what might be called a pillar, being president of all the ladies' sewing and relief societies, the head of all committees on entertainments, and the chief censor of the reverend gentleman, who had changed his opinion of the true meaning of the text wherein St. Paul alludes to the thorn in the flesh, since making her acquaintance.

Miss Jones also worshipped in Mr. Heartsease's tabernacle, but as a humble satellite in the galaxy that shone around her fellow-boarder.

[Conclusion next week.]

The State of Maine has prohibited pool-selling, and all lotteries, schemes and devices of chance of whatever interest, and here and there you come on such a country beauty, with that indescribable half arch, half sly look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced looking men—the boys—as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eyeing with distrust the superior attractions of the coast-guard, who are, like the red-coats, favorites among the ladies. But, in reality, matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be"—the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiation abruptly and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsalable beast from a fair.

Of course a little bit of romance crop up here as elsewhere: cases of money versus love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a fashionable drawing-room.

SCORE ONE TO THE CREDIT OF DE Witt Talmage. He says that newspaper men see so many shams and so much humbug, and encounter so many horrors, that his only wonder is that they believe anything.

M. RENOU, a French meteorologist, has made researches which prove that last winter was the mildest known in France since 1719.

Five Hundred Millions, Gold.

THE ESTATE IN ENGLAND THE LAWRENCE-TOWNELEY CLAIM TO LAYING CLAIM TO.

The Montreal Witness gives some particulars concerning the progress of the suit for the Lawrence-Townley estate in England, and says that a bill of rights has been filed in Chancery by the "true heir," William T. Lawrence, and that favorable opinions have been given by "several prominent legal firms both English and American," including Messrs. Blake, Kerr and Boyd, of Toronto, who certainly rank high as Chancery practitioners. The bill of rights is said to agree with the requirements of the Court of Chancery and to answer at all points the chart drawn by Sir William Colles when the Court rejected in 1827 and the first application of the Lawrence claimant to the rightful heirs had gone to America.

There are a good many New Yorkers interested in this case, whatever there may or may not be in it. The "true heir," William T. Lawrence, is a resident of Lansingburg, and the principal counsel engaged in working it up were D. B. Carver, of Albany, and George Day, of Troy. The managing heir on the Canadian side has been W. D. Hammond, of Wardville, Ont. The heirs were advertised for by the English relatives in the Herald of February 18, 1859, and November 5, 1874, some forty of them met at Toronto, representing families in Canada, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Ohio, claiming descent from John and Mary Towneley-Lawrence, direct or collateral.

According to the reports presented at this meeting the Lawrence has obtained a complete historical record from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the eighteenth century. The founder of the house, Sir Robert Lawrence, was born in Rome in 1560, and resided at Lansdowne, served with distinction in the Crusades, and in 1591 was knighted and received a grant of Ashton Hall. The Lawrence and Townley's intermarried, and subsequently two other large estates were added by the marriage of a female Townley with Sir Francis Howard (afterward Lord Edingham) of Corby Castle, and a male Townley with the daughter of William, Lord Widdington. Towards the end of the seventeenth century a Miss Towneley-elopee with one of the Lawrence's was disinherited by her angry father; her mother, however, held in her own name and bequeathed her property to her daughter. The girl and her lover came over to the Colonies, their descendants settled in New England, and a New York Lawrence and descendant clearly made out one Triplician Lawrence, from whom the descent of any American claimant must be demonstrated. The Canadian claimants seen confident of being able to prove their title, one of them exhibiting a copy of the female Triplician Lawrence, and another a deed in which her name occurs. The precise value of the English estate, it may be here said, is \$500,000,000.

A Matrimonial Fair.

In the southern part of Ireland a curious custom prevails which is called "Shrattling," named from Shrove Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial "Tattersall" is held, where all the likely boys and girls in the parish are on view, and all the matches in the year are made. For days before, there is quite a stir in the neighborhood; and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and a buying of ribbons; every girl you meet in the street holds out her hand for sixpence; and you cannot speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress.

On the day of the "Shrattling," the girls stand in a row on the village green. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, dull stupidity, timidity, sharp, shrewd interest; and here and there you come on such a country beauty, with that indescribable half arch, half sly look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced looking men—the boys—as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eyeing with distrust the superior attractions of the coast-guard, who are, like the red-coats, favorites among the ladies. But, in reality, matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be"—the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiation abruptly and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsalable beast from a fair.

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Another Turkish Monitor Sunk.

At midnight on the 25th of May, four Russian gun boats left Ibrail, under command of Lieutenant Denbasoff, with the object of attacking and, if possible, destroying the fleet of Turkish iron-clads which had been stationed further up the Danube in the direction of Matchin. This expedition was organized with great secrecy, and only the higher officers at headquarters knew of its object, though it had been expected for some time that an effort would be made to break up the Turkish fleet in the Danube as uncomfortable as possible. About two hours steaming brought the Russian gunboats to Matchin, where three Turkish iron-clads lay anchored in the stream, and without delay the signal of attack was given.

THE ATTACK.

Lieutenant Denbasoff made a most admirable disposition of his gunboats and in the conduct of the action displayed great courage and sound judgment. Taking the lead in the advance, he ran his own gunboat, the Czarcowitch, in the Turkish line, and the heavy fire which the monitors opened on the approaching gunboats, selected the largest of the monitors, Lieut. Denbasoff ran his boat alongside and succeeded in exploding a torpedo under her side, causing a bad leak, but not damaging her sufficiently to disable her. This partial failure was, however, remedied by the gunboat Xenia, which had closely followed the Czarcowitch, and, approaching close to the Turkish monitor, succeeded in exploding under her another torpedo.

Twenty Minutes' Work.

This brilliant action did not occupy more than twenty minutes from the moment of giving the signal to attack to the withdrawal of the Russian gunboats. During the action the Turks kept up a constant fire on the assailants, but the aim of the artillery was so bad that not a single Russian was struck. The effect of this torpedo attack is likely to prove very demoralizing to the Turkish fleet in the Danube. It definitely settles the question of the value of the Turkish fleet in preventing the passage of the Danube, and will probably induce the Turkish iron-clads to remove from the most dangerous neighborhood of the Russian gunboats. Forfeited are evidently going to prove their superiority over armor plates and heavy guns in this war.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—An exchange says: "Why will girls run away to get married?" "We give it up," answers the Louisville Courier-Journal. "But we know that there are more who would be glad enough to stay at home or jump at the chance to walk off and get married. The boys ain't around asking like they did. It takes more money to run one of them now-a-days than it does to run a steamboat. Ah! girls! it's your own fault. Swap off your silks and satins for lawns and calicoes; shut up the piano and dive into a wash-tub; throw away your fancy work and tackle a re-rot stove in the kitchen. Instead of receiving Brent, the baker's son, in the parlor, keep your eyes skinned for John Burns, the blacksmith's son, as he goes home from work; kiss his dirty face thro' a broken pane of glass in the kitchen window, and after a while, when he learns his trade and you know your business, get married, to prepare a rough estimate of the help each other, live happy, raise a family that will be an honor to your names and a credit to themselves, die happy, and the angels will not turn their backs upon you up there.

The owners of the "Great Eastern" are, it is said, considering the propriety of converting that magnificent vessel into a huge refrigerating chamber for the conveyance of American meat. A recent examination has disclosed the fact that, like the "Great Britain"—another of Brunel's ships—the hull is practically in as good condition when first built, and the directors consider it would be wise to raise sufficient money to put new and improved engines and boilers in the vessel. They have been empowered to prepare a rough estimate of the cost of the new machinery; and in the fact that the vessel can even now steam as fast as any of the Atlantic liners, the trade of meat which is being developed, not only with the United States but also with Brazil, promises to open a wide field of usefulness—a trade in which the great vessel need never carry only half a load.—Scientific American.

The last murderer hung was Charles Turney, who was executed at Americus, Georgia, on 18th May. He outraged and murdered a Mrs. Caraway. A short time before his execution he sold his only to the jail physician for three dollars. On the scaffold he made a prolonged speech saying "I dread not death, Jesus is with me. Jesus has made my yoke to bear. I will soon be at rest forever." But the poor wretch seems not to have been the worst of the parties concerned. Caraway, whose wife he murdered a month ago, drove into town and procured a second marriage license, for a second wife and then went to see the execution.

A WRITER in the Contemporary says: "All the garbage that belongs to the history of crime and misery is tramped together to diffuse a moral miasma through the land, in the shape of the most vulgar and brutal fiction."

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