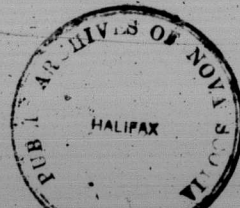


CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Editor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

J. E. FRANKLIN & Co., Publishers.

Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1870.

No. 29.

Literature.

The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONTINUED.

The days are lengthening, and the sun beginning to exercise his influence, softening and melting the snow, making it almost impossible to walk without getting thoroughly wet with the "spash," as the soft snow saturated with water is here called. Papa and I visited yesterday morning Camp Hill, and the walking was delightful. There had been a sharp frost the night previous, and the crust on the snow, sufficiently firm to bear our weight, was as white as Parian marble, and apparently as solid. A faint path of air from the south-west, and the sun mounting high in the heavens, and shining with the brilliancy of a severe winter's day, made our walk most agreeable. We attended the services of the Rev. Mr. Angleton, and on coming out of church were met with a great change, powerful for so short a space of time. The wind had risen, and was blowing half a gale from the south-east. Bright and sunny day, it had become a searching, damp, raw wind, chilling up to the bone; and the first step I took plunged knee deep in the snow. The crust had disappeared, the snow was wet and soft, and little rills of water were running down the centre of the road. I managed to tramp some, wet and thoroughly tired, and my face burning painfully and almost blinded from the wind and bright sun, and I have the pleasure of being met by Papa that it is nothing, as, after a few days, the burnt skin will peel off, and leave me as fair as ever.

The number of wild fowl flying about is really something wonderful. I have counted twenty-three flocks of wild geese in sight some time, and I do not think I have ever looked out since this spring, without seeing one or more flocks of wild geese, brant or ducks, winging their way north. The noise they make is constantly heard; and in the morning the rushing sound of birds passing through the air is perpetually heard.

Mr. Dickson, who was formerly in His Majesty's service, and now visits Papa frequently, and entertains us with his experience in this country some years ago, told us that twenty years ago a cannon was fired from the Fort, one spring as a large flock of sea ducks was passing over, which were so huddled in a bunch, by which they had their wings broken, and fell to the ground, and were picked up outside the Fort.

The country looks dismally; the snow has disappeared from the fields and marshes, while the fences are covered with the drifts, and the ice in the Bay and on the banks of the river destroys all appearance of beauty; and these dreary eastern hills, surcharged with the almost melting snow and ice, keep me at home.

Dear from Derby constantly, but will not, nor do I wish he should, to the Fort. He wrote me that friend Mr. Uniak, has been taken to Halifax, a prisoner, charged with various practices; but the only thing which he was guilty was of practicing on the Colonel's credulity, and Colonel, if he found it out, would for his own credit, say anything to clear him.

Mr. Olive has written, giving me a pressing invitation to spend some time with her, and for Mamma to go with me—and Derby insists that I want to go dreadfully, but I think I had better not, especially as Derby hints there may be some of this Derby would excite my

fears without some reason for it; and if there is to be any war, what place so secure as beneath the flag of brave old England?

I was very much interested at an account Mr. Dickson was giving us, last evening, of a perilous journey made by two gentlemen named Bard and Armith, from Chediac to the Fort. They left Bonaventure in October for Halifax, and reached Meremich, and about the first of November hired an Indian to pilot them to the Bay of Verte. They got to Buctouche, and when going on shore a sea struck their canoe on her broadside, by which she was upset, and their whole baggage and provisions were damaged. They finally reached Chediac, and worked the canoe about three leagues up the river in search of a path, when the Indian pilot informed them that two days' march would bring them within a few miles of the Fort, where were some inhabitants. The river became so obstructed by trees which had fallen across it, that they found they could not proceed further in it. The Indian went off to search for a road, and returned in a short time with the information that he had found one, but it was so overgrown with brush and blocked up with windfalls, that it would be difficult to travel in, even if they could keep it. They, however, started, and marched a whole day through stumps and wilderness, and camped at night. The next day they resumed their march, and during the course of the morning, by accident lost what little provisions they had remaining. They continued travelling all that day, and without any food, and camped that night exhausted with fatigue and hunger. The next day they travelled till nearly sunset, and sent the Indian out hunting for food, who returned at dusk, having shot a beaver, which afforded them a good supper. The next two days they travelled without meeting with any symptoms of inhabitants, and no death from fatigue and starvation stared them in the face.

They were so exhausted that they could walk no further, and they sent the Indian off by himself. He returned at night with a porcupine, but without discovering any inhabitants. They discovered the Indian off the next day, who promised to return in two days; and on examination they found they had the carcass of a porcupine, two partridges and a pint and a half of beans. They remained there a week without the Indian returning, and during that time it rained incessantly; and their food, which had been husbanded with the utmost care, gradually diminished, and to sustain life they set snares to catch rabbits. After having been there eleven days, they heard voices, and calling to them, found they were eight men from Sackville, who had come out to search for them. The first attempt, which had been made by four men accompanied by the Indian, failed, and a second and larger expedition was determined on, which by the mere chance of two of the men quarrelling and speaking loudly, enabled Messrs. Bard and Armith to hear them, as they were going from them.

The party remained a couple of days, to enable the exhausted men to recruit themselves, and a two days' march took them to Sackville, having been nearly three weeks in the woods during the month of November, while heavy cold rains were falling, and without food sufficient to sustain life. They, however, reached Halifax safely, after a perilous and exhausting journey of two months.

I wish I could impart an interest in writing an account of the dreadful sufferings of these two poor men, that Mr. Dickson's graphic descriptions gave when telling it; but nothing can supply the voice, language and admirable manner of his conversation.

A CHICAGO man, who undertook to go around Lake Superior in a shell, has been picked up near Marquette, and will make the balance of the trip in a coffin.

Poetry.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night—good-night!
The hour of parting brings the hour of dreams.
Be thy sleep calm and deep,
A spell of down on silken eyelids laid;
Between our pillows distance only seems,
And darkness is as a transparent shade,
And sweetest speeches silence inclose.
Like roses' perfume folded in the rose—
Growing intense as silence deeper grows.
Good-night!
These parting words are but a tender cheat:
For still we know that whether we may go
Beyond our reach, or wide as worlds apart,
Together we shall troth at each heart-beat;
Thrilled by the same electric dart.
Shot from the archangel's arched bow,
Through either bosom's wall of
Forever and forever be it so!
Good-night!

Good Jobs.

A capital joke, and the more palatable because it is true, took place a few Sundays since, at one of the prominent Fourth street churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing 75 cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said: "All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who, by the way, was a little deaf, and having an eye to selling the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, jumped up and shouted: "All you who haven't any can get as many as you want by calling on me at 75 cents each." The preacher looked cross-eyed at the brother, the brothers at the deacon, the audience punched the deacon's side, the bubble grew larger, until it burst in a loud guffaw. Ladies colored up, crimsoned blushed, and thanked the Lord for the low price of peopling the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of. The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third in the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him.

THE INVASION OF '98.—When France was invaded by the allies of the Bourbons in 1793, she had according to Louis Blanc, about 400,000 men under arms. This force had to oppose the advance of enemies from Belgium, on the Rhine, on the Alps and on the Pyrenees. The Duke of York was at the head of 20,000 Hanoverians and Austrians, the Prince of Coburg had his 53,000, the Prince of Orange had his 15,000, the Prince of Hohenlohe had his 30,000, and there were 84,000 Germans under other leaders on the Rhine. But then, none of the invaders were equal to the supreme command, nor were any of the statesmen who were in the governments which sent them (except William Pitt) equal to the exigencies of such a gigantic crisis. Against them were the vigorous soldiers and statesmen nurtured in the revolutionary crucible of France, with whom "success was a duty." Now, France lacks rulers, while Bismarck plans campaigns and organizes victories.

FREEMASONRY AT SEA.—At a meeting of the Liverpool Marine Board on the 8th inst., a presentation of a splendid telescope was made to Captain Sharp, of the Jeff Davis schooner, of 237 tons, for rescuing the crew of the water logged barque Albert, when about 200 miles from Cape Hatteras, at the eastern edge of the Gulf stream. A frightful gale prevailed at the time of the rescue, and the crew of the Jeff Davis had for 34 days subsequently to go on half allowance, till the schooner reached Bermuda. Captain Sharp said that the other Captain having passed the freemason's sign, he felt himself doubly bound to rescue him if possible.

Origin of Illustrious Men.

BY MARK TWAIN.

John Smith was the son of his father. He formerly lived in New York and other places, but he is removed to San Francisco now.
William Smith was the son of his mother. This party's grandmother is deceased. She was a brick.
John Brown was the son of old Brown. The body of the latter lies mouldering in the grave.
Edward Brown was the son of old Brown by a particular friend.
Henry Jones was the son of a senecok.
Edward Jones was a son of a gun.
John Jones was a son of temperance.

In early life Gabriel Jones was actually a shoemaker. He is a shoemaker yet.
Previous to the age of eighty-five Caleb Jones has never given evidence of extraordinary ability. He has never given any since.
Patrick Murphy is said to have been of Irish extraction.
James Peterson was the son of a common weaver who was so miraculously poor that his friends were encouraged to believe that in case the Scriptures were carried out he would "inherit the earth." He never got his property.

John Davis's father was the son of a soap-boiler, and not a very good soap-boiler at that. John never arrived at maturity—died in childhood—he and his mother.
John Johnson was a blacksmith. He died. It was published in the papers, with a head over it, "Deathe." It was, therefore, thought he died to gain notoriety. He has got an aunt living somewhere.

Up to the age of thirty-four Hosea Whiskerson never had any home but Horse Sweet Home, and even then he had it to himself. At one time it was believed that he would have been famous if he became celebrated. He died. He was greatly esteemed for his many virtues. There was not a dry eye in the crowd when they planted him.

Is the hurry and excitement of gold digging in the early days of California, men had rather scant wardrobes, and were somewhat indifferent about cleanliness of person. Naturally such a state of things generated an animated life that was not consistent with bodily comfort. When these tenants of seams and collar-bones became too numerous, our pioneer would disrobe himself, and stretching his garments over the eaves of the mine, would change his shirt and trousers, and then he would go to bed. What a treasure of a wife Mrs. Duke must be!

JOHN DUKE attempted to murder his wife in Bridgewater Gardens. The wife deposed that without any provocation, her husband suddenly attacked her with a stick, and having stunned her by blows on the head, proceeded to cut her throat. Yet it would seem that, after all, this was only one of the amenities of conjugal life, for we read that, before the prisoner was removed he shook hands with his wife, and they kissed each other most affectionately. What a treasure of a wife Mrs. Duke must be!

Some clever fellow has manufactured handkerchiefs upon which a map of the seat of war in Europe is stamped. They have proved an immense success, everybody wishing to poke their nose into the scene of conflict without personal danger.

A TOPER, poetically inclined, thus soliloquized after sundry tumbles: "Leave me their time to fall, and so have I. To fade and wither 'neath the Autumn sky: The only difference 'twixt the leaves and me— I fall more harder and more frequently."

GLEANINGS.

THE daily losses of the Germans are estimated at 2,250, owing chiefly to defective sanitary arrangements. It is claimed that rats may be prevented from gnawing harnesses by mixing with the oil applied a little cayenne pepper, say a teaspoonful to the quart.
ODO RUSSELL, who was sent by the Foreign Office to Versailles with despatches of the Eastern question, expects to remain there some time. He says that there is growing conviction at the Prussian headquarters that the siege of Paris is a blunder.
A LOVING father in Missouri sent his daughter to a seminary to educate, and when she returned, accompanied by a city lover, and sat down to the piano, the old man astonished the lover by saying she could "everlastingly paw ivory and howl." The young man fainted away.

GEN. FABRIZI, the former chief of Garibaldi's staff, has very frankly expressed his disapproval of the present policy of his former leader, in the "Riforma." He believes the French Government has only accepted the services of Garibaldi in order to prevent him from becoming the leader of a possible Italian revolution in Nice.

FOUR of the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky have been brought to the Dublin Zoological Gardens by Dr. Mapother, and are living there in perfect health. Their transparency and want of colour, as well as the total absence of visual organs, render them very remarkable and interesting creatures.

THE diamond excitement at the Cape has been increased by the discovery of one of 29 1/2 carats by a Mr. Innes. But the rival observer has a report, which throws the latter diamond, "magnificent gem" though it be, into the shade, for it has been heard that Capt. Edwards has discovered a diamond of 180 carats, valued at £100,000. The arrivals at the fields are put down at 1,000 a week.

AN inventive genius in San Francisco has come to the rescue of the women who are breaking their backs by running sewing machines. He has invented an electro-magnetic sewing machine, which is run by electricity, the motor being a horse-shoe magnet. It is said to be very simple and easily managed, and if it performs all that is claimed for it, it will be a boon to woman.

A FOOL, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

AN Arkansas editor gives a brother quilt driver this first rate notice: "The volcanic, pimple-headed, blister-brained, owl-faced, spiked-nosed, wamel-eyed, web-footed, peg-legged, lilliputian, foggy pettifogger of the Democrat does not like my personal appearance. Until he shall meet me in a brazen debauch he has been run through a sieve, a flter, scoured, scrubbed, swabbed, sponged, and disinfected, until he is a fit object to enter decent society, we will forbear having anything to say about him."

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Before proceeding to sweep a carpet, a few handfuls of waste tea-leaves should first be sprinkled over it. A stiff hair broom or brush should be employed, unless the carpet be very dirty, when a whisk or carpet-broom should be used first, followed by another made of hair, to take of the loose dust. The frequent use of a stiff carpet broom soon wears off the beauty of the best carpet. An ordinary clothes-brush is best adapted for superior carpets. When carpets are very dirty they should be cleaned by shaking and beating.

WITTY.—We met with a witty and unanswerable retort in a sketch of a short trip through a portion of Ireland. The writer is conversing with his car driver: "You are a Catholic, Jimmy?" "Yes, your honor?" "And you pray to the Virgin Mary?" "I do, your honor." "Well, there's no doubt she was a good woman. The Bible says so. But she may have been no better than your mother or men." "That's true, yer honor. But then you'll allow there's a mighty difference in their children?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

Saving at the Tap, and Spilling at the Bang.
To Editor of Chignecto Post:
Sir.—A writer in your last paper under the signature of "Truth" essays to prove that the Railroad Commissioners are not chargeable with extravagance—while upholding the appointment of Messrs. Bliss and Lowerson (whose ability to build aboiteaux, I presume no person will question), says, "They have built seven sluices, and seven aboiteaux, and through their influence had the culvert over the Gordon Creek altered to an aboiteaux, which made a saving of over \$30,000." Now Mr. Editor, every disinterested person acquainted with the situation of the marsh above the aboiteaux referred to, must surely acknowledge that, if the damages, present and prospective to the owners of marsh above, accruing from the building of this aboiteaux, be ever fairly assessed and paid, instead of being a saving of \$30,000, it will be the cause of "depleting the revenue" more than six times that amount. It is true, there is an old aboiteaux below the new one referred to, but it is equally true, that a majority of the proprietors have, for some time past, been determined to have the old aboiteaux cut away, so soon as circumstances would admit, in order to allow the tide to flow over the marsh above (but not the sluice) of which would thus be greatly enhanced in value) and to get a sufficient drain for the fresh water, which often lays on the marsh a considerable time for want of sufficient vent through said old aboiteaux.

Surely, Hon. E. B. Chandler, who has always lived contiguous to marsh lands, and had ocular demonstration of the vast increase in the value of the upper marshes in Sackville and elsewhere, effected by flowing them with the muddy waters of the Bay of Fundy, will not lend his influence to deprive hard-working men of a privilege the value of which is so apparent. A little magnanimity on the part of the Commissioners at the present juncture, might prevent much hard-earned money being spent in law, and save the proprietors much trouble; as they have already employed a lawyer, and are determined that they will not allow their rights to be infringed with impunity.

I suppose the Railroad Commissioners are invested with large discretionary powers; but I trust they will pause and weigh matters well on both sides of the question, before they confirm an act that will wrest from scores of unsuspecting, industrious farmers, rights and privileges of such immense value as those referred to.

I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with any of the Commissioners, excepting Hon. E. B. Chandler, whom I have known since the days of my childhood, and whose conduct in public, as in private life, has engendered in my mind feelings towards him of sincere respect; and I have confidence to believe that he will not tarnish the honorable character of a long and useful public life by countenancing an act of injustice.

Yours, &c.
Fort Lawrence, Nov. 14, 1870.

[There is evidently some mistake about a saving of \$30,000 being made in substituting an aboiteaux for a culvert over Gordon's creek. We think our correspondent "Truth" meant \$300. Even this saving—a grain of mustard seed—should be thankfully recognized. We have on our table several communications on the subject of this aboiteaux, which ridicule the saving of \$30,000 alleged to have been made; state the sluices are insufficient, and that the marshes above are drowned with water. What says "Truth."—Ed.]

Letter from Bay Verte.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post.
Sir.—This quaint old village, envied by its broad leaf marshes and extensive mud flats, where clams, lobsters, snails and shrimps, luxuriate in abundance, and where Gulf racers find ample ground, I find myself sooted to write.
I write of the disgraceful state of roads. To drive faster than a walk on the roof between here and the neighbouring village, Port Elgin, is to risk the danger of being hurled from your seat into too close proximity with the stones, sticks and stumps promiscuously scattered over its surface, to say nothing of the gulches and roots which every where impede your progress; and who is to blame for the almost impassable condition of these roads? Says one, "the Government." Doubtless the grants for road purposes were small

this last year. But has the money of former years been economically and judiciously expended? The present state of the roads furnish the answer. I venture the assertion, confirmed by observation for the past ten years, that had the Supervisors, Commissioners &c., done their duty without fear, favor or partiality, and exacted a complete fulfillment, of each and every contract, not only might we have had a thoroughly macadamized road, but respectable bridges, instead of tumble down old structures, that every where line this road. The remedy for this state of things is in the hands of the people, and it is to be hoped that at the approaching annual Town meeting, they'll use with discretion their prerogative, and select men whose integrity and experience will form a safeguard against future imposition, without engendering from a

WALKINGSTICK.
Bay Verte, Nov. 10th 1870.

[If there is any local matter on which the public are so interested than another, it is the preservation in a good state of our great roads of communication. We have before referred to this subject, and gladly insert the above letter.—Editor.]

Letter from S. E. Esq. Esq.—Continued.

Dorchester, Nov. 10, 70.

To Editor "Chignecto Post."

"A Templar" asks: "How is it that the Clerk of the Sessions allows parties to sell liquor without having obtained license?" &c. The Clerk does not allow any such thing. They are men like "A Templar" who allow the illicit traffic to be carried on, and that, too, under their very noses; who pass and repass unlicensed grog shops on week days and Sundays; who on their way to the Sanctuaries stumble over drunkards frosh from these places, and are afraid to lodge the proper information with the Clerk of the Peace, over their own signatures, whose zeal in the cause of temperance is so weak it will not, even when gross violations of the law come under their notice, support them to the two nearest justices, much less stand a journey to Dorchester; whose temperance principles are not worth the tree cents it would cost them to send me a letter stating their knowledge of the illicit traffic, and their willingness to act as prosecutors against the persons engaged in it. I would say to "Templar" "Physician cure thy self." It would look much better in you to do as I have done, not only once but more than a hundred times; Take the man who violates the License law boldly and openly, by the collar, drag him before a justice, and compel him to pay the penalty fixed by law to the violation, and not make, as he has made a false, cowardly, and malicious attack, under an assumed appellation, which his communication, disgraces, on a man whose boots he is not worthy to black.

Now Mr. Editor, having disposed of "A Templar" (it would probably have added some truth to this mass of falsehood if he had signed himself "A Tippler") allow me to say I feel certain from the tenor of his letter that he made this attack upon me, not because he is a friend of Caesar, or that he cares a cent who sells or who does not sell intoxicants, but because for some covert reason he desires to injure me. He will have about the same success my enemies heretofore have had. I am a firm believer that Providence protects men like me who are not worthy of the cross, nor even of the hemlock, from all the coming devices of their enemies, because their downfall would do no good to society and would only result in gratifying the malignity of such men as "A Templar." I speak in all reverence and know what I affirm, that is that the Supreme Being, who numbers the hairs of the heads of even his most unworthy servants, have always shielded me from the assaults of my enemies, and made their best laid schemes to injure me, work for my good. This last attack upon me has given me a chance to set myself right with those who may have been misled by such persons as "A Templar." I have long been the advocate of temperance, because I knew that it was my duty and because I hoped to benefit others. My forwardness in the cause may have exposed me to the jealousy of men like "Templar" while I know that my fearless opposition to the liquor traffic has earned for me the dislike of those engaged in it. This last I had a right to expect, but the former is entirely uncalculated for. I have often felt sick and disheartened when I saw the cause wounded in the house of its supposed friends, and know that while it was capable of doing so much good, it was nullified by being