

# CHIGNECTO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Proprietor.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage  
prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.25.

VOL. 7.—NO. 39.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 341.

## LITERATURE.

### Romance of a Barn-Yard.

We were all sitting on the piazza, except those of us that were swinging in the hammocks among the trees; the sea wind was blowing over us, the birds were darting low here and there, and the bantams and the spring chickens and the big black Cochins were clucking and picking in the grass, watched over by the old King Charles, who redeemed us from vulgarity, and was a scene of domestic comfort, as Aunt Helen said. Aunt Helen, by the way, became a very pleasant addition to the comfortable appearance of the scene as she said it. She was just as plump as a woman ought to be when her next birthday is maybe her fortieth. She had a soft flush on her cheek, where the dimple was yet as fresh as when she was a girl, and the flush deepened sometimes into a real damask; her teeth were like rows of seed-corn for whiteness, and her eyes were just as brown as brook water; only her hair—that was quite white. Lovely hair, though, for all that; she parted it evenly over her low level forehead and above the yet black eyebrows; and we all declared, every day of our lives, that Aunt Helen was a beauty. "I used to be," she had replied; "but that's all gone now. I have put my youth behind me."

Perhaps she had. But we young people used to think differently when we saw Mr. Thornton coming up the road, and Aunt Helen's eyes resolutely bent on her work, but her color mounting and mounting, till the reddest rose that ever burned in the sunshine was too so rich. Mr. Thornton saw it too, no doubt, for he always looked and looked intently all the way by. But the truth was—I shall have to tell you all about it if I tell you all about it if I tell you any—that when Aunt Helen was twenty years younger, she and Mr. Thornton were lovers, and she had been lovers ever since they could remember. They had built their house at last, and her wedding dress was made. If she was a beauty he was every inch her mate—I know he was, because he is to-day—one of the men it does you good to see, who look as if they could hold up the world if need be, and inspire you with confidence in their power. Now what in the world do you suppose that, with their house furnished, and cake baked, and a dozen years of intimate affection to bind them Aunt Helen, and Mr. Thornton found to quarrel about? She declared she wouldn't keep him! And he declared that then he wouldn't keep her! That was the whole of it, to confound the statement; one word led to another, and led to more, and finally, in a towering passion himself, he told Aunt Helen that she had better learn to control her temper if she did not want to be a vixen entirely, and poor Aunt Helen took the ring off her finger and laid it on the table without a word and sailed out of the room, and refused to see him when he called in the morning, and sent back his letter unopened, and out the wedding cake and outcome of it on the tea table and sent the rest to the fair. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Thornton might have been right. Exactly one week from that night Mr. Thornton was married to Mary Mayhew, an innocent little body who would have married any body that asked her, and she went into the house that had been furnished according to Aunt Helen's taste; and immediately afterward a hen house of the most fanciful description of architecture, with gilded vases and scarlet chandeliers bristling all over it, rose on the hill behind his house, full of fancy fowl, and the little lawn was all alive with its overflow, and you couldn't go by the place without meeting a flock of crows or partridge Cochins, or white Leghorns, or black Spanish, flying up on each separate piece of fence to crow out Mr. Thornton's triumph—reversing the old tradition of the crower, and crying, "No women rule here!"

They say Mr. Thornton grew very old in a few years. His inefficient little thing of a wife turned out to be a smart tergiversant, who led him a pretty dance. Perhaps she was dissatisfied with her piece of a heart; but then she knew that was all when she took it. He treated her always gently—perhaps feeling he had done her some wrong in marrying her—and gratified her every wish, although, having cared nothing for her in the beginning, it is doubtful if he cared any more for her in the end.

The end came after eighteen years, when Mrs. Thornton was killed in a railroad collision, and her husband was left with four children on his hands, rude, noisy, ill-faring cubs, as all the neighbors said. If Mr. Thornton had ever impatiently chanced to think that his punishment had lasted long enough, he thought now that it was just beginning, when he found himself alone with those children. He wondered that his wife had any temper left at all. He grew more bent, more vexed and worried, every day, and one would hardly have recognized, people said, the dark and splendid Stephen Thornton of his youth in this middle-aged, gray-haired man; and yet, to our eyes, he was still quite a remarkable-looking person—perhaps more so from our associating him with the poetry in Aunt Helen's life, and making him an object of wonder as to whether or not they would ever come together again.

But there was little chance of that. We had met Mr. Thornton else where, but he had never come across our threshold since the day he went out with his bride's ring. And Aunt Helen's peculiarity was that she never forgot. Could she forget the words he spoke to her in his anger? Could she forget his marrying another woman in less than a week? It had been then that her hair had turned white. She suffered inexpressibly; but she kept up a gay face. She would have suffered longer if it had not been for our growing up around her. She had but very little time to be lonely. It gave her happiness, and kept her comely. And then she was too proud; whenever the thought thrust up its head, she shut the lid down, as you may say, and sat on it.

But one day—after the time when the Doctor had said Harry was a hopeless cripple, and must lie on his back the rest of his life—Aunt Helen brought home a little basket from the country fair, and took from within it two of the cunningest mites of chickens you ever laid your eyes on. "I hate them," said she; "they make me crawl; but they will amuse the dear child. They're African bantams." And so they did amuse him and delight him, as he lay on his lounge in the bay window and watched them growing up, full of business. And that was the way, by the way, that we came to have chickens round the front piazza. One night, a year afterward, when the bantams were quite grown people, somebody threw over the fence a pair of big, black Cochins, that stalked about as if the earth was too good to tread on, or as if they were afraid of crushing a bantam with the next step. Of course we knew where the Cochins came from—for nobody else in town had any—but no one said a word. Only it was sport on the next day to peer round the corner and see Aunt Helen, with a piece of bread in her hand, in doubt whether to have anything to do with those fowls or not, twice extending her hands with the crumbs and stretching it back again, and at last making one bold effort, and throwing the whole thing at them and hurrying into the house. But from that moment the ever-hungry Cochins seemed to regard her as their patron saint. She never could appear but what they would come stalking gingerly along to meet her, and at last one even made so bold as to fly up and perch on the back of her chair on the piazza. Of course he was shooed off with vigor—with a little more vigor perhaps because Mr. Thornton had at that moment been passing, and had seen this woman who could never keep her presenting this tableau.

It was two or three days after that that Aunt Helen, coming home at twilight from one of her rambles by the river-bank, was observed to be very nervous and flushed, and looked much as if she had been crying.

"It's all right," said our Ned, who came in shortly after her. "I know all about it. I've been setting my eye traps; and what do you think—she met old Thornton!"

"She did indeed. And what'll you say to that man's cheek? He up and spoke to her!"

"Oh, now, Ned! Before you!"

"Fact. Before me? No indeed; I lay low," said Ned, with a chuckle.

"But, bless you, they wouldn't have been anything of me if they had stood high."

"For shame, Ned! Oh, how could you!" said Aunt Helen.

"Guess you'd have been no better in my place," said the unscrupulous boy. "Out there, that's all. If I

couldn't listen, of course you can't."

"Oh, now, Ned, please!" we all chorused together.

"Well, then. He stood straight before her. 'Helen,' said he, 'have you forgotten me?' and she began to turn white. 'I have had time enough, sir,' said she."

"Oh, you ought not to have staid, Ned!"

"You may find out the rest by your learning," said the offended narrator.

"I should like to know how I was going to leave. Only I'll say this, that if Aunt Helen would marry old Thornton to-day—she wouldn't touch him with a walking stick!"

Tour amazement, on the very next afternoon who should appear at our gate, with his photon and pair, but Mr. Thornton; and who, bonneted and gloved and veiled, should issue from the door to be placed into that photon and drive off with him, but Aunt Helen. Ned chuckled; but the rest of us could do nothing but look and wonder. "Has she gone to be married?" we gasped, and Lilly and Harry began to cry.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Ned in mercy. "He said there'd never been a day since he left her that he hadn't longed for what he threw away."

"Oh, how wicked!"

"She told him so, very quietly and severely—I tell you Aunt Helen can be severe—and to be silent on that point. 'Forever' said he. 'And ever' said she. 'It is impossible,' said he. And then he went over, one by one, a dozen different days, scenes when they were young; and ever a fellow felt mean, I was that fellow."

"I should think you would be," we cried, with one accord.

"Now look here," said Ned; "if you want to hear the rest, you must keep that sort of remark to yourself. It was too late for me to show myself anyway. And I'll be blamed if I say another word if you don't every one acknowledge you'd have done just as I did."

"Oh, Ned, do tell the whole, that's a good boy!"

"Well, she just began to cry—I never saw Aunt Helen cry before. And then it seemed as if he would go distracted; and he begged her not to cry, and she cried the more; and he begged her to marry him out of hand, and she shook her head; he implored her, by their old love, he said, and she wiped her eyes and looked at him, and gave a laugh—a hateful laugh. 'Our old love!' said she. 'Then,' said he, 'if you will not for my sake, nor for your own sake, nor for the sake of our old love, marry me for the sake of the motherless children who need you more than children ever needed a mother yet, and who—who are driving me crazy?' And then Aunt Helen laughed in earnest, a good, sweet, ringing peal; and the long and the short of it is that she drove up to the Thornton house to-day, to look at the cubs, and see what she thinks of them. May be she'll bring them down here—she's great on missionary workings, you know."

"Well, I declare," was the final chorus. And we sat in silence for a good half hour; and by the time our tongues were running again, Aunt Helen had returned, and Mr. Thornton had come in with her and had sat down on the piazza step at her feet, but not at all with the air of an accepted lover—more like a tenant of Mohammed's coffin, we thought. As I began to tell you, we were all sitting and swaying there when Aunt Helen exclaimed about its being a scene of domestic comfort. As she sat down, the big Cochins came to meet her, and Aunt Helen threw her a bit of cracker.

"Where's your husband?" said she to the hen.

"There he is," said Ned, "he has been alone in that corner of the grass the whole day, calling and clucking and inviting company; but the rest haven't paid the least attention to him, and are picking down among the cannies."

"He's been down there twice," said Harry, "and tried to whip the little bantam, but it was a drawn battle."

"Well, he ought to have a little vacation, and scratch for himself a while," said Aunt Helen. "He has picked and scratched for his summer the most faithful way all summer."

"And so's the banty," said Ned.

"It's the best; he's taken as much care of the chickens as the hen has; and never went to roost while his hen was setting, but sat down in the hay beside her every night."

"A model spouse," said Aunt Helen.

"They are almost human," said Mr. Thornton. And so we sat and

talked till the tea bell rang, for Mr. Thornton was going to stay to tea, he boldly told us; and we saw that he meant to get the young people on his side by the way he began to talk to Ned about fishing; but when he got to eel traps, Ned's face was red, and he blessed the tea bell. However, Mr. Thornton might have found that it wasn't so easy to range the young people on his side if he had made a long-continued effort. We enjoyed a romance under our eyes, but we had no sort of notion of his taking Aunt Helen away.

We were just coming out from tea, and were patrolling the sunset a little, which was uncommonly fine, and I thought I half never seen Aunt Helen looking like such a beauty, with that rich light overlying her like a rosy bloom, when John came hastening up.

"I just want you all to step inside the barn door with me, if you please, ma'am," said he. And we went after him to be greeted by the sweet smell of the new-mown hay, and to be gilded by the one great broad sunbeam swimming full of glory of motes from door to door. "Do you see that?" said John. It was a flock of the hens and chickens on their customary roosts. "And now do you see that?" said he; and he turned about and showed us, on the top rail of the pony's manger, the big black Cochins also gone to roost, but separately—and his wife beside him? No, but little Mrs. Bantam!

"That's who he has been clucking and calling to this whole afternoon, the wretch!" cried Ned.

"And now look here," said John; and we followed him into the harness-room, where the chickens chanced to be hatched, and there, in the straw on the floor, sat the disconsolate bantam rooster, all alone, with his wings spread and his feathers puffed out, brooding his four little chickens under his wings—the four little chickens deserted by their mother.

"I declare I declare!" cried Aunt Helen, as we came out into the great motly sunbeam again: "the times are so depraved that I'm almost reached the barn-yard. The poor little banty and his brood! Why, it's as bad as the forsaken merman."

"Only not so poetical," said we.

"Helen," said Mr. Thornton, "it is exactly my condition. Are you going to have pity for that bird, and none for me? Are you going to leave me at my fate?" And in a moment, right before us all, as the moon in the great red sunbeam, Mr. Thornton put his arms around Aunt Helen, who, growing rozier, either from the sunbeam or something else, could do nothing at last but lift her face. "Helen," he said, "you are certainly coming home with me!" And Aunt Helen did not say no.

WHY THINGS OCCUR LATER EACH DAY.—As the moon revolves around the earth from west to east, says Professor Randolph, she advances eastwardly in her orbit about thirteen degrees every twenty-four hours. Hence, when any part of the heavens where the moon is seen in the evening, the moon is not there, but has gone eastward thirteen degrees, and therefore the earth must turn on its axis as much longer as is necessary to bring that part again under the moon, which requires generally, not many, about fifteen minutes. The same thing occurs the next evening, and the evening after, and thus the moon rises more of the year about fifty minutes later each day. Now, as the tides are produced mainly by the moon, in will at once be seen from the eastward movement and this later rising each day, why the tide must occur about fifteen minutes later each succeeding day. While the lunar tide is thus daily lagging, the solar tide occurs at the same time. Hence these two tides always begin to separate far the new moon, being further apart each day, until they again coincide at full moon, when there is, as already stated, a higher tide than usual, called spring tide. Then again they separate, until new moon occurs, when they once more unite, producing another spring tide. It must not be supposed that the whole body of the ocean to its profoundest depths is equally moved by the tides. The tides are mainly superficial, and, except where the water is of moderate depth, the stream is the result of other causes than those which produce the tides. It is not so easy to estimate the depths of the tidal currents by its own.

MAGARIE BLANCHETTE who, by firing his house, in St. Hyacinthe, on Sept. 3rd, destroyed nearly the whole town, was, last week, found guilty, and wept like a child; his mother was the strongest witness against him.

### Hanging a Murderer—a Heinous Scene.

From the London Mail.

CAMBRIDGE, Thursday.—The efforts which have been made for the extension of the prerogative of mercy to the prisoner, Robert Browning, who was sentenced to death for the murder of a girl named Rolfe, having proved futile, the extreme punishment allowed by law was carried out this morning in the county jail. When I arrived at the jail at halfpast seven preparations were being made for carrying out the sentence, two men being occupied in digging a grave in the shrubbery where the prisoner was to be buried, and in making a hole beneath the scaffold to allow for the drop. Marwood was adjusting the fatal rope, and in reply to a question from I put to him, he said it was a new one, and had only been used once before. By eight o'clock all was ready, and the bell began to toll. The chaplain then came out from the prison solemnly reading a short burial service. He was followed by the culprit and some of the prison officials. The prisoner breathed heavily as he ascended the scaffold, and had to be assisted by the officials. His legs were then pinned by Marwood, and a white linen cap drawn over his face.

The rope was then placed about the culprit's neck. The chaplain continued slowly reading the burial service, and when he came to the words, "In the midst of life we are in death," he repeated them slowly, and immediately afterward the bolt was drawn, and the culprit dropped into the pit which had been dug for him. The drop was six feet ten inches, and in falling the prisoner's neck was broken, preventing an awful sight to the spectators. The cap came off the face and rendered the scene more ghastly. The criminal did not, however, suffer much, as death was instantaneous. After the culprit had hung the usual time he was cut down, and an inquest held. He was buried in the shrubbery. Browning made a full confession, in which he admitted his guilt.

Mayfair, the new London weekly, the contrasts Gladstone and Disraeli: Lord Beaconsfield has abandoned the few testaceous chains, the resplendent waistcoats and the various coats with which he was in times past wont to flaunt an astonished onlooker. But he is scrupulously neat in his dress, and at times sports the festive bouquet. He has small, white, pump hands which are a great comfort to him at critical epochs, when the political sky is overcast, and Mr. Jenkins is denouncing him from the corner seat of the gangway of poster for his eyes on the white pumpness of his hands, turning them over tenderly from side to side, and feels that all is not lost yet. Mr. Gladstone has a long brown nervous hand as befits a workman, and he agitates their unvoluntarily of form by wearing principal gloves of a size and a half too large. The right honorable gentleman would certainly admire the beauty of the human hand if displayed in statuary or painting, or possibly, though this conjecture is advanced with diffidence by a writer at a distance, the end of the arm of a man is for Mr. Gladstone simply a piece of machinery to do work with, to feel trees, or to hold the pen that produces pamphlets."

REMARKABLE WILD BOAR HUNT.—An extraordinary wild boar hunt is reported from the Vosges. A party of amateur Nimrods were out shooting sparrows in the wood of Harreville when they suddenly came across a fine old tusky boar, which they tried to kill with grape-shot, but of course failed. However, touch as the old fellow was, the wounds he received exasperated him, and he charged the gallant sportsmen, scattering them right and left. He then darted out of the wood, dashed into the river, and paid a visit to the neighboring village, followed by the aforesaid Nimrods, who had recovered from their fright, and were now eager for the fray. The good people of the village all turned out with pit choruses and crowbars, and the gentlemen were sent for, but the boar objected to try his conclusions with such a formidable army, and at once jumped right through the window of a cottage, where he smashed all the furniture and then escaped by a back window into another wood, leaving sportsmen, villagers, and gentlemen looking at one another with shame and confusion.

Capt. James B. Fads, who is about to receive an installment of \$300,000 for his work of opening the mouth of the Mississippi, is in his fifty-seventh year, and a native of Lawrenceburg, Ind. At a very early age he evinced a strong taste for machinery, and at eleven constructed without any instruction a miniature engine that worked perfectly with steam. He has struggled upward to the possession of a large private fortune, excellent health and thoroughly American taste, passing such grades as apple peddler, clerk, Mississippi wrecker, proprietor of the first glass blowing establishment in the West, and builder of twenty-seven iron-clad and mortar boats.

A young woman in Rochester N. Y., has sued for damages a man who kissed her. A man who can't kiss a woman without damaging her ought to pay for his awkwardness.

### Business Cards.

L. B. BOTTORF, M. D.

Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.

Residence: --- at Mr. Robert Bell's.

Sackville, July 20, 1876.—Gm

H. S. & T. W. BELL,

Soap Manufacturers. --- Shediac, N. B.

The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,

Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, &c.

Office: --- in the building of H. B. Allison, Esq., opposite the Banking Office of M. Wood & Sons, SACKVILLE, --- N. B.

A. E. OULTON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

Office: --- A. L. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. D. KNAPP, M. D.

Physician & Accoucheur.

May be consulted at the residence situated opposite the store of Mr. John Bell, Sackville.

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical Instruments,

Paper Hangers, School Books, Stationery, &c.

THOMAS H. HALL.

G. H. VENNING,

Clock and Watch Maker.

I BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. Jewellery neatly repaired. ap26 G. H. V.

POUGLEY, CRAWFORD & PUGLEY,

Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,

90 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

G. B. Pugsley, J. H. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr.

THOMPSON'S

Steam Power Paint and Color Works,

White Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Colors of all Shades.

Factory, 69—Office and Sample Rooms, 73 Prince Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS.

Price Lists on Application.

Dental Notice.

Dr. Anderson, Dentist,

Will return to Sackville next week where he expects to remain permanently from date. He guarantees satisfaction at moderate charges. Sackville, Sept. 28th, 1876.—Gf

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,

Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,

(Consulate of the Netherlands.)

(Consulate of Austria and Hungary.)

No. 127 WALNUT STREET,

L. WESTERGAARD, Philadelphia, July 24

CHARLES R. SMITH,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. --- N. B.

Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

George Nixon,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

PAPER HANGING,

Brushes and Window Glass.

KING ST. --- ST. JOHN, N. B.

Barber and Hair Dresser.

Hair Shaving, Cutting, Dyeing, Shampooing, &c., &c.

Special attention paid to Hair that is weak and falling out.

Tuesday Afternoons is for Ladies.

Razors honed. Wigs made to order.

C. L. MEALEY,

Opposite Brunswick House.

Marble & Freestone Works.

P. HAGAN,

(Successor to H. J. MacGowan)

DORCHESTER, N. B.

All kinds of Monumental Work,

Executed at the most reasonable prices.

VICTORIA

STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.

Waterloo St. St. John, N. B.

We call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of FINE CONFECTIONERY. Wholesale only.

J. R. WOODBURN & CO.,

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.

J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KERR.

JOB WORK,

In all its Branches executed at reasonable rates at this Office.

### Business Cards.

PIANOFORTES.

CABINET ORGANS, &c.

G. FLOOD,

(Waverly House) King St., St. John.

KEEPS constantly on hand PIANOFORTES and ORGANS from the leading manufacturers in the United States.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Catalogues forwarded, and all other information on application.

Instruments sold payable by instalments or exchanged.

Orders for Tuning and Repairing attended to with despatch. tf-july3

MARBLE

AND

WORKS.

H. J. McGRATH,

Dorchester, N. B.

PARTIES desiring erecting Monuments or Tombstones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of American & Italian Marbles.

We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. sp17

SAWS! SAWS!

ALEXANDRA

WORKS.

Saw Factory,

Corner of North and Georges Streets, St. John.

J. F. LAWTON,

Proprietor.

may26

GEO. CONNERS,

Manufacturer & Builder,

Petticoilac, N. B.

Estimates made of Buildings

Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished.

All kinds of planing and sawing executed at the shortest notice.

The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

NEW BRUNSWICK

PARLOR & VESTRY

Organ Manufactory.

PETITCODIAC, N. B.

CABINET ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand. All Instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to cash customers. may10 WM. MURPHY, Proprietor

Clothing, Made and Trimmed

In the Latest Styles, and at the Lowest Living Prices.

Parties furnishing their own material will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.