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Literature.

The Lady of the Norway Lake.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Traveling in Norway is even still not much like traveling in any other country supposed to be civilized; and at the time young Adrian Fyfe was making his way into the interior of the country, now several years ago, it was still more *outré* than at present, when the current of fashionable holiday-making begins to set that way; and threatens to make the wildest gorge of the Norse Mountains as familiar to the cockney, the Frenchwoman, and the American as Chamouni or Zermatt. Adrian Fyfe was a young New Englander, of late residing in New York, skilled in mines and their engineering; and he had come all the way to "Norway or the fæm" for the purpose of "prospecting," if one may use that word, in the interest of a company of enterprising speculators anxious to risk their money on Norse minerals. Through the interior of Norway the traveler journeys along in a light, small carriage called a *skibule*, which is only adapted practically to carry one person, although your guide, a servant or driver does actually have a sort of place to cling on to, holding by his eyelids, say this accompany you on your way. It is a pleasant mode of traveling enough for the tourist who is hardy, can rough it a little, and can enjoy bright, bracing air, magnificent scenery, and for hours together almost unbroken solitude. At certain distances along every highway are what may be called stations—*vias* is to say, houses, very often farm-houses—where travelers of horses are supplied to the passing traveler. Adrian Fyfe was spinning along very briskly this day we speak of. The weather was fine; the air was delicious; the road ran by roaring streams and cascades, under the shadows of mountains, less huge indeed than the Alps, but hardly less picturesque; He smoked his *meerschaum*; kept his eyes and his mind open for observation and enjoyment, and was, indeed, very happy. Adrian Fyfe was one of those fortunate people to whom the mere sense of existence, and rapid motion in the clear air, are all-sufficient for happiness.

Needless to say that he did not speak two words of Norwegian. No race of persons on earth contrive to travel so much, and know so little of the languages of the countries they pass through, as Americans. Indeed, the matter never seems to trouble them at all; they do not appear to be aware that there is anything difficult whatever in starting on a long journey through the least frequented part of a country they never saw before, and of whose language they don't know a syllable. *Ipso facto* they are right. At all events, they manage to do it pretty often. Indeed, an American friend who goes up and down the world more often than most people, soberly argued once with me that there would be no use whatever in his troubling himself to learn languages. His argument was plausible. He was always travelling, he said, and in all manner of countries. As he was not a Mezzofanti, he could not possibly learn the languages of all, or half a quarter of them; and what would be the use of his worrying himself about two or three languages? They don't speak French in Japan; the language of Schiller is thrown away on the Egyptian fellah; and what avails it to try Italian on the Digger Indian or the Esquimaux? No; the true plan, he conceivably declared, is to stick to your own language, and not bother.

Adrian Fyfe was not quite so self-reliant as all this, and he did actually speak French well enough, and German not well enough. Neither compliments, however, was of much avail in the quandary wherein he now suddenly found himself plunged. At the last station he had got a new companion—a solid and

stolid young Norseman—to act as driver and guide. Few words and not many signs had been employed by Adrian at the house while the new relay of horses was being supplied. The man who had accompanied him up to that point was going no further; the solid and stolid young Norseman just spoken of took his place, and the cariole bowled along again. The journey was delightful; and so long as there was but one road to be seen, and that lay in a valley between a double range of mountains, there was no mere possibility of losing one's way than on the pass of the *Tête Noire*, in Switzerland. But after a while the road forked away into two, nay, into three distinct branches—one leading right, one left, and the third going straight onward. Now were the two diverging ways mere paths which the traveler might confidently ignore. They were genuine roads, not paths, quite as broad as the road on which the cariole now rolled, or, rather, halted. Each of the three ways obviously led somewhere. The question was, which way was Adrian's? That was just the question Adrian could not answer.

The young Norseman looked at Adrian inquiringly. His countenance was not remarkably expressive, but still it conveyed clearly enough the simple and natural interrogative, "which way?" The Norseman had no difficulty in understanding the answer given by Adrian's look of surprise, and impatient shake of the head. These testimonies said plainly enough "I don't know anything about it—isn't it your place to know?" Then the hardy Norseman talked a great deal of Norse, and Fyfe talked a great deal of German, and still more of the language of New England. The eloquence on both sides did not seem to advance matters; and the cariole stood still.

Then the Norseman pointed along one road, and uttered, slowly and with interrogative expression, a single word, pointed along the second road, and spoke a different word; along the third road, and intoned a third word—evidently the names of places to which the roads led; and he wanted to know which of the three the American wished to go to. His difficulty was not that he was ignorant of the way to any particular place, but that he did not know to what place he was expected to conduct his foreign charge.

And now came the most original and perplexing part of the business. None of the sounds pronounced by the Norseman resembled the sound of the place to which Adrian was bound, and that name he had utterly forgotten! The Norseman previously in charge of our puzzled young kinsman where the latter wanted to go, but he had not said anything about it to the Norseman now in possession, assuming of course, that Adrian would tell him. So the present Norseman was ready to drive whithersoever he was bidden, but the difficulty was that Adrian was utterly unable to say where it was his business, or pleasure to go.

The pair looked at each other, talked to, or at each other, sometimes smiled perplexedly upon each other; but they could not mend matters thus. The hardy and asked fact remained that Adrian could not remember the name of the place he was anxious to go to. Ingenious travelers, in such a dilemma—at least such travellers as are reads in books—usually make a drawing of hieroglyph of some kind on the sand, or the snow, or the rock, as case may be; and the other party at once understands the meaning of this—sees it at a glance, in fact, and so all is right. I doubt whether any craft in picture drawing could have helped Adrian out of his fix. He wanted to find a certain village—name forgotten—where lived an Englishman—name unknown—whom he was recommended to seek out as a person who was believed to have temporarily settled in that village for the purpose of studying the min-

eral resources of the place. Make me a picture of that! Adrian did not attempt any such impromptu work of art. He soon made up his mind to the clear fact that it was necessary to do something promptly. He might have gone back to the station they had left; but men of his race don't readily think of retreating; and he had no notion of sneaking back and exhibiting himself as a ridiculous blunderer. Onward, somewhere, he would go. Any road must lead to a village, and any village must contain some body who could understand Latin or French or German. So he glanced along the three roads, and promptly decided for that one which, striking away to the left, seemed to go deepest among the mountains. Such a path would be most likely, he thought, to lead him to the person he sought. He pointed decisively that way. The hardy Norseman seemed a little surprised, but Adrian again indicated his choice of roads, and this time with a somewhat impatient gesture, and the cariole went quickly on.

The way grew more and more beautiful, and, if possible, more lonely. The traveler went on for miles without seeing a human figure. At last, as the cariole crawled up to the top of a very steep elevation, Adrian saw a valley beneath him, and in the wonderfully clear, rarefied atmosphere could discern the smoke of what must be a farm-village. As the cariole descended the hill he found that between him and the smoke lay a broad, bright lake, or tarn, around the margin of which the road had to wind. When a little nearer to the lake Adrian saw a little boat just putting off from the near shore, and by a sudden impulse he broke into a loud halloo. There was, at least, a chance that whoever was in the boat, might be able to assist him out of his difficulty. The boat stopped. Adrian leaped out of the cariole, and ran down to the margin of the pool; and then he saw that there was only one person in the boat, and that that person was a woman. He doubted whether Adrian had read "The Lady of the Lake." If he had, the scene before him might have reminded him of Lock Katrie, and Ellen Douglas in her skill.

The girl, who now rested on her oars to hear what our hero had to say, was fair-haired, bright-checked, blue-eyed. She was dressed in costume hardly more pretentious than that of an ordinary Norwegian peasant lass; but her hands were not those of a peasant, nor did her look and manner, even now as she waited silently, seem to belong to the peasant class.

Adrian took off his hat, and she bowed quite a civilized bow. It might have been a greeting in Madison Avenue, New York. "Do you speak German, madam?" our hero began, in that language. "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "I can speak German tolerably well, *zweidlich gut*; but surely you are not a German?" "No, madam" (still in the same language), "I am an American."

"Then why don't you speak English?" This was said in the purest English, and with a bright, glad, and welcoming smile. It was all Adrian could do to keep himself from leaping into the boat and embracing her. Certainly, as she now looked up at him, with her sweet smile, her white teeth, her beaming eyes, her sunny hair, she was pretty enough to have tempted any one to such a demonstration. But it was not her youth, or her beauty which aroused in Adrian Fyfe, the pardonable impulse. His delight, his gratitude, sprang from the fact that she could speak English. Had she been the homeliest old crone in the region, his affectionate emotions would have been as ardent—well, almost as ardent.

Meteorological Observations.

General Myer, the chief signal-officer, to whose care the weather-telegram and storm-forecasting system was assigned, informs us that he has been making arrangements with the telegraph lines for increasing the number of points at which synchronous atmo-theric observations are daily taken and forwarded to Washington. He hopes to be able ere long to receive reports from between seventy and eighty places, instead of thirty-two, the present number. When this is done, he is confident the weather can be foretold with great certainty. The accuracy of the forecasts now furnished by Gen. Myer's department, are alike surprising and gratifying. Day after day the prognostications are wholly or partially verified, until the people are coming to look for them with an interest which accompanies faith. Judging from what has already been demonstrated, we see no reason why Gen. Myer's most sanguine hopes and expectations may not be fully realized.

In England, seventy-three per cent of the "storm warnings" have proved correct, while the ratio has been still greater in France. Commodore Murray has demonstrated in a recent magazine article, that meteorologically the United States is most probably far more so than either of these two countries, and that no storm can strike any part of our vast continent "before every other part may be notified of the danger." The corps of observers employed by Gen. Myer were put to work after a hurried case of study and training. They, together with others selected, are daily increasing in experience and skill. The instruments used are also being improved, thereby permitting of more accurate observations being made. These, together with other causes, afford strong hopes for believing that the day is not far distant when storms can be heralded in advance from Washington with almost unerring certainty. The benefits which will result therefrom, it is impossible to overestimate. Hundreds of lives, and millions of property will be annually saved.—Congressman Paine, informs Captain Hoagate, under whose immediate supervision observations are recorded and published, that a vessel with a cargo valued at over a million of dollars, recently delayed her departure from Milwaukee because a storm was predicted by the Signal Service bulletin. Two vessels, which disregarded the forecast, and left port, encountered a severe storm at the time named in the bulletin, and were lost. Many similar instances might be narrated.

It is computed that there are nearly two thousand vessels employed on our inland lakes alone; add to these the water craft which ply up and down our sea coast, or maintain a traffic with adjoining islands or other countries, and we can obtain some idea of the extensive interests which will be benefited and protected by the weather bulletins. The latter will in time be conspicuously displayed in all the coasts and lake cities, so that ship owners and sailors can provide against many of the storms so destructive to life and property, by remaining in port until a fair sea and smooth sailing are guaranteed.

The lessening of the risks of shipping will naturally diminish insurance premiums, and so reduce other expenditures as to warrant a reduction in the rates for passengers and freight. The statistics of the Lake Boards of Trade prove that owing to the heavy risks they incur during the winter, and equivalent rates, their tariffs are now nearly doubled for the transportation of every product of the farmer, the mechanic, and the merchant. These risks partially or wholly removed by weather forecasts, freight, as we before observed, will be of grain which, owing to high freights, are yearly held back at Western centers, producing a glut, and causing stagnation in Western markets, will come forward more freely. Thus it is that the benefits of the weather observations may extend directly to the farmer, enabling him to realize more profit from his crops. They may, furthermore, be of signal advantage to him in preparing his lands for these crops, and in sowing, cultivating, and harvesting them.

We might allude to the advantages which mankind generally will derive from a knowledge of what the weather is to be during several succeeding hours or days. But they will readily suggest themselves to the reader.—*Health and Home.*

A Dead Line and its Meaning.

In the exact centre of the Niagara Suspension Bridge is a mark familiarly known by the habitues of that neighborhood as the "dead line," across which, to certain unfortunate, is almost sure danger to pass.—The line is supposed to divide the jurisdiction of the United States from that of the Dominion of Canada. Although in reality the bridge itself is neutral ground, yet custom's laws give the line imaginary dangerous qualities. On the bridge at almost any time may be seen loitering, to all appearances being common tourists, or perhaps, dwellers in the vicinity of the structure. These individuals, if they are closely watched, it will be seen, do not cross the entire length of the bridge, but stop at or about the "dead line," and converse with others a little distance off on the other side. The men are debtors of either one or the other country, who through immediate necessities, or the dread of sheriff's officers, have been obliged to step across into the other country, and await a settlement with their creditors, or for "something to turn up." On Sundays, when civil law fore-bids is void, these country-made a point of visiting their native land, and many are the tricks played to keep them there until the arrival of the Monday. If a quarrel can be picked with one of them at all it is done by some bold bird for the purpose, and then both are arrested and locked up for a hearing. If he drives out some distance into the country, his horse is lamed, his wagon lynch-pin moved, or his harness cut. Often times an unlicked might is thus entrapped—but goes rilly, if liquor is avoided, the debt or mortgage is secured, and the plaintiff for him to walk out.

As a consequence he gets careless and is more easily caught. He will cross the dead line and walk boldly up to the other end of the bridge, confident that he can retrace his steps in time to avoid capture. One thus careless, a fine artist in Scotchman, and a perfect athlete, was accustomed to boast of his strength; but one day he was found nearly wanting. He was a fugitive from Canada, where he owed large sums; but having money to live upon, he preferred, in a careless and dare-devil way to live close to his heels, instead of moving further back in the States.

He was accustomed to walk to the Canada end of the bridge, where he would chat with the officers there on duty. A Canada Sheriff determined to capture him. Disguising himself and an assistant in woman's dress, they came on the bridge at the American side, and approached their captive, being between him and freedom. At last they were close upon him, and the Sheriff, placing his hand on the debtor's shoulder, proclaimed him his prisoner. The athlete, however, was too much for the law.—Springing to his feet he struck out right and left, flooring his would-be captors, made for the dead line at full speed. He crossed it in safety, and immediately for the Sheriff, the full bill responsible for the debts of his late prisoner, as he had allowed him to escape after proclaiming him his prisoner. The debt had, therefore, to be paid by the Sheriff, and he laid his plans for vengeance.

The Scotchman was very confident, but he was not so sure of himself off a new plan was laid for his capture. Along the bridge were stationed at that time large hog-scalds filled with water, for use in case of fire, and the Canadian Sheriff managed to obtain leave to empty several of these and place them therein. The debtor one day sauntered by these vats, and approached the Canadian end. In a few minutes, turning his head, he saw his captors in a line across the bridge, coming down upon him, and yielding to the inevitable, he surrendered, and finally paid up his debts.

The devices used by the British soldiers to desert are many. Late-ly a man appeared wheedling a barrel of flour. On reaching the United States side, the head of the barrel was knocked in, and a deserter from the British ranks was released from his close captivity.

Air—Pure Air.

What a blessing! Unspeakable! Whatever thou takest from us, O spare us this one, choice gift of Heaven—one of Heaven's best earthly blessings. We rather shiver with cold, beneath the peltings of snow, hail, rain, accompanied with the thunder's crash and lightning's flash, than to be penned up in a house, church, or lecture-room, with a crowded audience, and an impure, dense, heated atmosphere. Death by suffocation is awful! And of this terrible truth we give the following impressive illustration:—The death of the new-born infants between the ages of 4 and 15 years, which, in the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, amounted in the course of four years to 2,944 out of 4,659 births, were suddenly reduced to only 279 deaths during the same period, after a new system of ventilation had been adopted. Thus more than 2,660 deaths, or one in every 3 births, must be attributed to bad ventilation. Surely, nothing more is needed to convince the least educated, that per ventilation—a constant supply of fresh air, is essential to the preservation of health and life.

O, how cruel to life, how shocking to comfort, are those closed doors and closed windows, in a place where a thousand impurities are constantly emanating, and not a particle of pure, fresh air to vivify it! How earnestly for years, have teachers, physicians and ministers been besought to open their eyes on this subject.—Hear the word of life, benevolently pray, preach, or hear comfortably or savingly in the hold of a slave—or of the black hole of Calcutta? Surely this plotting to destroy the good influence of the prayer and lecture room, the sanctuary, and ruin body, mind and soul, proceeds from the evil one, a far from the beginning.

Some wandering journal's heard in a sermon an anecdote of an old merchant who instructed his clerks:—When a man comes into the store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar. It was a smart merchant who said that, and an equally smart minister who knew that it was worth preaching, and was not afraid to say it from the pulpit. The late Rev. Dr. Beattie once entered the crowded cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, and while looking about for a seat, suddenly heard himself addressed by name. Turning round he found a man standing who said, "Doctor, take my seat; it is an honor to give such a man a seat. Ever since I heard of that big church in New York, trying to get you away, by giving a call of \$5,000, and you said you'd see me d— first, I have had great respect for you, and I think it an honor to give you a seat."

Too Sensible and too Sensitive. In answer to the charge of cowardice which English and German correspondents bring against the French troops, the London "Standard" shows that the latter, without any loss of personal bravery, have experienced an alteration in their daily habits of thought. "I have become at once too sensible and too sensitive," and are laboring under an attack of "the spirit of calculation." This, says the "New York Sun," seems like hearing the devil around a stump, and reminds one of the anecdote which Tynone Power, the actor, used to relate. Passing in a stage coach over the field of Balaclava, near Washington, where the Maryland militia were ignominiously defeated by Gen. Ross's British troops in 1814, he asked the driver why the Americans, having such advantages of position, ran away almost before the battle had commenced. "Well," replied the driver confidentially, "you see they didn't seem to take no interest in it. Perhaps this has been the trouble with the French."

Good Mr. Smeake had been talking to little Calvin in Sunday-school, about the evils which result from the use of tobacco, and told him, when he was a little boy, he had met a gentleman in the street with a cigar in his mouth, and had asked him to throw it away, and how the gentleman said, "My boy, you have taught me a lesson, and never smoked again. So little Calvin tried it. He asked the first man he met to "please throw away that nasty cigar." But he wasn't on the throw, and all he said was, "I'll learn you manners, you little fool, you," and he cuffed little Calvin's ears until his nose bled. So little Calvin thinks things are changed since Mr. Smeake was young.

How Ladies Should Kiss!

Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it as in the faces and manners of the sex. Some delicate little creatures merely give a brush of the lip. This is a sad aggravation. We seem about to have a good time but actually get nothing. Others go into it like an angry man into a beef-steak, and seem to chew up our countenances. This is disgusting, and drives a delicate lover always. Others struggle like hogs burying themselves in the dirt. This is won by great exertions, and is not worth the trouble it costs. Now, we are in favor of a certain shyness, when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it, let her administer it with warmth and energy—let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes and sighs deeply, immediately after it the effect is gratifying. She should be careful not to "slop" but give it as a hummingbird gives his bill into a honey-suckle, deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the poetry of the receive of in our youth, which lasted us twenty-five years; and we believe it will be the last thing we shall think of when we die.

How happy could he be with Esther.

The "Devil's Case."—A resident of St. John, who would make a capital subject for Brigham Young, has during the past few years, lived alternately with his wife and wife's sister. A few days ago the latter and our gay Lotario made up their minds for a cruise, the lady engaging to meet the false one at Fredericton. The wife getting wind of the elopement came up in the same boat with her sister, keeping dark until they reached the wharf, and then seeing the signal word, she pitched in savagely, hitting square on the shoulder. The sister showed fight, clonned down in all directions, blood flowed freely, and for some time they fought as fiercely as two lawyers. They were separated at last, and then they both went for the gallant, who, however, during the first round had prudently sought safety in flight. The ladies returned to St. John sadder but wiser women. But you trust in sisters.—*Prolegomena to poetry.*

Mixing with Strangers.

The effect of mixing with strangers who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is very salutary.—Always to see the same people, do the same things, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of taxpayers who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only for a short time, to mix with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it comes in its accustomed rounds.—And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change—to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life. Outside influences are very valuable to those who at home have been trained by healthful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pit-falls into which those who go blindly often fall.

How to Quit Swearing.

A story is told of a citizen of Danbury, Connecticut, who was broken of the wretched habit of swearing in a novel manner. He was an inveterate curser and grumbler. At every meal he neglected a blessing, and swore at every thing, from the gravy to the teapot. His oaths discolored the napkins, soiled the bread, and curried the milk. He wife, a woman who evidently believed the hair of a dog would cure the bite, stood this unseasonably until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. One morning he was unusually cross and profane, and was about to take a fresh start at something else, when his wife suddenly broke out with a series of oaths, got their minds and hearts set up and leave his chair as though some one had introduced a pin between the cushions. As soon as she ceased, he breathlessly reminded: "Well, I swear, if it has got so you can swear, it is time I quit."—*Ed. L. Ed.*