



# CHIGNECTO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 in Advance  
or \$1.50 if charged.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL, 11, 1872.

No. 49.—Whole No. 101.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**SAWS! SAWS!**

**ALEXANDRA  
WORKS**

**Saw Factory,**

Corner of North and George Streets, St. John.

**J. F. LAWTON,**

Proprietor.

**Geo. Robertson,**

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

Importer,

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER**

Teas, Sugars, Coffees, Molasses &c.,  
&c., &c.

**HOLSTED & BORDEN,**

**Barristers & Attorneys,**

Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.,  
&c., &c.

**MONCTON, N. B.**

**C. A. Holstad. R. A. Borden.**

**Albert J. Hickman,**

**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**

OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,  
Dorchester, N. B.

may 12

**Paints. Paints.**

**THOMPSON'S**

**White Lead, Zinc Paint,**

**PAINT MANUFACTORY,**

69 PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale Only.

oct 5

**Besnard & Co.,**

**Real Estate and Money**

**BROKERS,**

Princess street, - St. John, N. B.

Farms and houses to let and for sale.  
Bonds, mortgages and other securities  
bought and sold.

ly-sep 22

**D. R. McELMON,**

**Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,**

**AMHERST, N. S.**

CONTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assort-  
ment of

**Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.**

Agent at this place for the Celebrated  
**BADOLLET WATCHES.**

Repairing done with neatness and des-  
patch.

SHOP DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE  
BAPTIST Church

**George Nixon,**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN**

**PAPER HANGINGS,**

**Brushes and Window Glass.**

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nov 24—ly

**HARRISON & BURBIDGE,**

**Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,**

**NOTARIES, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.**

OFFICE—No. 4 Ritchie's Building.

Princess st. - - St. John, N. B.

L. R. HARRISON,  
G. W. BURBIDGE.

aug 3

**Thos. R. Jones,**

**IMPORTER OF**

**British and Foreign Dry Goods,**

**CLOTHING, HAT, CAPS, &c.**

**10 KING STREET.**

aug 23

**CURRIE & LORD,**

**Confectioners,**

**AND**

**FINE BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS;**

45 Dock St. & 81 King street, St. John.

We beg to inform our friends and the  
public generally that we have on hand our  
usual large and varied assortment of  
**Pure Confectionery!**

## Poetry.

### The Idyl of Battle Hollow

(WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1864.)

No, I won't—thar now, so! And it ain't  
nothin'—no!

And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer  
don't know.

And it's "Belle, tell us, do!" and it's  
"Belle, is it true?"

And it's "Wot's this yer yarn of the Major  
and you?"

Till I'm sick of it all—so I am, but I  
'spose

That is nuthin' to you \* \* Well, then,  
listen 'yer goes:

It was after the fight, and around us all  
night

Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful  
sight:

And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chloe  
was dead;

And Pinky and Milly were hid in the  
shed;

And I ran out at daybreak, and nothin' was  
left;

But the growlin' of cannon low down in  
the sky.

And I saw not a thing, as I ran to the  
"spring."

But a splintered fence-rail and a broken-  
down swing,

And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a  
tree.

As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;  
And I filled up my pail and was risin' to  
go.

When I comes the Major, a canterin'  
slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and  
then threw

On the gate post his bridle, and—what does  
he do?

But come down where I sat, and he lifted  
his hat.

And he says—well, thar ain't any need to  
tell thar!

"Twas some foolishness, sure, but it  
mounted to this,

That he asked for a drink, and he wanted  
—a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad,) "For the water,  
my lad,

You're too big, and must stoop; for a kiss,  
it's as bad—

You ain't near big enough." And I turned  
in a huff.

When that Major he laid his white hand  
on my cuff.

And he says, "You're a trump! Take my  
pistol, don't fear!

But shoot the next man that insults you,  
my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet  
and cool,

Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like  
a fool.

When thar flashed on my sight a quick  
glimmer of light

From the top of the little stone fence on  
the right,

And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it  
all

Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Chero-  
kee!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment  
of the head

Of the Major was lifted, the Major was  
dead:

And I stood still and white, but Lord!

Of my care, that durned pistol went off in  
my right!

Went off—true as Gospel!—and stranger of  
all

It actually injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all—now, go long. Yes, some  
folks thinks it's wrong:

And thar's some wants to know to what  
side I belong;

But I says, "Served him right!" and I go,  
all my night.

In love or in war, for a fair stand-up  
fight.

And as for the Major—sho! gals, don't you  
know?

Thet—Lord!—thar's his step in the garden  
below—

—Bret Harte, in the Atlantic Monthly.

### THE ACCEPTED OFFERING.

—O—

The evening was pretty warm, so I  
sat in my cabin window and door

open. I was reading by the light of  
a wax-candle, put in a swivel-stand;

but although I was interested in the  
subject, I could not help being aware,

in a sort of dreamy way, of the  
sounds which reached my ear from

time to time. There was the harsh  
grinding and rattling of the steam-

winch and creaks of the coarse  
man at work; the striking of the

bells on board; the lapping of the  
water at the wharf; the sounds of

the great ferry-boats which crossed  
from East Boston to Boston Proper.

I was beginning to feel tired, and  
was thinking of turning in for the

night, when the lamp that hung in  
the passage revealed the figure of the

second mate, a great rough, sulky-  
looking fellow, with as warm a heart

as ever beat in human breast. "Oh,"  
said I, "come in; sit down and spin

me that long-promised yarn of yours.  
Take a cigarette—'tis the only thing

I smoke; I'll keep you company." So  
saying, I produced two of the little

weeds; and we commenced slowly  
to exhale.

"Well, Sawbones," he began (I was  
the Doctor), "I hate palaver; so here's

coolie-trade at this time; but it's  
about coolies that the story is. I'm

not going to enter into time or place;  
but suffice it that our ship was a

good one, and we were on a voyage  
with a right heavy load of coolies.

We were pretty tightly packed, I can  
tell you, and no mistake. Well, we

had the blackies on deck pretty much,  
and we did all we could to ventilate

and purify them; and as yet we had  
had no bad disorder among them—

all was going pretty well.

"The skipper was much engaged  
below—he was one of the kind that

believe in keeping the steam up—  
high-pressure, you know. In fact,

I had command; the "old man" nev-  
er interfered. Doctor, boys are the

greatest nuisance and torment that  
you can have afloat or ashore—no

mistake. We had two boys. They  
were little dwarfish chits, but as cunning

and tricky as young apes. The whole  
of the ship was against them. They

were against the whole ship. It was  
a game, and the little wretches played

well. Of course, they were thrashed  
from time to time, but that seemed

to act only as a stimulant.

"Well, one day the coolies got up  
a great affair—at least, it was a great

affair to them, poor creatures. They  
were to give a sort of offering to their

god—or at least one of them. They  
wanted to be in his good books, you

see, and so they made him this gift.  
I don't know all that was in the

bundle, but I think there was rice, and  
I know that there was money. The

offering was fixed to the truck of the  
main-mast—the truck, you know, is

the button affair at the very point of  
the mast. Well, it was fastened up

during the day, and the sign was  
that if the god came in the night and

took away the bundle, he was well  
pleased, and meant to bless their

voyage. It was fastened all right,  
and they set a watch of their own to

keep a tight eye to the bundle, so  
that they might see the god swoop

down and carry it away. There was  
also a group of coolies at the shrouds

to see that there was no unhalloved  
interference by the ship's people.

"Well, evening shaded into night  
and a deuced dark night it was too—

heavy masses of cloud scudding  
across a sombre sky; not bad weather,

but rather threatening, you know.  
I was on watch, feeling rather anx-

ious as to how the night might turn  
out. Our doctor, a native, came to

my side. He was a very intelligent  
fellow, I can tell you, and well edu-

cated. He didn't believe in the god  
coming down and taking away the

bundle; but he wasn't such a fool as  
to express his mind before the cool-

ies. They are rather dangerous cat-  
tles at times. You read now and

again of their rising in mutiny, kill-

ing the officers and crew, ay, even  
setting fire to the ship, and playing

the deuce generally. Coolies are not  
to be trifled with, especially when

there is a great crowd of them. And  
they are ignorant and superstitious,

and such are always dangerous. Life  
with such people is at a discount, and

no mistake. Well, the doctor and I  
were devising plans for ventilating

the ship by kindling fires, &c., and  
so the watch passed. When eight

o'clock struck at midnight, I turned  
in as soon as I was relieved. It seem-

ed scarcely a minute before I heard  
eight bells strike again, and I was

forced to know that it was four o'-  
clock in the morning, and time for

me to be on deck to take my watch.  
I found the ship much as I had left

her. The "second" said that the  
wind had not risen higher than when

we went below, but that the night had  
been intensely dark. It was so at

the time he spoke. I commenced to  
pace to and fro—wishing heartily

that my watch was over—and, as time  
passed, noticing the gradual

diminution of the moon's light.

frozen in my veins by a devilish up-

roar. I thought at first that it was

mutiny—then fire. While I was com-

posing my mind for action, the scream-

ing was renewed tenfold. Coolies

streamed and crowded on deck in

dozens. They were all violently ex-

cited, but did not seem disposed to

do any mischief. I sent one of the

hands to ascertain what was the row,  
before I gave any command; but

before he returned, the native doctor

sprang to my side with a glassy,  
terror-stricken eye and trembling

limbs. "Mr. Topsis," says he, "our

lives are in danger! What folly,  
what madness! Who could do it?

You must act very prudently, Mr.  
Topsis, or this will be our last voy-

age."

"While I was staring at the poor

horrified doctor, unable to see his

drift, the man returned, and said that

the row was caused by the coolies

having discovered that the bundle was

gone—or, as they said, that their

god had carried it off. It was yet

early dawn, and the great fact had

just been discovered. I had forgot-

tened about the affair. Now I glanced

up at the track of the main-mast.

No bundle was there. It was gone.

How? Nothing in the way of at-

mospheric force could have removed

it. Of course, we could not admit

the supernatural (unless, indeed, a

half-formed suspicion of the possi-

bility of the devil having done the

thing.) Only one other explanation

remained, that of human interven-

tion. But how? and who? I felt cold

and giddy, a clammy perspiration

oozed out on me, and I felt shaky.

I nerved myself. I must act at once,  
and secretly.

"The doctor whispered: 'Oh, Top-

sal, we'll all be murdered in cold

blood, if they discover the trick.  
Who could it have been?'

"I could only echo his question

with a groan. I called the "second"

much to his surprise and disgust;

but having left the deck in his charge

the doctor and I went on a voyage of

discovery. First we repaired to my

room, and—thought. Suddenly we

both raised our eyes, and staring at

each other, whispered: "The boys."

"Oh, confound them!" cried I,

"only wait. If we make this voy-

age, and get quit of this load of gun-

powder safely, oh, won't I!"

"Let us hunt them up," said the

doctor.

"So we set out for the fore-castle.

We entered noiselessly, and crept in

the direction of the boys' bunks. At

first there seemed nothing unusual.

The lamps swung and creaked, the

timbers strained, the water went

thud, thud, on the ship's bows. We

crawled nearer. We held our breath.

Hush! What sound was that? Was

it not like the clinking of money?

O, horror!

"The doctor and I pinched each

other black and blue, and shuddered.