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Vol. II.

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

No. 49.--Whole No. 101.

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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 s'pose

That is nuthin' to you * * * Well, then, listen 'er yers:

It was after the fight, and around us all

Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;

And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chloe was a-shed,

And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed;

And I ran out at daybreak, and nothin' was a-shed;

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 up comes the Major, a canterin' slow.

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

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

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

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 thar 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 thar bushwacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment

Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead.

And I stood still and white, but Lord!

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

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

It actually injured that Cherokee Hall.

Ther's all—now, go long. Yes, some folks think 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 in a huff.

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

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

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

—Bret Harte, in the Atlantic Monthly.

THE ACCEPTED OFFERING.

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 somehow 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 at work discharging cargo;

the cries and curses 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, silky-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 nary a—so here's

coolie-trate 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' never 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. It took us all our time to look after those boys. Sometimes they fought—sometimes they leagued in mischief, but if they were out of sight, you might be sure they were doing no good. George was the name of one. Hairy that of the other. The whole of the ship was against them, and they 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 anxious 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 educated. 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 coolies. They are rather dangerous cattle at times. You read now and again of their rising in mutiny, killing 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 bells struck at midnight, I turned in as soon as I was relieved. It seemed 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 I 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; but it would have been madness to have thought of resistance. I had all the burden on my own shoulders, for I never told the skipper, and the "second" did not seem to understand the affair nor to appreciate the danger. But the native doctor did, and assisted me ably. Even my turn below was no rest; I couldn't sleep—I dozed and started till I was called on deck gain. O man, it was awful! Suspense, doctor, is a terrible thing! I felt just as if I were living over a volcano—never sure but that an eruption might occur. It would almost have been a relief to have had the worst. My hair turned gray, doctor—no mistake. The "second" even noticed that. I turned shaky and fanciful. No, doctor, I didn't drink; that had nothing to do with it. How I rejoiced at the close of each day! We made a pretty good voyage; and I almost felt as if the land, when we first sighted it, was paradise! When we actually got that cargo safely on shore, and I felt my throat still uncut, I almost thought it too good to be true—and no mistake!

"I don't know how many of my cigarettes Mr. Topsy smoked, but I know that my stock was sadly reduced.

"But, I say, Topsy, I put in—what about the boys, you know? Did you give them an awful thrashing?"

Mr. Topsy looked sulkier than usual as he replied: "Well, they got loose as soon as we got into port—robbed me, and deserted the ship. That was the last I ever saw of them."

Our Frederickton Correspondence.

FREDERICTON, April 1st.

There appears to be no end to the ill-attendance upon this Session of the Legislature, and a combination of a variety of circumstances, which appear adverse to public good, have conspired to keep back business and render every body's Assembly experiences unsatisfactory. The Speaker's ball looms up for Friday next, and the celestials are turning their old ball dresses, remodelling them and performing other works which will enable them to put in a dashing appearance when the event takes place and at the same time to keep almost within the bounds of necessary economy. No place more than this quiet and ancient capital realise the force of the saying that "things ain't as they used to be." The people are made to feel the absence of that tone which permeated even the very air when the red-coated regulars were stationed at the Barracks, and those killing fellows, the officers flirted with the girls and were envied by the common civilians.

It must not be supposed that the military prestige which once characterized Frederickton, has entirely died and gone, for such is not the case. Here dwells a celestial Major of the 71st, who, on state occasions, dons his uniform and cuts the magnificent. But he was born in Frederickton, and is only a common business man, following the avocation of a clothier and tailor. Therefore the St. John ladies who smuggle up to him when he has on his military toggery; snub him as soon as they learn that his attractive red coat was made at his own establishment on Queen Street, and the Frederickton damsels, who may be members of a numerous family, subsisting on the celestially aristocratic income of \$600 a year, from a Departmental office, cut him dead because he is only Bill—an! those who recognise him, insist on calling him "Major" most emphatically, because that sweet appellation, to their minds, is his chief attraction. To such a man as this Major you can readily understand it would be a great object to have mammas and papas from abroad, enquiring for him at the ball, and looking on him as a benefactor, &c. He understood it also, and fortune, which favors the

commandant of the celestial city and gentleman usher to the social assemblages of the capital. Of course it is deemed an honor by some of the people here to do errands for Members of the legislature, so the Major attached himself as aid-de-camp to one of the St. John members, who sent him from his hotel or boarding-house to the clerk of the Ball Committee, with the names of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, whom he wished to have invited to the Ball. He was also the bearer of franked envelopes sufficient to enclose the cards. The clerk took the list and filled in the names on ball tickets, which the Major volunteered to enclose in the envelopes he had brought. The clerk allowed him to do so, but perceived that as he addressed the envelopes, he also wrote something on the back of the invitations. The dozen snow-white envelopes lay on the table in the clerk's room after the Major departed, and one of them was opened. And then there was a gathering round and eager scanning of the writing found on the tickets, and the whole dozen were opened and the same writing was found. The murmur was general and there were occasional and emphatic exclamations which sounded something like "blamizhpuddence." The whole trouble was that on the back of the tickets which were invitations from "The Speaker and Members of the House of Assembly" under the Royal Arms, was written

"Wm. S. M. ———"

"COMPLIMENTS."

It is needless to say that new tickets were written and new envelopes franked and addressed. How disappointed the Major will be when Miss L. T.; Mr. & Mrs. V.; Miss V.; Mr. & Mrs. Fred. R.; Mr. & Mrs. McL.; Mr. A. McL.; and other ladies and gents from St. John, do not tender their thanks to him for his kindness in exerting his influence to procure invitations for them.

There are about a thousand invitations issued and some four hundred guests are expected.

I had intended, when I commenced to say something in reference to our snow blockade, Gough's attempt of blockade, to prevent supply and other matters, but there's very little in it at all. I presume you have observed that Wedderburn has moved a bill to amend the Legislative Council. We had a very lively speech by day from Lindsay, on that impertinent of "Stationery" which was shared around amongst the occupants of the "Sleeping Gallery." The old "retrencher" said they had the impudence of the oil boy to set up their authority against their betters, who were elected by the people. There is a goodly representation of seekers after sectarian grants here conspicuous amongst whom is Professor Allison. The government are inexorable, however, and special Educational grants have "gone hence to return no more" while this government lasts.

ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S ANECDOTES.—(Whistle wherever the stars occur. If you can't, get somebody that can.) He said that several gentlemen were conversing in a hotel parlour, and one man sat there who didn't have anything to say. By and by the gentlemen all went out except one of the number and the silent man reached and touched the gentleman and says, "I have seen you somewhere before, I am not sure where it was or when it was, but I know I have seen you." The gentleman says, "Very likely, but what do you whistle for?" "I'll tell you all about it * * * I used to stammer * * * fearfully, and I courted a * * * girl * * * and she wouldn't * * * have me because I was afflicted with such an infirmity. I went to a doctor and * * * he * * * told me that every time I * * * went to stammer * * * that I must whistle, which I * * * did, and it * * * completely cured me. But don't, you know that * * * girl * * * wouldn't have me at last, for she * * * said that * * * she wouldn't * * * marry a man who whistled."

A Duel.

About a recent duel at Bay St. Louis, between Colonel G. W. Carter, of the Louisiana House of Representatives, and Captain A. S. Badger, Chief of Police, the Gazette of that place says:

The place of fighting was in a field near the depot. Rifles were used at sixty paces. When the smoke of battle cleared away it was apparent that neither was hit. It is strange that some of the spectators were not struck. Messrs. Badger and Carter are evidently poor shot. Eye-witnesses say that they don't think either of them could hit a barn, unless they were to go inside and shut the door. It was amusing as well as instructive to note the inductive difference of thought and expression between Cavalier and Roundhead. At the moment of firing, just after pulling trigger, Captain Badger exclaimed, "Good gracious!" while Colonel Carter muttered, "Oh—ll!" After this harmless exchange of shots, wounded honor was considered satisfied, and the whole party adjourned to Borlidge's grocery, where a sumptuous lunch of crackers, cheese and whisky was partaken of. All then returned to the city "in the best of spirits," as the desperados stated. A number of friends of both parties had come along to see the fun—mostly members of the Legislature and police officials. One of the crowd that came with Captain Badger went to the cake woman's stand at the depot and asked for "ten cents' worth of cake." Who could it have been? The man had a dreamy, poetic cast of countenance. Is it possible that the Legislature and attendant of Education was along? Principals, seconds and all other accompanying them, expressed themselves delighted with Bay St. Louis, the lake, the charming country, and the sympathizing disposition of the inhabitants.

By the above it seems that a Louisiana duel promises more fun than a 1922er camp-meeting in Jersey.

Pickpockets.

There is more showiness, and better, deeper, and more first-class work and sturty employed in the perfection of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, among New York thieves, rascals, blacklegs and pickpockets as is to be seen or procured in any legitimate workshop or manufactory in the land. Were the same ingenuity, hard work, attention to business and regularity applied to the usual occupations and vocations of honest men, this would indeed be a world of luxury and improved success. Pickpockets and pickpocketing as a class, are more studious, attentive to business and regular in their line, than any class of rogues extant. The science and beauty and perfection of workman-ship, as witnessed in the beautifully and scientifically wrought instruments and tools of the cunningly-pleased and carefully carried-out plans of the confident, cunning, the shrewd, alluring, tempting, glib and ingenious traps laid by bank robbers, burglars, forgers and pickpockets, furnish studies in thought and manipulation to probe or sound and claim the attention and admiration of the world for their wonderful accuracy and workings, yet deep laid schemes, plans, net work and foundation-stones. Everything they practice has been reduced to a science, and now the beggar, the pedlar, the organ man, the junk dealer, old hat man, sneak-thief, shop-lifter, house-breaker, water-stealer, confidence man, burglar, pickpocket, bank robber, and bond jumper, all work on a science adopted by the individual members of the different professions, and play to win—and win all—the various laws and rules by which the various and intricate situations in which they may be placed are governed.

MAZE AND O'BALDWIN have agreed to another controversy for \$2,500 a side, to take place July 16th, on the blood-stained soil of Virginia—but, under the secret arrangements of the match, neither of these pusillanimous blow-hards are to be severely punished. Maze is to have first blood, the Giant the first fall, and the profits to be equally divided. In short, it will be but a sparring match, to serve as a basis for the swindling of all who are so innocent as to wager a cent on the pluck of either of the babies named. Fight! Two settling hens would do more actual