

CHIGNECTO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1871

No. 32

BUSINESS CARDS.

International Hotel.
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)
Princess William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and repaired, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, within a few minutes walk of the various Buses; and the Street Cars run to the Fredericton side every five minutes. It commands a fine view of the harbor, sea, and the surrounding country. The proprietor having had an extensive experience in Hotels and Steamers, feels confident that none who patronize him will be disappointed.

R. S. MYKE, Proprietor.
Promptly attended to. Having the latest improved machinery I am enabled to fill orders cheaply and at the shortest notice.
Oct. 11—Oct. 12 1871.

HARRISON & BURBIDGE,
Solicitors and Attorneys-at-Law,
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.
OFFICE—No. 4 Ritchie's Building,
Success St., - - - St. John, N. B.

Z. SHERARD & Co.,
Marble & Freestone Workers,
Point Du Chene,
WESTMORLAND, N. B.

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,
Carved in any style, and of all materials.
Office—Corner of Prince and Water Streets,
St. John, N. B.

A. FORD,
Agent,
July 5th, 1871.—105 Sackville, N. B.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Brushes and Window Glass.
Success St., - - - St. John, N. B.

NEW ERA
IN
Nails, Shoe Nails, and TACKS.

The Goods Manufactured at
S. R. FOSTER'S
Standard Nail, Shoe Nail
and Tack Works,
George's street, St. John, N. B.,
are pronounced by the Merchants and Dealers of Canada, England and Australia, to be unequalled for
QUALITY FINISH AND DURABILITY.
For Price Lists and Samples, please address as above.

Orders solicited; prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.
Special attention given to the wants of the SHOE TRADE.

Dixon & Fawcett,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
British, Canadian & W. I. Goods,
FLOUR, MEAL, & COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Sackville, - - - N. B.
K. M. DIXON. H. R. FAWCETT.

Thos. R. Jones,
IMPORTER OF
British and Foreign Dry Goods,
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &c.
10 KING STREET,
St. John, N. B.

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!
in all its branches, which we will dispose of at our usual low rates.
dec 29 C. & L.

D. R. McELMUR,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,
AMHERST, N. S.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assortment of
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.
Agent at this place for the Celebrated
DANFORTH WATCHES.
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
SHOP DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE
Barrat Church.
may 13

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. McINTOSH,
Tin-Smith,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a quantity of Machine-made STOVEPIPES, TINWARE, COOKING, HALL & PARLOR STOVES.

JOB WORK
promptly attended to. Having the latest improved machinery I am enabled to fill orders cheaply and at the shortest notice.
Oct. 11—Oct. 12 1871.

Paints. Paints.
THOMPSON'S
White Lead, Zinc Paint,
AND
PAINT MANUFACTORY,
60 PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.
Wholesale Only.
oct 5

CARD.
Samuel Legers,
BUTCHER,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

WOULD respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Sackville that he has opened a shop for supplying all kinds of FRESH MEAT, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
oct 19—21

PIANOS,
CABINET ORGANS.
GRAND,
SQUARE & UPRIGHT
Pianofortes,
Cabinet Organs,
Agent for the Celebrated
WM. BOURNE & HALL & SONS' PIANOFORTES,
AND
The Smith American Organ,
ACKNOWLEDGED
The Best in the World.
A large assortment on exhibition at 77 Prince Wm. Street.
C. FLOOD, St. John, N. B.
Agent for N. B.
aug 31

"WEBB"
SEWING MACHINES
Manufactured by the
NORTH AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
At St. John, N. B.
W. S. CALHOUN,
General Agent,
54 King Street,
St. John, - - - N. B.
aug 10—11.

MARBLE & FREESTONE
WORKS,
DORCHESTER, N. B.
H. J. McGRATH.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
Grave-Stone & Monumental Work
Executed in the best style and at short notice.
Having improved facilities for executing the above work, I can furnish it cheaper than any other establishment in the Province and in the very latest styles.
Bosnard & Co.,
Real Estate and Money
BROKERS,
Princess street, - - - St. John, N. B.
Farms and houses to let and for sale.
Bonds mortgage and other securities bought and sold.
17—sep 22

Albert J. Hickman,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,
Dorchester, N. B.
may 13

Literature.

The Prince's Ball.

The event of the week in the world of fashion and flunkeyism in New York has been "The Prince's ball," as it was dubbed by the young ladies of upper-tendom.

The great dailies and the little dailies, the four-penny papers and the two-penny papers, have all had their say about it and given their accounts about the ball. Everybody knows who was there and how they were dressed, and how many times Alexis danced and who were his partners. How the Academy of Music was decorated; how the flags were draped; how the exotics were disposed; how the wonderful fountain illuminated by colored lights played at the back of the tapestried stage, throwing its spray, now flame-colored, now white, now green and aseen red as ruby wine against the blue sky pictured on the arras back of its leaping waters. How the Prince stopped to admire it, and how he kindly commended the two tasteless daubs hung on high on opposite sides of the ball-room, one representing his illustrious ancestor liberating the surfs of Russia, the other misrepresenting Abraham Lincoln as doing the same thing for our American citizens of African 'scout. How old Catazay jumped around grinning and rubbing his hands like an aged chimpanzee among the beauties on the floor, and how his handsome wife, fat, fair and forty, sat smiling her lofty disdain from the proscenium box above.

How Lord Walter Campbell strutted around in his red uniform, listening to the whispered bad French of the pretty girl on his arm, and using his big, black eyes to the best advantage with every other handsome woman he met; how, at half-past 12, Alexis was permitted to feed in solemn, stately style in THE BANQUET ROOM OF NILSON HALL; how Christine Nilsson was presented to the Imperial Highness after supper, and how, in the "wee sma' hours," while on the air from Julia's Band surged out the notes of "Home, Sweet Home," the dancers paused and fitted away, leaving the banquet-hall deserted all this, and a great deal more, has already become an "old-told tale." But the POMEROY'S DEMOCRAT reporter saw the whole thing from a red-hot stand-point, and thus his story runs:

It was A GRAND AFFAIR, well worthy of the speculative genius of New Yorkers, and the artistic taste and executive talent of Mr. Bierstadt. But it was not a ball. It was a jam, a crush of four thousand people, with ladies dressed in shimmering silk and satin, and tulle and costly laces, and decked with millions of dollars' worth of diamonds and other jewels, and gentlemen in tawdry evening costume and glittering uniforms, and groomed up like method steeds, and all to the honor, apparently, to the son of an Emperor. But, in reality, the Alexis Ball was A SPLENDID SPECULATION. It could not have cost the management more than \$20,000 at the utmost, and from the 4,000, say 3,500 guests present, they must have realized over \$35,000 (the tickets selling at \$10 a piece, no exceptions in favor of ladies), making a clean profit of \$15,000 or \$20,000. That was selling Alexis pretty cheap, and the ball-goers rather dear. Inside of Nilson Hall the destruction of silks and satins, velvets and laces was fearful. All decorum and good breeding was forgotten, and while the ladies were huddled together in a heap in the centre of the room with a few plates of chicken salad and ice-cream and other dainties in their hands, making frantic attempts at feeding themselves, and succeeding in scattering the viands around promiscuously over their own and their neighbors' finery, their natural protectors turned their backs upon them, and their faces valiantly to the festive board that ran around

The Prize Fight.

Mace has not whipped Coburn and Coburn has not thrashed Mace. This is the news that absorbs the attention of the public; and for a time eclipses even the grand preparations of the ever-wandering, ever-present, ever-bowing, ever-boring Duval Committee of Reception. The two bruisers went down to the sweet land of sugar-cane and treacle to "fou a fit," and with them went some of the noblest specimens of our city drunks and back-slum bruisers. It was a heavenly freight that went over the water and the land to see the monsters of individualism demolish a nose or blacken an eye. The gladiators of blackguardism were in condition the most perfect. Their muscles stood out like whip-cords, and whip-cords should have been freely applied to those muscles by the guardians of the law. The caps were thrown into the rank ring of barbarous pluck, and the champions of knock down and drag out took their lofty places in sight of an immense and "orderly" crowd of soundrels. Down fell the rain upon the unjust, and in this case the Scripture was not verified, for it fell not upon one just man in all that seething congregate of violence. At it the bulhes went, with doubled fist and doubtful determination. One got in a sasher upon the pug nose of the other, and the other placed a sockdologer upon the lip of his opponent. Blood was shed—not blood of the brave, but blood of the bully, who had hired himself \$5 main or be maimed; and throughout that uncouth, struggling, mad and wicked crowd, there went a thrill of joy when the red sign trickled down the visage of the monster. The rain kept on with its down-pouring, and in proportion as it fell so did the vim of courage of the fighters fall. The smashed nose and cut lip did the rest. The additional excuse of a couple of crippled fingers is put in to explain the lack of the usual element of the prize-ring, but courage, and, after a while, one man crept into his corner, and the other crept after him, and the people shouted and made new bets, and blasphemed and hissed, and the poor devil's forehead from the other, the warriors heard the uproar and the ominous insults. But the drizzling rain, and the dripping blood that a couple of school-boys would have fought through, and not cared a button for, told on the boasters who had travelled so far, from New York to New Orleans, to do a mighty deed, and in vain were shouts, curses, hisses, bets—their actual scratches prevented them from toicing the imaginary scratch of the ring. Covering in one corner, trembling, yet fuming glared upon each other, or gazed timidly upon the terrible circle that hemmed them in, and looked as if some sudden revelation had come to

Pat and the Deacon.

SOME months ago as Deacon Ingalls of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in that country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country. Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant Church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new-made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned round to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper that could be heard all round, he inquired: "Shure, an' isn't this a heretic church?" "Hu-h!" said Ingalls, "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I speak at all, replied Pat. The meeting was opened by prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him very closely when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat shouted "Amen!"

"Hist ye divil!" rejoined Pat, in his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister: "be decent and don't mak a blockhead of yourself?" The parson grew more fervent in his devotions, presently the deacon uttered an audible groan—"Amen!"

"Hist, ye blackguard! Mave ye no decency at all!" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and extending his hands in a supplicant manner, said: "Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will do it."

And suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, sent him into the vestibule of the Church.

The sudden crisis of affairs in the royal English household has seemed, as is usual in such cases, to bring to the surface the good traits of the Prince of Wales, and sink the evil ones in forgetfulness. One of those who knew the Prince best namely, Mr. Sothorn, has given to the public a few personal reminiscences of no inconsiderable interest at the present time. He speaks in high terms of the Prince's affability, amiability and courtesy, and gives several instances in illustration thereof. Sothorn formed his acquaintance on a hunting party, and subsequently the two became quite intimate. The Prince was always very glad of an opportunity to see the actor behind the scenes, and would frequently smoke a cigar in Sothorn's dressing-room previous to the performance of "Our American Cousin." Here he was always jovial but never undignified, and the stories about his flirting with the actresses, Sothorn considers wholly untrue. He also contradicts the stories to the effect that the Prince

was inclined to be sluggish and inert; on the contrary, he was one of the most skilful and daring riders in England, and was very fond of open-air exercise. Mr Sothorn says in conclusion that he would deplore his death as a national calamity for England.

A **EGERKA** (Cal.) paper relates a remarkable tale of love and constancy. A young man in the East wished to marry the daughter of a prosperous merchant, but had no money with which to back his suit. He was, therefore, declined as a son-in-law, and so he went to the Pacific Coast to seek his fortune. He sought gold every where, but found little; and at last after years of labor and hardship, determined to return to his old home. He engaged his passage from San Francisco, when he encountered his early love, now near middle age, who with her brother, had gone in quest of her old love. Her parents and all her near relatives had died, save her companion. She was wealthy and only too happy to give her fortune with her hand and heart, to the man who had struggled valiantly and failed to earn the meed of toil. The twin were wedded, and returned to the East with the dream of love as bright and fresh to them as it had been years before. Even this practical age cannot extinguish the poetry of affection, devotion, and romance.

A **SHORT COURTESY**—A geologist once travelling in a stage coach in England, happened to sit opposite to a lady. Glances were exchanged, and mutual admiration seemed to be the result. Eye language was soon exchanged for verbal conversation. After a few interchanges about fossils and petrifications, they began to talk about living subjects—from generalities to specialities—from the third person plural, to the first person singular. Said the gentleman, "I am still unmarried."—"Quoth the lady, 'So am I.'"—Said the former, "I have sometimes thought of marrying."—"Suppose," said the gentleman, "we were to marry one another? I would love and cherish."—"I," said the lady, "would honor and obey."—"In two days they were married."—"Few will admire such a precipitous courtship; it is altogether too short."

ON DRAINING.
(Continued.)

WILL DRAINING PAY?
The agricultural statistics of England show that in wheat alone the average yield of former undrained lands was only twelve bushels per acre, while the present yield of drained lands is twenty-six bushels per acre, to say nothing of their fine meadows which yield annually from two to four crops of hay.

Some years ago, the *Rural New Yorker* published a letter from one of its correspondents from which the following is extracted:

"I recollect calling upon a gentleman in the harvest field, when something like the following conversation occurred:

"Your wheat, sir, looks very fine; how many acres have you in this field?"

"In the neighborhood of eight, I judge."

"Did you sow upon fallow?"

"No sir. We turned over green sward—sowed immediately upon the sod, and dragged it thoroughly—and you see the yield will probably be 25 bushels to the acre, where it is not too wet."

"Yes sir, it is mostly very fine. I observed a thin strip through it, but did not notice that it was wet."

"Well, it is not very wet. Sometimes after a rain the water runs across it, and in spring and fall it is just wet enough to heave the wheat and kill it."

I inquired whether a couple of good drains across the lot would not render it dry.

"Perhaps so; but there is not over an acre that is killed out."

"Have you made an estimate of the loss you annually sustain from this wet piece?"

"No. I have not thought much about it."

"World \$30 be too high?"
"O yes, double."
"Well, let's see. It cost you \$3 to turn over the sward; two bushels of seed, \$2; harrowing in, 75 cents; interest, taxes, and fences, \$5.25; twenty-five bushels of wheat lost, \$25."

"Deduct for harvesting—"
"No, the straw would pay for that."
"Very well, all footed, \$36."
"What will the wheat and straw on this acre be worth this year?"
"Nothing, as I shall not cut the ground over."

"Then it appears that you have lost in what you have actually expended, and the wheat you would have harvested had the ground been dry, \$36; a pretty large sum for one acre."

"Yes, I see," said the farmer."

DRAINAGE IN THE U. STATES.
The results of under-draining in the United States, so far as it has been introduced, far surpass those in Great Britain.

The most extensive agricultural drainage operations, are on the farm of Mr. John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y. By steadily pursuing the practice more than thirty years, Mr. Johnston has laid a quarter of a million of tiles, or more than fifty miles.

An instance of their beneficial effect was observed a few years since where, by the destructive action of the miller, the crop of wheat on six adjoining farms was reduced to seven bushels per acre. Mr. Johnston obtained twenty-nine bushels.

Mr. J. says tile-draining pays for itself in two years, sometimes in one. In 1847, he bought a piece of ten acres to get an outlet for his drains. It was a perfect quagmire covered with coarse aquatic grasses, and was unproductive that it would not return the seed sown on it. In 1848 a crop of corn was taken from it of 80 bushels per acre. The corn at that time on account of the Irish famine, was worth one dollar per bushel, which not only paid all the expense of drainage, but the cost of the land, as well.

Another piece of twenty acres adjoining the farm of the late John Delafield, Esq., was wet and would not produce more than ten bushels of corn to the acre. The first crop after draining was 83 bushels and some old pounds per acre. It was weighed and measured by Mr. Delafield, and the County Society awarded a premium to Mr. Johnston.

A part of land embracing eight-acres and some rods, on one side, averaged 94 bushels, an increase of 84 bushels per acre more than it would produce before those little clay tiles were laid in the ground. Although Mr. Johnston's farm has been mainly devoted to the raising of grain, yet a considerable area of meadow and some pasture has been retained. The yield of wheat on his farms averages from 30 to 40 bushels per acre, while his neighbors yield but 8, 10 and 15 bushels.

Mr. Johnston was a hard working Scotch farmer; he came to this country and commenced a poor man, borrowed his money to drain his land; gradually extended his operations till he became wealthy and the possessor of a farm marvellous for its productions and the wonder and admiration of his neighbors. His statements are the results of his large experience, and entitled to entire confidence.

But this increase of crop is not the only profit of drainage, for Mr. Johnston says that on drained lands each half the usual quantity of manure suffices to give maximum crops. The reason is obvious:

Where the soil is filled with water air cannot enter to any extent, hence oxygen cannot act on the surface of the particles of soil, and prepare food for plants. They are left to depend entirely on the manure for sustenance. The more this is the case, the more manure must be applied to get good crops.

Mr. Johnston says he never made any money until he drained his lands, and so convinced is he of the benefits arising from the practice that he would not hesitate, as he did not when the result was much more uncertain than at present, to borrow money to drain.