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Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Editor.

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Literature.

The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONTINUED.

"There is every prospect of a favorable voyage," said a voice, clear and distinct, yet rich and liquid. Dr. Graham turned to the speaker, and saw quite a young man of medium size and pleasing countenance, and for the first time noticed there was another passenger, besides himself and family, on board the vessel. The stranger was gazing, as were both Dr. Graham and his daughter, over the waters, which were sparkling and flashing in the glories of a sunrise. "Beautiful!" exclaimed Helen, indirectly replying to what the other had said. "How lovely is this scene! See, my dear father, that beautiful cloud; what charming blending and harmony of coloring!"

"Who has not felt the magic of a voice? The young man had not seen her face, and yet her tones came over him like pleasant music. They were deeper than the ordinary tones of woman, and at this time tremulous with enthusiasm.

"You are a child of imagination, my dear Helen," said her father, affectionately passing his arm around her waist. "Would to heaven, you were less so."

"But," said she, "I do not always indulge in day-dreams."

"True, my dear; your feelings change their hues as often and as suddenly as the clouds of heaven."

The father had evidently awakened distressing recollections, for Helen hung her head and withdrew from his arm; her eyes were filled with tears, and as she turned the stranger caught a view of her face. But that view was enough. There is a charm in a voice, but what is it to the magic of the angelic human face!

The weather continued fine, and the gentlemen, from being constantly thrown into each other's company, soon became intimate terms.

"You seem interested in the department of my daughter," observed Dr. Graham, one day, after his wife and daughter had retired to their cabin. "She has just risen from a bed of sickness, and I am fearful will never be herself again."

called Fort Cumberland. Is Colonel Howe, who married the widow of Joseph Morse, Esq., your father?"

"He is," replied Derby. "Do you know my father?"

"No," answered the Doctor; "but Mr. Morse was a cousin of Mrs. Graham, and one she most highly esteemed, as one of the kindest and most amiable of men."

"Then," said the young man, "if we are not relations, we should not be strangers, and allow me to be considered as one of your old friends."

It may well be supposed that after this conversation Derby Howe did not avoid the society of Helen Graham and her parents. With a powerful intellect, a richly stored mind, great observation and excellent conversational powers, assisted by a clear, flexible and musical voice, he soon became a favorite. He found Helen's mind all that her countenance had promised. Her sufferings had been cruel—sufficiently severe to cause a temporary alienation of her reason; but its only trace was an occasional wildness of the eye and an imagination highly and somewhat painfully susceptible of excitement.

In her moments of animation, it was delightful to watch her seated on the deck, and behold the world of romance she threw around her.

Her father was happy to see her possess the shadow of enjoyment. "You will not have many days to revel in these watery realms of fairy land," said he.

The prophetic breeze which had brought them out of port died away, and was followed by a monotonous calm for several days, which rendered every one impatient—even with Helen it produced a depressing effect; but at last a gentle draft of air, scarcely sufficient to fill the sails, showed the Aurora was again moving towards her destination, and all became inspirited as they listened to the gentle rippling of the waters as the vessel passed over its placid bosom.

There had been rumors of piratical vessels cruising about the Cape of Virginia, and even extending their depredations still farther north; and Dr. Graham had been apprehensive, even before he came on board the Aurora, of being met by them. The excited state of public feeling gave freebooters opportunities they could not have had except in times of public disturbance; and during the tedious calm they had experienced, the apprehension of pirates had been anxiously present in Dr. Graham's mind; so that when the favoring breeze again filled the sails, and the high lands of the Island of Grand Manan towards evening loomed up before the bow of the vessel, he felt relieved that the danger from that quarter was entirely removed.

The sun had set, and a beautiful twilight was settling over the quiet bosom of the deep, when a speck was noticed on the horizon, and after examination, it proved to be a long, low, heavily sparred schooner, steering such a course as to intercept the Aurora, and as the vessels drew nearer, it was discovered by the aid of the glass, that the approaching stranger was filled with men and probably was one of the pirates which Dr. Graham had dreaded.

With the darkness came again a perfect calm, so that even the slow headway made was lost, and the Aurora lay like a log, floating without motion on the water, which the night-glass showed a large boat, filled with armed men, leave the strange vessel and draw rapidly towards them.

"I would give a month's wages," said the captain, with an air of deep thought, "if we were twenty miles from that vessel and her crew!" and after walking slowly the length of the deck, he turned, and with considerable dignity said, "Gentlemen, and shipmates, I have reason to apprehend danger is at hand. That boat coming towards us is no doubt a pirate. Of armed men she is certainly full, for I have lived too long not to know the glitter of arms. I would prefer running to fighting these outlaws, but that is out of the question, and we must fight as long

as there is a man to stand on the deck."

The resolution displayed by the captain imparted itself to the crew, and preparations were at once made to give the pirates a warm reception. All the arms on board were brought forth, and there were mustered altogether fifteen men, fully armed, and a brass cannon. This last was charged to the muzzle and prepared ready to be thrust through the port-hole opposite where the enemy might make the attack.

After all the bustle of preparations, every man posted himself in a position to command a view of the whole waters. Long and anxious an hour of watching wore away, and nothing was visible in the darkness of the night.

"Well, captain," said Derby Howe, "what about your friends?"

"Gone to Davy Jones' locker, I hope," replied the captain; "but there is no knowing how to calculate for the rescues, so we must keep a sharp look out."

"There they are," exclaimed the captain. "Stand to your arms, men; better die like men than walk the plank and be drowned like curs."

In an instant every man was at his post and on the alert.

"Stand in the shadow of the spar and rigging, and keep out of sight," ordered the captain; "and not a man of you fire till I give the word."

"And now," said the captain, who really went to work in business style, "Mr. Howe, run the gun through the starboard port-hole, and depress the muzzle," and the muzzle was depressed and thrust through the port, with a deadly aim on the approaching boat.

"Boat, ahoy!" cried the captain, in stentorian voice.

No answer was returned to the summons, and the sound of the oars, vigorously pulled, was now heard. "Keep off, you cut-throats!" shouted the commander, "or I'll blow you out of the water."

A volley of musketry was the reply, and a dozen balls pierced the heart of the heroic captain, and without a groan he sank a bloody corpse upon the deck.

"Men!" screamed Derby, "arrange your captain, or a worse fate is yours!" and the next instant a stream of fire issued from the vessel's side, and the report burst upon the dead stillness of the night like the noise of thunder. A crash, a heavy splashing of the water, and shrieks of mortal agony, told full well the skill with which the cannon had been trained. In the darkness and smoke lying on the waters no boat was to be seen, and the men were congratulating themselves upon having so fortunately got rid of the miscreants, when a horrid yell, rising apparently from the depths of the ocean, was heard, and the boat glided out of the smoke, and shooting under the bow, a dozen men were seen springing from it up the side of the ship. But the precautions were wisely taken, and no sooner did they reach the top of the bulwarks, than they were thrown back into the water and their sinking boat. One alone of all, succeeded in reaching the deck, and fighting with the fury of a demon, he was about being cut down by the men, when Derby Howe, averted a blow which would have destroyed the prostrate man, and he was overpowered, and handcuffed having been obtained, was secured.

The contest so brief, and the victory so crushing, occupied less time than it has taken to relate it, and was completely over when the terrified female inmates of the cabin came upon the deck, and Helen shrieked in horror when she saw the heroic captain, covered with blood, lying across the deck.

At the sound of her voice, the pirate turned his face towards the agonized Helen, and exclaimed: "Great heaven! has it come to this?"

"Alexander Grant!" impulsively cried the wretched father, recognizing in the handcuffed felon the son of his bosom friend; "are you not yet satisfied? Will you take her life, too?"

Helen looked with a hopeless stare at her former lover, and sank swooning, without sign of life, into her father's arms.

The maniacal man pressed his hands to his face—a convulsive shudder passed over him, and, by a violent effort, he freed himself from his guards, and throwing himself over the bulwarks, disappeared beneath the waters—thus closing a mispent life by the fearful crime of self-murder.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

VENUS AND CUPID.

Earth never knew the love that would not die.
Its wings are born with it and born to fly.
Our hopes and pleasures vanish—even pain;
And dare we trust that frail love can remain?

Whose life is brief, intoxicating, wild,
So short, it ends while Love is yet a child?
The ancient justly praised Love a boy,
The noble emblem of its transient joy.

Love springs from passion's seed—a tender flower,
That waters perfume for its little hour—
But touched, its tiny rose-leaves float away,
And Venus—ardent goddess—claims her prey.

Short is her reign—a woman never old—
Her cheeks, before they lose their bloom, are cold,
And dimpled manhood seeks for power or gold.

DRIED-APPLE PIE.

I loathe! abhor! detest! despise!
Austere dried-apple pies.
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or any thing that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies,
The poorest is dried-apple pies.

Give me toothache or sore eyes
In preference to such kind of pies.

The farmer takes his earliest fruit,
The wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
They leave the hulls to make us cough,
And don't take half the eating off.

Then on a dirty cord they're strung,
And from some chamber-window dangle;
And there they serve a most forlorn
And they're ready to make pies.

Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,<
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

After Haying.

It has come at last! The words
Have often been heard and some
Promises have been made to the boys,
That were to be fulfilled at this date.

The hay is harvested, and they want
To go fishing, or to the beach, or to
A fair, by all means let them go
And have a good time; and let your
Blessing go with them, if you do
Go yourself. Then you promised
Yourself if there ever came another
Dry time, you would get at least a
hundred cords of peat out of the
peat hole, that is not dry more than
one month in the year. See that the
promise is fulfilled to the letter.

You can no more afford to cheat
yourself out of a good thing than the
boys. You have done using the
reaper, the mower, the horse-rake and
tender. Do not let them lie around
in the field or under the shed, but
put them there carefully in the loft where
they are to remain until next season.
Put them up and oil them, ready for
use to-morrow. Then top-dressing
your meadows and your pastures
is in order; and the sooner you put on
the compost after haying the better
for the roots of the grasses. If you
are doubtful about this matter, take
a dozen loads out of your barn-yard
and try it upon an acre of run-down
meadow. You will make a new discovery
and be converted. Then,
whether you top-dress or not, carefully
guard your after-math against
all cropping. To crop does not pay.

Horrible Atrocities of the Prussians.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Col. Carleton and the Hon. Mr. Seymour, a Member of Parliament, who have been acting with the Anglo-American ambulance train at Sedan, a ministerial to the wounded, who have accumulated numerous from the recent engagements, forward to London a ghastly recital of the horrors practiced by the Prussian soldiers toward their vanquished and helpless foes.

Messrs. Carleton and Seymour accuse the Prussians with heaping every imaginable insult and maltreatment on the French wounded. The wounded prisoners were subjected to a systematic course of starvation and maltreatment. Injured, die in lingering agony. Houses upon the roadside and all over the country were plundered and the inmates brutally beaten. Innocent girls were ravished by brutal soldiers and then shot. The narrative throughout details succinctly the most heart-rending misery and degradation forced upon the French at Sedan. The statement is a catalogue of war, rapine and brutality.

Discoveries and Inventions.

Hats invented, 1401.
Violins invented, 1477.
Pumps invented, 1475.
Dice invented, 1500 B. C.
Bells invented, 551 B. C.
Camera obscura invented, 1515.
Battering rams were used, 441 B. C.
Engraving on wood invented, 1590.
Roses first planted in England, 1522.

Paper first made of linen rag, 1417.
Shillings first coined in England, 1504.
Diamonds first polished and cut, 1439.
Almanacs first published at Paris, 1470.

Guy locks invented at Nuremberg, 1517.
Printing invented, by Faust, Ger., 1441.

Watches first made at Nuremberg, 1477.
Air guns were invented as early as 1645.

Hats first made in Europe, at Paris, 1504.
Stops and pauses in literature first used, 1520.

Shipping wheels invented at Brunswick, 1540.
Soap first made at London and Bristol, 1544.

Balloons were invented by Guesnac, a Jesuit, 1729.
Maps and charts first brought to England, 1490.

Muskets invented and first used in England, 1421.
Sugar refining first practiced, by a Venetian, 1503.

Printing introduced into England, by Caxton, 1474.
Theatrical performances first given in England, 1378.

Algebra introduced into Europe by the Saracens, 1142.
Chocolate introduced into England, from Mexico, 1520.

Fortifications first built in the present style, 1500.
City streets first lighted in Modern Europe, Paris, 1524.

Turkeys introduced into England, from America, 1520.
Canals in modern styles first made in Europe, Italy, 1181.

Post offices first established in Europe, in France, 1471.
Engraving on copper invented by Pimmignone, Italy, 1551.

Greek language introduced into England, by Grocyen, 1491.
Casts, in plaster, first invented in Florence, by Verichio, 1470.

Copernicus discovered the true theory of the solar system, 1542.
Gardening first introduced into England, from Netherlands, 1509.

Playing cards invented, for the amusement of the French King, 1390.
Guillotins, the inventor of the guillotine, the dreadful instrument of punishment in France, was born at Sautes, 20th March, 1738. It is a false rumor that he perished from his own device. He died in his bed.

Financial.
The harvest of 1870 is now gathered and it is described, on the whole, as a "low average." It has ripened from two to three weeks earlier than usual, and has been saved in good condition. Prices are declining.

There is now in Montreal more wheat by 400,000 bush, than at this time last year; and more flour by 70,000 bbls. Last year's flour and wheat has been greatly injured by the great heat of this summer, so that there has been an unusual amount of inferior flour in the market. The Canadian lumber market is unusually brisk. The same interest in the Lower Provinces is also prospering. The financial position of the whole Dominion is improving wonderfully.

The circulation of the Banks is double what it was in 1869. Deposits have increased 35 per cent. in the same period. On the 31st July, 1869, the Bank circulation was \$7,154,304. On the 31st July of this year, the circulation had increased to \$14,652,668. We doubt if there is any other country in the world that can show such progress. In 1869, on the 31st July, deposits were thirty-seven millions, while at the corresponding date of this year they reach forty-nine millions! The notes discounted in July, 1870, are twelve millions in excess of July 1869. There was never before so much gold in the Dominion. The financial disturbances caused in Europe by the war have hardly been felt here.—Hr. Reporter.

Particulars of loss of H.M.S. Captain.

A despatch to the Halifax "Express," dated London, Sept. 25th, gives the following particulars of the loss of the iron-clad steamship "Captain," which foundered off Cape Finisterre, on the morning of the 19th inst.:

From the statements of the survivors of the English iron-clad "Captain," it appears that at about midnight on the 19th, the ship, was in company with the Channel fleet, about forty miles off Cape Finisterre, cruising under full sail, and that, there being at the time a very strong breeze and heavy sea.

The "Captain" had been called at 12 o'clock and was entering the port when the signal struck the ship on the port side, causing her to give a heavy lurch to the starboard. As she did not right herself, Capt. Burgoyne, who was on the bridge, gave the order to lower the fore-top-sail, but in consequence of the yards being braced sharp up, the ship at the time being on the port tack, it did not come down.

Orders were promptly given to let go the lee braces and man the top-sail down hanks; but by this time the ship had been again struck by a heavy sea, and she was completely on her beam ends, with water pouring down the turrets. She then turned bottom upwards and gradually sank, stem first. From the time the ship was first struck to her going down, only from five to ten minutes elapsed. The number on board at the time was about 320.

When the "Captain" was first lost sight of, it was thought she had missed the fleet, which is not an uncommon occurrence on a dark night and when it is blowing hard, and no one imagined she had gone down; but, alas, the sad fact soon became apparent when first was picked up a boat, and subsequently one of the men, who had lashed himself to the grating, but did not succeed in saving his life.

On the morning of Thursday last, the "Monarch" went back and picked up one warrant officer and seven men of Cape Finisterre.

James May, Gunner, says: that he was awakened about 12 o'clock at night by some noises making it noise outside his cabin, and finding the ship more than usually uneasy, he dressed himself to go on deck and see if the guns were all right in the turrets. When he got upon the turret the ship gave a very heavy roll to starboard, and continued in that position, gradually heaving over more and more until he found water coming into the port, through which he crawled and then found himself overboard; he however, succeeded with 5 others, including Capt. Burgoyne, in reaching the steamer's pinnace, which was floating bottom upmost, and observing the launch passing within a few yards of them, he cried out now jump men, this is your only chance. He and three others did so, and succeeded in getting into the boat. They in vain endeavored to regain the pinnace to save the Captain, but the sea was running so high that it prevented them from fulfilling the task, and in the attempt they were struck by a heavy sea, nearly swamping the boat and washing one man, Geo. Myers, overboard. They then determined to let the boat run before the sea, and as land was known to be toward of them about two o'clock they sighted a light on Cape Finisterre, and afterwards observing that they made for it, and succeeded in landing about noon of the 21st at Finisterre.

An anecdote is related illustrative of the styness of the Bohemians compared with the simple honesty of the German, and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarian. In war time three soldiers, of each of these three nations, met in the parlor of an inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone the German said: "That is a good watch; I wish I had bought it." I am sorry I did not take it," said the Hungarian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

A TREMENDOUS weapon is now being made at the Royal Gun Factory in England. This is the 35-ton gun, which is a barrel of steel. The gun is calculated to throw, with a charge of 100lb. of powder, a projectile of 500lb. weight, which will pierce armor plates 15 inches in thickness. The idea at present is to mount the gun on a cupola ship for the attack of iron plated fortifications.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post:

Sir.—In the last "Borderer," a writer, under the signature of "A Farmer," complains that Road Commissioners are not strict enough, and says, "While visiting the eastern section of the County of Westmorland recently, a case of gross dereliction of duty on the part of a Highway Commissioner came under my notice." There appears, Mr. Editor, to be a prejudice existing in the minds of the inhabitants of the western section of this County against the people "down east." They appear to consider us inferior to themselves. They seldom come among us, excepting when they want a man or a maid servant, or when, provided to an election, they come canvassing for our votes. Most of the work done on their farms, if we except that done by machinery, is performed by young men from the western section of the County; and our healthy, businesslike maidens are eagerly sought, to perform labor about the house and dairy, that the pampered and enervated constitutions of the girls "down west" are unable to bear. We frequently travel several miles, on election day, to vote for some western gentleman, who knows but little of the hardships that many of us in this part of the County have to endure, and how difficult it is for us to raise a little money to satisfy our creditors. These western gentlemen seem to think that they are entitled to our votes, for they sometimes begrudge even a dinner to those who have travelled miles to vote for them; and if we, once in a while, bring forward, as a candidate for Legislative honors, one of our sturdy farmers, most of our western gentlemen will look down upon him, and their deportment towards him is calculated to bring to our mind the words of certain ancient gentry, who asked: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Let me remind them, sir, that "great men are not always wise." In olden time, there came wise men from the east; and we believe that there are yet men in the east, quite as wise and as good as any in the west.

I suppose if the correspondent of the "Borderer," signing himself "A Farmer," were appointed Commissioner of Roads, he would exact the strict fulfillment of all contracts; he would not shew the least leniency to the poor man, who perhaps had, in order to keep his children from crying for bread, taken a job so low that, without putting quite as much gravel on as the Commissioner desired, he had but little for his hard labor above the value of the food that he eat while doing the work; but such a want of feeling on the part of a Commissioner would never be upheld by

A DOWN-EASTER.
Belfast, Sept. 24th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post:

Sir.—We, in common with other New Brunswickers, felt a slight degree of mortification on the receipt of the intelligence that the far-famed "Paris Gun," whose skill with the oak ball won for them a peerless name among aquatic sportsmen, on both sides of the Atlantic, had suffered defeat at the hands of their brethren of the "Tyne." Though we fain would have had it otherwise, yet we are proud the palm of victory has fallen where it has, begetting as it will, a generous rivalry among the champions of the same nationality. The courage shown by the St. John gunmen in undertaking what they considered a "doubtful contest," rendered doubtful by the disturbed state of the water, for which they were not prepared, begets in our mind the idea that the boatmen of St. John will be long put forth energetic exertions to relieve their loss, but well earned laurels, with the championship of the world.

It is pleasing to notice that the citizens of St. John acted upon the idea that defeat is not disgrace, and gave their noble oarsmen a reception alike creditable to themselves and worthy the men who had won the proud cognomen conferred on them after their decisive contests on the historical Seine.

J. Herschel Smith, the renowned Nova Scotian lecturer, has been on a tour among us. His celebrated lecture on "Ancient Assyria," together with the comic pieces sung at intervals during the delivery of said lecture, arouses alike the attention and risibilities of a listening audience and wholesome cheering as a result. In this, together with a few weddings in private life, has afforded a short season of merriment to our otherwise staid community; and when I exchange my bachelorhood for a life of matrimonial sweets, I trust the gift of the watchful little dog may accompany the giving up of the bride at Hymen's altar.

Yours, &c.,
Belfast, Sept. 24th, 1870.