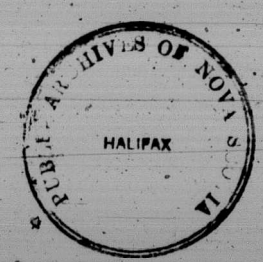


CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Editor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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No. 3.

AGRICULTURE.

Necessity of Good Seed.

For the "Chignecto Post."

The laws of Nature being uniform in their operation, the same care should be exercised in selecting the seed in the vegetable kingdom as is observed in the character and breed of the animal kingdom. Among our farmers the importance of obtaining the best description of stock, is beginning to be well understood, and is more and more acted on; and in many of our vegetable and cereal productions the necessity of good seed is acknowledged. What an almost infinite variety of potatoes now exists—their character varying almost as much as their names! the last novelty, the Early Rose, commanding fabulous prices as seed; and how each variety preserves its distinctive characters—showing that the quality of the seed determines the character of the crop. The potatoe root, which has been so long celebrated for its great weight and productiveness, was propagated from a single plant of extraordinary size which a gentleman found growing in his field in Cumberland, England. The finest and best varieties of the cereals are produced by selecting the largest and best filled ears at harvest time, and continuing to propagate from them until the required quantities are obtained. Good seed is indispensable. To secure it, the farmer may pursue either of two courses: purchase a new variety of seed, or refresh or renew an old one by selecting the best heads of wheat, oats, barley, or rye, at the time of harvesting, and carefully propagating from them until in the course of time enough will be obtained to supply himself. If farmers generally took pains to pursue even the latter course, much less would be heard about the deterioration of cereal crops.

When crops fail, either in quality or quantity, the causes are usually of two kinds: one is imperfect tillage, the other is imperfect seed. No sane man expects a good yield from deteriorated seed, sown in an impoverished soil. When to these latter evils the crop has to struggle into existence against such enemies as shallow plowing, little or no drainage, and no system of rotation of crops, the wonder is, not that the crops are light, but that there are any crops at all.

I know I am making trite observations in thus remarking upon the disadvantages of poor seed and imperfect cultivation; but the financial benefits of giving a large attention to good seed, &c., if understood by our farmers, are not appreciated. How many still grub along apparently without the slightest idea of the laws by which Nature performs her operations? I referred in a previous letter to the advantages offered by a small farmer who has the courage to step out of his beaten track popular with our forefathers, will be the first to gain by it. I have also spoken of the necessity of the soil containing the ingredients of the crop. These ingredients are only partially supplied by the ordinary manures used; hence the necessity for a farmer to have a knowledge of the system of rotation of crops. At this season of the year, when we are nearly all busy with the cultivation of our farms, it is well to keep in mind the truths these general principles inculcate. If they cannot be carried out to their fullest extent, they should be practiced as far as the circumstances of each particular farm will warrant.

The Board of Agriculture.

SACKVILLE & WESTMORELAND SOCIETY.
Howard Trauman, Secretary.

Our Society continues to prosper. During the year there has been an increase in the membership, and I think more interest is being manifested in its welfare by some who heretofore have shown but little zeal in such matters. A number of our professional men and principal merchants are connected with the Society, who manifest an interest in the advancement of agriculture, not equalled by many farmers.

A bountiful harvest has rewarded the labors of the farmer, and had it not been for the great tide on the night of the 4th October, that destroyed thousands of tons of hay, and scores of miles of fence, we would have been able to report the County in a most prosperous state.

The weather table for the year has been most remarkable. Winter gave us nearly five months of excellent sleighing, with but two or three storms of any severity, and they short. Spring, like its predecessor, brought us a good deal of wet, disagreeable weather; but farmer's, remembering last year's experience, continued to sow and plant during nearly the whole of June, and they were well repaid. The Summer was unusually cold and dry, but warm enough to mature all the principal crops, and wet enough to afford sufficient moisture for vegetation. The Fall has been delightfully fine; no frost until the middle of September, and very little during the month. Since the first of July, there has not been more than ten days that out-door labor could not be carried on with comfort.

More wheat was sown than last year, and with even better results. In one instance, at least, nineteen bushels have been threshed from one bushel of seed. The weevil, however, was in pretty strong force in some fields, but no rust of any account. The wheat crop, though improving the last two or three years, has not during these years on the whole, averaged more than half a crop. Barley and oats are good; buckwheat excellent in quality, but a little short in quantity. Potatoes have not been so good since the biggest first made its appearance. Turnips fine and solid, and a good yield; dry weather did not injure them, as it was feared. The hay crop was good, and well harvested; pasture during the season, average.

In addition to the usual amount of seed purchased, fourteen sheep and two pigs have been imported, and sold according to law. For some time past the Society has been considerably exercised over the question of buying or in some way securing the services of a thoroughbred horse. This Spring an arrangement was effected with Hugh McManis, Esq. of Sussex, that placed in our district for the season, that gentleman's celebrated horse "Albert Morgan." The Society's annual exhibition was held as usual on the 20th October. The show of stock was scarcely so good as it had been in some other years, owing in part, no doubt, to the demand for beef, and in part to the great tide. In domestic manufactures, butter, cereals, &c., the display was never better. The manufacturers of leather, harness, and boots, deserve special commendation for the display of articles in their department. The change that a few years has made is very marked. Very little interest was taken in the Ploughing Match, there being more prizes than competitors. The day was fine and the attendance large. Good order prevailed; and a dinner at the Brunswick House, with toasts and speeches, closed the day's proceedings.

Another sign of improvement to be noticed is the effort our farmers are making, particularly our stock-growers, to ensure a good and sufficient supply of water for their cattle during the winter months. Wells supplied with suction pumps are to be found in or near the barns of most of our principal farmers. A few years has wrought a great change in this respect.

Farmers have two great wants; they want skill, and they want capital. Energy and physical ability in some measure may stand instead of these, but only in a small degree. There is some consolation in the fact that those are the wants peculiar to new countries, and as the country grows older they will probably be supplied. In the meantime let it be the aim of every farmer to do whatever he undertakes, in the best way he knows how. Let economy be practiced in the non-essentials, such as fast horses, elegant carriages and expensive dress, and let the money be invested in the mother country. This cable will complete the telegraphic circuit of the world.

Waiting.

From New York "Evening Post."

The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves
To guide him to the meadow,
Among the golden sheaves,
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And listening as I wait
To the nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to her mate.

My thought flows into rhythm,
For the music in the air,
Heralds my lover's coming,
And tells me he is there.
Come, for my arms are empty!
Come, for the day was long!
Turn the darkness into glory,
The sorrow into song.

The Fashions.

For the "Chignecto Post."

Petticoats. — While underskirts and body linen in general revive the sway of embroidery and ruffles in their amplest sense. They are put on plain, in gathered and plaited forms. They are headed by and alternated with horizontal, perpendicular and diagonal tucks. Petticoats are cut gored, with fulness at the back, but for trained dresses are cut off below the knee, and finished with a flounce deep at the back, everything is fluted and graded. Flat dresses, the smallest not more than an inch or two wide, to iron between ruffles and trimming, and a fluting machine have become essential to the doing up of skirts.

A deep flounce, about fourteen inches wide, is worn on walking dresses. Here both edges on the machine, line the flounce, sew a tape along the outer side, over the flounce are passed down, to keep them in place; only the lining of the skirt need continue under the flounce.

Veils are very much worn in all colors; green, blue, and drab predominate. Very few nice bonnets have yet made their appearance, but promise to be stylish and becoming. All the latest styles and newest materials are to be seen at Mrs. Stewart's, near Mount Allison.

A Large Farm.

The large farm of 25,000 acres in Chignecto county, Ill., formerly belonging to M. L. Sullivan, but recently purchased by J. T. Alexander, requires, according to the *Prairie Farmer*, for such part as is under cultivation, a laboring force of 160 able-bodied men, divided into six departments, with a foreman to each squad of 18 or 20 men. The central superintendent gives directions by means of signal flags. The teams are 120 yoke of oxen and 100 horses and mules. It is intended to have 8,200 or 10,000 head of cattle, so arranged that one man can oversee about 1,000 head. The receipts this year are estimated at \$380,000, leaving a net of \$200,000. The cattle on the farm are valued at \$280,000. Machinery is largely used, and the cost of growing corn, as shown by the book account which is kept, is less than a day and a half of labor for each acre. The farm is fenced by an osage hedge two years old, planted on a high ridge, about fourteen feet wide, which has been thrown up with a huge plow—giving a deep bed of earth in which the plants grow with great vigor.

The British Government is considering a plan for extending the postal system of telegraphs to all the British Colonies, and by one continuous line of cable, 24,000 miles in length, uniting these colonies with each other and the mother country. This cable will complete the telegraphic circuit of the world.

MARY MOORE.

A Love Story.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life, I loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chair up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me! how gaily rang out her merry laugh! That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth, followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are taught things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer a school boy, and I was no longer a student, I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a sad coxcomb, I know; but, as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and I prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door—"in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may marry her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not consent to accept my offer.

heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—flat was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others, it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a future home, and a sweet smiling face—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded, and sun bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company had assembled there. I flinched my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long silent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted her hand as if to shade her eyes (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time), and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked, quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester?" lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's!

remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home!

There were four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and, in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains, that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. You have changed so, that I should never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my father, gently. "To be sure, he looks older, and graver, and more like a man, than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly: "You are my boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for that compliment," he answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife and I grow handsomer every day."

"His wife!—could I hear that name and keep silence still?"

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheeks. "I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in this world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used?"

"Very much!" I faltered.

"Hullo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife: I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought—

"Not Mary!"

"I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so glib, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silver figure looking out from the window."

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said, in a low, eager voice, "have you no welcome to the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly—

Variety Column.

If you wish to be praised—die. Real gossipers—babbling brooks. To stop a woman's mouth—kiss it. The best time to crack a joke—when it strikes one. "To see yourself as others see you—become a candidate."

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people. It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the sky on its beams. Virginia has a girl four years old with a heavy beard and moustache. The most heartless woman—the landress: she daily wrings men's bosoms.

The oldest maid—Naomi, daughter of Enoch: she was 580 before she got a husband.

The first broker—Pharaoh's daughter: she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance. Irish landlords are often "warned" now-a-days by finding graves dug in their front yards.

They've arrested a young fellow in Philadelphia, just because he has a lot of names and as many wives. "Every one's days are numbered." It is useless, then, to wish that we may have days without number.

A CIRCUMSTANCE.—Jones said to Nibbles, "Poor Lucinda took that circumstance very much to heart." Nibbles replied, "Did she, indeed? The dear girl! I wish I was that circumstance."

Don Rice, the showman, is about to begin his thirty-seventh annual farewell tour. Daniel is the "farewell" man in the business, and runs a newspaper at Girard, in addition to his other clownish and educated male duties.

An Irish friend of ours the other day thundered out a noble answer to a pestiferous creditor: "Ye may call, sir, for the dirty bill this day month, and if I see your ugly face before that day, be gorra I'll have to take the resate from your executors."

A NEW SPECIES OF PIG.—A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected sir, I went yesterday to the cattle show. I was astonished at not seeing your there."

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington: "high living doesn't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits from his wife's grandmother."

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Hynde. "Vell, do first night I opens my eyes to the monies and finds him right; I count him and dere he tree dollar gone; and yet does you thinks I does den?" "I can't say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since."

A Nevada reporter has discovered a place in the wedding line. He says: "We noticed yesterday a new practice in the marriage business, and we rather like it. All the gentlemen present kiss the bride, and all the ladies kiss the bridegroom, after which all the ladies and gentlemen kiss each other. We go in for the improvement—it is progressive. We solicit an invitation to all the marriages in and about Carson. We feel like a young colt to-day."

Quebec and New Brunswick Railway.

Last week we published a notice of a meeting of the Stockholders of the "New Brunswick Railway Company," when the officers and Directors were appointed, and a code of By-Laws submitted and adopted. Since then we have received a copy of the Bill which has passed the Dominion Parliament, giving to the Company all the necessary power to carry out the work, and to build a line of railway from Riviere du Loup to St. John. The operations of the Company of course are confined to New Brunswick, but another Company has also been incorporated in the Province of Quebec with similar power to extend the line from Kamnaska to Edmundston or the Boundary line of this Province, so that under the Dominion Act the Company is styled the "Quebec and New Brunswick Railway Company." The preliminary steps have been taken towards what we conceive to be a work of great magnitude and general benefit, and we have no doubt but that the Legislatures of Quebec and New Brunswick, seeing as they must, the great importance of this line of Railway, will be prepared to liberally second the efforts of the Company towards the same. —Col. Furner.