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PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA HALIFAX

Literature.

My Lodger's Wife.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

CONCLUDED.

[illegible]ade him good-night, and closed [illegible]oor, still sadder in my mind [illegible] I had previously been. It al[illegible] made me sorrowful when I [illegible]heard of the poor convicts trying to [illegible]. Whatever their faults may [illegible] been, liberty is sweet to all of [illegible] very few of them ever suc[illegible] in getting away—hardly any, [illegible]gh many a one had lost his life [illegible]. I took the beer up to Mr. [illegible]'s room, and tapping at his [illegible] said, as I generally did: [illegible] is your beer, Mr. Lewis;" [illegible] usual, the door was opened, [illegible] took it from me. Instead of [illegible] his lamp burning, as was his [illegible], his room was in complete [illegible]ss, so that I could hardly see [illegible] give him the jug, and in the [illegible] he seemed to look stouter and [illegible] than usual. He did not speak, [illegible]reas he generally had a little [illegible]; but now he took the jug in [illegible]ce. I lingered for a moment: [illegible] finding that he did not speak, I [illegible] going down-stairs, when I [illegible] of his wife. Mr. Lewis had [illegible] closed the door, when I said [illegible]stions I felt about her getting [illegible] through the storm, when, [illegible]mazement, he repl'ed, without [illegible] the door more than a few [illegible] "I am much obliged for [illegible]ness, Mrs. Gerran, but my [illegible] been in for this hour past." [illegible] was so astonished in my life, [illegible]ade two or three little prepa[illegible] to comfort her, and felt hurt [illegible] should not have been informed [illegible] arrival. "Yes," he continued, [illegible] came when the wind was roar[illegible] so loudly, that you did not hear [illegible] knock. I let her in; and as she [illegible]ed and wet, I thought the best [illegible] she could do was to lie down [illegible]." Well, perhaps it was; [illegible] could not help fancying that, [illegible] that, they might have treated [illegible]th a little more consideration. [illegible]ver, I could say nothing; and [illegible]ent to bed, and as soon as the [illegible] would allow, to sleep.

[illegible] first thing I heard in the [illegible]ing, from my milkman, was [illegible] only one of the convicts had [illegible] to escape, and that for the [illegible] he was still at large. It [illegible] unsoured in the town that it [illegible]olonel La Troulle who had got [illegible] the government people [illegible] say much about it; the [illegible] was astir, he said. All [illegible] I heard the same kind of [illegible]; and, in fact, I saw [illegible] convince me that extraor[illegible]tions were being made to [illegible] runaway. The *White* [illegible] searched by a party of [illegible] so was a house in the [illegible] as my own, where a [illegible] young men-lodgers were [illegible]eard, too, that the rail[illegible] watched, not only at our [illegible] that the trains were [illegible] at places twenty or thirty [illegible]t, in case the convict should [illegible] in at some little station. It [illegible]ed, however, that al[illegible] precautions were taken, [illegible] in the island, as, from [illegible] the prison dress, it [illegible] difficult for him to [illegible].

[illegible]ee Mr. Lewis all day, [illegible] but, just at twilight, I [illegible] by the latter coming [illegible] my little kitchen, and [illegible] the milk. She was a [illegible]g young woman, wear[illegible] in short curls; it was [illegible] she was fair too, quiet [illegible]anner, speaking in a [illegible] that I could scarcely [illegible]. She explained that her [illegible] unfortunately, taken a [illegible]nd would be obliged to [illegible] for a day or so. Of [illegible]red any assistance in [illegible]. She thanked me, and [illegible]. When she had gone, [illegible]nothing for the life of me, [illegible]utes, but sit and think [illegible] was an unaccountable feeling, quite a certainty, it seemed, of having known her before, although when or where I could not say. So strong and strange was this impression, that it was almost terrible to me, and, as I said, I could think of nothing else for a long time. However, I shook the feeling off at last, and went about my work, seeing no more of my lodger or his wife that night.

Robert at the *White Lion* told me, when he brought the supper beer, that, although it was hushed up as much as possible, yet it certainly was the Fenian who had escaped, and that it was one of the most desperate and ingenious escapes ever heard of. "Not, ma'am," he said, "as I believe in any of your ingenious escapes. I don't believe in a man doing with a rusty nail, or two prongs of a dinner-fork, or some such thing, in four or five hours, what it would take a couple of smiths all day to do with a basket of tools. It's the warders, ma'am, and they make these excuses; that's what it is, ma'am." This was the opinion of Robert at the *White Lion*, and I must own that I had, on similar occasions, heard many people in Weymouth express themselves to the same effect.

Once or twice the next day I saw Mrs. Lewis, and each time the impression that I had previously met her, grew stronger; I fancied, however, that my looking straight at her, to try and remember when it could have been, disturbed her, so I avoided doing so as much as possible, but for the life of me I could not help doing it sometimes. On the following morning, I had to go out for an hour or two, and when I came back, I found my windows cleaned, the mould in the flower-boxes turned over, and various little things done, which told me that Lewis had been at work again, as, indeed, I found was the case. He had, unfortunately been taken very unwell just before I came home, but previously he had been busy as usual in the front of the house.

As all attempts to recapture the convict had failed, and so there was no longer, I suppose, a hope of keeping it quiet, that night great bills were stuck up about the town, offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the Fenian colonel—for it was he, after all—and one of these bills was stuck up on an empty house just opposite to my own door. I naturally got talking about this with Mrs. Lewis; at least I talked, and she listened, for she said hardly a word; and at last, when I struck a light to find something she wanted, I found she was crying. I told her I was afraid she was weak and low, that her long journey and her husband's illness had upset her, and asked her to let me make her some port-wine negus the last thing that night. She thanked me, but declined; and when she went away, the remembrance of her face, with the tears of her cheeks, seemed ten times more familiar to me than ever. I determined to ask Mr. Lewis, when I saw him, if his wife had ever lived in Weymouth, but it seemed as though I never should see him again. However, I did see him that evening.

I had been up-stairs for some time, and as I was looking over the contents of an old drawer, I was very quiet, and my lodgers thought I was out; but presently I came down, and met Lewis ascending, carrying a light. I was in the dark.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lewis," I said; "I hope you are better."

He looked up and said: "Yes; much better, thank you." He passed on, and left me almost petrified. *It was not the same man.* There was the same dark skin, moustache, hair, and whiskers; the same clothes; but this man, although short, was taller than my lodger, decidedly stouter, and had altogether a harder, sterner expression. There was no possible mistake. His voice, too, was wholly different; and I staggered, rather than walked, into my my little kitchen, feeling as though I had seen a ghost. I had not strength to procure a light; but in a few minutes Mrs. Lewis—sent down, as I found, by her husband—came in with one. Seeing me sitting, so pale and scared, in my chair, she said: "Are you ill Mrs. Gerran? My husband fears you are." As if a flash of lightning had suddenly penetrated all the dark places of my mind, I saw, as she spoke, the meaning of all that had been mysterious, and by her face I saw she knew her secret was revealed. She was my lodger; she was the Mr. Lewis I had known. Altered and changed in every respect as she was, I knew her now. She locked her hands together, and twisted her fingers with a nervous, frightened air, and looked anxiously at me.

"Who—who are you?" I asked. "Why are you dressed like this? Who is the man"——

"O Mrs. Gerran!" she cried, throwing herself down at my knees. before I could move to stay her, "forgive my deceiving you, and still be my friend—be my husband's friend. If you are not kind and true to us, we are lost. We have no home but this—no friend but you. It will soon, I trust, be different; but at this moment my poor husband is a fugitive, an outlaw, a convict, and a price is set upon his head."

"A price upon his head!" I echoed. "Is he, then'——

"Yes," she said, interrupting me, although she was sobbing as if her heart would break—"yes, my husband is Colonel La Troulle, the Fenian. We are Americans, and we are only waiting for the pursuit to cool, when we shall cross to France, and can then easily regain our home—never more, I trust, to leave it."

"Rise up, my poor dear girl," I said, lifting her on to a chair; "and believe me that no money would tempt me to betray your husband; for your sake, at any rate, I will be true to you both. I hope for your sake, too, that he will leave his dreadful and desperate schemes."

"O Mrs. Gerran," she answered, "do not think him a bloodthirsty man; there never breathed a gentler or kinder being. He was sadly deceived in the business which brought him here; but pray, come and see him, that he may know he is safe under your roof."

I went with her; and found this desperate Fenian, a quiet and mild, gentlemanly person. He was full of gratitude to me; and although his close-cut hair, now he sat without his wig, and his dark face made him look stern enough, yet his eyes swam with genuine tears over and over again, when he spoke of his wife and her devotion to him.

Of course, every one can now see how it was managed. When he was sent to Portland, his wife came down, dressed as a man, and, while lodging with me, took care to familiarise the neighbours with the fact that I had a young man lodger. One of the warders had already been gained over—so Robert at the *White Lion* was not so far wrong in his guess—and he it was with whom I had seen the supposed Mr. Lewis talking, and who came to my house twice. On his second visit, he came to say that all was arranged, and that her husband would get away soon after dark the next night. It was, fortunately for the scheme, a very stormy one; so La Troulle got past the station, and followed the Chesil Bank until he thought it safe to strike the line, and then got over the railway bridge without being recognised. He had a large railway rug over his shoulders, which hid his convict dress; and the only really dangerous part of his journey was through the streets to reach my house; but the dreadful storm cleared away all passengers, and he entered our street without having met half-a-dozen people. His wife was watching from her window, and seeing him, slipped down and opened the street-door without my knowing anything about it. Then they removed the stains from her face, hands, and neck with washes which she had brought with her, and he wore a wig, made to resemble her short curls. Poor young thing! she shewed me such beautiful locks which she had cut off, to enable her to look more like a man: they must have been nearly a yard long, I am sure. They thought no place was so safe as Weymouth, and they were right, for the officers were hunting all over London, and Ireland, and Liverpool, and goodness knows where besides. La Troulle shewed himself a little, but not too much, and no one ever suspected the change in my lodgers. In about a fortnight, he got quietly on board a fruit sloop which was going back to France; and both he and his wife wrote to me when they got there, and also when they arrived at New Orleans. I don't know who the warder was, nor what he received for his services; but I heard, shortly after, from Robert at the *White Lion*, that one of them had left Portland to go and take a very handsome public house in London; so I had my suspicions. I know that if I wanted money, which I am happy to say, thanks to my poor dear husband, I do not, I should only have to tell Mrs. La Troulle, or go to the great house in Liverpool, of which they gave me the card, and I could have all I wanted.

She would make me accept her gold watch and chain; and I have worn it, and shall continue to do so, in memory of her.

Propagation.

One of the strangest things in this world, is carelessness with which marriages are contracted. Raisers of milking stock are as careful in their conjunction as it is possible to be. Gentlemen attached to the turf are eminently scrupulous and cautious in this respect. Vice of mind, weakness of the muscle, a want of courage and endurance, badness of temper, liability to disease, do each condemn a horse, and exclude him from the breeding yard. Only the best animals tried and approved are the ones employed in the production of horses for the turf. More than this, they have got to have pedigree, and come of ancestors of pure racing blood, and distinguished on both sides for thorough bred qualities and great performances. Else they are rejected.

Are men of women bred with this care anywhere in the world? We do not know of a single locality where they are. And yet what comparison of importance is there between the stock of men and the stock of cattle?

Physical defects of the most frightful kind, moral defects of a repulsive character, constitute too generally no bar whatever to marriage. Consumption is bred in without a thought—scorfula is perpetuated—gout is unhesitatingly transmitted, while drunkenness is crossed upon sobriety, and hereditary lying and stealing are sent down to a young crop of thieves and codgers, and meanness, laziness, greediness, silieness, selfishness, and vulgarity, are tumbled without hinderance into the common crucible of marriage, and received in the inexorable law of reproduction, as the characteristics of a generation of men and women. Among human beings constitutional defects are as transmissable as they are among horses. So are the moral defects, and so, thank God, are the moral excellencies. Yet the great majority of the people of this country act in defiance of this physiological law—more probably in ignorance of it.

Mutton vs. Pork.

Physicians recommend mutton as the most wholesome meat, the easiest digested and best suited to invalids, while pork, everybody knows, is the most unwholesome food eaten. In England, mutton is a favorite dish, and we apprehend it is to this more than roast beef that the Englishman owes his robust health and rosy complexion. Our people eat too much pork and not enough of mutton.—And yet, as a contemporary remarks, "Mutton can be propuced at less than half the price of pork; also yields more nourishment when eaten; and keeping sheep does not exhaust the farm so much as feeding hogs does. Sheep can be kept during the winter on hay and turnips, or mangel wurtzel or sugar beet, while hogs cannot do, without at least some corn.

HOUSEHOLD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.

Indian Meal, one pound two ounces is a quart.

Butter, when soft, one pound and one ounce is a quart.

Loaf sugar powdered, one pound and one ounce is a quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces is a quart.

Eggs of the average size, ten are one pound.

Liquid measures—Sixteen tablespoonfuls are a half pint.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Academician.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post:

DEAR SIR,—

The letter in your last issue improperly signed "Collegium" was decidedly amusing.

For some days previous to its appearance, the pre-occupied air and disheveled locks of "Collegium" had been the subject of general remark in our Academic World. Indeed there was a general anxiety to know what the ominous signs portended.

Thus in a measure prepared, we survived the shock of this literary thunderbolt hurled from the Collegiate heavens.

"Collegium" describes the "prolonged" meetings of the Committee of the "Gossip" etc., etc: doubtless thinking to humbug the readers of his article into the belief that *he* would be allowed at any meeting of the Committee. I have enquired into the matter and can certainly assure the public that as the "Gossip" employs but one "Imp," "Collegium" has never been engaged in the office and therefore all that he dwells upon is simply the production of his own brain—*so called.*

We notice too that "Collegium" in speaking of the excitement in his Alma Mater when our paper appeared, writes "Alma" with a small *a*.—This need not be wandered at as it only shows that he thinks as little of his Alma Mater as his Alma Mater deservedly does of him.

And in regard to the "Academy Gossip." I will say that its unpretending merit found general favor, and until the Collegians can produce a better paper, I advise them to be silent and not criticise what they cannot surpass.

Yours &c.,

ACADEMICIAN.

Sackville, March 21 1871.

We will not admit any more letters on this subject.—ED.

Brag vs. Whine.

The United States of America is *par excellence*, the land of brag.—The President brags annually, Congress frequently, the Press generally, General Butler incessantly, and the nation unanimously (on the 4th of July). The science of brag has been brought to perfection. To study the other extreme we have to cross the Atlantic; and listen to those public men, and that section of the Press, to which I last alluded. Among them, whining is carried to a like perfection. Have not honorable members, and if I mistake not noble lords got up and asserted that England could not defend her colonies, and have not leaders joined in the whine, and correspondents echoed it? England is disgraced by this contemptible whine. Brag does not inspire admiration; but of the two extremes, it is far better than whining. Great men and brave men have bragged before now; but a brave man never whines. The plucky terrier when he sees a canine foe of four times his dimensions, stiffens his tail, bristles up his wool, shows every tooth in his head, and walks on tiptoe round the enemy that could easily devour him; and pluck and brag wins the day. The cur whines and puts his tail between his legs, and generally gets a shaking.

It is not a good plan to belittle the British Lion. He should rather be patted on the back, and told that although he is old and fat, with a little training and a stout heart, he can thrash any beast in the menagerie yet.—*From "A Round-about Letter by a Loyalist," in the New Dominion Monthly for March.*

A Lawyer's Fee.

A story is told at the expense of a legal gentleman who was formerly well known in Norwich, Conn., who now lives in Oshkosh. One Smith had failed in business, and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to this lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about $50.—"I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate, Smith, for I take a great interest in you. I shan't charge you as much as I should if I didn't feel so much interested in you." Here he handed Smith $15 and kept the balance. "You see, Smith, I knew you when you were a boy, and I knew your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good morning. Come and see me again!" Smith, moving slowly out of the door and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter: "Thank God you didn't know my grandfather."

GLEANINGS.

A GERMAN woman cut the throats of six children and then her own, near Bambaia, Australia.

WHY should drapers assist in putting out fires?—Because they know all about *hose.*

NAPOLEON the First lost 60,000 troops in endeavoring to keep possession of San Domingo. The climate is more deadly than the sword.

A COBWEB marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries:—"Married, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb. Look out for little spiders."

THERE is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch hole.

A RELIABLE Western paper says there are trees so tall that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

JOHN THOMAS, a negro murderer, was privately strangled according to law in New York, on the 17th., and a thousand persons assembled around the jail, though they were deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the spectacle.

THE largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the world.

SOME music teacher once wrote that "the art of playing a violin requires the nicest perception and most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor thus comments: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time making it please everybody, beats fiddling higher than a kite."

THE Japanese have but one newspaper which comes out once a month, in the shape of a stitched pamplet of about 100 pages. It has been established a little more than a year.—The country boasts also of one railway, twenty miles long; but others are in progress.

As there is no chance of a fusion between Orleanists and Legitimists, there will always be in the French Chamber a majority of 400 against any dynasty whatever, says the *Echo.*

THE Cincinnati "Enquirer" says that Mr. Gough's audiences have hitherto been "good people who had an appetite for buffonery, but whose painful piety precluded them from attending a circus."

THE fellow who was engaged to marry the double-headed girl has backed out, because one head got mad and called him a swindling fortune hunter. The other head is in great distress of mind over the quarrel.

"A GOOD many years ago a liberal clergyman of Boston met Dr. Woods and undertook to make himself merry at the doctor's expense. 'I saw the other day a picture of your seminary—a man putting pumpkins into a mill and coming out ministers.'—'Yes, how would you like to go thro' the mill?' and any one ought to be familiar with the doctor's drawl to get at the spirit of it, but it isn't bad any way."

A WRITER in a provincial paper says he has found train or fish oil, applied with a brush to the stems of young trees an effectual preventative of the attacks of rabbits and mice. He also uses it with great advantage among such little plants as turnips, squashes, cauliflowers, carnations, pinks and the like, to keep the bugs away. For this purpose his practice is simply to scatter a few drops of oil all over the bed as soon as the seed begins to vegetate. It is not intimated that a second dose is ever necessary.

ASHES OF HARD AND SOFT WOOD.—It is generally supposed that the ashes of pine wood is not so rich in alkalies as that of hardwood. In his "Muck Manual," Dr. Dana says that, "in equal *weights*, pine ash affords four times more alkali than the ash of hard word." At the same time a *bushel* of hard wood ashes yields more alkali than a bushel of pine wood ashes, the ash of the pine wood being much the lightest. According to analysis only about thirteen and a half parts in a hundred of hard wood are "soluble", while of the yellow pine fifty parts are soluble.

The Bribery and Corruption Case.

Herbert, Petitioner, against Hanington, Respondent.

DORCHESTER, March 23rd. '71.

The Court opened at the Court House this morning, Judge Allen presiding. Frederick Morrison and W. J. Gilbert, Esqrs. for Plaintiff; A. L. Palmer and A. E. Oulton, Esqs. for Respondent.

As was anticipated there was much time occupied in discussing numerous objections taken by Mr. Palmer for the respondent. These being disposed of, the Judge decided to proceed with the evidence under the ordinary rules of Nisie Prius.

Mr. Gilbert opened the case for the Petitioner stating the several parishes where Respondent and his agents had fed and treated voters and paid money and promised offices and giving the names of parties.

The election writ was proved by a certified copy.

The first witness was the High Sheriff who proved the poll books, and that Thos. B. Hanington, of St. John, a voter in Shediac list, had his name changed to Moncton, by Respondent to act as his agent and vote there; other formal facts were proved with inference to the check list and poll books.

SYLVANO BAUDREAU

swore Hon. D. Hanington promised to pay him if he would bring three men and vote and work for his son; to make his price and he would pay him.

WILLIAM CARPENTER

stated that Hon. D. Hanington had hired his coach to drive his son to Dorchester election day and he had charged him $12 for it.

WM. B. WALLACE

swore he gave five dollars to Wesley Chapman given to him by R. A. Chapman; he merely handed him the money and did not know what the money was sent for.

The court adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrow, 24th March.

Wm. B. Wallace's examination continued, but he made a general denial of having any connection with Respondent's election.

JOS. A. ARCHIBALD,

telegraph operator, was called to produce telegrams, which the Judge decided he was compelled to do, and several telegrams were read from Jos. L. Black, which however amounted to nothing of consequence.

GEO. HAYWARD, SALISBURY,

swore that on polling day he fed 70 persons and was paid by Hugh Davidson. Did not know Respondent in the matter.

WM. GIVAN, MONCTON,

testified that he gave entertainment on polling day to the amount of $60, under an arrangement with J. L. Harris, who paid him £10. T. B. Hanington, of St. John, was at his house and treated, and as he thought, was treated in return. Never saw him treat except at an election.

LORONG NILES

was at the Respondent's house on Nomination day and had dinner. He saw about a dozen others there. He had borrowed ten dollars from the Respondent at the County Court, because he was out of money, but he gave at the same time an order for amount on Mariner Wood, Sackville. He had always supported the Haningtons. He saw a keg of liquor at the polling-place on Election day, and was told it was Hanington's.

JACOB H. BEBEET,

brother of the Petitioner, said the Respondent had told him he had better advise his brother to withdraw, as he had no chance of election. John Niles tried to get the witness to go from Shediac to Dorchester and tell his brother that if he was wanting, to use opportunity, he could get a hundred dollars to resign. On the same occasion Mr. Gus Hanington told the witness to get a horse and drive to Dorchester to communicate with his brother and to sent the bill for the hire of the same to him in St. John, and it would be paid.

Mr. Palmer endeavored to elicit from the witness that he had told Lorang Niles that Gilbert had told him to tell his brother the present suit would not cost him anything, but while the witness would not swear he did not do so, he did not admit he did.