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Poetry.

"THE OTHER MAN"—A GLASS DAY BO MANCE.

Oh, mother, I've had a gorgeous time! I was there from eleven till ten. Such glorious fun, such a beautiful place— and, mother, such splendid men! Oh, I wish I was a student! And, mother, I saw Conspicuo!

For only think, mother, as Fan and I got out of that horrid car, Cousin Noel came up with another man; so we did not need dear papa. But we gave him ourshaw's and umbrellas to hold, and Ed he went off with Fan; but he introduced me—mother, why do you frown?—to his comrade, the other young man.

He was "perfectly splendid!" We went to the church, and mother dear, wasn't it fun?

I recognized lots of fellows there before the oration was done. And, mother, what are "Peelers?" I don't it a regular sin. For the whole Freshman class to cry "Peelers!" and make such a noise coming in.

He carried me round to the spreads, mother; it was just like a *matinee* ball; and then he and I had a *delectable* in-tomantic old Howdy Hall. He made me smoke, mother, a wee cigarette; I drank my first glass of champagne; and I filled when he spilled ice-cream on my dress—for I told him it would stain.

Then I went to the dance round the tree, mother; it was really a beautiful scene. Though the Sophomores pushed the poor Freshmen round; I thought it was terribly mean. While the Seniors embraced one another, with such fervent affection and vim. That, mother, I really felt jealous, when I saw all his friends *giggling* at him.

When he got through that horrible hugging, we went to a lot of nice "stags." And then we adjourned from rooms, mother, to a quiet spot under the trees. He was splendid! He said I was lovely—do you think that was quite the right thing?

And, mother, he gave me a keepsake; see here it is—only a ring.

I spoke to him by his first name, mother; you really don't think that he'd care? He called me by mine, and I didn't. I gave him a lock of my hair. Which he kissed, and then put in his watch, mother; and a watch, you know, lies next the heart. Papa cravily came at that moment, and I alas! had to depart.

He said he would walk to the station; now mother, dear, wasn't that kind? Noel and Fan made remarks about "spooping," and giggled, like children, he. But, mother, dear, while we were walking—how nice it was!—down to the car, he said something "perfectly splendid." I'll tell you to-morrow, mamma.

Literature.

Exchanging Rings.

Prudence Holmes sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in "picking over" worthless berries. Without, the golden sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and the dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the nasturtiums, sweet-peas, geraniums, and zinnias in the tiny garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes, and glossy curls shading a fair brow, and cheeks that had a touch of wild-rose bloom upon them. The kitchen also made a pretty picture, with its well-scaled form and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hung behind it, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal flowers set on the snowy table.

The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of flies and the tick of the clock; and outside the crickets and locusts alone disturbed the silence. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of *sotto voce* uttered half aloud:

"Oh, dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice!"

"Miss Prudence," said a voice in the doorway, so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, is it you?" she said, bending down to pick up a few berries that had rilled from her apron.

"I'll pick 'em up!" exclaimed the new comer—a tall and rather aristocratic youth of twenty-one with merry blue eyes, and short auburn hair curling closely under a straw hat—diving for the missing berries with ungraceful dexterity. "Yes, it is I, of course. Have you forgotten your promise to go after lilies with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, but I didn't say this afternoon, you know, only some afternoon this week!" responded Prudence, demurely.

"Well, we'll call it this afternoon, won't we?" was the persuasive rejoinder, as the straw hat was tossed on a chair.

"I can't; I've got these berries to pick over."

"But I shall have supper to get. Mother's away, and there are biscuits to make," insisted Prudence, turning her face away to hide a smile that would curve her lips.

"Never mind that," responded Mr. Abbott Wentworth, bringing a chair to her side. "Pa's at six, isn't it? and it's only half past two. We'll be back by five, without fail, and have time to get half the lilies in the river;" and he began to assort a handful of berries with much earnestness.

"We'll," assented Prudence, after a pause for consideration and a glance at the clock—"I can go for a little while. Oh, don't stain your coat Mr. Wentworth."

But Mr. Wentworth was sublimely indifferent to his coat, and worked with such good-will that the berries were soon picked over, and Prudence and himself on their way to the river. Five minutes later Prudence, with her draperies daintily bestowed around her, was seated in the stern of a little boat, which, propelled by Mr. Wentworth's practiced hands, shot swiftly down stream.

Although Mr. Wentworth said to Prudence five times within one hour that it was a lovely day, and altho' Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty a round them, for Prudence was quite absorbed with the lilies and the reflection in the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than at the aspects of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream, and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old-fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Wentworth, with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Prudence allowed her tiny brow to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in future?"

"Oh yes, if you please."

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it; or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours, and take this instead," said the young man, daringly.

Provoking Prudence looked at the heavily chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent.

"Oh, I do not think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed, blushing, that "it

would not do any harm to try," and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delighted. Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back.

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly, and disregarding his oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat—"because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask you—"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," interrupted his listener, "do see that lily on your left! Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and twenty others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me? Will you marry me?"

Prudence face was turned away, and her head bent lower and lower. A crimson flush stole over ear, neck and chin.

"Prudence!"

No answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand again, venturously.

"Prudence will you wear the ring?" he questioned.

But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his, and Prudence's merry laugh rang over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's, please. I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea-time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket, and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from College, and had held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along, and the rower's brows were knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sideways glances at the offending young Hercules from under her hat.

Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and, having assisted Prudence to land, and curly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched grimly toward the house by his side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to keep from crying. When he at last left her at the door, with a "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture, and had a fit of crying, with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn half an hour later he did see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Prudence, with her sleeves pinned up, mauling biscuits with desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on her high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac-bush to observe it, and lingered so long he was late at tea.

There was a model-supper table—

Behind it the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuits, contrasting with the golden sponge-cake and the richer gold of butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin and broadcloth was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly.

Prudence, presiding between the tea-pots, seemed rather out of spirits; but Father Holmes atoned for her silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits were passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and he

would have refused decorously, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him.

"Don't be afraid of it. There's plenty more in the kitchen—ain't there, Prudence?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly, with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light white bread, lay Prudence's ruby ring!

Such a shout of laughter arose that it brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste, just in time to see Mr. Wentworth coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry choruses, and drop it in his pocket, "to be kept till called for," he said, with a significant glance at her scarlet face.

Poor Prudence! there was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestation and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over.

But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies, and harassed with questions and wou'erment and merriment until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village she stole along the hedge climbed the wall, and ran to the farthest end of the orchard, where she dug herself on the ground and cried as if her heart would break.

She had, perhaps, cried half an hour before a step, crashing the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said:

"I've come to return your ring Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you;" then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me. I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes," he added, diffidently.

"No," responded Prudence, miserably, between her sobs. "I thought you'd think I did it on purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in my way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Prudence."

The sobs partially ceased, and Prudence said, surprised, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-by?"

Prudence said, "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You will shake hands, won't you, Miss Prudence?"

No answer.

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself.

"Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there no other reason?"

"No."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away, and I shan't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now, and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice:

"I—I'll forgive you, if—"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Mr. Abbott Wentworth wore the ring he had found in the biscuit, on his little finger of his left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavily chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament.

ment. To use the words of one of the boarders, "That tells the whole story."

Gathering of the Howe Family.

Oration of the Hon. Joseph Howe, C. B.

The concluding passages of Mr. Howe's oration before the Howe Family, at Farmington, Mass., a few days since, is inserted below. Half a century ago he could hold a Nova-Scottian a silence enraptured by the magic of his eloquence; and to-day he is the 90-old man eloquent," with scarcely an abatement of the fire of his youth:

At the close of the Revolutionary War the British Empire was assumed to be on the decline. Thirteen noble provinces had just been lost. She had been humiliated by land and sea. Her power on the American continent had been shaken to its foundations. Her great rival had defeated and triumphed over her; and, with her capital imperilled by mobs, and her treasury loaded down with debt, she had but a grim outlook for the future.

But the people found the old homestead were not discouraged. The brain power was not exhausted nor the physical forces spent. They went on thinking, working and fighting, as though like Achilles, they gathered strength from their fall; and now, at the end of four-fifths of a century, let us see what they have accomplished.

On this continent, profiting by the lessons of the past, and learning the science of colonial government, they have planted and fostered great provinces as populous as those they lost.

They have explored and planted Australia and New Zealand, conquered an empire in the east, taken Singapore, the Mauritius, British Guiana and Hong Kong, and now, instead of the few feeble colonies left them in 1783, when this country broke away, they have nearly seventy great provinces and dependencies, scattered all over the world, to whom Webster's drum beat is familiar; of millions, and secure to the mother islands an abounding commerce, independent of all the rest of the world; but which they throw open to free competition, with a scanty of civil-war's confidence in their own resources.

"Of the men produced in these modern days, why should I weary you with a bead-roll? Nelson and Wellington, Clive and Napier, stand in the front of a noble array of warriors, who have carried the Red Cross Flag by land and sea; and under its ample folds great statesmen have remodelled their institutions, reformed their laws, enlarged the franchise, limited the prerogative, and laid the foundation of civil and religious liberty broad and deep. Nor have the Mother Islands hung their harps upon the willows; while their engineers have covered the ocean with lines of steamers, and their architects have embellished the scenery with noble structures, their great writers have immortalized their names in the strains of Scott and Byron, of Hemans and Campbell, have been heard above the din of workshops, that never tire the ebb and flow of capital enlarging with each pulsation, and the gradual unfolding of that marvellous web and woof of finance whose meshes envelop the world.

"I have but little more to say. It is he wise to gather the Howe together, and renew old family ties, how much more important it will be to bring together the great branches of the British family, and unite them in a common policy, as indestructible as their language, as enduring as the literature they cannot divide.

"Out of such a union would flow the blessings of perpetual peace, for no foreign power would venture to assault us, and we would be sufficiently strong to be magnanimous when international difficulties arose. Ships enough to keep the peace of the sea would be all that we should require. With a landwehr of millions in reserve, our standing armies might be reduced to the minimum of cost. The Capital would ebb and flow freely over the whole confederacy, our transports, instead of carrying war material, might carry the surplus population to the regions where labor was wanting and the land was cheap; ocean telegrams would come down to a penny rate; and our national debts would disappear by the gradual increase of the population and growth of the general prosperity. May the great father of mercies, our prayers, and so avert our national calamities that we may come to be one people, living under different forms of government it may be, but knit together by a common policy, based upon an enlightened appreciation of each other's strength, and on a sentiment of mutual esteem."

Dominion Rifle Match.

The match commenced on Tuesday and ended on Friday of last week at Halifax. The attendance was painfully small. Quebec sent only eight and Ontario five. New Brunswick sent about forty. The spectators were few and the enthusiasm was at a low ebb. The firing was not over brilliant. New Brunswick secured a large number of prizes.

FIRST DAY.

ALL COMERS MATCH.

The following won \$20 each.

Ensign C. Johnson, 71st Batt. N. B.	35
Cor. J. Pallar, N. B. Garrison Artillery.	32
The following won \$10 each.	
Capt. Geo. Piers, 63rd Halifax.	31
Pl. R. A. Christie, Cumberland Reserve Militia.	

SECOND DAY.

DOMINION RIFLE MATCH—FIRST STAGE.

The following won \$15 each an badge:

Pl. D. McElnon, Cumberland.	31
Sergt. R. A. Christie.	30
Ensign Church.	29
Sergt. M. Black.	28
Ensign Harrison.	27
Pl. Colburn.	26
Sergt. C. Church.	25

SECOND STAGE.

1st prize \$10, E. A. Wilton, N. B.	24
2nd " \$70, Sergt. Paves, 77th "	
3rd " \$10, P. Hickey, 64th Hix "	

THE MORGAN MATCH.

Challenge Cup—value \$200—was won by Ensign Johnston, 71st Batt. N. B.

THIRD DAY.

THE PROVINCIAL MATCH.

for \$500, shot for by 15 competitors from each Province was won by Nova Scotia, whose team made 650 to 630 made by New Brunswick's team—Nova Scotia also won the 2nd and 3rd prizes of \$10 and \$20 in this match.

THE BATTALION MATCH.

1st prize \$100, 62nd Battalion, Halifax.	298
2nd prize \$75, 71st Battalion, N. B.	277
3rd prize \$50, Colchester and Hants Battalion.	272
5th prize \$10, Cumberland Battalion, Mofatt.	267

Pte. Mofatt was the highest of ten who won each \$5 in this match.

The Cumberland Battalion was composed of Lieut. G. E. Church, Ensign J. Ha rison, Sergt. M. Black, Sergt. R. A. Christie, Sergt. D. R. McElmon, Sergt. Charles Bent, Sergt. John Hyatt, Sergt. W. Colburne, Sergt. H. Mofatt, Sergt. Charles Church.

SURSARY STAKES.

1st prize \$60, Pte. M. McLeod, Colchester and Hants.	47
2nd prize \$25, Sergt. Vaughan, 60th Quebec.	47
Sergt. Mofatt, Cumberland, scored 44 in this match, winning \$10, and Sergt. R. Christie, 41, winning \$5.	

FOURTH DAY.

AFFILIATED BATTALIONS MATCH.

1st prize \$30, Nova Scotia Five.	164
2nd " \$10, New Brunswick Five.	161
3rd prize \$20, Quebec Five.	125
\$10 for highest individual score.	
Major McAdam, N. B.	42
\$10 for second highest, Pl. C. H. McLeod, Colchester & Hants.	42

A man named John Neal, a coal cutter of Sydney Mines, was recently killed by Robert Wyssan, of Little Bras d'Or, in a fight on the Bar road on Saturday last. But one blow was struck. Both parties were under the influence of liquor at the time.

MORMONISM IN DANGER.—We learn from the New York papers that the Mormon community has been scandalized by the filing of a suit by a wife against her husband for adultery. This is the first instance in which the peculiar institution of Utah has led to legal proceedings before an American court by an aggrieved wife, and great interest is felt in the result of the case. It is believed that if the plaintiff is successful others will follow her example.

A BAND of 300 men entered the jail at Morgantown, Ky., on Saturday night, took out a white man and a negro, confined with outraging a woman near Covesville, on Tuesday night, and using them on a tree a mile from the town.

SIR DENISON GRANT told the British Association at its late meeting of an enormous woman, Carolina Heenan, now exhibiting in London, age 22 years, weighing 560 lbs., 7 feet round the body, 22 inches round the arm, and 3 feet 6 inches across the shoulder. Still, it appears that this large lady is not so much fat as muscle, and unlike most fat people, she is able to sustain great physical exercise. She is also "handsome and pleasing," and "highly intelligent," not in the least "heavy," nor is her face "fat and greasy." Miss Heenan is expected to grow greater as she grows older.

ANOTHER BREVITY CASE.—Some two weeks ago a woman calling herself Mrs. Allison, lodged a complaint in the Police Court concerning her husband, who she alleged, had married another woman, knowing that she (Mrs. Allison) his first wife was living. It appears that some two years ago, on account of some ill-will between her and her husband, she determined to leave him, and with three of her children, she went to the States. There she succeeded very well, and having got her children into a situation, she returned to this country to effect a reconciliation with her husband. When she arrived here, she found he was married to a woman by the name of Bartlett. She immediately took out a summons against him, and he was arrested last night. He had been employed for the last twelve months by the Nova Scotia Railway Company as an ornamental painter of the cars—Halifax Paper.

HAD HER DIBB.—It is very often the case that parents and children do not agree on a question of marriage. This peculiarity (if it be one) was illustrated a few days since in one of our uptown families. The young lady was resolving the affairs of a gentleman much above her father's inclination. He stormed and swore incessantly; but it did no good.—The swain still came a wooing, and the preparations for the marriage went steadily on. In the excess of his impatience the father exclaimed—

"I can't imagine what you silly women want to marry for."

"My mother got married," replied the daughter, archly.

"The more fool she," blurted out the intemperate parent.

"I believe!"

"You know how it is yourself, sir," replied the lady sweetly.

"Yes, and you'll find out," was the concluding rejoinder.—*Nova Scotia Post.*

USEFUL ITEMS.

Borax is said to be a grand remedy for cockroaches. Powdered borax, half a pound or so scattered about will so effectively clear the house that the appearance of one cockroach a month will be a wonder. Moreover the borax is perfectly safe.

Mr. F. Ransome of London, proposes to make the stone and brick walls waterproof by coating them with a solution of Silicate of Soda, which is superficially decomposed by the application of Chloride of Calcium. The result is Silicate of lime, which is perfectly insoluble, while it does not alter the appearance of the wall.

MEYER declares that neither man nor dog can be fed economically upon bread alone. A persistence in the bread diet causes the tissues of the body to become more watery, and the entire organization less capable of resisting injurious influences. A small percentage of meat added makes a much less total weight of food answer the desired object.

FROCKLES MAY, so a "Moravian Chemist" says, be removed by the use of the following compound:—Two parts of sulphur, carbonate of zinc, twenty-five parts of distilled glycerine, twenty-five parts of rose-water and five parts of scented alcohol; to be applied twice daily for half an hour to an hour; then washed off with cold water. The Chemist considers frockles to be caused by the growth of a local parasitical fungus under the skin, which extends and opens its pores in the warm season.