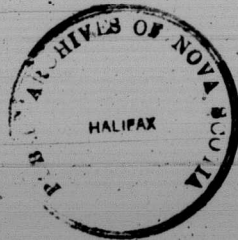


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Poetry.

ART AND NATURE.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Entered a dual palace—
Apotheosis of old and new;
The stone-pines stood around me,
With their sunbeams and shaded bowers,
And in the vase before me
Were roses white and red;
I stepped into living green;
But found them waxes and dead.
Then forth from the lofty window,
I stepped into living green;
But found them waxes and dead.
I saw the stone-pines stand around me,
With their sunbeams and shaded bowers,
And in the vase before me
Were roses white and red;
I stepped into living green;
But found them waxes and dead.
I saw the stone-pines stand around me,
With their sunbeams and shaded bowers,
And in the vase before me
Were roses white and red;
I stepped into living green;
But found them waxes and dead.

Literature.

The Mysterious Barrister.

In the philosophy of the great old times, the devil could be at times both generous and just. Witness the story of the demon of Alost.

In the year 1232, a Brabancon soldier, Jean Spitaels by name, arrived in the said town on a gloomy November night, coming from Ninove. Spitaels was wounded, having on his way to defend the person of a young widow of Ghent, whom some malefactors had set upon in the hope of an easy booty, on the highway. He rescued the fair lady from their clutches, and although her expressions of gratitude were vehement, they did not heal some severe cuts which he had received in the encounter. Spitaels, indeed, privately attributed the fact that he had got out of the unequal struggle more to his having invoked St. Martin of Alost than to his own powers; and, actuated by this feeling, he no sooner reached the town in question than he went to return thanks at the altar of the patron of brave men. This done, he said to himself, as he was well provided with money, he would not go to a hospital, but he would take up his abode at a hostelry, kept by one Ghislain Merex, close by the beginning. He was hospitably received, by sending for a surgeon, and was ordered to keep his bed for a fortnight before his wounds could be cured. When Spitaels had rushed to the rescue of the lady in trouble, and exposed his life in her cause, he had merely followed the generous impulse of all good soldiers of Christ, to do unto others as they would be done by. But as he lay on his bed of sickness, the beauty of the young widow, and the kind and graceful manner in which she had thanked him, kept intruding upon his thoughts until he could think of nothing else. His mind, indeed, became so entirely absorbed in reminiscences of the widow that he resolved, when he got well, to go to Ghent, to find out the object of his affections, who had said she lived near the belfry in that ancient city, and to ask her in marriage.

Now when Jean Spitaels took up his quarters at the hostelry of Ghislain Merex, fearing that he might be led into foolish expenses by some of the brotherhood of arbalatriers, or cross-bowmen of Alost, with whom he was acquainted, he handed over his well-furnished purse to the care of his host. He was all the more anxious not to spend more than was necessary for his recovery, as we have seen that his thoughts were solely occupied with the person of the young widow; and like all lovers, disregarded the possible disparity of condition of life, he entertained hopes as he had saved her life and honor, of succeeding in gaining her affec-

tions and hand, which would raise him to the very pinnacle of happiness.

Previous to taking his departure he claimed back the money he had deposited with his host. But the sight of gold tempts people to bad actions, and that all the more so as the sum is more considerable. The host's wife (the French, the most galling nation in the world, strange to say, always bring in the sex in their legends as at the root of all evil) pointed out to her spouse that the money had been placed in his charge without the presence of witnesses, "and who," she said, "would put the simple assertion of a soldier of fortune against that of a well-known and honest landlord?" The host was easily prevailed upon by his wife's half to secrete the money in his strong box, and thus, when Spitaels claimed it, he not only declared that he had never received it, but, as if dishonesty is generally impatient, he taxed the unfortunate man with either madness or bad design, and asked him "if he wished to take away his character?"

Jean Spitaels became furious at the turn which events had taken; but although he loudly declared the wrong done to him by the scoundrel of the public house sided with Ghislain Merex and his wife, and helped them to get rid of the soldier's importunities by turning him out of doors. Spitaels was not, however, the man to be thus robbed with impunity. He drew his sword and threatened to break open the door, and obtain his money by force. The host and hostess, terrified at his threats, and knowing the determined spirit of the soldier, were obliged to send for archers, who led him away to prison.

Spitaels was comparatively a stranger in Alost, while Merex was known as a housekeeper and publican of tolerable fair repute. So the feelings of the grand bailiff of Alost were prejudiced against what was not an uncommon incident in those days—the supposed audacious attempt at extortion by a free-lance. It was even privately discussed whether the best way of getting rid of him and his pretensions altogether would not be by putting him to death. As he had no friends the majority of opinions were in favor of this summary mode of proceeding, and, but for an unforeseen incident, it might have fared badly with Spitaels.

There was at that epoch a demon in Alost, who had shown himself to several persons, and hence had been much talked about, but as he had not harmed any one, he was not much dreaded. The morning of the day when Spitaels was to be taken before his prejudiced judges, the said demon made his appearance to his cell and said to him:

"You are about to be condemned to death, which is an injustice, but that is the way in which men act. Nevertheless, if you will only give yourself to me I will save your life."

"And who are you?" asked the soldier.

"Do not be afraid of me. I am the demon of Alost."

"The demon of Alost!" exclaimed Spitaels. "A demon! I give myself up to a demon? No; I would rather perish innocent than save my life by giving up my soul to a demon."

"But," persisted the tempter, "think that in two hours I will have the opportunity of saving you, and will have many more years to live; I can get your money back for you. And what about the fair widow of Ghent? She is here; she is in Alost; and she wishes to see you and to save you."

The last words had, as the demon calculated, a great effect on Spitaels. He paced his cage in extreme agitation.

"She is here!" he exclaimed. "She wishes to see me! But no matter," he added, recovering from his momentary weakness, "I cannot be yours. No; I will perish on the scaffold before I yield my soul to the tempter. But you have brought me good news. She is here, and for that

good news I pardon you, demon of Alost. I shall see her, for she will come to the trial. If they condemn me, my last hope will be that I shall tell her I wished to be her husband."

The grief and resignation of the soldier touched the heart even of the demon. "If I can't have him," he said to himself, "I can, at all events, have the other one." So turning around he said:

"Well since you will not belong to me, I will be generous with you, and you shall not curse me, for I will give you a disinterested aid. I even flatter myself that I can save your life. But you must follow my advice. When you are presently summoned before the grand bailiff, plead innocence, and ask (what cannot be refused to you) that you may have for counsel a barrister whom you will see there in a blue cap. That will be myself."

The prisoner was delighted. The reader may, perchance, think that the supposed demon was only a young barrister sent by the widow of Ghent to sound the soldier's feelings, and to put his piety to trial, in order the better to ascertain his real worth, but he will be in the wrong. The demon of Alost was really what he proclaimed himself to be, and he did not calculate badly as the reader will see.

Barely an hour had elapsed after this interview before the archers came to lead forth the Brabancon soldier from his dungeon into the presence of the judges. The accusation brought against him of his intending to murder his host and hostess, after having unjustly excommunicated them, was so ably set forth that everybody felt that the gibbet was inevitable. But Spitaels, casting his eyes around him, soon made out a barrister with a cadaverous face, and a square, pointed beard, but with eyes of fire, and who wore a scull cap of blue velvet. His courage revived upon seeing his mysterious ally, and he demanded in a loud voice that the pale-faced counsel should be allowed to plead for him, as he said he was but a rude soldier, and little versed in the art of pleading. His request was granted, although a murmur ran through the court, for his counsel was not known as one of those who practiced at the bar of Alost.

This is not surprising, when we know that it was a demon, who, strange to say, had ventured to assume the garb of a barrister-at-law. As the novel forensic member proceeded with his case, and after declaring that the brave soldier had been most unfairly dealt with and most abominably ill-treated, he proceeded to relate the true history of the money deposited in the hands of his host, with the addition of circumstances which the soldier himself had forgotten until he was reminded of them, and he further declared that he could bring witnesses who would prove that Spitaels had the very sum of money about him when he left Ninove which he declared he had lost, a feeling began to prevail the assembly that the Brabancon might be in the right after all. But when his distinguished counsel came out with his last great point, and declared that he would reveal to the judges the very spot where the money was at the moment hid, the host was so astounded and perplexed that he jumped upon his feet, asserting that it was false, that he had not the money, that it was not secreted where he said it was; and he swore in his excitement that he would give himself to the devil if what he said was not true.

This was just what the demon had hoped for, and had anticipated would take place.

"I do not ask for more," he said, "taking off his velvet cap, and displaying two little horns, while his eyes seemed to cast flames upon the terrified host."

The crowd at once made way for the mysterious pleader, who went up to Ghislain Merex, seized upon him as his lawful prey, and carried him away so far, (or according to others lifted him up so high) that he was never heard of. The hostess—the never heard of—the two—fell upon her knees and prayed for mercy, promising to send for the money at once. Jean Spitaels was set at liberty the moment that the money he claimed

had been restored to him in the presence of the whole court, and his character as an honest man fairly vindicated. The widow of Ghent was among those present, and going up to her gallant saviour, she congratulated him, and said she had come there solely in the hopes of saving him.

They accordingly went forth to Ghent, and Count Fernand of Flanders, to whom Baldwin of Guines had ceded the County, having heard of the adventures of the Brabancon soldier, gave him a good appointment in his court, and his marriage with the young widow was celebrated with general rejoicing, which, in the native language of the chronicle, shows that it is inconvenient to thieves, indecent to tell stories, and very imprudent to give one's self to the Prince of Darkness.

Personal Appearance of Great Men.

In nothing, perhaps, are we so frequently disappointed as in the bodily appearance of some notorious personage with whose actions and character we have been long acquainted, but whose image in the mind's eye was wholly of our own creation. At first we refuse to substitute the strange reality for our own cherished ideal, for the mind cannot think of persons or things without creating a picture of them. Generally we magnify the size of our heroes and enfold them with superhuman beauty; or, if they are hateful, we conceive of them as ugly and deformed.

When a man of gigantic stature is remarkable also for extraordinary intellectual and moral ability,—which he has power to govern or magnify eloquence, or occupies a conspicuous station,—there can be no question that he derives great additional influence from the size of his body.—Constantine, a giant in body, at the head of his army, or on the throne, provided for him in the great Ecumenical Council at Nice; Charlemagne, towering above others in height, and able to command and reconstruct the broken elements of Europe into a new Empire; Peter the Great who introduced Russia into the sisterhood of civilized nations; Washington, the father of his country,—all satisfied that instinct that loves to see an imposing appearance associated with intellectual power and personal authority.

But facts will not allow us to accept the materialistic hypothesis that there is any connection between the weight or shape of the body and the power of the mind. Soul is not dependent on the size, nor on any known quality, of the engine with which it is connected, for either amount or intensity or action.

Byron informs his readers that he has exactly "five feet eight and one-half inches in height, slim and muscular,"—about two inches taller than the average of his countrymen, and about three inches taller than Englishmen. For Dr. Beale has ascertained that the adult male inmates of lunatic asylums in England are one inch shorter than their rational brethren—perhaps because little men have a more nervous temperament, or perhaps because the larger men outside outlive or overpower their smaller brethren, and put them into lunatic asylums for safety.

Robespierre—perhaps the most remarkable of all the characters who figured in the Great French Revolution, and, in some respects, one of the strongest men that the world has ever seen, seemingly an incarnation of will—was only five feet and some two or three inches in height, his complexion livid and bilious, his eyes constantly blinking, and his shoulders and neck subject to certain spasmodic motions. And yet he swayed both the multitude and the Assembly by his logic and eloquence, and by the sheer force of intellect mastered the storm longer and more successfully than any other man.—Marat, his rival, was not even five feet high, his face hideous, and his head monstrous for size. Danton, on the other hand, whose tremendous eloquence served the new Republic successfully against foreign aggression was of a large and powerful frame, and an extraordinary loud voice.

Peter the Hermit, whose eloquence stirred all Europe to the Crusades—according to Berington, in his edition of Abulark and Heloise, was a tall, thin man, with a ringing voice. Whitfield was stout. Wesley was small. Neibuh, who revolutionized the views of the world on Roman history, was five feet six inches in height and slender. Schleiermacher who

Fruit and Fruit Growing.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post.

Concluded.

Dear Sir,

To the man who says he would like to grow the apple, but urges his northern climate and a sickly sun, I would say: Did you ever think, for how many kinds of apples you are indebted to the British Isles, whose summers present neither the heat nor sun of our own, and whose most southerly point is in lat. 59 deg. N; of the Gravensteen being a native of Holstein 54° N. lat; the red and white Astrachen, and some other of our best varieties are from the neighborhood of Stockholm, in N. lat. 60° The Emperor Alexander, the Transpire, Astrachen, etc., are from that region of Russia lying between St. Petersburg and Moscow, between 55 and 60° N. These are some of our best varieties.

Now I shall go farther and assert that the climate of Nova Scotia and part New Brunswick is the best adapted to apple growing of any on the surface of the Globe. This testimony I have had from Englishmen in their great centres at home, who express surprise at the color, size and flavor of our apples, saying we are entirely disappointed in your climate—which by accounts given to us we were led to believe, a land of ice and fog.

To grow apples to great size, you have warmth. To ripen, and to highly color, you must have sun.—To create the crispness, and high flavor, caused by the mingling of the saccharine and the acid, you have a short season.

They might say our sun is not hot enough to bring the apple up to that perfection, and our season is a month too long at each end, consequently our apples lack flavor.

The New York, Jersey, and Pennsylvania apple look as fine but their season is too long to give them that terseness and vinous richness required. They do not compare in flavor with those of the same variety from Nova Scotia, they lack vigor, and are insipid.

In three of the World's Exhibition, London, Dublin, and Paris, we have stood the best against all competitors without a stain on our escutcheon.

Our apples are now largely exported, per steamship from Halifax to the West Indies and Newfoundland, and particularly to Britain. Our people are becoming well acquainted with the Liverpool and the Covent Garden market of London.—The writer has had fruit of his arrival there in good condition, after its voyage across the Atlantic, whereas those from the United States were arriving in an injured and bad state of keeping.

The usual price of apples in the English market is from £29 to £10 s2c per barrel, and the trade is rapidly increasing. With experience in the trade, in barrelling and with knowledge of the varieties that take in the market, the hardihood of fruit and fitness for transportation, one can then challenge the world.

But a limited portion of the American continent is well adapted to grow apples fit for transportation to the great trans-atlantic markets. That area being contained in the tier of States north of Maryland, and bordering on the Atlantic, and the single Western State of Ohio; the remainder of the great West being too subject to spring frosts. In them as soon as the earth turns sufficiently on its axis to more fully receive the rays of the sun, say from March 20th to the end of that month, the prevailing winds come warm from the southwest on their great circle from the region of the Gulf. To use the expression of the inhabitants, "the spring comes on like a clap of thunder, and vegetation starts at lightning speed; fruit trees are soon in blossom, but a night succeeding the hottest day will be attended with frost, more particularly if the wind happens to change, and come from the region of the Gr. at Lakes. Fruit growing is then that season. In some portions of the West this occurs every other year, and in some others two years out of three.

Consequently fruit is grown in li-

mitied quantities and more for export.

The apple has improved by its acclimation in America; the reason probably being its hotter sun.—A sun and unlimited market exists in Europe for all our better varieties. We can have the monopoly of supply of the better class of customers of our hundred millions of Europe, they buy American apples when they can be got, in preference to their own; this I have on the authority of Messrs. Cart & Rogers, the most extensive fruit dealers in Britain.

During the fruit season ten thousand barrels often enter the port of Liverpool per week. And still our most remunerative markets are in Paris, Hamburg, and London.

Those States of the American Union before mentioned, Nova Scotia, perhaps part of New Brunswick, and a portion of Upper Canada, surrounding Lake Ontario, are the only natural grounds to supply this trade.

Scarcely any part of Nova Scotia is so subject to harmful frosts as the States of the great West.

Our spring care backward in late, yet the coolness of our summer and sea in our nearly insular position cannot be so great, as the full from bodies of ice and snow within the borders of the great West, and sweeping from the Arctic Ocean.

Yet there is another influence to be taken into consideration.

That is the Arctic current, and a few will admit it to be of any benefit to us, as during the months of spring and early summer it passes our shores with its bergs and fields of ice stretching many a weary mile.

Yet to the fruit growers of our province it certainly is a blessing, as by its influence on our springs it retards vegetation till the seas have become too warm for frost, except in a few localities.

Now, Mr. Editor, after saying so much on the subject, as I presume I have wearied the patience of both you and your readers, and consequently have but a small stock of credit left, and it is said people at such times become reckless, so I will hazard an opinion, decided very differently by many to whose opinion, on almost any other subject, I should bow with respect.

I here assert that inside of thirty years portions of Cumberland will be noted as important fruit growing districts, and also for that the best adapted to foreign exportation.

Let any one who doubts from my opinion examine fruit of Mr. John Vickery, of the River, Messrs. M. Lodge, Macdonald, McKinnon, Brown, and Harrison, of Lower Macdonald, Mr. William Pipes, of River Philip, and tell me where better fruit is raised in this Province with the same cultivation.

Some varieties I have seen grown by the great men named, and are equal to the best grown in our Cornwalls Valley.

The farms of some of these gentlemen named with fruit of thirty years produce fruit of value from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per year.

Perhaps you state, but some of our Cumberland farmers cultivate on double those sums from their orchards in a very few years.

I will not depend on the "blooming wine," I hope not, for our country as much depends on its soil, but it is of the utmost importance that he should understand the various branches connected with the culture of the soil.

To the late Hon. Mr. Prescott the men of Kings County owe an inextinguishable debt of gratitude. My first rest lightly on his grave. His works do not follow him, but the country reaps the benefits of his labors each year from his labors.

Concerning the fruit growing properties of Westchester and Albert I am not acquainted with the fact, as some things are similar to that of Cumberland.

To my opinions I shall endorse my name. Respectfully Yours,
S. G. WILSON.
Canning Cornwallis, N. S.

What was De-la-Ronde like a ship in port? When she was moored.

One hundred millions of dollars in gold are annually spent by Americans in Europe.

Why was Louis Napoleon's army like his moustache? Because it was waxed at both ends.

Just state the difference between an action and a sensation? One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

At a recent school examination, a young urchin being asked why it was so warm in the torrid zone, replied promptly, "because it is so hot."