

ULTS!  
60!

Sales of Our  
BRATED  
EED"

Machines  
PAST SIX WEEKS,  
E. DEEN

and Fifty  
ST. JOHN ALONE!

of convincing purch-  
is the only agent  
RATED Machine of  
y. We are constant

00 and \$35.00.  
LITTLE children, glad and merry,  
Toddle, romp, and race along,  
To Cash Purchasers.

Line Street, St. John.  
Sewing Machine  
Company.

GENERAL AGENT,  
Nelson Street.

ing Street,  
ST. N. B.

d Prices  
in Stock of

JEWELRY  
WATCHES

LATED WARE,  
Pipes, &c. &c.

Railway  
ARRANGEMENT. 1870

ON MONDAY, 16  
rains will run daily.

ING EAST,  
11 and 11.15 a.m., at  
2.15 train going  
to St. John.

11.15 and 10.15  
11.15 and 10.15 a.m., at  
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# CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

J. E. FRANKLIN & Co.,  
Publishers.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1870.

No. 9.

## Selected Poetry.

### The Daisy Chain.

Little children, glad and merry,  
Toddle, romp, and race along,  
To Cash Purchasers.

With bells of laughter and of song,  
Shine upon the sunny fields;  
Every elf  
Uplifts his elf.

Which all the ground in plenty yields.

Now they weave a chain of daisies;  
Link by link it longer grows,  
But a hand  
Breaks through the band,

And all around the treasure flows.

Life is such a chain of daisies,  
Each on the other must depend;  
One rude break  
A breach will make.

That tears no wishes never can mend.

Coming o'er the sea.

On the shore I linger  
Looking o'er the waves,  
Where the idle ripple  
Rock and shingle laves.

Color'd shells and seaweed  
Bearing unto me,  
Waiting for my true love  
Coming o'er the sea?

All the pearls of ocean  
All the beads that lie  
In the stately vessels  
Black against the sky;

What are these to me,  
Waiting for my true love  
Coming o'er the sea?

## Literature.

### BERGUMDAGH.

#### An Episode of the Indian History.

Well, as a matter of course, there  
were other people in our regiment  
than I ought to mention: Captain  
Merrick, Truro and his

and from Hyper-  
tendent, a very good-looking young  
man, who was a great favourite  
with the men.

At the time of the battle of  
St. John, Mrs. Colonel Maines, and no  
small deal with them at all times,

being a great chum of Captain  
Merrick, and they too shooting together,  
in July, August and September.

As something in Lieutenant Leigh  
I never seemed to take to,  
then there was the doctor—a Welsh-  
man, who was, and he used to make it

his boast that our regiment was  
the healthiest anywhere; and he  
told you what it is, if you were ill.

And in hospital, as we call it,  
I found that only means anywhere  
to get well—If you get well—If you get well—

Once, and under his hands, you'd  
link twice before you made up your  
mind to be ill again, and he very bad

England—2 or 3 before you went to him. Beside,  
a nice as a nurse, though his name  
as Hughes; and how we men did  
like him, mortally, till we found out

his real character, when we were  
sent out to pieces almost, and him

ready to cry us at times as he  
said to our comrades: "Hold up  
your heads, lads, he's only another  
cavalier, but he's got the corner!"

Then, of course, there  
were other officers, and some away  
with the major and another battalion

with the regiment at Wallahabad; but  
I don't think I can do better than  
introduce you to our mess on the very

morning of this halt, when, after  
pulling myself with a pipe, just the  
time as I should have warmed my

pipe with a pipe if it had been in  
my hand, I walked up  
and all ready for breakfast, and

found Mrs. Bantem making the tea.

Some of the men didn't fail to  
ask her, as she who took our tea for  
breakfast; but all the same I like it.

It always took me home, tea did  
and to the days when my poor old  
father used to say that there never

was such a boy for bread and butter  
as I was; not as there was ever so  
much better that she need have

troubled, whatever I cost for bread,  
though Mrs. Bantem wasn't a bit  
like my mother, she brought up her

children thoughtfully. Mrs. Bantem was  
a good woman, I ever saw in my life.

She stood five feet eleven and a half  
in stockings, for Joe Bantem got  
her stockings to take her under the

table one day. She'd got a sea-  
green dress as black as a black cat; she'd  
got a moose, and a good one too;

and a great coarse look about her all  
together. Measles—I'll tell you who  
was directly—Measles used to say

she was a horse god-mother; and  
she didn't seem to like one another;  
and Joe Bantem was as proud of that

woman as she was of him; and if any  
one hinted about her looks, he used  
to laugh, and say that was only the  
outside ring, and talk about the juice.

But all the same, though, no one  
couldn't be long with that woman  
without knowing her flavour. It was  
a sight to see her and Joe together,

for he was just a nice middle size—  
five feet seven and a half—and as  
pretty a pink and white, brown-

whiskered, open-faced man as ever  
you saw. We all got tanned and  
coppered over and over again, but  
Joe kept as nice and fresh and fair

as on the day we embarked from Gos-  
port years before; and the standing  
joke was that Mrs. Bantem had a  
preparation for keeping his complexion

all square.

Joe Bantem knew what he was  
about, though, for one day when a  
nasty remark had been made by the  
men of another regiment, he got talk-

ing to me in confidence over our  
pipes, and he swore that there wasn't  
a better woman living; and he was  
right, for I'm ready now at this pre-

sent moment to take the Book in my  
hand, and swear the same thing be-  
fore all the judges in Old England.

For you see we're such duffers, we  
men, shew us a pretty bit of pink  
and white, and we run mad after it;

while a l the time we're running away  
from no end of what's solid and good,  
and true, and such as'll wear well,

and shew fast colours, long after  
your pink and white's got faded and  
grimy. Not as I've much room to  
talk. But present company, you know,

and setra. What, though, as  
a rule, does your pretty pink and  
white know about buttons, or darning,

or cooking? Why, we had the  
very best of cooking; hot boiled  
meat, and rag, and stew, and roast

and hushes, when other men were  
growing over as dog's-meat dinner.  
We had the sweetest of clean sheets,

and never a button off; our stockings  
were darned; and only let one of us  
—Measles, for instance—take a drop

more than he ought, just see how  
she'd drop on to him, that's all. If  
his head didn't ache before, it would  
ache then; and I can see as plain now

as it was only this minute, instead  
of years ago, her boxing Measles's  
ears, and threatening to turn him out  
to another mess if he didn't keep

sober. And she would have turned  
him over too, only, as she said to  
Joe, and Joe told me, it might have  
been the poor fellow's ruin, seeing

how weak he was, and easily led  
away. The long and short of it is,  
Mrs. Bantem was a good motherly  
woman of forty; and those who had

anything to say against her, said it  
out of jealousy, and all I have to say  
now is what I've said before: she  
only had one fault, and that is, she

never had any little Bantems to make  
wives for honest soldiers to come  
to; and where ever she is, my wish  
is that she may live happy and vener-  
able to a hundred.

That brings me to Measles. Big-  
ley his name was; but he'd had the  
small-pox very bad when a child,  
through not being vaccinated; and

his face was all pitted out in holes,  
so round and smooth that you might  
have stood peas in them all over his  
cheeks and forehead, and they wouldn't

have fallen off; so we called  
him Measles. If any of you say  
"Why?" I don't know no more  
than I have said.

He was a sour-tempered sort of  
fellow was Measles, who listed be-  
cause his sweetheart laughed at him;  
not that he cared for her, but he

didn't like to be laughed at; so he  
listed out of spite, as he said, and  
that made him spiteful. He was al-

ways grumbling about not getting  
his promotion, and sneering at every-  
thing and everybody, and quarrelling  
with Harry Lant him, you know, as

carried the elephant's trunk; while  
Harry was never happy without he  
was teasing him, so that sometimes  
there was a deal of hot water spilled

in our mess.

And now I think I've only got to  
name three of the drum-boys, that  
Mrs. Bantem ruled like a rod of iron,  
though all for their good; and then  
I've done.

Well, we had our breakfast, and  
thoroughly enjoyed it, sitting out  
there in the shade. Measles grum-  
bled about the water, just because it

happened to be better than usual;  
for sometimes we soldiers out there  
in India used to drink water that was  
terrible lively before it had been

cooked in the kettle; for though  
water insects out there can stand a  
deal of heat, they couldn't stand a  
fire. Mrs. Bantem was washing up

the things afterwards, and talking  
about dinner; Harry Lant was pick-  
ing up all the odds and ends, to carry  
off to the great elephant, standing

just then in the best bit of shade he  
could find, flapping his great ears  
about, blinking his little pig's eyes,  
and turning his trunk and his tale

into two pendulums, swinging them  
backwards and forwards as regular  
as clockwork, and all the time watch-

ing Harry, when Measles says all at  
once: "Here come some lunatics!"

Now, after what I've told you about  
Measles listing for spite, you will  
easily understand that the fact of his  
calling any one a lunatic did not

prove a want of common reason in  
the person spoken about; but what  
he meant was, that the people coming  
up were half-mad for travelling when

the sun was so high, and had got so  
much power.

I looked up and saw, about a mile  
off, coming over the long straight  
level plain, what seemed to be an  
elephant, and a man or two on horse-

back; and before I had been looking  
above a minute, I saw Captain Dyer  
cross over to the colonel's tent, and  
then point in the direction of the

coming elephant. The next minute,  
he crossed over to where we were.  
"Seen Lieutenant Leigh?" he says  
in his quick way.

"No, sir; not since breakfast."  
"Send him after me, if he comes  
in sight. Tell him Miss Ross and  
party are yonder, and I've ridden on

to meet them."

The next minute he had gone, taken  
a horse round a sycee, and in spite  
of the heat, cantered off to meet the  
party with the elephant, the air being

clear that I could see him go  
right up, turn his horse round, and  
ride gently back by the elephant's  
side.

I did not see anything of the lieuten-  
ant, and, to tell the truth, I forgot  
all about him, for I was thinking  
about the party coming, for I had

somehow heard a little about Mrs.  
Maine's sister coming out from the  
old country to stay with her. If I  
recollect right, the black nurse told

Mrs. Bantem, and she mentioned it.  
This party, then, I supposed contain-  
ed the lady herself; and I was as I  
thought. We had to leave Patna

unexpectedly to relieve the regiment  
ordered home; and the lady, accord-  
ing to orders, had followed us, for this  
was only our second day's march.

I supposed it was my pipe made  
me settle down to watch the coming  
party, and wonder what sort of a  
body Miss Ross would be, and whether

anything like her sister. Then I  
wondered who would marry her, for,  
as you know, ladies are not very long  
out in India without picking up a

husband. "Perhaps," I said to my-  
self, "it will be the lieutenant;" but  
ten minutes after, I altered my mind,  
for Captain Dyer was ambling along

beside the great beast, and his was  
the hand that helped the lady down  
—a tall, handsome, self-possessed  
gentleman, who seemed quite to take

the lead, and kiss and soothe the sisters,  
when she ran out of the tent to throw  
her arms round the new-comer's neck.

"At last, then, Elsie," Mrs. Colonel  
said out loud. "You've had a long  
dear ride."

"Not during the last ten minutes,"  
Miss Ross said, laughing in a bright,  
nervous, free-hearted way. "Lieutenant  
Leigh has been welcoming me most cordially."

"Who?" exclaimed Mrs. Colonel,  
staring from one to the other.

"Lieutenant Leigh," said Miss  
Ross.

"I'm afraid I am to blame for not  
announcing myself," said Captain  
Dyer, lifting his muslin-covered cap.

"Your sister, Miss Ross, asked me  
to ride to meet you, in Lieutenant  
Leigh's absence."

"You, then?"

"I am only Lawrence Dyer, his  
friend," said the captain smiling.

It's a singular thing that just then,  
as I saw the young lady blush deeply,  
and Mrs. Colonel look annoyed, I

muttered to myself, "Something will  
come of this," because, if there's  
anything I hate, it's for a man to set  
himself up for a prophet. But it

looked to me as if the captain had  
been taken Lieutenant Leigh's place,  
and that Miss Ross, as was really  
the case, though she had never seen

him, had heard him so much talked  
of by her sister, that she had welcom-  
ed him, as she thought, quite as an

old friend, when all the time she had  
been talking to Captain Dyer.

And I was not the only one who  
thought about it; else why did Mrs.  
Colonel look annoyed, and the colonel,  
who came paddling out, exclaimed

loudly: "Why, Leigh, look alive,  
march! here's Dyer been stealing a  
march upon you. Why, where have  
you been?"

I did not hear what the lieutenant  
said, for my attention was just then  
taken up by something else, but I  
saw him go up to Miss Ross, holding

out his hand, while the meeting was  
very formal; but, as I told you, my  
attention was taken up by something  
else, and that something was a little

dark, bright, eager, earnest face, with  
a pair of sharp eyes, and a little  
mocking-looking mouth; and as Cap-  
tain Dyer had helped Miss Ross down

with the steps from the howdah, so  
did I help down Lizzy Green, her  
half-sister; to get, by way of thanks,  
a half-saucy look, a nod of the head,

and the sight of a pretty little tripping  
pair of ankles going over, the hot  
sandy dust towards the tent.

## THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

### A Reminiscence.

(Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.)

The announcement in the Boston  
papers of last week of the death of  
Mr. Hunt, and that he was the pilot  
that took the "Chesapeake" out of

Boston harbor on the day of her  
memorable action with the "Shan-  
non," reminds me that this day is  
the fifty-seventh anniversary of that  
sanguinary battle. There is some

mistake in the statement about Mr.  
Hunt's services on that occasion.  
The responsible pilot who took the  
"Chesapeake" out, and left her six

leagues below the lighthouse, was  
Robert Knox. Mr. Hunt, then  
twenty-two years of age, may have  
been with him, as an assistant or

apprentice.

Although young at the time, living  
near the scene of action, I well re-  
member the exciting events of that  
day. The action took place on a

beautiful summer afternoon, between  
five and six o'clock, and was un-  
doubtedly one of the most sangui-  
nary that ever occurred between single

frigates. It was really decided in  
eleven minutes, though there was  
some desultory firing afterwards. In  
that short space of time there were

about two hundred killed and wounded  
on the "Chesapeake" and one hun-  
dred on the "Shannon," or between  
twenty or thirty a minute! The

"Chesapeake," under Capt. Law-  
rence, lifted her anchor, near Fort  
Independence, about noon, and was  
gently wafted down the harbor, the

"Shannon" then in sight, but slowly  
drawing off, so as to get plenty of  
sea-room for manœuvring. At five  
P. M. the "Chesapeake" fired her

first gun of defiance, intimating that  
she would not be drawn out any fur-  
ther. The "Shannon" instantly and  
proudly haunched up, the ships ap-  
proached each other, and the action

commenced. The "Shannon" was  
then in the prime of her life, thirty-nine  
years old, was a noble officer and a  
strict disciplinarian. He had inven-

ted some improvement in the ship's  
gun carriages, afterwards generally  
adopted in the British Navy, by  
which they were worked with great

rapidity and efficiency. His ship  
was armed with long 24 pounders  
and 32-pound carronades. He paid  
particular attention to exercising his

men with them, till the rapidity and  
accuracy of their fire was celebrated  
among British cruizers. As soon as  
he saw the "Chesapeake" loosen

her sails, he exercised his men at  
their cannon (without firing), for two  
or three hours; as was stated by his  
officers some years afterwards. As

the "Chesapeake" approached, the  
"Shannon's" carronades were filled  
with grape-shot, bullets and lan-  
gridge, with orders to fire each gun

the moment it would bear effectively  
on her antagonist, and her 24s were  
so depressed that every shot told;  
it was remarked that scarcely one

went over, while her carronades  
swept the decks with a perfect storm  
of lead and iron. As the weather  
was calm, the sea smooth, and the

ships hung foul of each other, the  
result was appalling, and in a few  
minutes the decks of the "Chesa-  
peake" resembled a slaughter-pen;

nearly one-half of her crew being  
killed or wounded. Captain Law-  
rence, three lieutenants, three mid-

shipmen, the sailing-master, and  
boatswain were all killed or mortally  
wounded, and in less than fifteen  
minutes every one on whom the com-

mand of the ship could devolve was  
either killed or wounded.

Capt. Lawrence was wounded in  
the leg and through the body by  
grape-shot. On being carried below,  
while his mind was wandering, and

he in great agony, his frequent ex-  
clamation (since become memorable)  
was, "Don't give up the ship!"

He lived four days, and was then  
laid out on the quarter-deck gallery  
of his ship, and shrouded with the  
American flag. His first lieutenant,

Ludlow, was mortally wounded in  
attempting to repel the hesitating  
boarders of the "Shannon