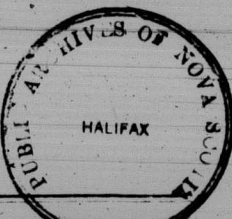


# CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
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## Literature.

### The Philanthropist's Love.

A TRUE STORY—IN TWO PARTS.  
(Written for "Chignecto Post.")

#### CHAPTER I.

A gentleman walked leisurely through one of the principal streets in a large New-England city. There was something in his bearing, to attract general attention from the passers-by—something on the majestic brow and in the brilliant depths of the fine eyes where you could read the beautiful thoughts and refined feelings that marked a career of goodness and benevolence almost unequalled. It was a cold winter's night and the ground was covered with a mantle of new-fallen snow. As he passed on he glanced occasionally to the right and left, and when he had nearly reached the end of the street he made a sudden pause, for a young child stood before him and in a tremulous, but exceedingly sweet voice solicited alms. She was habited in this freezing night in a garb that bespoke poverty—extreme grinding poverty—such as we little dream of on the pleasant long winter evenings when we draw the curtains and gather with the dear ones who form the home circle, around the cheerful fire-side in a home of comfort and affluence. An object so usual in the walks through a crowded thoroughfare where he saw continually sights far more deplorable could scarcely have occasioned the astonishment manifested by one whose ear was ever open to the cries of distress and whose hand was ever stretched forth to befriend and assist the children of the friendless poor. It was the strange and almost supernatural beauty of the child that excited his wonder and chained him to the spot. The lovely face wore the seraph-like expression, that in our imagination we attribute to the angelic inhabitants of the Celestial City—the children called from earth in their innocence and purity that we love to fancy in the gardens of unfading bloom twining bright unchanging garlands in their immortal home. From the eyes shone a holy transparent light that reflected a radiance over the scanty, miserable covering that concealed the symmetry of the graceful, fragile form. The golden hair fell in tangled masses around a face pale—very pale—where you could see the traces of frequent tears and read the sad and oft-told story of early sorrow—the only dower of the little ones, who open their eyes to suffering with the light of day.

The stranger took the cold trembling hands of the little girl in his own, and drawing her gently on one side, tenderly inquired her name. "Nora Ennis" was the hurried reply, and she added, "Please do not detain me, Sir, for my mother is very sick and I must bring the minister." An irresistible impulse of kindness made the gentleman offer to accompany her on the errand. The minister, she told him, only lived a short distance, and with the perfect confidence the truly good always inspire, she readily agreed to the arrangement and on the way gave him, in a brief child-like way, the history of her young life, a thrilling, touching recital, which could not fail to awaken sympathy in the kind-hearted listener. In a short time Nora's new-found friend stood with her by the bedside of her dying mother and united with the minister of God in the last prayers ere the weary spirit winged its flight, leaving a world which had long lost every charm for one whose lot in life had been truly miserable. During her earlier days the sunshine had shed its beautiful light over her pathway, and she gave her hand with a woman's trusting affection to one she deemed worthy of the gift, and for a few months the world seemed to her a very paradise of beauty and then the dark night of trouble came.

Her husband was an unprincipled profligate, though with a fascinating exterior that too often deceives and

rarely fails to win; and in her loving heart the young wife tried to blind herself to the unwelcome truth it soon forced itself upon her. Gently and kindly she strove to lead him back to the right way, and for a time, when his love was the strongest, succeeded in a measure, but too soon, alas! she felt she had lost her power, and could not save him. Baby lips and baby smiles lulled the quiet heart of the mother into something like repose for a time and the hope that his innocent child might unite with her in the loving task of endeavoring to recall the wandering footsteps of one still dearly loved, sustained her sinking heart and forbade her to despair. But I must hasten on to the days when they descended step by step to poverty, misery and woe.

In a comparatively short time she saw the grave close over three fair children, and then the husband, who had long ceased to care for the ones who should have claimed his every thought, was called from earth in a sudden violent manner without one moment's warning, and no time allotted him for preparation for the great change, or to ask pardon of God, whose commands he had disregarded, as he recklessly trod the downward path, one of "the thousand that slopes the road to crime."

With the last remaining child by the hand, the desolate wife followed him to the last resting-place, with a vacant expression on her face and a strange unnatural apathy, she took her part in the "last scene of all," and in that mournful hour lost sight of all her sorrow—joy at this time—the place—and was lost in the past. She saw herself a glad young wife, standing before the altar in the pretty little flower-strewn church of her native village, and by her side a loved and beloved, a very hero of love and romance, and endowed in her ardent imagination with every excellent quality and a god-like intellect that made him worthy to be worshipped. She colored the picture with love's tints that faded, ah, how soon!—And the heart that had been as well as the flower. She awoke from her dream to the stern realities of sorrow, and with a sickening feeling of despair, and a presentiment not to be disregarded that her days on earth were numbered, turned from the lonely grave, where she had buried every hope of earthly happiness.

The same dream returned again in the last moments of her life, as she lay with her thin hands tightly clasped together, and the soft brown eyes beaming with lustre, tears had washed away long years before.

Her child's friend had cheered the brief time she was still to remain on earth, with a promise to watch over and protect her gentle Nora, and when she heard his name, so well known for disinterested acts of benevolence, not one doubt remained. She placed her hand on her little daughter's head and invoked for her the protection and guidance of the "Friend who changeth not," and then relapsed into that pleasant dream of the happiest part of her life, and with a loving smile on her lips, and gently murmuring the name of her husband, she passed into the spirit land. Let us hope that the sorrows she had undergone in this world had purified and fitted her for the blest abode prepared for those who "come out of great tribulation."

CHAPTER II.

The opening scene of this chapter is very different from the one with which this story commenced. A sudden change from sorrow to joy, from poverty to wealth, from want to luxury, and so it often is, in this strange world of ours, and the extremes of fortune, which, as it revolves, are wonderful indeed.

Far from the crowded city, with its everlasting din, and smoke, and hurrying footsteps of a crowd that sways to and fro like a ship when the roughness of the sea impedes its course, stood a beautiful villa repos-

ing in a bower of roses, a picturesque retreat, with an Eden-like peacefulness, and ornamented with flowers of every kind, from the most simple blossom to the rare exotics, brought with tender care from its native clime to adorn the fair abode prepared for Nora Ennis by her adopted father. Since her mother's death she had never known a care or sorrow; her faithful guardian had kept his promise well. In a pleasant room with every adornment that art could invent and luxury supply, a young girl gracefully reclined in a velvet-upholstered easy-chair. She had changed little since we last beheld her—the change from childhood to womanhood only—for she still retains the innocent beauty that attracted the stranger on that dreary winter's night. You would know her at once by the soul-lit eyes with the pure guileless thoughts of a mind formed of all that is true, and love looking from them; unpractised in the deceit and selfishness that too often stamped on beautiful faces marred what would otherwise be the perfection of loveliness.

"Maiden, with the meek brown eyes. In whose orbs a shadow lies Like that in evening skies, Thou, whose locks outshine the sun, Golden tresses wreathing in one, As the braided streamlets run! Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet— Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

The calm flowing river, with the moon-day sun, in its diamond-like brilliancy, reflecting the surrounding objects in all their rural beauty, the clear blue sky of midsummer, with its ever soft clouds, changing into new shapes of fleecy brightness that weary the gaze and make us wonder how anything so beautiful serene can change at the voice of the storm king and become wild and dark, were emblems of young Nora's life as it glided peacefully on. She was indulging in a radiant day-dream when she again introduced her—it was the same delicious day-dream that maidens have indulged in since the beginning of the world, and in too many cases the reality of the awakening has dispelled much of the pleasure, and they open their eyes to the fact that though "sweet passing sweet" they were delusive. As the mother, who had taken her place among the angels, loved in the far-off days to the daughter loved now, and thought that life shared with one so dear must be sunny indeed. "And when I tell him what I will do to-morrow the good kind friend, who loves me with a father's love, will rejoice in my happiness and give me his blessing, he is so perfect, so parent-like, it will be all powerful to keep every evil from my path." She spoke aloud and went on, with emotion, while her large eyes filled with tears. "How can I ever repay him for all he has done for me? Strange that to-night when I am so happy my memory recalls that long time ago, that dreary winter's night; that miserable garret, where my unfortunate mother drew her last breath. Kind Heaven protect me from a similar fate, and teach me sufficient gratitude to one who has supplied a father's place—perhaps this return to my mind of that dreadful time has come back to make me more sensible of what I owe him." She glanced around, on every side, her eyes met some beautiful gifts, birthday presents, remembrances of festive seasons, a large mirror reflected the magnificent jewels flashing from her robe and worthy of a royal court. She remembers more particularly on this day when she was so happy in the certainty of being beloved, how her kind benefactor had anticipated every wish even before it was expressed. But Nora's reveries were interrupted by the entrance of the subject of them—her guardian—with a step lighter than usual, and when she raised her eyes to his face she read there an expression altogether new to her—it was radiated with happiness, unalloyed happiness, as if some new and never before experienced pleasure had entered into his life. She had often traced in his beneficent countenance a pleasant feeling of satisfaction that

it had been in his power to alleviate the sufferings of some unfortunate fellow-creature. For the unfeeling sources of wealth bestowed by the all-wise God for great and not for bad purposes, was munificently expended, not only in his own native country but realms beyond the broad Atlantic for the benefit of the suffering poor.

In many a home, once the abode of misery, but now rendered cheerful and comfortable by his bounteous bestowal of gifts, his name was a sacred household word, and his little ones were brought by fond and grateful mothers in their first prayers to bless him. Nora arose to meet him with her hands warmly extended and an even kinder greeting than usual, and when they were seated she waited with visible impatience for the glad tidings of which he was the bearer, and she had not long to wait.

"Nora, dear Nora," the philanthropist exclaimed, "I have come to you to-day with a hope in my heart I have never dared to indulge in before, though the thought that it might be realized has influenced my every dream of the future for many a long year. Nora, though I scarcely know why something tells me this delightful anticipation of my life is about to meet with a fulfillment, that you, Nora, the personation in the highest acceptance of the word of all that is good and lovely in woman will be the guiding star to shed a glory over my lonely existence. I know you are only entering upon life while my footsteps are hastening to its decline, but will not devoted love be some compensation for a union with one so much older than you are? Give a true and candid answer, and one worthy of yourself, let no thought or what in your goodness, you may suppose the claims of gratitude influence you. Nora, will you become my wife?" He had hurried on so rapidly and with every thought and feeling occupied that he had not observed the agitation of his listener, and she had become deadly pale, while the hand he held in his was cold, very cold, and her frame shook convulsively. She heard him to the end and kneeling at his feet cried out in a voice broken by sobs: "Forgive me my benefactor, my more than father, if I cause you pain. I am unworthy of your regard, for in my presumption I have dared to love another when every thought, my life even, belongs to you and you alone. I delayed telling you, for the object of my choice is poor and I feared you might disapprove, to-morrow you would have known all. But I promise now that everything shall be as if it had never been. I will forget the past and devote my love to the one who has the first right to control my destiny; what I should have been but for you I tremble to think of." She wiped away her tears and rising again placed her hand in her guardian's, but when she timidly glanced into his face she started at the change a few moments had effected there: he had grown permanently old, the light that illuminated it when he deemed his love about to meet his reward had faded from it forever, to be replaced in the time to come by a holier radiance emanating from the gratification the peerless and lofty soul derived from having added a noble sacrifice of self, another sublime action to the ones which already cast a halo of glory over a career that shines out pre-eminently for deeds that have an everlasting record on the pages of Time.

It is almost needless to tell that this good man would not take advantage of what, in her gratitude, Nora would have undertaken. With an assumed calmness that almost deceived her he gave the assurance that her happiness was far dearer to him than his own and he would feel content in knowing that she was watched over and loved by one she had wisely and well. He performed his part nobly. The lines so beautifully expressed by the talented writer Miss Mulock seems very appropriate to his case.

"No, there is no sorrow underless. To believe, or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself."

The object of Nora's choice held a situation in her guardian's employ, which only commanded a small salary but in his unselfish generosity he promoted him to a partnership and advanced his interests to the day of his death. That event took place in a foreign land, but amid the tears and lamentations of an aching world.

### The Riot in New York.

(From the Boston Post.)

#### Concluded.

##### AFTER THE BATTLE.

At each place where a riot had occurred law had left its mark. Doors, half opened to hide some shrinking wretch who had tried to place them between himself and the destroyer, remained half-opened, with a dead body on the sill. Stairs leading into cellars were slippery with the blood of those who had been tumbled headlong down. For three minutes after the troops had passed the street was almost deserted, and then was filled again by wailing women rushing about wringing their hands and searching for their dead. The rioters had disappeared; their places were now filled with mourners. With staring eyes the father sought his son, and turned with trembling hands each corpse, if perchance it be that of which he was in search. Houses, which a few minutes before had been still and apparently deserted, now poured out their inmates from every door, for from each a father or son was missing; as the warm-hearted Irishman saw in the mangled corpse at his feet all that was left of her husband or her boy her wild keening that pierced the air, and she sat down on the ground, covered her face with her apron, giving uncontrolled vent to her sorrow. At the corner of Twenty-eighth street, where the firing did the most terrible work, the sight was

Here lay a child moaning in its death agony, and looking piteously at each one who passed it, as if wondering when its mother would come and take it in her arms and carry it home. A man lay just as he had fallen head first down a cellar, another tramped into a shapless mass in a gutter.

There was the broken and dented stock of a rifle ten feet from the man whose head it had crushed. Not to complete, but to give terrible meaning to the story, more than woman lay dead, with the symbol of her unsexed womanhood—a murdered weapon in her hand. The writer of this had seen in the early part of the day, near Hibernia Hall, in Prince street, a more than mortal man; his face was here: his face not unlike that which Mirabeau describes as his own—that of a tiger who had had the small pox. He seemed filled with suppressed ferocity not pleasing to see. He was the center of a group, yet no bystander, interested or not in what was to be the order of the day, could help looking at him as a type of a bad and dangerous class. He stuck out his jaws, twisted his hands about nervously, and evidently was bursting for a row. The better sort of men about Hibernia Hall did not seem to like him; but a wiser sort afterwards followed him into Broadway, up which they went. Later in the day the writer saw the same man near St. Denis Hotel, when the Orangemen were marching up to their rendezvous. Again he saw the same ominous actions, and looking for a result saw one, when on the heads of his comrades, for good cause, descended a policeman's club, and where they fought there they fell, but not the hero, whose thoughts were then bent on safety. Still later the same man was seen urging a crowd up Twenty-sixth street to do deeds of valor at Eighth avenue. He pressed his way to the first ranks, there was a volley fired, and the reporter had the pleasure of looking at the dead face of the bully, he was shot right in the mouth and he was lying in the gutter.

THE STREET BY GASLIGHT.

All last evening Eighth avenue, in the neighborhood of the riot, was filled with an excited crowd, to whom one must do the justice to say that, even at their worst, they thought, merely that the men who had been killed were unfortunate. The doors and windows, riddled and shattered with bullets, were pointed at and seriously examined. Scarcely any other business was done. The collars, down which men had fallen and where they had died, had to be barricaded, so intense was the anxiety to see them. But a short distance from here is the Sixteenth Police Precinct station-house, and around it gathered

of a crowd, wondering if again could be seen what had happened in the latter part of the afternoon—the coming up of a wagon from the Commission of Charities and Correction, and full of red pine coffins in which the dead there was to be placed. Men and women sought also the doors of Mount Sinai Hospital, where the wounded and dying lay, idly wondering who was in them, or trembling lest some of them should be their relatives or friends. Yet the doors of both were closed, and policemen, rigorous, and uncompromising, neither would admit or give hope or despair to any. In one spot near the corner of Twenty-fourth street, five men lay together in a heap dead, and a few feet from them a respectable-looking man, who had evidently been shot while endeavoring to get out of the crowd, the bullet which pierced his brain having entered the back of his head. On the other side of the way a boy of about eighteen lay writhing in pain from a wound of a shot which had struck him just behind the left ear. The most pitiful sight was the body of a pretty little girl, about five years of age, lay face downward with an ugly wound back of the head, from which the blood was flowing profusely. A woman lay to the left of her also dead, and close to her a man, who had apparently been shot while in the act of getting out of the gutter, into which he had fallen during the firing, as he lay with his face on the sidewalk and his knees in the gutter. In fact, the scene was a sickening one. There was blood everywhere on the sidewalks, on door-steps, in the streets, and in some places it trickled down the curbstones in rivulets. After the troops had gone away and citizens and police began the sad task of taking up the dead and carrying the wounded to the nearest drug-store or doctor's, the scene was rendered all the more terrible by the moaning and groanings of the wounded and shrieks of the women, whose near and dear ones had been found among the dead and dying. Certainly those who live in the vicinity, and who witnessed the carnage, will never we think forget the sight as long as they live.

HOW THE ORANGEMEN ESCAPED.

When the procession had arrived in Fourth avenue, near Astor Place, it halted, and the Orangemen retired quickly into a building near by, and after divesting themselves of the regalia, which they concealed about their persons, then by twos and threes made their exit by an alley way into another street, where there was no crowd, so slowly, so quietly, and unostentatiously, as to attract no attention. This movement was managed so adroitly that the mob was completely thrown off its guard. While the Orangemen were escaping into the house the Sixth Regiment were drawn up so as to mask their retreat, and remained in that position over an hour, it taking that time for the Orangemen to escape. The mob, as already stated, in the meantime, anxiously awaiting their appearance. The Grand Marshal was smuggled into a Third avenue car, and got away safely.

THE SADDENING SIGHT OF ALL

was that of a woman who is believed to be a Mrs. York, and her daughter, Miss York, both of whom lie in the ghastly row with the most terrible death wounds. The mother is a woman apparently about 40 years of age, but her head is so shattered that she is almost unrecognizable. The whole top of her head is literally blown off, the ball, seemingly, having entered just above the eyes and carried everything before it. The face breast and clothing is covered with blood and presented a shocking appearance. The little girl, who is 11 years of age, and quite decently clad, is but little disfigured. Just above the right ear and below the temple a dark red orifice, from which blood oozes, is visible and was evidently caused by a pistol ball.

INCIDENTS.

A member of the Ninth Regiment, who had been badly wounded, was taken into the drug store at corner of Twenty-sixth street and Ninth Avenue and two of his comrades stood guard at the door. A gentleman who thought the wounded man his brother, was allowed to enter the door, and as the guard stepped aside to let him pass out a man quickly rushed up from the crowd, thrust a sword cane into the breast of one of the soldiers, and then as suddenly disappeared. The soldier fell, and was taken to Mount Sinai, where he died.

The only police officer whose life was sacrificed in the discharge of his duty was Patrolman Murphy, of the Twenty-second Precinct. While in act of raising his baton to strike down a rioter he was shot through the head and fell dead.

### Fruit and Fruit Growing.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post.

Dear Sir,

#### AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS—CONTINUED.

Could not you public journalists, advocate similar institutions here? To what extent do you form public opinion? And are there not sins of omission as well as commission? In each county should not there be such a school, partly endowed by the state and partly maintained by poor rates, in which the poor can be better fed and clothed than they are at present, where the science of becoming a "tiller of the ground" might be practically and theoretically studied, and where, as in the United States, young men who could not attend during the summer, might attend winter lectures. Such a facility might easily be attached to an existing educational establishment, or County Academy. Branderburgh and Pomereau professors can be got at no exorbitant figure, who are acquainted with from five to ten European languages. Their experience would be of the Baltic slope. The doctrine of Galileo is day by day becoming more apparent. Why should not we also move?

In the matter of fruit I shall give you some of the history of the fruit movement with us in Cornwallis, as it partly applies to your people also. It shows with what infatuation people will hold a community in its grasp, and that which we have heard from childhood is apt to pass as gospel truth without our giving the subject a serious investigation. Some thirty years ago the opinion here prevailed that our climate, well as it might be adapted to raising native seedling apples, was too rigorous for us to attempt to grow the finer grades of fruit. A few men who thought and taught differently were esteemed near-fanged lunatics; as in their estimation the better kind is of fruit cost much less imported from the United States than grown here. Whether or not this was the fossilious period I never knew, but this is certain that during its era few orchards were planted, and those only of a very limited number of trees. A few years later at the ending of the period referred to, a gentleman of my acquaintance planted some apple trees. He was made a jest of by his more conservative neighbors, one of whom, a gentleman noted for his good sense and large wealth, came and reasoned with him on the impropriety of giving land to so profitless a business, extracting its strength and injuring more or less the mighty potato, who was the king. Since that time potato has abdicated, and the experimental farmers referred to, and others, who were rash enough to invest in apple orchards, are reaping golden harvests, and the old orthodox farmer who has till now held on with just enough fruit for home use is to have two hundred and fifty young trees planted on his farm next spring, whilst his neighbors have given orders varying from fifty to five hundred trees each for the next spring's transplanting. In a small locality round there several thousand trees are required next spring, some men giving orders for young trees sufficient to plant out twelve acres, who already have seven or eight acres of trees in bearing.

Some trees with grafted heads fit that district have borne as much as thirteen barrels, of merchantable apples during a season, and many trees of the Gravenstein bear nine or ten barrels each. Last season all that could be produced of that variety sold wholesale at \$1.00 per barrel in the orchard, and what did not go directly into foreign shipping, readily sold at from \$3 to \$5.50 in the Halifax market.

In passing through orchards it is common to hear owners remark I have the price of a cow growing on that tree, and that one, and that one; trees carrying fruit of themselves of from \$20 to \$35, and even higher. I do not say every tree in an orchard comes up to that standard, but a well-attended, well-cultivated orchard, there are many such. In profit our orchards range all the way between those that are not properly planted, not tilled, not fenced and pruned by the cattle, and one measured acre which I shall instance, that of W. Shaw, Esq., Falmouth, that has produced 800 barrels of merchantable apples in one season, worth at least, \$500. So profitable is the business considering that in King's nursery man took orders for near five thousand dollars worth of young trees in a few weeks, during this last season.

(To be Continued.)