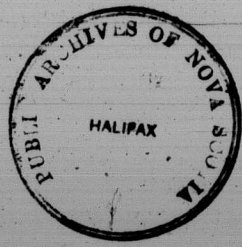


# CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILLER, Editor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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## Poetry.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY THACKERY.

wealth or want, come good or ill;  
young and old accept their part;  
before the awful Word,  
hear it with an honest heart.  
Miser, or who wins the prize,  
lose, or conquer, as you can;  
each, pray God, a gentle man.

From the "Overland Monthly."

### IN ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY THE REV. JAMES.

being asked by an intimate party—

Which the same I would term as a

friend—

His health it were vain to call

hearty.

Since the mind to deceive it might lend;

his arm it was broken quite recent,

and he something done wrong with his

lung.

Which is why it is proper and decent

to shroud him in a white sheet.

Alas!—it were vain to relate.

He says, Miss, he's not through your

letter.

And the end and the end too soon,

his slight illness kept him your debtor.

When for weeks he was wild as a lion,

his spirit was as wild as yours is.

With you, Miss, he challenges Fate

Which the language that I used uses.

Alas!—it were vain to relate.

He says that the mountains are fairer

for him being held in your thought.

Which each rock holds a wealth that is rare

and over by gold-acker sought—

Which are words he would put in this

poem.

By a party not given to guile;

the same not, at date, paying wages.

High produce in the infant a smile.

He remembers the ball at the Ferry.

And the ride, and the gate, and the voice

of the rose that you gave him—very

same now he is treasuring now.

Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk

Miss.

And insists on his legs being free,

of his language to me from his bunk.

He says, Miss, he's not through your

letter.

And the end and the end too soon,

his slight illness kept him your debtor.

When for weeks he was wild as a lion,

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### Sam Lawson on Courtin'.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for August is another of Sam Lawson's stories. "Miss Elderkin's Pitcher," from Mrs. Stowe. Too good to be missed is Sam Lawson on Courtin'.

"I remember I used to lead singin' in them days, and Mary, she used to sing counter, so we got pretty near together in the singers' seats, and I used to think Sunday mornin', when she came to meetin' in her white dress, and her red cheeks, and her bonnet all tipped off with hay, look, that was for all the world just like a June sunrise to have her come into the singers' seats. There was the days that I didn't improve my privileges, boys," said Sam, sighing deeply. "There was times that if I'd spoke, there's no knowin' what mightn't have happened, 'cause you see, boys, I was better lookin' in them days than I be now. Now you mind, boys, when you grow up, if you got to waitin' on a nice gal, and you're most a mind to speak up to her, don't go and put off, 'cause if you do, you may live to regret it."

"Well, you see from the time that Bill Elderkin come and took the academy, I could see plain enough that it was time for me to hang up my fiddle. Bill he used to sit in the singers' seats too, and he would have it that he sung tenor. He no more sing tenor than a skunk blackbird, but he made believe he did, just to get next to Mary in the singers' seats, and then they used to be 'win' his award and forward to each other till they tore all the leaves out of the hymn-book and the singing-books besides. Well, I never thought that the house of the Lord was just the place to be courtin' in, and I used to get considerable shocked at the way things went on around here. Why, they'd be a writin' all sermon-times and I've seen him a-lookin' at her all through the long prayer in a way that wasn't right, considerin' they was both professors of religion. But then the fact was, old Bill Elderkin was to blame for it, 'cause he, never let me have no chance to home. You see, old Bill Elderkin he was so agin' Elderkin 'cause he was poor. You see his mother, the old Widow Elderkin, she was just about the poorest, peaked old body over to Sherbourne, and went out to day's work, and Bill Elderkin, he was all for books and learnin', and old Bill Elderkin, he thought it was just shillin'-ness, but Miss, she thought he was a genius, and she got it out of her mind that he was going to be President of the United States, or some such."

"Well, if folks want to get a gal yet on havin' a man, that's the way to go to work. Miss, had a considerable stiff will of her own, and if she didn't care about Tom Benson before she hated him now; and if she liked Bill Elderkin before she was clean gone over to him now, and so she took to going to the Wednesday evening lecture, and the Friday evening prayer-meetin', and the singin' school, just as regular as a clock; and so did he; and afterwards they always walked home the long way. Fathers may just as well let their daughters be courted in their own place, 'cause if they can't be courted there, they'll find places where they can be; it's just human nature."

### Bavarian Dummers.

Many a bon not is got up at the expense of the Bavarian soldiers, but the following is one of the best:

When the Bavarian soldier gets billeted upon a Frenchman, he takes his watch out, and pointing out the dial-plate, slowly places his finger upon the figures 9, 12, 3 and 6, and accompanies it with the laconic word of "Ici diner," then draws a circle over all the figures of his dial, and says, "Ici boire." Four meals, and drinks at all hours, is the modest requisition of the Bavarian soldier. The Bavarian troops have no commissariat staff; nevertheless, where other troops fail to get anything they live in plenty. A Bavarian officer told me the other day, that when he gets into a French town on his march, he halts, and tells his men to scatter into the houses and cellars, but to return within half an hour with provisions, and each with his two bottles of wine. Says he: "Instead of two bottles, I see them string along with four bottles each, and a lot of provisions on their backs." Notwithstanding their reputation of being the pillagers *par excellence* of the army, the French are more favorably disposed to them than toward the Prussians. This is partly because of their being devout Catholics, and partly because they say they are forced to fight for Prussia.

### The River du Loup Railway.

The delegation that recently visited Quebec, in behalf of their new Railway undertaking, has succeeded in obtaining a grant of 10,000 acres per mile, from the Quebec Legislature, for the sixty miles proposed to be built in that Province. Mr. Douglas Fox, C. E., Agent for several eminent English Engineers and Capitalists, has been over the proposed line, and has expressed himself as highly pleased with the character of the country through which the line is located. In all probability the various countries through which the road will pass, will give subsidies, so it will not be for want of substantial backing, if the scheme fails. A memorial of the deputation laid before the Government, states the length of the line to construct, to connect with Woodstock, at 190 miles; with Fredericton, 240 miles; eighty being in Quebec. Among the advantages enumerated, is the gain of from 11 to 15 cents per barrel of freight from Montreal to St. John, over the Portland route, besides less handling and insurance, and relief from the expense of bonding, estimated at 5 cents per barrel. The advantages also of this line in developing the industries and resources of the vast up-river lumbering regions of New Brunswick and Maine; in promoting immigration; in stimulating inter-colonial trade; in giving the upper Provinces winter communication with the sea, are all touched upon in the memorial, which also quotes Sir Francis Hicks, Hon. Jno. Young, Sir E. P. Tache and Hon. E. B. Chandler, that "the eligibility of this over any other route, did not admit of an argument in a commercial point of view."

The Toronto "Globe" says: "We are not at all surprised that the proposed railway between Riviere du Loup and St. John, N. B., should be meeting with a very favorable reception, both in New Brunswick and Quebec. It would be a proof of great short-sightedness on the part of those specially concerned if it were not so. It will open up a wide extent of country; it will secure a support, open at all seasons of the year and much nearer than Halifax; and it will bring the people of New Brunswick into contact with their fellow citizens in the West, in a way which no other arrangement could secure so thoroughly, or so much to the benefit of all concerned. The promoters of the enterprise wish a grant of a million and a half acres from the Province of Quebec. They will not get so much as that, and we severely think they would be reasonable to expect it. It will run for about sixty miles through Quebec Province, and for that, we see, some six or seven hundred thousand acres are spoken of as a fair contribution. What ever may be the particular arrangement, it is evidently so much the interest of both Provinces to have the line in operation as soon as possible, that we sincerely hope the enterprise and public spirit displayed on all sides will be such as to make it very soon an accomplished fact. Had the Intercolonial been wisely planned, there might not have been any need for such a line, but, as things are, the sooner it is brought into shape and pushed through, so much the better. The benefits resulting from this undertaking, as well as from the one proposed between Quebec and Ottawa, are likely to be so great as to be literally incalculable; and though Ontario will not be benefited so greatly, and so directly as Quebec and New Brunswick, yet none will more heartily rejoice than we at the completion of the work, which must contribute so greatly to the material progress of our sister Provinces, and to the building up and binding together of our new Dominion."

APPLE JELLY.—A very good jelly may be made from the parings and corings of apples that are usually thrown away. Boil them in just water enough to cover, and when they are soft, strain off the liquid and make like any other jelly.

Is Rhode Island bribes are never offered to voters, but this is the way they do it: An honest man says to an independent voter, "I'll bet you \$10 you don't vote for—." Voter: "I'll bet you \$10 I will." Voter goes and votes for—, wins the bet, and gets his money. Of course no reasonable man will call this bribery.

### Down among the Dead Men.

(From the "Detroit Advertiser & Tribune.")

It is a strange business, this diving. The danger fascinates some, but the peril is never for a moment lost sight of. I put on the helmet for the first time more than ten years ago, and yet I never resume it without fearing that it may be the last time I shall ever go down. Of course one has more confidence after a while, but there is something in being shut up in armor, weighed down with a hundred pounds, and knowing that the little leak in your life-line is your death, that no diver can ever get rid of. And I do not know that I should care to banish the feeling, for the sight of the clear, blue sky, the genial sun, and the face of a fellowman, after long hours among the fishes, makes you feel like one who has suddenly been drawn away from the grasp of death. I have had some narrow escapes while pursuing my strange profession; every diver has, or has been unusually lucky to escape them.

I think the most dangerous place I ever got into was going down to examine the propeller Comet, sunk off Toledo. In working about her bottom, I got my air pipe coiled over a large siver from the stove hole, and could not reach it with my hands. Every time I sprang up to remove the hose my tender would give me the "slack" of the line, thus letting me fall again. He did not understand his duties and did not know what my signals on the line meant. It was two hours and a half before I was relieved, and there wasn't a moment that I was not looking to see the hose cut by the ragged wood. It's a strange feeling you have down there. You go walking over a vessel, clambering up her sides, peering here and there, and the feeling that you are alone makes you nervous and uneasy.

Sometimes a vessel sinks down so fairly that she stands upon the bottom as trim and as neat as if she rode on the surface. Then you can go down into the cabin, up the shrouds, walk all over her just as easily as a sailor could if she were still dashing away before the breeze. Only it seems so quiet, so tomb like; there are no waves down there—only a swaying back and forth of the waters and a seaway of the ship. You hear nothing from above. The great fishes will come swimming about, rubbing their noses against your glass, and staring with a wondering look into your eyes. The very stillness sometimes gives life a chill. You hear just a moaning, wailing sound, like the last notes of an organ, and you cannot help but think of dead men floating over and around you.

I have been down especially to rescue the bodies of those drowned. About four years ago the propeller Buckeye State, belonging to the Northern Transportation Company, went down in the river St. Lawrence, in seventy-eight feet of water, and it was known that a mother and child were asleep in their stateroom at the time of her sinking. The father begged me and offered me a good deal of money to take out the corpses, and though I dreaded the work, I at last consented. I had been all over the wreck two or three times and knew just where the stateroom was. The door was locked, and I waited a good while before bursting it open.

Of course a dead person could not harm you, but even in broad day, on shore, and with people around you, don't you know that the sight and presence of a dead person brings up solemn thoughts and nervous feelings? I knew how they would look; how they were floating around in the room, and if the father hadn't been looking so wretched alone, there was no money to tempt me in there. But, at last, I got a crowbar from forward, and not letting myself think, gave the light door a blow that stove it in. The water came rushing out, the vessel just then lurched over toward my side, and out they came, the woman first, her eyes wide open and hair trailing behind, and in her left hand she held the hand of the child. I knew how they would look, but I screamed out and jump back. Her face was fearfully destroyed, showing how hard death had been made, and the eyes looked through the green waters at me in a way that made my flesh creep. The child had died easily, its little face giving no sign of terror.

It was a good while before I fastened the line to them and gave the signal to haul up, and I felt so uneasy that I was not long in following. This is one of the drawbacks to any

feeling of curiosity a diver might otherwise have. I never go down the hatchway or cabin steps without thinking of a dead man floating about me. When the Lac la Belle sunk on St. Clair flats the engineer was caught in the rushing waters, and no trace was ever found of his body. His wife came to me, hearing that I was to go down to the wreck, and asked me to find the body if possible. I remembered this when I went down, and went groping through the engine room in momentary expectation of encountering the body. I looked so long without finding it that I got nervous, and had started for the ladder to go up, when I felt something strike my helmet and give way, and a chill went dancing over me as I thought the dead body was at hand. But, on reaching up, I found that I had run against the fire hose, the end of which was hanging down, and what I so dreaded was still hidden beyond my sight.

A diver does not like to go down more than a hundred and twenty feet; at the depth the pressure is painful and there is danger of internal injury. I can stay down for five or six hours at a time at a hundred and fifteen or twenty feet and do a good deal of hard work. In the waters of Lake Huron the divers can see thirty or forty feet away, but the other lakes will screen a vessel not ten feet from you.

I never here seldom think of accident on death, but a hundred feet of water washing over your head would set you to thinking. A little stoppage of the air pump, a leak in your hose, a careless action on the part of your tender, and the weight of a mountain would press the life out of you before you could make a move. And you may "fool" your pipe or line yourself, and in your haste bring on what you dread. I often got my hose around a stair or rail, and though I am not called cowardly, and generally release it without much trouble, the bare idea of what a slender thing holds back the clutch of death off my throat, makes a cold sweat start from every pore.

### The Dull Ox.

It is a common notion that oxen are rather stupid animals. But the Gloucester "Advertiser" tells of an ox, which belongs to the Granite Company down there, which certainly is not a very dull animal, and should be classed with the horses, and even the dogs, for sagacity and reasoning faculties. It is the occasion which develops the man, and so clearly it is with animals. It seems that a yoke of old oxen which had long borne the heat and burden of the Granite Company's work, one had become too lame for further usefulness; and in consideration of the past faithful services of the twin, they were made *emeritus* oxen of the company, which they had so long served, and were turned out to grass. A few days since the lame ox was seen limping toward the blacksmith shop, where he had been often shod, and making his way into the shop he took his place in the shoeing frame, and held up his crippled foot to the curious smith, who watched his singular movements. As this, though passing strange, was very intelligible language to the blacksmith, he immediately examined the foot, and to his great satisfaction and the joy of the animal, discovered the secret of the lameness and the significance of the animal's intelligent action. A small stone had got crowded under the shoe, and pressed on the foot in such a way as to produce the lameness. The stone was removed, and the animal sent away, no doubt rejoicing in his ox heart that there was at least one man who could understand the ox language sufficiently to relieve its suffering. Philosophers may call this instinct, or what they will; we call it reasoning—good, clear, satisfactory, shrewd, syllogistic reasoning—from cause to effect—from promise to conclusion.—Boston Traveller.

### A Row among the Dead Languages.

Several of the news papers having perpetrated jokes on the travels and exploits of "Sie Transil," whom "Nihil ft," and notes head off, the "Yale Courant" retorts as follows: "O unum sculls! You danikun sculls. He didn't either. Sie Transil drove a tu pone laudem terno Ver from the Eastward. He is visiting his ante Mrs. Die Terra, in this city, and will stay till Orem. Dr. Dig-nos the Terra, likewise of super with us last evening, when he eta beta pi. The pugilist also cum with him. He lambda man badly in the street. He cutta nose off, and now in flat terra blunder."

### AGRICULTURE.

#### How Much Work a Horse Can Do.

At a former meeting of the British association in Dublin, Mr. Charles Bianconi, of Cashel, read a paper relative to his extensive car-establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Bickford's, the great English carrier's they could not work a horse economically more than ten miles a day, and wished to hear Mr. Bianconi's opinion on that subject. Mr. Bianconi stated, he found by experience he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days in the week. By not working on a Sunday he effected a saving of twelve per cent.

Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the highest authority, for although the extension of railways in the land has thrown thirty-seven of his vehicles out of employ, which daily ran 2,446 miles, still he has over 300 horses, working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 1,244 miles; he is also founded on the result of forty-three years' experience.

#### Surface Manner.

A practical farmer writes: Many farmers, in the hurry of spring business, or, if not, short of time or means to get manure, are tempted to put in crops sometimes in land which is not as rich as it should be. Sometimes they are able to remove this in a few weeks, but then think it is too late. When it is suggested that they spread the manure on the surface, they think of the great amount lost by evaporation. But figures have shown that instead of loss there is a gain by surface manuring. There is a small loss; but the gain is made up by the increased advantages which the roots of the plants receive. The manure, when low down in the earth, and excluded from the air, nature is of very little service to plants. It needs the action of the atmosphere to prepare it for plant food, and this is the great compensation for the small loss which escapes into the atmosphere on dry or windy days.

In Utah, sweet clover is said to grow six feet high.

Washington Territory raises forty bushels of corn to the acre.

Ten thousand head of cattle are grazing in the county of Worth, Iowa.

A six-footed horse, and a young bull with two tails, were entered for prizes at the Oregon State Fair.

A New-Hampshire farmer lost \$10,000 worth of timber by sinking a fifty-cent cown out of a hollow log.

The 800,000 silk worms in the cocoonery at Salt Lake City consume thirty bushels of mulberry-leaves per day.

Old stocks of bees are as good as any, says Quibby, as long as they are kept healthy, yet they are more liable to become diseased.

A comparative exhibit of crop receipts, 1869 and 1870, show a decrease this season of 1,572,000 bushels of wheat in the United States.

Moisture sometimes generates in a beehive in winter, and runs down the side of the entrance, where coming in contact with cold air is frozen, filling up the space, and stopping ventilation. This matter should be looked to occasionally.

All the many parts of the horse's body should be rubbed with an equal mixture of soft soap and ointment, and in twenty-four hours it should be washed off with warm water, and the horse properly dried and blanketed afterwards. If an application is not sufficient, a second one should be made, but eight or ten days should intervene between each application.

The hopes and fears that attend agriculture keep the mind always awake and in an enervating degree of agitation. Hope never approaches certainly so near as to produce security, nor is fear ever so great as to create deep anxiety and distress. Hence it is that a gentleman farmer, tolerably skillful, never tires of his work, but is as keen the last moment as the first. Can any other employment compare with farming in that respect? No other occupation rivals.

The common weeping willow is said to owe its introduction into England (and it came from England to this country) in the following manner: Pope, the poet, received a present of a basket of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket ready to burst into bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this tree all the weeping willows in England and America have come. It is known as the weeping or Babylonian willow, and is really one of the best of the weeping varieties.

### French and German Soldiers.

There are in the abundance both French and German soldiers, and it is curious to observe the different manner in which the French and the German support pain and bear the approaches of death. It is natural that this war should often have raised the question which of the two nations—the French or the German—is the bravest; for, of course, the reverses of the French and the facility with which they have sometimes given way in the battles of 1870 cannot be taken as decisive argument against them. There can be no doubt that all northern nations, and perhaps the Teutonic race more than others, have a more gloomy idea of death than the southern races. The southern races either never think of death at all or think of it in a more smiling light than the people of the north. It is difficult to understand, therefore, why the German should stand with more firmness than the French, and it would seem that it cannot be ascribed to the intrinsic bravery of the people, but to their training and to the pressure of discipline. What one observes in hospitals where wounded and dying soldiers of both armies are lying side by side is very singular. The French do not bear pain so well as the Germans. They scream and howl where the Germans will not utter a sound. The German soldier's fortitude in this instance is owing, again, to the awe he stands in of his superiors. But when the overwhelming terrors of inevitable death are upon them, the German's training breaks down, and they give the most unmistakable signs of terror. The Frenchman, on the contrary, generally shows the greatest coolness and unconcern, and his composure was shown very powerfully the other day. A priest, who had been administering a Bavarian soldier who was dying, stopped in another room at the bed of a Frenchman, who was in an equally hopeless condition, and told him that he was about to die, asking him if there was nothing he would like to do to make his way clear to heaven by confession and the viaticum. The French soldier, turning his eyes to the priest, answered with the faint voice that remained in him, "I should like some beef tea."—Daily News Correspondent at Orleans.

### Perseverance.

The "South London Press" tells a story of perseverance. About four years ago an eccentric personage, who follows the pursuit of birdcatching, purchased a small plot of land on the east side of Nunhead Cemetery. Here he resolved to build a good-sized six-roomed brick house with his own hands. He at once set to work, and, strange to say, has nearly finished his task. He has been his own architect, his own brick-layer, his own plumber and glazier, and, what is still more strange, has built the house without any assistance, scaffolding, and even carried his own bricks from the maker by the animal as he was able to afford them. The work is said to appear very substantial, and to do him great credit. During the operations he has been living in a small brick hut, built by himself on the plot at the outset, in company with a little son and a loquacious parrot. He probably thought himself a second Crusoe on an uninhabited island, and behaved as such.

### Chalk for Stock.

When an animal is found licking his fellow, it is a proof that uncleanliness is present in the stomach, and the licking of his neighbor is a habit contracted by instincts with a view of removing the unpleasantness. Unfortunately, instinct is not at all times sufficient to avoid dangerous practices, and if we take for granted that the stomach is at all times fully charged with acid matter, we shall without hesitation find a remedy. It is only necessary to place within their reach shallow troughs, in which fresh is present in the stomach, and the licking of his neighbor is a habit of kept secretion, it will most certainly swallow some of the chalk, which will as certainly neutralize the access of acid. If an animal has not acrid in excess, and partakes of chalk, it will do no harm. It is often too late to administer remedies to young stock, and the placing of chalk within their reach cannot be too early.

The Vermont Methodist Convention, at Montpelier, discussed "Our Denominational Peculiarities," and concluded that eight of them were: 1. Class-meetings. 2. Prayer-meetings. 3. System of developing talents. 4. Freedom accorded to women. 5. Extensive preaching. 6. Camp-meetings. 7. Itinerary. 8. Christian persecution.