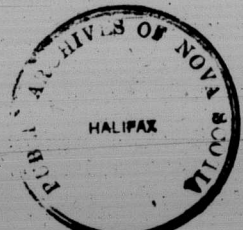


CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871.

No. 6.

Story of the Men in the Mine.

[From a Pittsfield, (Vt.) Paper.]

This valley has again been the scene of a terrible disaster. Yesterday afternoon fire broke out at West Pittsfield, and in one hour the whole building was level with the ground. All the incidents of this calamity are alike in almost every particular to that of Avondale. The number of men in the mine was 37. Eighteen of them are dead, and the remaining nineteen in various conditions—some almost well, others verging on death. Among the victims were a family named Smallcombe, four in number, Aaron, the father, and three sons, Robert, Thomas and William. The father died as soon as he reached the top of the shaft, but the three sons, being young and having vigorous constitutions, survived the shock and are able to talk coherently.

The N. Y. "Sun" reporter paid a visit to the house of the Smallcombes, and the story of the three boys is substantially this:—Thomas says, "I saw the smoke about 200 feet from the foot of the shaft about half past two. I went down to the shaft to find Thomas Crehan, and saw him going up the shaft just as I reached it. I went right back to find my father, and met my brother, my father and William going to the foot of the shaft. We tried to get out the shaft, but

the fire was too hot and the smoke suffocating. The smoke came down for the first half hour. We then went back into the east gangway and assisted the men that brother Robert had warned of the fire, to put up a barricade across the gangway. We built it of culm and stone, and some of the men stripped themselves of their clothing to put in the cracks to keep out the smoke and heat. It took us about an hour and a half to put up the barricade. All the men in the mine were assisting in the erection of the barricades so far as their feelings would permit them, but many were so much overcome with grief and excitement that they were quite unable to perform any physical labor.

WE BUILT ANOTHER BARRICADE when we found it necessary to check the smoke coming through the door. Martin Cooney, about 18 years old, died in about twenty minutes after the wall was put up, from a broken heart. The three men that died on the outside, and were found there, tried to get into the enclosure, but died from suffocation of black damp. Two of the men on the outside were doing sentinal duty watching the draft on the outside of the shaft.

The air was going up the shaft after the first half hour and continued for two hours, and the door was left open. It was the intention to close the door as soon as the air returned in the shaft. Robert and Thomas had just been relieved at the door, when Andrew Morgan and Hiram Chris went there, and they must have fallen from the influence of black damp, but we did not know what was the cause of their not coming back to us. It was about nine o'clock when we saw Morgan and Curtis last. At about 7.30 we held a PRAYER MEETING, during which some were cursing, others singing hymns, one of which was

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

Many were crying, and a little boy named James Jones cried aloud in his anguish:

"Oh, I shall never see my dear mother again!"

Some would give up at once without any hope at all. Others would try and cheer them. Fears were entertained that if the water was put down the shaft, it would be all over with us. We had a very good meeting, and some very earnest prayers were engaged in by the Welsh and English miners. The Irish prayed for the Virgin Mary to come and save them. One of the latter was found dead. We continued to pray and sing until our voices gave out. After the meeting at about 9

o'clock we began to prepare ourselves for the worst, feeling the symptoms of suffocation from black damp. We got dizzy and weak in the knees, and fell down and got to the water, and until our senses left us we applied water to our nostrils, mouth, temples and eyelids. We had to keep them open. We also felt a load on our stomachs, as if a load of potatoes had been lying there.

FATHER AND WE THREE got together as best we could, and we last knew of him he was alive. Our father, Aaron Smallcombe, and Wm. K. Davis were the getters up of the barricade. We had no shovels to fix the barricade, and had to carry them in our hats to the place. Little John Jones carried clum in his cap, all the while crying about his mother. Sometimes he would think that he would get out; at others again that he would not. Father made prayer and supplication of the most earnest character for his family aboveground, when he stopped praying he told us he was really satisfied that he had received grace. When found he was upon his knees, showing convulsive signs of the tenor of his thoughts.

When the smoke came to be too much for us we fell over the wall. Martin Cooney was the last boy to try to get over, but was too weak, and called for assistance, and I and Robert went to assist him. I caught him by one hand and pulled him, but could not possibly get him over. Then I caught him by the hair of his head and thought he would help himself, but he was too far gone to do anything for himself and I was compelled to let loose and he fell down. A man was there lying dead at my feet. We felt very thankful that we could not hear the screams of the women at the top, as we thought that the cracker would burn in two hours, and a half. It burned down in one hour and a quarter.

Other interviews furnished no additional features. The statement already given is succinct and exhaustive of the men's condition in the gangway. No language can describe the agony of stricken-hearted wives and mothers as their cries freighted the breeze with moans and lamentations. The scene was harrowing to the feelings, and baffles description.

The massacre in cold blood, at the prison of Mazas, of the Archbishop of Paris and more than sixty other hostages, many of them priests, and all of them non-combatants, was a barbarity of the Commune of Paris which turns the mind to the savage legends enacted in the "reign of terror." Indeed, no deed of that fearful period showed such cowardly atrocity as did this wanton butchery of peaceful citizens, whose only offense seemed to be possessing a religion in which they believed. The Mazas prison contained twelve hundred and fifty cells, and it is not impossible that time may reveal other deeds of darkness committed there by order of the Commune.

STRANGER than many a romance which is regarded as the mere production of an excited imagination is the extraordinary drama known as the "great Tichborne trial," which, pending in a London court, has excited a profound sensation. It is perhaps nothing new or strange that a young man, being prevented by opposing friends from marrying the lady of his love, should, in disappointment and anger, resolve to leave home and country, and try his fortune in a foreign land. This, at least, was what Sir Roger Tichborne did about eighteen years ago, although he was son and heir of an ancient and noble English family. He embarked on board a vessel bound for Valparaiso, and thence took passage on the ship "Bella" bound to New York. But the "Bella" foundered on the voyage, and it was supposed that every one, including Sir Roger, perished. But thirteen years afterward, when a nephew had long before succeeded to his title and estates, a man claiming to be the long lost Roger makes his appearance in London and claims his rights. He is recognized by his mother, and he bears on his person some remarkable marks; yet some circumstances weigh against his identity, and the guardians of the name refuse to believe he is the person he represents himself; they assert that, instead of being an English baronet, he is an Australian butcher. So, after five years spent in obtaining evidence, the case has come to trial, and affords material enough for a three-volume novel of the most sensational kind.

TELEGRAPHS.

[From the Monetary Times.]

The transfer of the telegraphs of Great Britain to the Government has proved to be a success—a success, that is, in comparison with the system which previously existed. The Companies had but one object, that of earning large dividends, and they pursued a policy which, whilst it no doubt had the immediate effect they desired, was narrow and illiberal, and utterly opposed to that full development of telegraphic business which the interests of the country required.

There were a number of Companies—first as rivals, then as confederates—monopolizing the trunk lines of communication. In addition to these were a large number of other branch lines, with their own separate tariffs, generally equal, and sometimes exceeding, for insignificant distances of half a dozen miles, the charges of bringing the messages over the main line for one or two hundred miles. There were also several hundred railway stations connected with the telegraphs, at which an extra charge of sixpence was demanded for portage or the station master's "fee," and the great majority of these railway stations were altogether outside the town limits, and reached only a great inconvenience. There was no uniformity of rates either on the main or branch lines, and everything seemed calculated to complicate the simple business of transmitting an ordinary message, and to render it as difficult and costly an operation as possible.

When it is added that, not long before the Government took charge of the business, there were nearly a hundred towns in England and Wales alone, with populations of not less than 2,000 inhabitants, with no telegraphic facilities whatever, it will be evident that the people of Great Britain owed a very small debt of gratitude indeed to the Telegraph Companies.

The Government has done much to remedy this state of things. Already, the wires have been increased from 51,311 miles to 63,318 miles, and the number of offices open for business have increased to nearly 2,000, besides those at railway stations. Independent Press Associations to supply country papers and reading rooms with news have been established, and the amount of press news transmitted has been largely increased. The number of messages under the old system was 5,000,000 per year; under the new arrangements more than double that number, or more than 10,000,000 per annum are being transmitted. So far, the change has been successful.

Financially, however, it can scarcely be called a success as yet, whatever the result may be hereafter. The original estimate of the cost of acquiring the property of the Telegraph Companies, and of making the necessary extensions and additions, was £3,100,000 sterling. Before the arrangements were completed, however, for the transfer it was ascertained that this sum required to be more than doubled, and it is now found that the total cost to the Government before all claims are settled will amount to something over ten millions of pounds. The budget submitted to the English Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer last month gave a deficiency on the estimates for the telegraph services for the year of £177,174, and the official reports disclose the fact that the number of complaints average one for every six hundred messages transmitted. While therefore, it may be justly claimed that in some respects the Government has accomplished much to the way of reform, it is evident that much still remains to be done before the service is brought into a condition of unqualified success.

There is nothing to show that what has been gained by the nation paying an enormous price for the lines, and passing through a transition stage of confusion and serious inconvenience, might not have been

brought about easily and profitably if the old Companies had been influenced by proper public spirit, and had seen clearly what must have resulted to their own ultimate advantage.

We have an illustration of this in the case of the telegraphs of the Dominion. The Montreal Telegraph Company and its immediate connections are at present time working over 12,000 miles of wire, which would be at the rate of nearly 100,000 miles to a population equal to that of Great Britain, against the 63,000 really in existence; and the number of offices open for business in the Dominion, as compared with Great Britain, bears a similar proportion. Let it be remembered that Canada is young, and as yet, a poor country. Great Britain, on the other hand, is the centre of the world's wealth and commerce, as well as the seat of the government of a vast empire. If we were to challenge a comparison of this basis, the result, as is seen, would be immensely in favor of Canadian independent enterprise, against even the improved Governmental system of England. The wires of the Montreal Company and its connections are transmitting at the present time about 1,500,000 messages a year; the British Government telegraphs, as we have said, about 10,000,000—another proof, the relative circumstances being taken into account, of the greater comparative development of our own system. Mr. Scudamore appears from his report to think he has done well to have reduced the number of complaints of irregularity in the transmission of messages, to one in six hundred! In the Dominion these complaints do not reach one in six thousand. Then again, notwithstanding the new organization we have alluded to for supplying Press news, the amount of such matter transmitted by British telegraphs is small compared with that of the Canadian telegraphs. In making these comparisons it must not be forgotten that there are with us competing lines in the field, and it is well it should be so, but we take our illustrations from the oldest and largest—the Montreal Company. That company last year transmitted no less than 8,000,000 words of news messages, and in a single night during the Parliamentary session at Ottawa, has sometimes sent from that point alone, reports extending to 65,000 words over its wires.

We should be less confident as to the logical inferences to be drawn from these facts, if there were any indications that our private undertakings regarded their present organization as complete, but the reverse is the case. Very recently the announcement of a uniform 25 cent rate showed the Montreal Company was determined both to cheapen and to simplify its tariff, and in a few weeks hence, when extensions now going forward are completed, over the whole distance from the Western frontier to remote Gaspe, messages will be carried at that rate. The same Company will, we are informed, during the current year, erect 760 miles of additional posts, nearly all for ex-terminus into remote parts of the country, and some 2000 miles of fresh wires, opening at the same time nearly 100 offices. The telegraph enterprise of Canada is admitted to have attained an unexceptional degree of efficiency and cheapness, and it is but right that this should be acknowledged. With such an experience before us we need desire nothing better than its steady progress in the present hands. Even if no political reasons suggested themselves for preferring to keep the telegraph under the control of independent commercial companies, it would be difficult to see wherein we should better ourselves by following in this instance the English precedent.

It has been a most disastrous season for Buenos Ayres. At one time upward of seven hundred deaths a day were reported as resulting from yellow fever. Every one who could possibly do so has fled from the city. It has been calculated that no more than 30,000 remain in the city at night, and of these, at latest accounts, from 7,000 to 10,000 were ill with yellow fever. Upward of 12,000 have died with the epidemic since January.

Poetry.

CAPRICE.

BY W. D. HOWELL.

She hung the cage at the window;
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing,
And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to see,
And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love-sweet song.
By the house three times that day:
The maiden turned away and blushed:
"I am a fool," she said,
And went on hovering in silk.
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

The young man lettered slowly.
By the house three times that day:
The maiden turned away and blushed:
"I am a fool," she said,
And went on hovering in silk.
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

But when the day was done, she said,
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls,
To-night I'm not at home."
To-night he was not at home.
So when he rang, she went—the elf—
She went and let him in herself.

They sang full long together.
Their songs love-sweet, death-sad:
The robin woke from his slumber,
And sang out, clear and glad.
"Now go!" she coldly said; "this late,
And followed him to latch the gate."

Literature.

A MELTING STORY.

No other class of men in any country possess that faculties aptness of inflicting a good-humored revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain Boy. One winter evening a country storekeeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors, for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window shutters, he saw thro' the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon—"Say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes. Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head. The roll of fresh butter in his hat, and he was anxious to make his exit as soon as possible. "I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, how on such a night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come, sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation for "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This resolution, however, was soon settled by the rightful owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him upon a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain Grocer, as he opened the stove-door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit. Without, you'd freeze going home such a night as this." Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go. "Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down here," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! its confounded hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise. "Sit down," don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair. "But I've got the cows to fodder and some wood to split, and I must be going," continued the persecuted chap. "But you mustn't tear yourself in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgetty," said the roguish

grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made his very hair stand on end, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation." And, Seth, don't you ever use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with; come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well as to melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though, he had been dumb. Struck after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot stove before him.

"Dreadful cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if it was warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away?"

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat; "No! I must go; let me out; I ain't well; let me go!"

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good-night, Seth, if you will go," said the humorist, turning out; adding as Seth got out into the road, "Neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nippence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter!"

Extraordinary Death.

On Wednesday last D. Warner, a butcher in Woodhill's Slaughter House, City St., killed and dressed an ox belonging to a country meat dealer named Walker. Warner had a small cut on his thumb at the time, and after he had dressed the ox, his hand became very sore. At first he paid very little attention to the hand, thinking that it would get all right in a day or two. The swelling, however, increased, and extended up the arm. Since Sunday he suffered the most excruciating pain, being completely out of his mind with it last night. His arm had swollen to the size of a bucket, and became quite purple. Mortification finally set in, and the unfortunate man died this afternoon. It appears that the ox was a deceased one, and in dressing it, Warner had incautiously placed his cut thumb upon some of the infected meat. The carcass, we are informed, was cut up and sold in the Country Market.—Halifax Reporter, 15th inst.

LAWYERS' INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise
And hail the coming of spring.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, and the aforesaid boughs, en-
shrine
In freehold tenements—themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Capital's Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Seasons of frolic and of sport,
Hail as aforesaid coming spring!

USEFUL ITEMS.

TO DYE PINK ON COTTON.—Two pounds of red-wood, four ounces solution of tin, boil the wood one hour, turn off into a tub, then add the tin and put in the cloth; let it stand five or ten minutes, and a nice pink will be produced. This will color four pounds of goods; is quite a fast color.

SALT WATER FOR STRAWBERRIES.—The Norfolk "Virginian" is informed by a practical horticulturist that during an overflow from an extraordinary storm a strawberry bed was partially covered with brackish water at the time when fruit was forming, and also that the occurrence stimulating the vines to greater perfection of fruit and greater vigor. This discovery may prove of advantage to fruit raisers who are in the vicinity of salt water.

TO TAKE BRUISES OUT OF FURNITURE.—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it in the warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on it warm, but not hot, flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise is not gone repeat the process. After two or three applications, the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a red hot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet—the bruise will soon disappear.

TO CLEANSE FEATHER BEDS.—When feather beds become solid or heavy, they may be made clean and light as follows.—Rub them over with a stiff brush or broom dipped in hot soap suds. When clean, lay them on some clean boards where the rain will fall on them. When thoroughly soaked, let them dry in a hot sun for six or seven successive days, shaking them each day. They should be covered with a thick cloth each night. If exposed to the night air they will become damp and mildew. This way of washing the bed ticking and the feathers makes them fresh and light, and is much easier than the old fashioned method of emptying the beds, while it answers quite as well.

London Paupers.

According to a cable telegram the English metropolis has been found to contain over three and a quarter millions of people. This shows an increase of nearly half a million, or sixteen per cent. in ten years. The metropolitan district now contains one-ninth of the entire population of the United Kingdom, and of this huge agglomeration of human beings, every seventh man is in receipt of public charity. It was stated a few weeks ago in the House of Commons that the annual cost of the relief given to the poor of London was £7,220,000, and that in ten years the cost had increased eighty-four per cent. That is to say, the cost of maintaining the class in receipt of public aid has increased sixty-eight per cent. faster than the growth of the population. A fact more significant of the highly morbid character of the growth of the English metropolis could hardly be looked for.

ELOPEMENT.

On Thursday the Hancock Shakers, who are established at Pittsfield, became shaken in a very unusual manner, by the sudden elopement of from the community of Ira Lawson, its leading business man, and Sister Eliza Van Vleet, one of the most respected and influential members of the family. The affair was planned systematically and carefully. Mr. Lawson visited the grist mill of the establishment, just before leaving, and squared up accounts with the miller, pocketed the balance, secured a stylish turnout, drove up to the Society's dwelling, took in the sister, and departed, expressing his intention of returning "in a week or ten days," to adjust all matters of business, and to instruct his successor in the management of the institution. His reappearance is said to be "confidentally expected." The romantic couple are about 35 years old, the woman being of a prepossessing appearance, and they are said to have enjoyed in those privileges of social intercourse that the individuals of the opposite sex, possessing like inclinations, are too apt to conduct to relations of a more intimate character, and which go to prove to the satisfaction of nearly every one "that men was not made to live alone."