

CHIGNECTO Post.



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TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1871.

No. 4.

Literature.

The Lady of the Norway Lake.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Adrian began the story of his difficulty. The girl listened with great interest, and occasionally a somewhat amused expression, until he came to mention the fact that he was looking for an Englishman who had been residing somewhere in that region, and who was supposed to be projecting some mining speculation. Then a deep shadow came over her clear brow, and she almost started and presently her cheeks flushed.

"You don't know his name?" she said, in a tone that was sharp and somewhat suspicious.

"I don't know his name."

"Where did you hear of this person?"

Adrian mentioned the nearest considerable town.

"Only there? Never before?"

"Never, indeed." He was quite surprised by the change in her manner.

"Was it an Englishman who spoke of him?"

"Oh no—a Norwegian."

"And you only wish to see him because you suppose him to have some knowledge of the minerals of the place?"

"For that only. I know nothing whatever about him; and, on the whole, I wish I had never heard of him." Adrian was a little displeased by her words and manner.

The girl looked for a moment fixedly into Adrian's face. The gaze embarrassed him a little, but he met it quietly and frankly, only wondering in his own mind what on earth it meant. Then she said:

"You seem a man of truth and honor, Sir, and you are an American. You have no sinister motive in trying to find out my father?"

"Your father? I never knew—"

"Yes, it must be my father; there is no one else in all this part of the country who could have been named by the description given to you. But it surprised me to find any one seeking him here. My father has come here for solitude. You have no motive—no unfriendly motive—in seeking him?" These last words were spoken in a pleading, pathetic tone, quite different from that which the girl had previously spoken.

"None whatever—I give you my honor. I don't ask his name; and, of course, not intrude upon him."

wonderfully bright and sunny by contrast with the darkness of the wood; and in the opening was a pretty cottage, with a garden round it.

"This is our home," said the girl; "and here is my father."

A tall, stately, noble-looking man, with white hair, and a large beard, which was still dark, came out to meet them. The girl ran toward him, and the two walked together for a few moments; then the father came over and welcomed Adrian in a manner that was at once friendly and courtly.

Adrian told his story over and over again, and the elder man listened and smiled. Then they had luncheon in the cottage—cold meat and bread and honey, and corn-brandy for the two men; and after luncheon the father took Adrian for a ramble in the woods; and Adrian found that his host was a man of wide and varied knowledge, and that he was an expert even of the latest political and social events in America.

The host insisted that Adrian should stay that night at the cottage, and Adrian was only too glad to stay; and the daughter sang to him and talked with him, and the evening passed away delightfully. Next day Adrian rowed her on the lake before breakfast; and, later on, her father began to give some information about the mines and minerals of the place; and it seemed that the information would hardly be of much use unless it was supplemented by inspections of his or that neighboring spot.

And so our American remained another day, and another, and said to himself that he never before met so delightful a companion as the father, so charming a girl as the daughter, and that he had never been so happy in all his life. He was in Arcadia. The exquisite simplicity of the existence this father and daughter seemed to make for themselves reminded him touchingly of some dear New England household associated with the memories of his boyhood. He did not know, he did not ask the name of his host and hostess, except that the father called his daughter "Adela." He could easily see that there was some sort of painful mystery about their self-exclusion from English society; but he wanted to know nothing more than he saw. No true heart could fail to appreciate this father and daughter. If ever truth and honor and purity were stamped on human faces and expressed in human tones, the faces and voices of this pair made them manifest.

Adrian's desire for information about the mines of the place seemed to grow by what he felt on. He always saw some practical need of complying with the invitation of his host to stay yet a day longer. So delightful, so poetic, so idyllic did the whole kind of life appear that Adrian sometimes almost expected to wake up one morning and find himself lying alone in the forest, the cottage and its inmates having faded back into that fairy-land to which they belonged.

But the cottage remained, and the inmates; and it was Adrian Fyfe who had at last to go. He could not stay any longer. The *summa dies* had come.

He expressed to his host a wish that they soon might meet again. The host shook his head and smiled rather sadly.

"In winter," he said, "we remove to some town; I do not yet know where. Perhaps we may go into Denmark. Our movements are very uncertain. I much wish that my daughter would return to society—London; but she will not leave me. This year will, perhaps, decide whether I shall ever see London again. If I am not to see it, I will go into yet deeper exile; but if I can prevail upon her, she shall not bury herself with me."

"Come to the States," exclaimed Adrian. "With your knowledge and your talents, you would make a name and a fortune there." For Adrian assumed that loss of money was in some way at the bottom of his troubles.

The elder man only shook his head again, and said nothing.

A few moments after, our hero found himself walking alone with Adela. They descended the craggy path which led to the lake; they stood silently and looked at the water; then their eyes met for a moment, and Adela looked down.

"Am I never to see you again?" Adrian whispered. They had been speaking of their speedy separation as they came down to the lake.

She did not look up or answer the question. She only said, "A month ago we had never met." And then she stopped.

"That time," he said, "has changed my whole life. Adela, I must call you Adela, for I know you by no other name—I love you. Do you love me?"

"She looked up at him with eyes that swam in tears, and in a low, sad tone replied, "I do."

He was about to clasp her to his heart, but she repelled him firmly; and she said:

"You have asked me, and I have answered you. I would not conceal the truth from you, I so trust you. But that is all. We must be separated. A cloud is hanging over my father, which in God's good time will, I hope, be one day scattered; but while he is in exile and disgrace I share that exile and disgrace with him, and I will to the end."

"Let me share it too, Adela. I care for nothing else on earth now but you."

"You know nothing of our story—nothing of what the cloud over us may be."

"And I ask nothing. I see you, I know you, I love you."

"But if it were disgrace."

"No deserved disgrace could ever belong to you or your father. Disgrace undeserved is none. Adela, I care nothing about any cloud that may hang over you. Give me your love, and let it hang over me too."

She turned to him with a sad, sweet, confiding smile, and put her hand in his.

"Let us part now," she said, "and speak no more of this. Trust me, and don't ask of me what I can not give. My love is always yours. Let us have faith in God; the rest will yet come. Farewell."

Adrian Fyfe prepared his reports upon the prospects of the mining speculations on behalf of which he had come to Norway, and he returned to the continent of Europe. Although a very young man, he had already won such consideration and distinction in his profession that his engagements just now took him into almost every part of Europe where mineral resources abounded. In the spring of the year following that during which he visited Norway he reached London, where he was to stay for some months. One day, as he glanced along the columns of the *Times*, he read the following, which was printed in large type, and followed the leading articles:

"Among the presentations made to her Majesty yesterday was one to which a special significance attached. It was that of General Sir David Ennismore, formerly Governor of the Islands. It will be remembered that Sir David, who had served with great distinction as an officer of engineers in some of our Indian wars, was several years ago appointed Governor of these Islands; and some time after was accused of having misused his power for political objects, and even of having misappropriated for personal purposes the revenues of the islands. The evidence seemed clear, and after a long investigation Sir David was deprived of all his military rank and honors, with deep disgrace. A criminal prosecution was even instituted, but Sir David suddenly disappeared. Recently it has been discovered that the whole charge was a base and malignant conspiracy, got up with wonderful and wicked ingenuity by some of the officials of the island government, whose long-continued malpractices Sir David had begun to discover, and would be certain to expose and punish. The principal offender has at last made full confession, and established the colonial government to expose and unravel the whole conspiracy. Sir David, it seems, confident, with justice, of the

ultimate discovery of the truth, had withdrawn to Norway or Denmark, with which we have no extradition treaty, and there, laboring patiently and cautiously toward the object himself, awaited the day that must restore him to rank and his fame.

We, who were among those who always believed in Sir David Ennismore's honor and integrity, rejoice to be able to welcome him back to his country and his rights, to place among that country's most honored servants.

We understand that her Majesty yesterday welcomed Sir David in the warmest manner, and has intimated her intention of conferring on him some special distinction. His daughter, Miss Adela Ennismore, was also so presented yesterday to the Queen."

Adrian put down the paper and leaned his forehead on his hand. The mystery of the Norwegian Arcadia was revealed. His own faith and confidence were vindicated. But Adela, his one only love, would she remember him? had she forgotten him?

Well, I think not. I do not know where or how the lovers met for the first time after Adrian had read this announcement; but it is certain that before many months had passed away the London papers contained a notice of the marriage of Adrian Fyfe, Esq. of New York, to Adela, only daughter of General Sir David Ennismore, K. C. B. The happy pair had chosen, of all places in the world, a spot in the interior of Norway wherein to pass their honeymoon.

Wonderful Invention.

The Portland (U. S.) "Transcript" gives an account of an invention in the construction of conducting pipes securing the transmission of compressed air any required distance absolutely without loss of power.

While in tubes of uniform size, fluids in their passage gradually lose their force and velocity, by making at short intervals peculiar contractions in the pipe, the original power is transmitted without loss—absolutely without loss. Mr. Spears, the inventor, has demonstrated by means of colored fluids in glass tubes that the propelled current is kept up in the centre of the tube without any friction at the sides. If by a diaphragm pierced with holes at the sides, this current is forced to divide and seek passage next the inner surface of the pipe, it at once resumes its course in the centre after the obstruction is passed. Mr. Spears states that an angle or bend in pipes obstructs a fluid, yet by enlarging the pipe at the angles, the friction and loss of power is overcome.

"Upon the wharf at the foot of Park Street Mr. Spear and his associate, Capt. W. A. Bearp, have erected an eight-horse-power compressor run by the small steam engine used for hoisting coal at Jackson & Eaton's elevator. A 2 1/2 inch pipe conducts the air 480 feet to an old 12-horse-power engine in the Holyoke mill, which it moves with all the machinery as well as steam could do, besides moving two or three smaller engines. Heavy hancate ship-ropes were handsomely shaved on a large Daniels planer, the engine used for the purpose being a ridiculous little discarded steam engine, in which steam could not have been forced to do such heavy work. The power of an engine is greatly increased by the use of air, a 30 lb. pressure of air doing equal to 40 lbs. of steam, and perhaps more. Mr. Spear explains this by saying that moisture reduces elasticity, and he finds that wetting the compressed air he uses, at once sensibly affects its power."

In connection with the invention is a governor by which a steady and uniform power is transmitted from the reservoir, no matter what the pressure or fluctuations at the reservoir are so long as they do not go below its initial point. The "Transcript" says the inventor has attracted the attention of capitalists and engineers. The importance of this invention, if on longer experience it is found successful, can scarcely be over-estimated. It can bring cheap power to every workshop and household. Automatic machinery worked by the tremendous tidal forces operating at the head of this bay could furnish this whole region with cheap power for mills and workshops. Farmers could have a new power of ditching and dyking, and their wives need no longer languish over the wash-tub and churn.

Poetry.

HOW THE INFANTRY CATCHED THE NEW-FASHIONED BUFFALO.

There ain't much fun in an injun; If there is its deppith down times, As it does in a mull, or clown, Or a Dutchman or a Yankee, Or any of them 'ere chaps; That always are gay in the gravest of times.

And never give heed to mishaps, No, Sir! them red-skinned pirates And when you are least expecting the same.

There's just out side of your door, With a torch and a knife and an arrow, And a whoop of demonic mirth— And away they ride by the glaring light of your fiercely blazing hearth!

I hain't much love for an injun; And when they're a job's worth while I can't keep 'em from a while— No more than I can a halibut, When I see them prowling about With a treacherous look like a hungry wolf.

That's watching along the route, 'Twas down in the "Chesterland" I'd been huntin' for "me a week," And of all the back I ever had I was about the poorest streak.

I was f'ctin' blue and tired, As I lay thar on the ground, But mighty quick, you bet! I was roused By a most one-an' one sound.

Its cause I soon did learn: For the great Prairie Lion Fell down alone, and thar was the cause— On looking down at the track, An injun, with stout legs Fastened around his waist, I saw, Was watchin' the injun too.

I bet had love for music, For I see the red in a tune, With the injun's shriek and the injun's whoop, Like a thunder-storm in June.

On, on like the wind it came, Firm stood that cove-d "Red," And when it got within easy range, His lasse caught its head!

"Sold, sold!" cried I, while the injun And the ears went out of sight, But never shall I fill my dying day Forget his look of fight.

I hain't much love for an injun, But I shoot 'em 'em I'm sure, For he'd jerked in the Spirit Land By a Buffalo's sure.

—Editor's Answer, in Harper's Magazine, for June.

The Arc de Triomphe.

The "Arc de Triomphe," which is reported to have been destroyed by the fire of the batteries of the Versailles army, was commenced by Napoleon I., to commemorate his own and the fame of his "grand armee." It was completed by Louis Philippe. It is described as the grandest structure of the kind in the world, rising in harmonious proportions from a base of 147 by 73 feet to a height of 162 feet. Its central archway is 45 feet broad and 30 feet high. Its inner walls are inscribed with the names of 381 generals and victories. Its most striking sculptured ornaments are four groups of colossal figures in high relief, one of which, by Rude, all-glorifying the departure of the army of 1792, seems inspired with all the force and passion of time. The destruction of this noble work of art is a public calamity.

Two Elopers Disappointed.

The "Quebec" (N. B.) "Whig" of Thursday last tells a little story of sad disappointment thus:

"Last evening as the St. Joe train was about ready to start out, Mr. Henry Eberhart, of this city, with several policemen, boarded the cars and captured Mr. E's daughter, who was in the act of eloping with Wm. R. Spender, formerly engineer at Geise's paper-mill. It seems that Spender had arranged all his plans to carry off the girl, who is a possessing young lady of some seventeen years, and had actually got her baggage checked and was seated by her side all serene when the police entered the cars, but seeing them occupied by the other door, and has not since been heard of. The cars were just on the eve of starting a half a minute later would have resulted in the departure of the elopers. As it was, the conductor held the train long enough to get the girl and her trunk off, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Eberhart."

Execution of Ruloff.

Ruloff in the hands of the Doctors.—Size and Nature of his Brain.—His Grave opened Three Times.

The New York "Observer," finds in the life and death of Ruloff proof of the worthlessness of Godless education and of its utter inefficiency to qualify men to be good members of society. The "Observer" says:

"THE RULOFF EXECUTION." "Secular papers say that the great lesson to be derived is, that no amount of mental culture alone will make a man a good citizen; his moral nature must be right or he may be a learned devil. The hardy, self-reliant, and self-sustaining man, who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised. The man who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised. The man who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised."

"It was hung in Rensselaer, N. Y., last Thursday, for the murder of a clerk in a store he was attempting to rob, with two accomplices to rob. He had previously murdered his wife and child. He had been in State Prison ten years. As the day of his execution drew nigh and every hope of escape vanished, he became savagely blasphemous. He cursed all religions and creeds. He was sent only to the gallows and then he said, 'I am a fool!'"

Yet he was a man of great intellect, classical learning, and of business and with some pretensions to a single line of scholarship. And his crime of crime is the best illustration that modern philosophy has a dark record of the fact that intellectual education does not necessarily teach Latin and Greek. But to four God keep his commandments is essential to being a good citizen and this U. S. man, and must teach, if it would train its children to be good members of society. This is the great lesson from the Ruloff murder and execution.

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Ruloff's brain, which was carefully examined this morning, weighed 59 ounces, being 9 1/2 or 10 ounces heavier than the average weight. The heaviest brain ever weighed was that of Cuvier, the French naturalist, which is given by some authorities at 65 ounces, and by some at 60 ounces. The brain of Daniel Webster (partly estimated on account of a portion being destroyed by disease) weighed 67 ounces. The brain of Dr. Alexander Combe of Scotland, weighed 68 ounces. The lower (front) portion of Ruloff's brain and the occipital lobes were unusually large. The upper portion of the brain which directs the higher moral and religious sentiments, was very deficient. In the formation of the brain, Ruloff was a favorite animal, and so far as disposition could relieve him from responsibility, he was not strictly responsible for his acts. The measurement of Ruloff's head around the eyebrows (supraorbital) was 21 1/2 inches. The skull was probably the thickest ever known. In no place was it less than three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and in some places it was half an inch thick. The usual thickness of a man's skull is less than one-fourth of an inch. Ruloff's head was opened in the usual way, by parting the scalp over the top of the head, from one ear to the other, and sawing on the top. The surgeons who performed the operation say it required three-quarters of an hour to saw around the skull, and before it was completed they began to think the head was all skull. With the protection of a skull half an inch thick, and a scalp of the thickness and toughness of a rhinoceros rind, the man of even numbers was prepared with a sturdy helmet that would have defied the force of any pistol bullet. If he had been in Marcell's place, the bullet would have made only a slight wound, and had he been provided with a cuirass equal to his scalp, his defensive armor against bullets would have been as complete as a coat of mail.

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as heavy and strong as those of an ox, and from his formation, he would almost suppose that he was protected against death from his jaws as well as by injury to his head. Ruloff's body was larger than it was supposed to be by casual observers. The Sheriff ascertained when he took the measure of the prisoner for a collar to bury him, that he was five feet and ten inches in height, and measured 19 inches across the shoulders. When in good condition his weight was about 175 pounds. It is very well known that Ruloff's grave was opened three different times, last Friday night he did a lesson to be derived is, that no amount of mental culture alone will make a man a good citizen; his moral nature must be right or he may be a learned devil. The hardy, self-reliant, and self-sustaining man, who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised. The man who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised. The man who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised."

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as heavy and strong as those of an ox, and from his formation, he would almost suppose that he was protected against death from his jaws as well as by injury to his head. Ruloff's body was larger than it was supposed to be by casual observers. The Sheriff ascertained when he took the measure of the prisoner for a collar to bury him, that he was five feet and ten inches in height, and measured 19 inches across the shoulders. When in good condition his weight was about 175 pounds. It is very well known that Ruloff's grave was opened three different times, last Friday night he did a lesson to be derived is, that no amount of mental culture alone will make a man a good citizen; his moral nature must be right or he may be a learned devil. The hardy, self-reliant, and self-sustaining man, who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised. The man who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised. The man who has a value to society furnished from his own mind, is a man who is not to be despised."