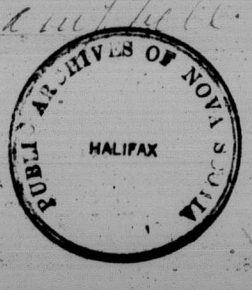


CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1870.

No. 24.



Literature.

The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONTINUED.

returned yesterday from a excursion of three days to the Missisquoi to Metagassip, the fort there, and thence to Le Placette to Amherst. We were all on horseback, and I mounted on a small French pony, which carried me beautifully. We left home after breakfast, and passed the Boat Bridge and found our way through the mud till we reached an upland, where we shortly met Mr. Ladurney, who induced us to leave our horses at his barn, and he walked to the Fort, a distance of nearly three miles. The day was fine and we had a very pleasant walk. Mr. Unik, a friend of Mr. Ladurney's, and one of the most interesting persons I have met with, is a tall, powerfully built, broad-shouldered, Irishman, and with the air of a soldier, his wit and intelligence, kept us in a constant state of amusement. We reached the Fort before we were aware how far we had travelled. The Fort is to be compared with Beau Sejour, for size, commanding position, and scenery. It is situated on a few feet above the level of the sea, and only slightly higher than the Isle de Val-de-la-Petite, separated by the Missisquoi. The object which most interested me was a small cemetery, lying on the left of the Fort, where repose the remains of my uncle, Joseph Morse. A plain stone monument marks the spot where he is buried, and it is surrounded by many others in the same place, while the numerous graves of many brave defenders of the country have no mark to tell of those who there found a resting place.

I had heard so much about my uncle, that I was anxious to see him, and I like to call on him, as I like to call on every one who speaks with great authority. My uncle, and had he would have filled a very important position here. He was killed by his monument, in 1721, and died in 1763, so that his life spanned a period when men began to enter their matured faculties; but enterprise and energy carried through a variety of scenes and enough to have killed a dozen men had travelled through the colonies and as commissary of the expedition of 1756, for the defence of Oswego, under General Amherst, and was almost ruined by the disaster of that campaign. Taken prisoner and carried to Canada, and there kept for some time, he was transferred to the Atlantic, to Bordeaux, where he remained a prisoner until the representation of General Amherst, on recovering his liberty, made a tour of the three kingdoms, and on his return to London, the honor of being presented to Majesty, George the Second, and his losses and the great services he had sustained. The king gave him a grant of a large land in Nova Scotia, and further compensation, and returned to America and soon Nova Scotia, and named the land granted him after his father and patron, General Amherst. Here he built himself a large one part of which could be used as a place of public worship; and a free school, and in his life practiced acts of benevolence which endeared him to all. He had contracted in prison which rendered him extremely delicate that he was compelled to exercise the care in preserving his life, after a few brief years, was while engaged in a career of war. He was a tall, noble

Poetry.

"FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET."

The labor is over and done;
The sun has gone down in the west;
The birds are asleep every one,
And the world has gone to its rest—
Slept on beds of down.
Neath cover of silk and gold,
As on roses new-blown,
Slept the new monarch of old;
Slept on mother's breast;
Slepters happy and warm,
Coy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm;
Slepters in garrets high,
Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold;
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Beggings or stealing to live, and whirled
Like a waif on an angry sea.

The Kissing Deacon.

In one of our puritanical towns of New England, says an eastern paper, lived Deacon Brown, a very staid, dignified sort of Christian, a perfect model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and at the age of forty had found himself with a family of four small children, without a mistress to his fatherly care. As he could not immediately take another wife and avoid exciting scandal, and could not get along without getting some one to take charge of the kitchen and nursery, he had recourse to employing a young woman as housemaid. Nancy Stearns was a laughing, rosy-cheeked beauty, who delighted in experimenting upon the Deacon, by way of testing the strength of human nature. For a long time the Deacon was invulnerable, but at last, in a moment of unguarded weakness, he was led into temptation, and committed a "slight indiscretion" with his beautiful housemaid. When he recovered his wonted coolness and presence of mind, he was horrified at the enormity of his sin. In vain he repented and grieved over lost virtue. Finally, as a last effort of easing his conscience, at the services on the following Sabbath morning he arose and requested the forgiveness of his wife and sisters a few moments, when he electrified them by making the following confession:—

"What did you do?" demanded the minister, sternly.

"I—I—ki—sed her?" stammered out the Deacon, between his sobs, and prayed to be forgiven, and I want you to forgive and pray for me, brothers and sisters." As the Deacon bowed himself up on his seat like the mighty oak before the tornado, Deacon Goodfellow arose and astonished the audience still more, by saying:—

"Brothers and sisters, you have heard what brother Brown has said; but I've been very sorry about it, for my part, I believe brother Brown is truly penitent, and I am willing to forgive him with my whole heart. And, brothers and sisters, I will add still further, that if I had no wife, and a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns should come into my room, and lean over my bed, and lean over me, I'd kiss her, sin or no sin!"

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

Fate of a Prussian Spy in a Strasbourg Inn.

In an inn at Strasbourg (says a French paper) some Algerines, officers, sub-officers and French soldiers were engaged in eating a comfortable dinner, the first for eight days. A stranger entered and asked permission to join them at the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "although I do not have the honor of being known to you, I am not a stranger to the grand family of the army. Captain Brunet, of the 21st line, is my best friend, almost my brother. On account of Capt. Brunet, although no one present knew him, the stranger was allowed to take a seat. He had already eaten the *cassoulette* and *potage*, and had commenced to chat with his companions, when his evil destiny brought into the room an officer of the Twenty-first.

"Ah!" said one to the stranger.

"Here is some one who will give you news of your friend." "Lieutenant, we present to you an intimate friend of Capt. Brunet." "What Brunet?" "Of the Twenty-first." "We have never had any Capt. Brunet, during the ten years I have been in it." The intruder was visibly embarrassed. He stammered, and in his confusion, betrayed a foreign accent. Some Turcos took the Lieutenant aside, and said: "Are you sure Capt. Brunet is unknown in the Twenty-first?" "I give you my word of honor!" They were going to make short of the spy, but his next neighbor, an officer of the *troupe*, arresting them with a gesture, said: "This gentleman is under my care. Dine at your ease, sir. Permit me to pass the cheese. Take some of these mirabellies."

Letter from a "Sister of Charity."

"L'Union" publishes the following letter, which bears the signature of a "Sister of Charity" who was attending upon Marshal McMahon at Pouru aux Bois: "You behold me a prisoner, and a very happy prisoner. I can assure you, Marshal McMahon is as well as we can expect. What a rich and powerful organization! I have never before encountered a sick person so patient as the Marshal. Although for the last eight days he has been compelled to keep in the same position, so that it has been impossible to make his bed—which has no hair mattress—yet never a murmur has escaped him. He has been cut and hewn in the most frightful manner in his wound, which traversed the whole of his hip, and in which a child of ten years old could easily insert a finger, yet never a groan. Whatever one gives him, whatever water, is always 'Very well, dear sister.'—he never murmurs against the cause or the effects of our misfortunes."

Change in English Opinion.

A London letter of a recent date says:—The change of public opinion in England respecting the war is surprising. The "Times" had not only taken up the defence of the Emperor, and proved him to be the most useful, devoted and heroic of sovereigns, but it now declares that the French position is improving every day, while that of the Germans is every day growing more difficult; and yesterday, in an able leader, it strenuously opposed the dismemberment of France as useless to Germany and a cause of future wars rather than any assurance of peace. Either the change of public opinion in England must be even greater than appears on the surface, or the Government is preparing to take some action. The sympathies of England are very deeply stirred. Nearly two millions of dollars have already been contributed to the relief of the wounded. It begins to be seen that a power that can destroy the armies of France and inclose Paris in a line of steel, might also, if it wished, scatter its Uhlans over England and occupy London. Every country in Europe is at the mercy of a power that can conquer and dismember France, whenever ambition or greed shall set it in motion. Every power must arm against it; and if that is not sufficient, every other power must combine to limit its encroachments. It is evident that King William believes God had chosen him to be Emperor of Germany. What security have we that he will not imagine that he has a mission to extend his Empire over Europe?

The Best Feed for Fattening Cattle.

Bela S. Hastings, one of the leading drovers from Vermont, in supplying cattle for the Boston market, gave his experience and observation in relation to fattening stock at a late meeting of the Cheltonia County Farmer's Club as follows:—

The main object of the farmer is to get the most out of his fatter. It does not pay to feed grain to a poor creature, one that does not take to flesh rapidly. Farmers will do better to dispose of such stock for what it will bring, and procure animals of good style. Another important point is, farmers do not feed heavy enough. He would commence with as much food as they could bear and then increase. In feeding 12 quarts of meal, the last four quarts are worth twice as much as the first four for fattening purposes. Some farmers complain that they do not get pay for the grain they feed out, but he had noticed that it was only those who fed light that thus complained. Whether the animal was to be fed a long or a short time, he would recommend heavy feeding. He knew nothing better than corn meal. The cob is not worth much, if anything. Those persons of whom he purchased fat stock, who were the most successful, and made it most profitable, were those who fed meal largely. If a farmer has potatoes or other roots, it is well enough to feed those in part, but a farmer will do better to exchange some of his roots for corn than to feed roots altogether. It is important to feed regularly and not too often, as the stock will eat and lie down and ruminate, it is better to feed cattle but three times, and sheep but once.

A MALTESE CAT IN INDIA.

A short time since, had a severe encounter with a large black snake, and came off victorious, without having been once bitten, although the contest had lasted for more than half an hour.

CORNS DRYING-HOUSES.

We see that at Chelton, Ill., experiments have been made in drying corn by hot air, with a view to put the new crop in market early, and thereby secure first prices; that these experiments have proved successful and profitable. Two of these houses have been in operation, and another is to be erected the present season.

SWEET BROWN BREAD.

Take one quart of rye flour, two quarts of coarse corn meal (all of which must be very fresh,) half a teaspoon full of molasses or brown sugar, one gill of potato yeast. Mingle the ingredients into a stiff dough as can be stirred with a spoon, using warm water for wetting. Let it rise several hours over night, then put it in a large deep pan and bake five or six hours.

CHAMP AND ETERNAL WINDOW FASTENINGS.

Villains will find their way into the country and as many houses fastenings, I would suggest one simple and almost costless. Take a few inches of wire and bend at one end a ring to attach a string to, to hang to the sash or window frame; with a gimlet make a few holes to insert the wire in the sash and frame at such places as will allow the sash to be fastened whether closed, or down for ventilation.

HOW TO RAISE BREAD QUICK.

We have a way of making bread, which, we think, is superior to the old method. We take one pint of shorts; of sugar, salt, saleratus and ginger, each one teaspoonful; pour on boiling water and stir it until it is all wet through, and let it stand over night; in the morning make it about the consistency of common emptyings, using warm water; keep it warm until it rises; set this away, and when making emptyings put in a spoonful of it, and you can have your bread baked in two hours and a half. It will keep a long time.