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Vol. II. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1872. No. 6.--Whole No. 97

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Poetry.

The Unlucky Lovers.

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,
A child of the great Tycoon:
She wore her head bald, and her clothes made
Half-petticoat, half pantaloon:
Her face was the color of lemon-peel,
And the shape of a tablespoon.

A handsome young chap was Johny Hi-Hi,
And he wore paper muslin clothes;
His glossy black hair on the top of his head
In the from of a shoe-brush rose;
His eyes slanted downward, as if some chap
Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnny Hi-Hi,
And, when, in the usual style,
He popped, she blushed such a deep-orange tinge,
You'd have thought she'd too much bile,
If it hadn't been for her slan eyed glance
And her charming wide-mouthed smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new-born love
Did these little pagans stray
All around in spots, enjoying themselves
In a strictly Japanese way;
She howling a song to a one-stringed lute,
On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top,
And quietly there repose
As he stood on his head and fanned himself,
While she balanced him on her nose;
Or else she would get in a pickle-tub
And be kicked around on his toes,

The course of true love, even in Japan,
Often runs extremely rough;
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtiers' hair would have stood on end,
If only they'd had enough.

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords
In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt the truant pair,
With his nerves braced with a tod.
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
On top of a lightning-rod

Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo Foo
To "come down out of that there!"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place—
I won't say precisely where:
Then he dragged off his child, whose spasms evinced
Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly fooled,
Despite his paternal pains;
For John with a tooth-pick, let all the blood
Out of his jugular veins;
While with a back-some sault on the floor
Foo Foo battered out her brains;

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
Right under a dogwood-tree,
Where they could list to the nightingale and
The buzz of the bumble-bee;
And where the mosquito's sorrowful chant
Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night, when the Tycoon's wife
Slumbered as sound as a post
His almond-shaped eyeballs loooked on a sight
That scared him to death almost:
'Twas a bald-headed spectre flitting about
With a paper-muslin ghost!

The Will.

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I did not speak, for I was frightened. It was still repeated louder, and then came a cry—"Con. Cregan; Con. I say open the door! I want you" I knew the voice well; it was Petter M'Cane's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say, "Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? is the ould man worse?"

"Faix that's what he is; for he is dead!"

"Glory be his bed! when did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I, from my corner, could preceive greatly agitated. "He died like an ould heathen, Con. and never made a will!"

"That's bad," says my father, "for he was always a polite man and said whatever was pleasing to the company."

"It is bad," said Peter; "but it would be worse if I could't help it. Listen to me now, Corney; I want you to help me in this business, and here are five guineas in gold if ye do what I bid ye. You know you were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father; for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well what I want is for ye to come over into the house and get into bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father and then you want to make yer will before you die; and then I'll send for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlan the Schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, leaving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand. And as the neighbors will see you and hear your voice, it will never be believed but it was himself that did it."

"The room must be dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will; but have no fear! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make cross with yer pen under the name.

"And the priest," said my father.

"My father quarrelled with him last week about the Easter dues; and father Tom said he'd not give him the rights; and that's lucky, now! Come along, now—quick—for we've no time to lose; it must be all finished before the day breaks."

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat around him and slipping on his brogues, left the house. I sat up in my basket and listened till they had gone some minutes; and then in a costume as light as my parent's set out after them to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be before them; but by bad luck, I fell into a bog-hole, and only escaped drowning by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window, with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceedings. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it was a table with physic bottles, and spoons and teacups; a little further off was another table at which sat Bill Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him

The country people sat two and sometimes three deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event; Peter himself went from place to place trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whiskey, which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of deceitful trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of a half-lighted room; the highly-wrought expression of the country people's faces never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob; the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back; these were all so real that as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low faint cough from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness, and then, in silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said:

"Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father," said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bed-side.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here; I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites!"

A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha, musha!" was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind.

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son Peter—and never was there a better son or a decenter boy,—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killimundoony and Chocksheboors, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house; the forge and right of turn of the Doorin bog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field with the lime-kiln, and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry. Let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember; at the lime-kiln. I leave him—that's Peter I mean—the two potatoe-gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant, fine crops grow there."

"Ain't you gettin' weak, father darling?" says Peter, who begun to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk:

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am gettin wake; just touch my lips again with the jug." Ah! Peter, Peter you watered the drink."

"No indeed, father, but it's the taste is leavin' you," says Peter, and again a low murmur of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I am nearly done now," says my father; "there's only one little plot of ground remaining, and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening?—are the neighbors listening? is Bill Scanlan listening?"

"Yes sir, yes father, we're all minding," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of the will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross roads to poor Con. Cregan, for he has a heavy charge, and is an honest and as hard-working a man as I ever knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself—think of me on my death-bed whenever he asks you for any trifle. Is it down Billy Scanlon?—the two acres at the cross to Con. Cregan and his heirs in *secla seclorum?* Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he—"a good work makes an easy conscience. And now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns—"

What he was going to add there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people into another room to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues, in a corner; "Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter!" says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that; won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow, when I tell them all about it!"

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against your father's dying words!" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con.!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all." And so it ended, and my father slipped quietly over the bog mighty well satisfied with the legacy left himself.

And thus we become the owners of the little spot know to this day as Con's Acre.

DOLLINGERIAN PROSPECTS.—Letters from Europe describes the spread of the old Catholic doctrine movement, of which Dr. Dollinger is the leader in Germany. The Italian clergy keep aloof and are silent. In Russia it is declared that a perfect understanding has been arrived at between the Greek Church and Dollingerism, and that in Austria the prospects of the new party are good. The ecclesiastical excitement which prevailed on account of the burial of the old Catholic, Xaver Hemner, according to the rites and forms of the Catholic Church is over. All are hopeful and have bright anticipation that a grand Eastern Congress on the subject will shortly be held.

Our Fredericton Letter.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,
FREDERICTON, March 4th.

THE inauguration of the third session of the present Assembly has been effected under difficulties, and, after no little trouble with the snow-drifts, which have obstructed travel on nearly all the highways and railroads of the Province, both wings of the "special head of all the land" were detained, and reported at head-quarters like so many skirmishers after a battle, instead of before one; the most important of them having to share the tribulations of their own and other members' humblest constituents; and, while Mr. Gough was in durance at Dorchester, longing to embrace Mr. Willis, and snow-banks rolled between, the Attorney General, with his good clothes, an overcoat and new silk hat on, shovelled snow beside your correspondent at Wasis and Bankerville, cutting his way through the barrier placed by Providence between himself and the precious George L.

With half the members of the Lower House and five of the Council present,

THE OPENING CEREMONIES

were performed in the Upper Chamber on Thursday, commencing at 3 p.m. The Lieut. Governor strode up the length of the room towards the throne, while three old guns outside, managed by parties called a battery, and dressed in uniforms which paroded that of Mr. Wilmot, spoke to Heaven, as Hamlet's step-father has it. The seats in the chamber were, as usual, occupied by ladies—those who could claim the distinction of being celestials, rising as the Governor stalked past, and those from the rural districts starting half way toward a standing position, and remaining as if suddenly seized with something between the gastrodynia and a Grecian bend, wondering the while whether they too must stand up, and if so how much.

THE LOWER HOUSE.

There were many empty seats when the Speaker informed that body of what they already knew concerning the speech. Hatheway informed the House that Mr. Hanington had been re-elected for Westmorland, that Mr. Moore had died, and that there was yet no return from the Sheriff with regard to the election of his successor. The address was moved by Beckwith, and seconded by Bailly, though it had been rumored that the seconding would be either by Coram or Williams. Mr. Gough attempted to draw out the Government, and have a tilt at them, by enquiring if the person who occupied the position of Sergeant-at-arms had, on the death of Mr. Coburn, been appointed *pro tem* or permanently by the Government. The Attorney General, who looked cross at the question, replied with substantial toned asperity, as much as to say, "if you want to fight, come on,"—"For the information of the hon. member, Mr. Speaker, I beg to say that the gentleman who now occupies the seat of the sergeant-at-arms is appointed, not *pro tem* or for a day, but permanently, absolutely and unconditionally, by the Government."

Then Mr. Gough wanted to know if the House was to understand that its privileges in appointing its officers and servants were to be taken from it, and if hon. members were to be mere pantomimic show-men, to be moved about at will on the political chess-board, and was called to order by the Attorney General, who reminded the leader of the Opposition that some two years ago, and since, the chess-board and pantomime figures of speech, had been brought in in his tirades against the Government, and that they were getting old, and were not calculated to have much effect just now. This little bit of cross-firing reminded your correspondent that some

CHANGES

had taken place in the House since last session, the chief of which is that of Sergeant-at-arms, and the removal to a better, if not so conveniently situated, quarters of the Reporter's gallery. The new Sergeant-at-Arms is Mr. Harry Beckwith, son of late Secretary Beckwith, whose family is said to be as well provided for in the public departments as is that of Grant in the United States. Harry is a very good-looking young man, with a beautiful curly hair and whiskers to match, fond of admiration, and partial to a cap half the size of his head, and worn on one ear. His clothes are of formal cut, and while he is redolent in Macassar and resplendent in shirt-front, white tie and lavender kids, he plays with his silver-hilted sword, which it is said will not leave its scabbard, with all the flourish and attitudinism of a fencing master The Reporter's Gallery, which is changed to the end of the general gallery, opposite its former location, is now separated from the seats occupied by the "great unwashed" only by a board partition, in which a door is placed as the only entrance for Reporters. The accommodation afforded to the press is more ample than before, but the *stas cultes*, who are not respectors of persons, crowd against the entrance on the greatest and most important occasions, when reporters require free ingress and egress to and from their gallery, and are thus hindered in their work, and subjected to the elbowing process, which is much more objectionable than pleasant. Your correspondent don't mind squeezing through the ladies' gallery, because the operation has a reciprocal pleasantness about it, but the other gallery is quite another thing.

Mr. Gough has taken the seat formerly occupied by Mr. Moore, and Mr. Willis occupies the seat occupied by Mr. Gough, and thus Gough and Willis sit beside each other and take sweet counsel together. Mr. Willis sat last year next behind Hatheway, and as he was frequently charged with being inspired with Government sentiments by animal magnetism, as a result of his contiguity to George L., so will he be expected, this session, to draw asspiration, inspiration and inhalation, from the astute leader of the outs.

BUSINESS—DEBATES.

Hanington said he had hoped that the bye-roads would have got more money last year when the House decided not to publish debates, but such had not been the case. He thought newspapers generally gave an unfair and biased idea of the doings of members in the absence of official debates. He said the House might remember when his scrutiny case was reported, how the organs of the Government, the *Chignecto Post* and *Telegraph*, had published something from an old statute affecting the Hanington's of the borough of New Shoreham, who were forever debarred from voting, on account of corrupt practices at elections a century ago. He had looked into official authority in reference to the matter, and found that the persons named in the Act had been exonerated by the courts from the charges against them, and the Act was passed for political purposes. Had it not been for the official record of the transaction he would never have been able to vindicate the position of his namesakes, who, he did not think, were relatives of his at all. McQueen said he opposed official debates in 1868, and favored them in 1870. If the people wanted the debates they should have them, and while there were some persons in Westmorland who wanted them, there were more who did not. He thought the money would do more good for purposes of immigration, and would therefore vote against the recommendation of the committee. The vote was taken just before the House adjourned, and was as follows: Yeas—Gough. Willis, Wedderburn, Blanchard. Adams, Landry, Gillespie, Donald, Hanington, Otty, Alward, Maher—12; Nays—Hatheway, King, Kelly, Stevenson, Caie, McQueen, Crawford, Bailly, Girouard, Philips, Napier, White, Robinson, Coram, Williams, Covert, Tibbetts, Lindsay—18. Hibbard paired off with Harrison, and Donald, though thought to be with the Government, voted opposition.

Mayor Hall's trial is making slow progress.

A Texan game of euchre was ended by one of the players ordering the other up with his little deringer.

The average age of American clergymen who died last year was a fraction over 61 years.

Ex-Emperor Napoleon cleared $32,000 by selling estate corner of Dey street and Broadway, to the Western Union Telegraph Co.

A writer from the African diamond fields says he attended a dance where he saw a sign which read "No gentleman admitted without pants."

FROZEN.—Eleven hundred bushels of potatoes that were at Mount Uniacke on one of the delayed trains on Tuesday were frozen.—*Recorder.*

All the London journals approve of the decision in the Tichborne case. The trial of the claimant on charges of perjury will take place in April.

The wife of George Winant, the depot-master at Hampstead, L. I., beat him with a beefsteak and a stick so brutally on Sunday, that he died on Tuesday. The virago was arrested.

The census of Montreal, now being taken by the civic authorities, will show a population of at least 120,000, instead of 107,000—the Government figures. The Witness says that the new census is being taken by reliable and competent men, and is quite trustworthy.

The Rev. Timothy Harley, who some years ago came to St. John N. B., as a Baptist Church pastor and has labored there since has resigned the position owing to ill health, and it is uncertain whether he will proceed to the Southern States or England. Mr. Harley is a disciple of Spurgeon, and a man of much ability.

This is the official report of a California Vigilance Committee: "We the 500 emigrants, quietly marched to the justice's court and demanded the prisoner. They refused to give him up. We, the 500 emigrants, took, tried him, condemned him, and hung him on the same tree he had murdered his victim under. Farewell, vain world,' were his last words as the mule walked away and left him there. We, the 500 emigrants, followed the mule.

Stephen Fairbeale, cook of H. M. S. "Pyramus," Halifax, attempted to cut his throat with a penknife—rum.—A girl living in Argyle Street, got a lotion for her eyes and thinking that an inward application would do no harm drank some. She nearly lost her life.—The Dominion Government lost by fire the drill and gun shed on Dartmouth Common. It cost $1000 for a room of an old pattern. The Halifax dead house has been converted into a provision store.—*Halifax paper.*

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A labourer named Matthew Gallagher, employed on the Windsor and Annapolis Railroad, was run over by the down train from Windsor on Tuesday morning and killed. He was previous to the fatal accident, engaged in shoveling snow of the track between Beaver Bank and Mount Uniacke Stations. Owing to the late snow storm which prevailed at the time nothing was known of the occurrence until the train reached the Junction, when human hair and pieces flesh were observed upon the "cow catcher." Messengers were immediately despatched to the place where the unfortunate man was working, and his mutilated remains were found. He leaves a wife and ten children.—*Halifax Citizen.*

On an Island in a great river in the interior of Japan dwells a race of hairy men and women called Ainos, who are original and peculiar in every sense. They are a species of aborigines, and it is said that there are only fifteen thousand now left in Japan. On some of the fishermen a thick coat like that of a buffalo is perceived. These people live very much as do our North American Indians, in wigwams, and their habits of bathing, eating and sleeping are much the same. Their worship is that of the mysterious; anything in nature which they cannot comprehend. They take no notice of time, have no names for days, do not know their own ages, and have limited ideas of dress. The women are beautiful, despite their hirsute covering. Barnum will doubtless use his best efforts to secure an Aino or two for the delectation of the Americans.