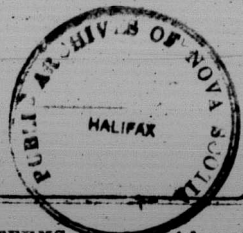


# CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 in Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1871

No. 29

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**International Hotel.**  
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)  
168 Prince William Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and re-furnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Boats, and the Street Cars running to the Fredericton route pass every fifteen minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbor, and the surrounding country.

The Proprietor having had an extensive experience in Hotels and Steamers, feels confident that none who patronize him will go away dissatisfied.

**HARRISON & BURBIDGE,**  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARIES, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 4 Ritchie's Building,  
Princess St., St. John, N. B.

**T. T. SHEPARD & CO.,**  
Marble & Freestone Workers,  
Point Du Chene,  
WESTMORLAND, N. B.

**MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,**  
Tables, Chimney Pieces, Table & Counter Tops, Shelves and Brackets  
Made of the best Materials, and cheaper than at any other establishment in the Province.  
Samples may be seen at A. FORD'S. Any orders left with him will be filled with despatch.

**A. FORD,**  
July 5th, 1871.—jns Sackville, N. B.

**George Nixon,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**PAPER HANGINGS,**  
Brushes and Window Glass,  
66 King St., St. John, N. B.  
nov21-ly

**NEW ERA**  
IN  
**Nails, Shoe Nails, and TACKS.**  
The Goods Manufactured at  
**S. R. FOSTER'S**  
Standard Nail, Shoe Nail and Tack Works,  
George's street, St. John, N. B., are pronounced by the Merchants and Dealers of Canada, England and Australia, to stand unequally.

**QUALITY FINISH AND DURABILITY.**  
For Price Lists and Samples, please address as above.  
Orders solicited: prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Special attention given to the wants of the SHOE TRADE.

**Dixon & Fawcett,**  
GENERAL DEALERS IN  
British, Canadian & W. I. Goods,  
FLOUR, MEAL & COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Sackville, N. B.  
R. M. DIXON. H. R. FAWCETT.

**Thos. R. Jones,**  
IMPORTER OF  
British and Foreign Dry Goods,  
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &c.  
10 KING STREET,  
June23 St. John, N. B.

**CURRIE & LORD,**  
Confectioners,  
AND  
FINE BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,  
45 Dock St. & 81 King Street, St. John.

We beg to inform our friends and the public generally that we have on hand our usual large and varied assortment of  
**Pure Confectionery!**  
In all its branches, which we will dispose of at our usual low rates.

**D. R. McELMON,**  
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,  
AMHERST, N. S.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assortment of  
**Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.**  
Agent at this place for the Celebrated  
BAUDOUIN WATCHES.  
Repairing done with neatness and despatch.  
SHOP DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE  
BAPTIST Church.  
may12

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**E. McINTOSH,**  
Tin-Smith,  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a quantity of Machine-made STOVE PIPE, TIN-WARE, COOKING, HALL, & PARLOR STOVES.

**JOB WORK**  
promptly attended to. Having the latest improved machinery I am enabled to fill orders cheaply and at the shortest notice.  
Oct. 11—oct12 tf.

**Paints. Paints.**  
**THOMPSON'S**  
White Lead, Zinc Paint,  
AND  
**PAINT MANUFACTORY,**  
PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Wholesale Only.  
oct5

**CARD.**  
**Samuel Legere,**  
BUTCHER,  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

WOULD respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Sackville that he has opened a shop for supplying all kinds of FRESH MEAT, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.  
oct 19—2m

**PIANOS,**  
**CABINET ORGANS.**  
GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT  
**Pianofortes,**  
**Cabinet Organs,**  
Agent for the Celebrated  
WM. BOURNE & HALL & SONS' PIANOFORTES,  
AND  
The Smith American Organ,  
ACKNOWLEDGED  
The Best in the World.  
A large assortment on exhibition at 77 Prince Wm. Street,  
C. FLOOD, ST. JOHN,  
aug31 Agent for N. B.

**"WEBB"**  
**SEWING MACHINES!**  
Manufactured by the  
**NORTH AMERICAN**  
**SEWING MACHINE COMPANY**  
At St. John, N. B.  
**W. S. CALHOUN,**  
General Agent,  
54 King Street.  
St. John, N. B.  
aug 10—4f.

**MARBLE & FREESTONE**  
**WORKS,**  
**DORCHESTER, N. B.**  
**H. J. McGRATH.**  
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
**Grave-Stone & Monumental Work**  
Executed in the best style and at short notice.  
Having improved facilities for executing the above work, I can furnish it cheaper than any other establishment in the Province and in the very latest styles.

**Besnard & Co.,**  
Real Estate and Money  
**BROKERS,**  
Princess street, St. John, N. B.

Farms and houses to let and for sale. Bonds mortgages and other securities bought and sold.  
1y—sep22

**Albert J. Hickman,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,  
Dorchester, N. B.  
may12

## Poetry.

**THE BRAVE FIREMAN.**  
BY RUTH LOCKER.

[A fireman named Ford lost his life about a month ago in rescuing some people from a burning house near Holborn Station, London. With his fire-escape he landed five people out of danger. But his task was not ended. A woman, maddened with fright, appeared, shrieking, at one of the upper windows—and between her and the brave fireman sheets of fire were playing by this time. His final work was full of the most obvious danger. He must pass through the fire to the window where the hapless creature was clanking for life. But Ford was equal to the task, and again boldly mounted the ladder. The canvas bag of the machine caught—and the fireman was irrevocably doomed. For some moments he remained tangled in the burning mass—literally roasted alive. When he fell, he was a mortally wounded man. His helmet was actually forced into his head. His injuries were of the most fearful character; and after a few hours of unspeakable agony, he died—a hero, if ever hero spoke, or walked the earth.—Ed.]

Homeward past the fire-escape,  
I mark its tall fantastic shape;  
As it leans against the sky;  
The fireman stands by his quaint machine  
With folded arms and an easy mien,  
As though to say, "There's none to be seen  
More free from care than I."

Does his wife, methinks, as careless teen,  
Or does she lie in her bed and dream  
Of the shouts and cries, and rattle;  
When the engines thunder along, and a glare  
Of red is seen in the dark night air,  
Of red she starts in her sleep and breathe a prayer  
For her husband in midst of battle?

Weaving such thoughts, I go to bed,  
But I cannot rest, for my whirling head  
Keeps harping on conflagration;  
I see a mighty city on fire,  
And as flames mount higher and higher  
I hear the thrill of the deep-sea wire  
Fraught with the grief of a nation.

I wake. Did I dream? I cannot stay  
To consider, for yonder, over the way,  
Is a house all smoking and burning;  
And dismal figures, draped in white,  
At the upper windows, like ghosts of the night,  
Are shrieking shrilly, in dire affright  
Of the bourne whence there's no re-  
turning.

What a dreadful shock to awaken thus!  
To bed all wearied out with the fuss  
Of a London shopkeeper's day;  
Dreaming, may be, after scanty prayers,  
Of worldly gains, and of worldly cares,  
And then to waken and find the stairs  
In a blaze and melting away.

Useless, like me, the crowd below,  
Swaying and surging to and fro,  
Does little but shout and gape;  
A mere unorganized rabble rout,  
Useless, but full of art, no doubt,  
For hark! what a peal of joy rings out,  
"Hurray for the fire-escape!"

My fireman comes with his quaint machine,  
A burning house is a nightly scene  
To him, so he's not perplexed;  
He climbs for the bees of this smoking hive,  
He clutches them—one, two, three, four,  
And now he mounts for the next.

Horror! an envious tongue of fire  
Darts, like a snake, through the netting wire,  
The canvas is all aflame!  
He falls! he falls! Is there none to save?  
Ah! cruel, to think that one so brave,  
Who snatched five souls from a fiery grave,  
Should perish by the same!

Not really cruel. If Providence,  
In place of our dull earthly sense,  
More godlike eyes had given;  
Like Jacob's ladder, years ago,  
Perchance that fire-escape would glow  
With angels passing to and fro  
To point the way to Heaven.

**Literature.**  
**A BOLD STROKE.**  
It was my first visit North since I had taken up my abode and entered on the practice of my profession in New Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a very dear friend, an old chum and classmate, George Dickson; and as he was the only person I knew in the great metropolis, of course I lost no time in looking him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting, but ten could scarcely have produced a change more marked than had taken place in the appearance and manner of my friend.

Our first greetings and friendly inquiries over, I longed, yet forbore, to ask the cause of my friend's melancholy. I felt sure, in due time, of being made the confidant of his secret, provided no motive of delicacy prompted its concealment.

That evening, in my room at the hotel, George told me his story. He had formed an attachment for a young lady, whose grace of mind he portrayed with all the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned this affection, but the father had opposed his suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his daughter with a nephew of his.

The nephew was a good physician of profligate character, my friend assured me—but that may have been prejudice—who had long but unsuccessfully wooed his cousin, to whom his profligate was as repugnant as to her father they were acceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young lady's father, had gone South on business, accompanied by his nephew. At New Orleans he had been seized by sudden illness, which terminated fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he executed a will (which had since been duly proved by the deposition of the attesting witnesses) containing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom he had left the whole estate, should accept the hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a provision that in case the latter offered and she refused within a specified period to enter into the proposed union, the entire estate devised to the daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her heart's choice, would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's hesitation, and nothing could have more delighted George Dickson than so fair an opportunity of showing how superior his devotion was to all considerations of personal advantage. But her father's dying request, in Julia's eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and stunned her, it is true, for in their many conferences on the subject he had never even hinted anything like coercion.

Young Parsons had not the magnanimity to forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but his right to that depended on his offer and her rejection of an alliance, which she felt in duty bound to accept. The brief season of grace which she had been compelled to beg even with tears, had already almost passed and a few more days would witness the condemnation of two lives to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narrative, in which, for reasons that may hereafter be developed, I felt a peculiar interest, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to some place of amusement to which I had previously procured two tickets.

When we reached the theatre the performance had already begun; but we succeeded in finding seats which commanded a fair view of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my elbow.  
"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in front of the parquette, seated next the column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whispered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw the face whose striking resemblance to one I had met before caused me to start with surprise.  
"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.  
"The nephew of whom you spoke?"

"The same," my friend answered.  
"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on the point of inquiring, but just then the stranger drew the glove from his right hand, and I saw that the first joint of the middle finger was wanting, a circumstance which, for sufficient reasons, absorbed my attention.

"Do you know the exact date of Mr. Parsons' death?" I asked, when we had gained the street at the end of the performance.

"Yes," said George. "It was the twenty-third of December. His daughter received a telegram from her cousin announcing the fact the same day. But why do you ask?"

"I have a reason that may or may not prove a good one," I returned, and stating that I had business engagements for the whole of the next day, I parted with my friend, promising to meet on the following evening.

Next afternoon found me in the office of Dr. Parsons.  
"Dr. Parsons, I presume?" were the words with which I accosted the gentleman I had seen at the theatre.

"Yes, sir."  
"You may not remember me, Doctor, but I believe we have met before."

"I beg your pardon for not recollecting the occasion."  
"You were in New Orleans last winter, were you not?"

"I was," he answered, with some embarrassment.  
"I am the gentleman on whom you called to draft a will."

He turned pale and made no reply.  
"I saw the record of that will in the Surrogate office this morning," I resumed, "and—"

"And yet," I continued, "you said it was yours when you applied to have it written. You presented yourself as desirous of executing such a document preparatory to embarking on a perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in accordance with your instruction, leaving the date to be filled at the time of signing. Your looks were gray, then, and you certainly looked old enough to have a marriageable daughter, but your disguise was not perfect," and I pointed to the mutilated finger.

"What do you mean?" he shouted, in defiant terms, springing to his feet.  
"Simply that your uncle's signature to that paper is a forgery," I answered, rising and confronting him.

"He died on the twenty-third of December. Your own telegram to that effect is in existence. It was on the twenty-fourth, the day before Christmas, that you called on me to prepare the paper now on record as your will. The inference is plain: you undertook to manufacture this spurious testament after your uncle's death, and wishing to clothe your villany in legal form, you procured from me the required draft. You, or some one at your instigation, imitated the signature of the deceased. The witnesses, who have since perjured themselves in their depositions, were procured in some manner best known to yourself."

"Enough, sir!" he ejaculated, placing his back against the door, "you have shown yourself in possession of a secret the custody of which may prove dangerous!"  
"I am not unprepared for your threat," I replied. "In the first place I did not come here unarmed; in the next, I have prepared a full written statement of the facts to which I have alluded, with information, besides, of my present visit to yourself. This paper will be delivered to the friend to whom it is directed, unless within an hour I reclaim it from the messenger, who has been instructed for that length of time to retain it."

His face grew livid. His frame quivered with mingled fear and rage, and his eyes gleamed like those of a wild beast at bay.  
"What is your purpose?" he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with suppressed passion.  
"To keep your secret while you live," I answered, "on one condition."

"Name it."  
"That you write instantly to Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretensions to her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your proposal of marriage."

After a moment's pause he seated himself at his desk and hastily penned a brief note, which he submitted for my inspection. It was quite satisfactory.  
"Be so good as to seal and address it," I said.  
He did so.

"I will see that it is delivered," I remarked, taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening his old college look had come back. He had great news to tell me. The next thing was to take me to see Julia, and it is needless to tell that a happy marriage followed not long after. Eldridge Parsons, I have just learned, joined one of the late Cuban expeditions, and was killed in a recent encounter with the Spaniards.

**ON DRAINING.**  
**HOW ARE LANDS BENEFITED BY DRAINING?**

In a learned article by Mr. Caird, in the Cyclopaedia of Agriculture, on the rotation of crops says:  
"The surprising effects of a fallow even when unaided by any manure, has received some explanation by the recent discovery of Mr. Barral, that rain water contains within itself and conveys into the soil fertilizing substances of the utmost importance, equivalent in a fall of rain of twenty-four inches per annum to the quantity of ammonia contained in 200 cwt. of Peruvian Guano, with 150 lbs. of nitrogenous matter besides, all suited to the nutrition of plants."

It is calculated that the average fall of rain in the United States is forty-two inches.  
If this supplies as much ammonia to the soil as three hundred weight of Peruvian Guano to the acre, which is considered a liberal manuring, and which is valued principally for its ammonia, the importance of retaining the rain water long enough upon the soil to rob it of its treasures, may be seen.

"Rain water contains in solution, air, carbonic acid and ammonia. The first two ingredients are among the most powerful disintegrators of a soil. The oxygen of the air and the carbonic acid being both in a highly condensed form, by being dissolved, possess very powerful affinities for the ingredients of the soil. The oxygen attacks and oxidizes the lime, potash and other alkaline ingredients of the soil, produces a further disintegration, and renders available the locked up ingredients of this magazine of nutrient. Before these can be used by plants, they must be rendered soluble, and this is only effected by the free and renewed access of rain and air. The ready passage of both these, therefore, enables the soil to give up its hidden treasures."

Plants require for their life a constant supply of air.  
"All plants," says Liebig, "die in soils and water destitute of oxygen. Absence of air acts exactly in the same manner as an excess of carbonic acid. Stagnant water on a marshy soil excludes the air, but a renewal of water has the same effect as a renewal of air, because water contains it in solution. When the water is withdrawn from a marsh, free access is given to the air, and the marsh is converted into fruitful meadow."

Animal and vegetable matter do not decay or decompose so as to furnish food for plants unless freely supplied with oxygen, which they must obtain from the air.

Under-draining warms or raises the temperature of the soil by the admission of heated air from the surface of the earth and by diminishing evaporation.

Not a drop of water can run through the soil into a drain, without its place being supplied by air—"Nature abhors a vacuum." The little spaces in the soil from which the water passes must be filled with air, and this air can only be supplied from the surface, where it has absorbed heat from the rays of the sun, as well as from the heated earth.

Under-drainage prevents evaporation: the process which water undergoes in being converted from a liquid into a vaporous form through the influence of heat. The amount of heat required for this purpose is immense. This heat is withdrawn

from the earth and surrounding air, which leaves them so much the colder, and when a considerable quantity of water is accumulated in a hollow or basin, so great an amount of heat is withdrawn from the air and earth, that the latter is left cold as it is called. Seed will not germinate from the lack of heat and air, and a naked patch will be left to deface the sward. In a well drained soil there will be no such thing as evaporation; for there will be no accumulation of water upon or in the soil.

Under-drainage prevents lands from being too wet or too dry to produce good crops. This at first may seem paradoxical, but it meets either alternative.

1st. It prevents soil from becoming too wet by preventing the accumulation of cold, stagnant water upon or in it, and furnishes a medium, whereby air, moisture and heat can be freely and evenly distributed through it.

2nd. It prevents soil from becoming too dry to produce good crops. Lands which suffer most from drought are most benefited by draining. The reasons are obvious. There is always the same amount of water in and about the surface of the earth. In the winter there is more than in the summer, while in the summer that which has been dried out of the soil exists in the form of vapor. When vapor comes in contact with substances cooler than itself, it gives up its heat, contracts and becomes liquid water and is deposited on the surface of the earth as dew.

To be continued.

It is said that more than 40,000 decorations of the Iron Cross—which some of our contemporaries have represented as the equivalent of our Victoria Cross—have been distributed among the German armies since the late campaign ended. That this order is given somewhat too liberally would appear from the revelations of the *Carlsruhe Gazette* as to the suicide of the late colonel of a Wurtemberg regiment—the 7th Infantry. This unfortunate officer left the battle field of Champagne, and remained away sick from a wound which the authorities at Stuttgart considered insufficient to justify his absence. Hence, when his name was recently included by the Berlin War Office in the list of those receiving the cross, he had a private message from his own sovereign to the effect that he was not expected to present himself at the Court fête just about to take place. The "silver wedding" of the royal couple, as his health might interfere with his attendance. The unfortunate officer insisted at once on resigning the command of his regiment and applying for a court martial. Receiving no reply to his request, he wrote again a week later, and shortly after destroyed himself in a moment of despondency.

Such is the story written to the Baden paper by his family, in correction of a statement made in the official organ of Wurtemberg. The relative who writes adds that he holds in his possession medical certificates, showing that the colonel was not only seriously hurt, but that he returned to his duty before the date fixed as safe for him by his surgeon.

Irish Wit.—There is an abundance of wit in Ireland, with a flavor of its own. Few theological definitions, for instance, could bear the pain from that of a priest who, having preached a sermon on miracles, was attacked by one of his congregation walking homeward, to explain lucidly what a miracle meant. "Is it a miracle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then for-nist me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came behind him and gave him a tremendous kick.

"Ugh!" roared the sufferer, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" said the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the unhappy disciple. "Well, then, remember this. It would have been a miracle if you had not."

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