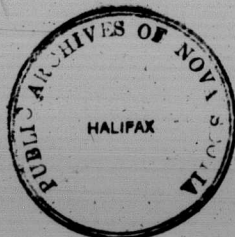


CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1871

No. 27

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and furnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Boat, and the Street Cars running to the Fredericton wharf 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, is confident that none who patronize him will go away dissatisfied.

R. S. HYKE, Proprietor.
FORMERLY OF THE STEAMER "EMPEROR."
May 26-1y

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

L. R. HARRISON,
G. W. BURBIDGE.

T. T. SHEPARD & CO.,
Marble & Freestone Workers,
Point Du Clene,
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 8th, 1871.-1y5 Sackville, N. B.

George Nixon,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Brushes and Window Glass.
66 King St. - - - St. John, N. B.
Nov 24-1y

NEW ERA
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 unequalled for

QUALITY FINISH AND DURABILITY.
For Price List and Samples, Please ad-
dress 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,
June 23 St. John, N. B.

QUEBEC & LOED,
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!
all its branches, which we will dispose
of at our usual low rates.

dec 29 C. & L.

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

CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assort-
ment of

Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.
Agent at this place for the Celebrated
BAGGLEY WATCHES.

Repairing done with business and dis-
patch.

Shop directly opposite the
Baptist Church.

may 12

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—oct 12 1y

Paints. Paints.
THOMPSON'S

White Lead, Zinc Paint,
& AND

PAINT MANUFACTORY,
69 PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale Only.
oct 5

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 atten-
tion 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,
aug 31 Agent for N. B.

"WEED"
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 10-1y

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 exe-
cuting 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 mortgage and other securities
bought and sold.

1y-sep 22

Albert J. Hickman,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,
Dorchester, N. B.

may 12

Poetry.

THE CABIN-BOY.

Upon the bridge, at silvery break of day,
I stood, and saw a solitary bark
Move from her moorings in the harbor
dark;

Silent and spectral in the shadowy gray,
Tower'd the great masts, and flung their
pennons gay.

Among the sailors, cheerily as a lark,
Whistled a cabin-boy, an elfin spark,
Newly apprenticed to the fearful spray.

He stalked about, and watch'd the bright-
ening beams

Kiss the foggy fancies with a golden tone
That took his fancy to divine skies,
Where isles remote made music in his
dreams;

He said the gales that murmur round
Ceylon;
While all the Indies flashed within his
eyes.

Unhasting, wheel'd the inevitable year;
And once again upon the bridge I paced
Beside a mother, sad, prophetic-faced,
Each sea-gust making misery in her car.

Behind us hum'd the city; and more near,
The harbor rustled with the windy masts.
Then lo! a ship rush'd in before the blasts,
A batter'd phantom of the pitiless sea—
The same proud bark which, one brief year
ago,

Bore to the gleaming dreamlands of the
East,
That beautiful boy. "O Captain, where
is he?"

By sapphire isles, the fairies of the yeast
Loved him, and took him down the emerald
flow.

On their soft bosoms, to a marriage feast.

Literature.

A HAUNTED HAMLET.

The following extract from an
amusing paper under this title, signed
"C. Osborne, an old number of
Temple Bar, will doubtless be accept-
able to many of our readers. The
narrator was a promising but very
poorly paid orator in a Provincial
Company, who had some talent and
much ambition for playing Shakes-
perian characters. The better to
carry out his parts he ran in debt for
some new dresses to a Jew costume
dealer. He promised payment re-
peatedly without being able to fulfil
his promise, until Moses' patience
was exhausted when the poor player's
benefit was about to come off. The
tickets sold well, and he was certain
of a bumper when the night arrived.

The rest of the story, which is of in-
finite humor, and how he came to be
haunted throughout the evening by his
father's spirit, he shall tell in his own
words:—

The old church clock tolling the
hour six, warned me to hurry from
my lodgings to that temple of fame
in which I fondly hoped I had secured
a niche for myself. As I walked
along I began to taste the pleasures
of celebrity; shopmen nudged each
other as I passed; a couple of young
ladies, whose profession seemed to
be "millinery," looked at me from
under their bonnets, and then re-
peated my name in a whisper loud enough
for me to hear half-a-dozen yards
from them. "This is indeed renown,"
I muttered, "what matters it if my
salary is small, when my fame is be-
coming so great?"

As I said the words, I felt a hand
on my shoulder, and turned with the
glow of exultation still suffusing my
cheek.

"Mr. Arthur Stanley, I believe,
sir," said my accoster.

"That is my name," I replied,
trying to hurry on.

"Excuse me, sir, then," returned
the man, "but you must come with
me. At the suit of Moses marks for
twenty-five pun ten and costs."

He handed me a small slip of
paper—I dare say you can guess its
contents—and took me by the arm.

"This is most unfortunate," I said;
"had it but been one night later I
should not have minded."

"Case of 'hook it,' I suppose,"
said the man.

"On the contrary, I should have
been able to have discharged the
amount. I suppose you couldn't put
off the arrest until after business this
evening?"

"Not on any account," replied my

captor, and I saw that he meant what
he said.

This, then, was the end of my am-
bitious aspirations, instead of the
glare of the footlights and the plaudits
of an audience, I was to have the
darkness and stillness of a jail. I
folded my arms in despair, and defied
my fate.

"Let us go," I said, "to-night
was appointed for my benefit; but no
matter—Denmark's a prison—a
goodly one, in which there are many
confines, wards, and dungeons. Lead
on." As I turned to accompany
the bailiff's man a messenger
from the theatre accosted us.

"Oh, Mr. Stanley," the man said,
"I'm sent to tell you that we've no
ghost; Figgins has just come in
awfully drunk."

I was about to answer him, when
my captor interrupted me, asking me
if I had put up "Hamlet." Upon
my replying in the affirmative, he said
that he thought he could help me.
He had been a member of an amateur
theatrical club, and the ghost of
Hamlet's father had been one of his
most successful attempts. I'd liked
it, he would sustain the part on this
occasion, and thus, keeping his eye
upon me, would postpone my arrest
until after the performance. I saw
that vanity instigated the offer, but
as drowning men will clutch at
straws, I accepted the proposal, and
hurried off to the theatre with all
speed, accompanied by my obliging
Nemesis. In the difficulty the man-
ager consented to my supposed friend's
offer, and a few hints sufficing to
take the place of rehearsals, half-an-
hour before the curtain was to rise
saw the bailiff's man donning the
armor of the inebriated Figgins.

Up went the curtain, to a house
crowded to the ceiling, the tragedy
commenced with every promise of
success, my reception was most
flattering, and the applause that
greeted my points almost made me
forget the presence of my custodian,
who watched me, with ever vigilant
eyes, from the wing. I was natu-
rally apprehensive of the "manner in
which the ghost would be rendered,"
but the interview with my father's
shade was as satisfactory as it would
have been had Figgins himself em-
bodied the spirit, though it must be
admitted that spirits were peculiarly
in his line.

At the words "Alfen, alfen!"
Hamlet remembered me," were ut-
tered, generous applause rewarded the
exertions of the stage-struck bailiff.

With a look of relief I was about to
apostrophize heaven, earth, and the
other place, when, turning, I saw my
father's spirit still upon the stage.

"Leave the stage," I whispered,
supposing that my friend had forgot-
ten his exit.

To my horror the ghost replied
with an oath, not loud but deep that
he would see me d—d first. It was
in vain that I reiterated my direc-
tion, the ghost would not give up
and feeling that the situation was
critical, I went on with my part, and
strove with extra vehemence to carry
the audience with me, so that they
might overlook the presence of the
implacable shade. Either the audi-
ence were not at home with the text,
or looked upon the ghost's remaining
as a new reading, for they gave no
sign of disapproval. When Horatio
and Marcellus came on, however,
their wonder almost brought on the
catastrophe, but I urged them to go
on, and the act drew to a conclusion,
with the novelty of the ghost speak-
ing his injunction over my left shoul-
der. The drop down, I showered
expostulations on my persecuting
father's head, but he turned a deaf
ear to them all.

"I'll tell you what it is, guv'nor,"
he said, "I ain't wishing to be at all
annoyin' or ungentlemanly to you,
but I had to arrest a gentleman in
your profession once, and obliged
him by waiting until his performance
was over, when blowed if he wasn't
shabby enough to get taken down a
trap at the end, and bolt. I thought
of that while I was on the stage just
now with you, and if I leave you
again, my mother was a Frenchman.

Without going into the question of

his parentage, I promised to surren-
der myself at the end of the evening,
but it was to no purpose; he was
obstinate. In the absence of the
manager, who had been luckily called
away, I confessed my dilemma to the
prompter, and he, influenced by good
feeling, and the promise of a present
on the morrow, consented to allow
the tragedy to go on, in spite of my
being perpetually haunted.

In a few minutes the tale was in
every dressing-room, and the com-
pany choking with laughter, but as
it was not an affair of theirs, they
did not offer any objection to the
constant interpolation of my father's
accursed spirit. Polonius' interview
was shadowed by his presence, and
although the ancient chamberlain
took his leave, the substitute of Fig-
gins remained a fixture. Plagued by
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, I was
still more bored by the abominable
shade, he intruded upon my inter-
view with Ophelia, listened to the
scoling I gave the queen, looked on
while I stabbed Polonius.

For all this, however, the audience
were satisfied, nay, enthusiastic; as
I have said, the majority were too
ignorant of the hard to be critical,
and the few who were better informed
looked upon the performance as a
new reading. Indeed, the editor
of the *Grayport Guardian*, a man
admitted by his own paper to be the
highest authority upon all matters
Shakespearian, had already made the
preliminary notes lauding the sub-
lime embodiment of the terrible con-
ceptions of Hamlet's afflicted soul.

Indeed so impressed was he with the
magnificence and originality of that
evening's performance, as to come
between the acts and read me the
heads of his projected essay.

I was in ecstasy, like a man who
on the steps of the gallows receives a
reprieve—alas! my head was not out
of the noose yet.

As I was standing at the wing in
readiness for my entrance for the fifth
act, I noticed the manager looking
on from the other side. I shuddered,
I knew his violence and tyranny, and
I trembled at his rage, should he
stay there to witness the ghost's
unusual presence.

I spoke to the bailiff's man; I
implored him to leave me for the rest
of the tragedy; I promised him
money, anything he should demand,
but it was in vain; my anxiety to
be away from him only confirmed
him in his suspicions that I wanted
to use the opportunity to escape.

Despair made me desperate, I
called a scene-shifter, and while I
pointed to one of the fly-pieces as if
it was of that I was speaking, I
whispered words of very different im-
port into his ear. The man nodded
and hurried away, while I, to keep up
appearances, again begged the ghost
to remain invisible, of course without
making any impression upon his
obstinate nature. In a minute the
scene-shifter returned. "It's all
right sir," he said, "it will be ar-
ranged directly." A glance thanked
him.

"If you still persist in being at
my elbow," I said to my ghost, "I
must trouble you to shift your quar-
ters, as I enter at the back of the
scene."

He accompanied me as requested,
followed by the scene-shifter, and as
we stopped I heard the cue given for
my entrance. I turned to my ally,
who stamped sharply upon the stage,
and a knock underneath replying to
his signal, he seized the ghost as the
trap upon which they stood opened,
and in a moment they were both hid-
den from my sight.

The bailiff's man knew enough of
stage mechanism not to venture upon
a struggle while descending a trap,
and although he gave me a parting
look of reproach and anger, he knew
he was unable to oppose his fate.

Thus relieved in mind, I hurried
on for the grave scene with a light-
ened spirit, and everything was well
accordingly. My quip with the
grave-digger, my Yorick speech,
"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned
to clay," all brought a torrent of ap-
plause, and when I leapt into the

grave the whole house was enthusias-
tic.

I had just said to Laertes, "I
prithce take thy fingers from my
throat," when I felt other hands, be-
sides those of Ophelia's brother as-
sailing me. I knew too well who
grappled me, and assured that the
time for expostulation was gone, I
prepared for a short struggle to get
rid of the ghost at any rate, for that
scene. At the same moment I heard
the deep tones of the manager, but
in the confusion I could not under-
stand what he said. I had not long
to wait, however, before I saw the
execution of his orders.

The first grave-digger, advancing
from the back of the scene, seized the
ghost by the arms, and giving him a
preparatory swing, swung him on his
shoulders, and walked off the stage
with him. The violence of the mo-
tion had loosened the fastenings of
the helmet, and the first jerk shook
it from the bailiff's head, displaying
a vast quantity of unkempt, carrotty
hair. The house was in a roar, and
when, amid the din, the angry ghost
was heard threatening, in language
far from Shakespearian and certainly
not polite, the audience sought a
congregation of lunatics. I jumped
from the grave, but such a storm of
laughter hailed me, that with one
look of terror, the audience I rushed
off the stage, as I heard the man-
ager's indignant orders for the promp-
ter to "ring down."

I had no further consciousness
until I found myself in my own
room, the morning sun glaring in
upon the tumbled costume of the un-
fortunate Hamlet. It took a little
time to realize the depth of my mis-
fortune, but bit by bit the whole
horror came upon me. It is not ne-
cessary, however, to enlarge upon
what you can easily imagine; shame-
faced I went to the theatre, settled
with the indignant manager, satisfied
the bailiff's man who was on the look-
out for me, and removed my few pro-
perties from my room. I did not
dare ask Mr. — to renew for next
season; I knew it would be hopeless;
I felt I had made my last appearance
at Grayport.

ON DRAINING.

HOW DRAINS ACT ON AND AFFECT THE SOIL.

CHEMICAL ACTION OF THE SOIL.—
Plants receive certain of their con-
stituents from the soil, through their
roots. The raw materials from which
these constituents are obtained are
the minerals of the soil, the manures
which are artificially applied, water,
and certain substances which are
taken from the air by the absorptive
action of the soil, or are brought to
it by rains, or by water flowing over
the surface from other land.

The mineral matters, which con-
stitute the ashes of plants, when
burned, are not mere accidental im-
purities which happen to be carried
into their roots in solution in the
water which supplies the sap, although
they vary in character and propor-
tion with each change in the mineral
composition of the soil. It is proven
by chemical analysis, that the com-
position of the ashes, not only of
different species of plants but of
different parts of the same plant
have distinctive characters, some be-
ing rich in phosphates, and others in
silica; some in potash, and others in
lime; and that these characters are
in a measure the same, in the same
plants or parts of plants, without
special reference to the soil on which
they grow. The minerals which
form the ashes of plants, constitute
but a very small part of the soil, and
they are very sparsely distributed
throughout the mass; existing in the
interior of its particles as well as
upon their surfaces. As roots can-
not penetrate to the interior of pub-
les and compact particles of earth,
in search of the food which they re-
quire, but can only take that which
is exposed on their surfaces, and, as
the oxidizing effect of atmospheric
air is useful in preparing the crude
minerals for assimilation, as well as
in decomposing the particles in which
they are bound up—a process which

is allied to the rusting of metals—the
more freely atmospheric air is allow-
ed, or induced, to circulate among
the inner portions of the soil, the
more readily are its fertilizing parts
made available for the use of roots.

By no other process is air made to
enter so deeply, nor to circulate so
readily in the soil as by under-
draining, and the deep cultivation
which under-draining facilitates.

Of the manures which are applied
to the land, these of a mineral char-
acter are effected by draining in the
same manner as the minerals which
are native to the soil; while organic
or animal and vegetable manures,
(especially when applied, as is usual,
in an incompletely fermented condi-
tion), absolutely require fresh sup-
plies of atmospheric air, to continue
the decomposition which alone can
prepare them for their proper effect
on vegetation.

If kept saturated with water so
that the air is excluded, animal
manures lie nearly inert, and vege-
table matters decompose, but incom-
pletely, yielding acids which are in-
jurious to vegetation, and which
could not be formed in the presence
of a sufficient supply of air. An in-
stance is cited by H. Wanner where
sheep dung was preserved for five
years by excessive moisture, which
kept it from the air. If the soil so
saturated with water in the spring,
and, in summer (by the compaction
of its surface which is caused by
evaporation) be closed against the
entrance of air, manures will be but
slowly decomposed; and will act but
imperfectly in the crop; if, on the
other hand, a complete system of
drainage be adopted, manures (and
the roots which have been left in the
ground by previous crop) will be
readily decomposed, and will ex-
ercise their full influence on the soil,
and on the plants growing in it.

Again, manures are more or less
effective in proportion as they are
more or less thoroughly mixed with
the soil. In an untrained, retentive
soil, it is not often possible to attain
that perfect *till*, which is best suited
for a proper admixture and which is
easily given after thorough draining.

The soil must be regarded as the
laboratory in which nature, during
the season of growth, is carrying on
these hidden but indispensable chemi-
cal separations, combinations, and
recombinations, by which the earth
is made to bear its fruits and main-
tain its myriad life. The chief de-
mand of this laboratory is for free
ventilation. The raw material for
the work is at hand, as well in the
wet silt as in the dry; but the door
is sealed, the damper is closed, and
only a stray whiff of air can now and
then gain entrance; only enough to
commence an analysis, or a combi-
nation, which is choked off when half
complete, leaving food for sorrel,
but making none for grass. We
must throw open door and window,
draw away the water in which all is
immersed, let in the air, with its all
destroying, and therefore, all re-
creating oxygen, and leave the forces
of nature's beneficent chemistry free
play, deep down in the ground.

Then may we hope for the full bene-
fit of the fertilizing matters which
our good soil contains, and for the full
effect of the manures which we add.

With our land thoroughly improved
as has been described, we may carry
on the operations of farming with as
much certainty of success, and with
as great immunity from the ill effects
of unfavorable weather as can be ex-
pected in any business, whose results
depend on such a variety of circum-
stances. We shall have substituted
certainty for chance, as far as it is in
our power to do so, and shall have
made farming an art rather than a
venture.

To be continued.

Professor Agassiz professes to be
clearly of the opinion that Maine was
the first formed land of the New
World, that there the solid land first
appeared, and there the "Laurentian
Hills" stood above the waters, and
first showed to the world a rising
continent.