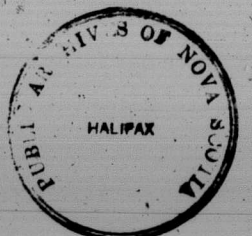


CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1871.

No. 25

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 1/2.

Paints. Paints.

THOMPSON'S
White Lead, Zinc Paint,
AND
PAINT MANUFACTORY,
63 PRINCE 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 attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
oct 19-20

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 in exhibition at 77 Prince Wm. Street.
C. FLOOD, St. John, N. B.
aug 31

"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 10-11.

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.
apc 13

Bennard & 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—sep 22

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Docks; and the Street Cars running to the Fredericton out pass every fifteen minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbor, bay, 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.

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.
aug 3

T. F. SHEPARD & CO.,

Marble & Freestone Workers,
Point Du Chene,
WESTMORLAND, N. B.

MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,
Tablets, Chimney Pieces, Table & Counter Tops, Sashes 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.—ju5 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 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 unequalled for
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.
apc 6

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.

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.
dec 29 C. & L.

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
BADOLLET WATCHES.
Repairing done with neatness and despatch.
K.P. SHOP DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE
BAPTIST Church.
may 12

Poetry.

A Woman's Execution, Paris, May, 71.
BY EDWARD KING.

Sweet-breathed and young—
The people's daughter:
No nerves unstrung—
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning friends!
You'll love us better—
Make us amends!
We've burst your fetter!"

"How the sun gleams!
(Women are snarling!)
Give me your beams,
Liberty's darling!"

Marie's my name—
Christ's mother bore it.
That badge? No shame;
Glad that I wore it!

(Hail to her waist,
Limbs like a Venus;
Robes are displaced.)
"Soldiers, please screen us."

"He at the front?
That is my lover;
Stood all the brunt;
Now the front!"

"Powder and bread
Gave out together.
Droll to be dead
In this bright weather!"

"Jean, boy! we might
Have married in June!
This wall? Right!
'Tis *la Commune*!"

Literature.

Love in the Oil District.

In Clarion County, near the celebrated oil-producing district known as Parker's Landing, and not a great distance from where the Clarion river mingles its pellucid waters with the swifter rolling tide of the Alleghany, has lived for years a man named Howlin, who, coming to the country in its early history, erected a cabin and maintained an humble existence by following his profession of horse-shoeing.

When the oil excitement brought numbers of speculators to that section of Pennsylvania, it was discovered that the blacksmith's farm was a series of oil wells, and he sold it for a large sum, purchasing for himself a stylish residence in the neighborhood. Here, with his only daughter, Laura, now of marriageable age, he lived happily, until fate threw in his daughter's way an affluence—a young man named Harry Richardson, a driller by occupation, and poor as a church mouse.

She sought his society (her father had long since forbidden his coming to the house), and hardly a day passed but that she was seen in the derick, watching the pulsations of the walking beam and her heart at the same time, and listening to his stories of adventure by flood and (oil) field.

She loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her because she believed his yarns, and no one else would.

Finally, one bright day, as he had just finished a terrible recital of escape from death by the falling of the sand-pump pulley, she shrieked, and said she "wished that Heaven had made her such a man," when Harry abandoned the timber-crow rope and caught the fair Laura to his petroleum stained bosom, wiped the benzine from his brow and lips, kissed her and said:

"I am the man!"

While enjoying the few moments succeeding their betrothal—blissful moments, that only comes twice in a man's lifetime; once when he finds his mother's preserves, and the other as mentioned—the lovers were startled by the entrance of the "village blacksmith, who seized his daughter, and without a word to the disconsolate Harry, carried Laura home and locked her up.

Days passed without communication between the lovers, and while Laura grew then, Harry also experienced bad luck. His tools got lost; the sand pump burst, and his heart, pained soon to follow suit.

The Condition of Queen Victoria.

The New York "Post" says that for several years Queen Victoria has shown symptoms of mental disorder, and as her family has been similarly afflicted, there is some fear of the result. The "Post" says:—

"The Queen has a firm conviction that Prince Albert is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly, in order, upon the table. In some of her moods she will converse with him for half an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud and with the vigor and interest of old times.

He had taught her by his example, the success of his business enterprises—especially by his management of the Duchy of Cornwall—to superintend as much as possible all the private affairs herself; to reduce all unnecessary expenditure, and to forbid extravagance. Hence the greatest simplicity is observed at the Queen's table, and she imagines that her husband looks on, well pleased.

At times, when she is more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner-table for him, and cause the servants to place every chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the room which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince.

The Queen's strong belief in the communion of the living with the spirits of the dead she received, no doubt, from Prince Albert himself, who was sort of a theosophist—a something between Jacob Behmen, the mystic, and J. G. Fichte, the philosopher of transcendentalism.

Whatever may be thought of it as a theory of philosophical or religious belief by sober, common-sense people it is to Victoria a source of great consolation, and she often talks with the Prince concerning the state of the soul after death.

She has been gradually withdrawing from life for some years past, and she lives in a world of her own. Her harp and her easel are neglected, and she neither sings, plays, nor paints, except at rare intervals, when she sweeps her harp strings for a few moments in memory of some sweet German air her husband loved to sing or to hear sung.

And now for the sequel.

In his anxiety to see how it was himself, old Howitt remained too near the pipe, and when the glycerine went off, he did also, and was picked up in Armstrong county, a few days later.

But where was Henry?
Instead of applying his ear to the hole, he had stepped to the derick for a moment, during which the explosion occurred. He was only stunned, and a few minutes later met his betrothed running to see if he was hurt.

They fled at once to a neighboring justice of the peace and were married. They have patched up the old house, and are happy, though the mysterious disappearance of their father was a subject of conversation for months after.

This is the story, as told by an old man who lives near Henry and Laura, who heard the noise, and also saw where the ground had been torn up by the father's vengeful experiment.

If any one doubts the story, the derick is still to be seen.

WARNING TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—A friend married the other day in South London made a discovery in regard to wedding law which he is anxious to have made public in the interests of all bachelors.

"about to marry." On stepping into his carriage, after the wedding breakfast, he found he had left something behind and returned into the house to fetch it, instead of getting his "best man" to act on his behalf. On his return to the carriage he was besieged by a score of pretty girls, and had to pay the penalty of "kissing every one of 'em" before he was allowed to rejoin his bride. Now, isn't that a awful warning?

Speaking by Machinery.

[From the New York Sun.]

There is soon to be exhibited in this city a combination of wood, wire and indianrubber—a machine, which can talk in any language, say anything, pronounce distinctly, laugh, cry, hiss, shriek, squeal, sing divinely in alto, soprano, basso; in short, do anything of which the human voice is capable. This extraordinary result of ingenuity and perseverance is the invention of Professor Faber of Vienna and his nephew. The latter has brought it to this country, after an extended tour throughout Europe, during which it has enlisted the commendations of the greatest scientists of the old world. It consists of a fancy gilded table beneath which is a foot lever for moving a bellows above. On top are a combination of wires, strings, delicate wooden levers, rubbers, tubes, and trawlework, forming the speaking machine. Behind is a bellows which represents the lungs. The air is forced through a narrow aperture into a tube which represents the windpipe, and thence into a large swelling representing the glottis. Thence it passes out through a vent representing a human mouth, with movable jaws, lips, and tongue of indianrubber. A small box, furnished with piano keys and filled with wires and wooden slates, produces the singing in combination with a weak

made in imitation of the human face and its organs of speech. Madame Faber, a most modest looking lady, played upon the keys with great skill. There was no humming about it. Its style of talking is as follows:—

"I—am—a—mere—mach—ine—buth—I can—talk—as—well—as—you—sirs." Mr. Faber said that he was seven years endeavoring to produce the sound of it. The utility of the machine may be questionable, but as a curiosity of ingenuity its success cannot be disputed. It is the only one ever perfected. There have been others invented at different periods, but their articulation has been confined to a few set sentences. This can articulate anything.

A SYSTEMATIC SUICIDE.—The Paris correspondent of the "Echo" writes:—"A man, name unknown, was discovered poisoned in one of the streets of the Champs Elysees on Saturday night. On searching the body at the dead-house a paper was found in his side pocket, on which he had carefully written, minute by minute, his 'impressions' at the approach of death. I subjoin a part of this strange document: 'A o'clock at night—I must finish. I will get into a garden, and end all in an unknown corner. Five minutes past ten—Here I am in the corner, covered up with my cloak. The air is cold and damp. But what have I to fear from cold? The gas-light just reaches me. Quarter-past ten—Everything is ready. I take my bottle of poison. How strange! to think that those few drops will separate my soul from my body. Twenty minutes past ten—'Tis done. I have swallowed the liquid! What is going on within me? I feel nothing but curiosity. The cafes below are gay, I hear them. Ah! Half-past ten—Fearful pains in my legs and back. My ideas are confused. The world is disappearing from me. My childhood appears before me, mother, father, all! Quarter to eleven—Sleep is overcoming me. The beginning of my end is at hand, my legs are dead. Where is my soul? Will it wander from globe to globe through thousands of centuries? What matters? I came into the world without thinking. I must leave it the same. Eleven o'clock—What do they say? The cold has reached my stomach. My head is heavy. I cannot see. Oh! I should know.— There were a few words more, but they could not be deciphered.

NEVER SAY DIE.—Young lawyers sometimes despair of defences which give no encouragement, but old practitioners—more especially when the fees are remunerative and certain—can see no discouragements held forth by the evidence, not to be counterbalanced and overcome by professional acuteness and sagacity well paid.

A prisoner was once arraigned in Kent county, Michigan, for stealing pork. He retaining a young, talented and ingenious member of the profession for his defense.

Having listened to the prisoner's own story, and heard from him what in all probability the people's witnesses would swear to, he candidly informed his client that it was useless to waste money in his defense.

"Never you mind," was the confident reply, "you argue my case good and strong, just as if you believed me a persecuted man, and here's twenty dollars for you." "The lawyer worked up the contract, and before he had summed up he had the jury in tears, at the bare idea of snatching such a bright example of domestic and social worth from the bosom of his family and the society of his neighbors, to be thrust among felons in the common jail.

To his astonishment his appeal was effective—the prisoner was acquitted. Closed together after the verdict and discharge of the culprit, and the twenty dollars having been paid over, the lawyer said:

"By-the-by, B., that was a most surprising verdict, considering what the government proved."

"Not at all," was the cool reply, "six of them jurymen had some of the pork."

The mercury in that lawyer's bump of self-esteem fell to zero.

A NEW CALIFORNIA INVENTION.—A Californian has after several years of labor and expense of many thousand dollars, succeeded in producing a machine for grading railroad tracks, turnpikes, and other embankments, which will reduce the labor cost at least fifty per cent. It consists of a common plow, with a somewhat extended mould board, which may be raised or lowered at pleasure. A circular table or wheel, twelve feet in diameter, inclines at an angle of about twenty five degrees, toward the plow. Within the outer edge of this wheel is arranged a series of scraper-shaped buckets, with adjustable bottoms. To avoid friction, this wheel or table is geared to a certain shaft, at the top of which a cam is attached, with rods leading to each bucket for the purpose of discharging the same. This circular table derives its motion by means of a driving wheel similar to that used in a reaping machine. There is a steering apparatus at the rear. To do thorough work it takes sixteen horses, four abreast, or what would be better, it should be propelled by steam.

It is claimed for this machine that it will do the work of 12 men with shovels, or of twenty-five common earth scrapers drawn by fifty horses, and requiring two men to each scraper. One man can handle this machine, and two men are all that are required to manage the team.

PHYSICAL LAZINESS.—Physical laziness is one of the most destructive vices of the age. It causes weak, flabby, spongy bodies, which are always getting out of sorts, and are so weak that a strong mind is completely thrown away upon one. In fact a strong mind in a weak body, is like a superior knife blade in a weak and miserable handle. Its workmanship may be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen, but for want of means to wield it properly it will not cut to much purpose. Ambitious youths who intend to carve out fame and a fortune with their sharp intellects, should think of this simile, and see to it that their bodies—handles by which they are to manage that wonderful weapon, the human mind—are kept in sound-jointed, firmly-directed, perfectly cleansed condition.

ON DRAINAGE.
The most important of all sciences is that of farming, to know how to cultivate the soil so as to raise the largest crops with the least expense, and without permanent injury to the soil.

The best authorities on Agriculture say, that thorough drainage will add at least one-third to the product of the soil.

Drainage will often save a crop. Drainage will enable a farmer to work his land much earlier in the Spring, and thereby his crops escape risks to which late planting exposes them.

Drainage will often convert useless land into the most productive. Rain should not be permitted to run off the surface of the soil, nor should it remain in it to sour, but should percolate through it, and then be removed, thus imparting to vegetation the valuable properties it contains, so necessary to the sustenance of vegetable life.

For this reason the farmer should understand something of the chemistry of nature, know how to appropriate to the soil all the fertilizing elements that the clouds and atmosphere contain, the heat, the oxygen, the carbonic acid and ammonia: how to open the pores of the earth to receive these disintegrators and fertilizers, to enable the soil to yield up its concealed nutriment.

This is the function of successful drainage. It is the process of removing everything from the soil that is deleterious to the growth of plants.