

# CHIGNECTO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

J. E. FRANKLIN & Co., Publishers.

Vol. 1. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1870. No. 26.

## Poetry.

### THE ASSEMBLY OF THE DEAD.

For the "Chignecto Post."

Dr. Reid, a traveller in the highlands of Peru, is said to have found a desert of Alcoloma the dried remains of an assembly of human beings, women and children, sitting in a semicircle, as when alive, about a burning waste before them. They had not been buried; but their bodies were gone; the only things left, they came hither, they still sat immovable in dreary desert, and still kept their limbs, sitting upright as in solemn march, while the "Aeropagus" now broods everlasting.

A strange and fearful sight that met the traveller's eye, as he wandered in a desert vast, beneath a southern sky.

At in solemn council there, and tightly clasped in hand, might brow and lips compressed, regularly mournful band.

The chief's form was amid the group, with woman's gentle mien, and child's soft neck and artless gaze, and trustfully serene.

They had it, happy homes behind, bright and sunny land, where rare flowers bloom and water plays in light of the golden sand.

What was a home in that glorious clime, then they felt the oppressor's chain? Some home smelt as in days of yore, but what their power was vain.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

And rest indeed is the resting place of the noble, brave and free, where they will sleep their dreariest sleep, though their eyes still to be.

Whence back hope to the aching heart, that with scorn indignant beat, they gazed of earth, the high in soul, to die at that lone retreat.

## Literature.

### The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONTINUED.

We rushed to where Derby was lying, and Papa, tearing aside his dress, discovered a ghastly wound in his side, from which the blood was flowing profusely. He called Gisgash to bring some water. I held up poor Derby's head on my lap, and Papa examined the wound, and pressed his fingers on the severed veins to stop the bleeding. Gisgash was not long before he returned with the water, and a little being dashed in Derby's face, he revived and opened his eyes, gazed a minute without being conscious of his situation, but his memory soon came, and a faint smile played on his pallid face when he saw into whose kind hands he had fallen, and again sank into a state of insensibility.

"The loss of blood," said Papa, "is so great, from several large veins being entirely severed, that a few minutes more and he would be past caring for, and I must take up my bed before he is removed here. You go to the Fort, and send my pocket case of instruments instantly—but stay, the messenger you send could never find us here. I must go myself."

Papa carefully placed my fingers on Derby's side, and a gentle pressure was all that was requisite to stop the blood, and placing a vessel of fresh water, I washed the wound, and prepared to leave, when Gisgash said:

"Do show him road there," pointing in the direction of the Fort.

"Papa," I exclaimed, "if there is a short direct path, through the woods to the Fort, let the Indian show it to you, and you will be back so much sooner. You need not fear to leave me here while you are gone."

Papa and Gisgash at once walked off at a rapid pace, and disappeared among the trees.

The excitement of the scene had sustained me, and it was only after being left alone with the wounded and insensible man, that I fully realized the danger he was in, and the responsibility thrown upon me; the same unbidden tears and prayers for the recovery of our brave saviour from the pirates, and thankfulness that I could now be of service to him.

A gently bathed Derby's forehead with the cool water, and he again became conscious and moved slightly.

"Mr. Howe," said I, "do not move; Papa will return immediately, and attend to your wound. You have been wounded severely; I am now your nurse, and you must mind what I say, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Dearest Helen," faintly murmured Derby, "I obey your command, if you but give me your dear love." Book.

Overcome with the excitement of the last hour, I could not answer; but turning my head so that he could not see the fast falling tears, I gently placed my hand in his. Thus was our engagement sealed. Oh!

Papa, attended by four soldiers, following Gisgash, soon after came rapidly out of the woods, and in a very short time the severed veins were taken up, and the wound dressed.

A litter of boughs having been made, Derby was carefully placed upon it, and carried by the soldiers out of the wood by the path we had entered, and to the nearest house, which belonged to a Mr. Trueman, who had a year or two previously came to the country and taken a farm near Point a Buot. Derby was placed on a comfortable bed, and soon fell fast asleep from the exhaustion he was laboring under.

Papa sent a messenger to Aunt Olive, and we then walked home to the Fort, thoroughly done out with the fatigue and excitement of the day.

I repeated to Mamma what Derby had said to me, and she then told me that he had previously seen Papa

and spoken to him, and behaved in a most frank and honorable manner; that Papa had told him he would not attempt to control his wishes; and under the circumstances, Mamma said, there would be no impropriety in my visiting Derby until his convalescence.

Mr. Carey called to see us this morning. I declined seeing him. He saw Mamma, and commenced making some explanation about his conduct towards Derby Howe, when Mamma stopped him by saying that she possessed no interest for her; but he persisted in proceeding, and stated that Colonel Howe had gone to Boston, and was there organizing a body of men to besiege and capture Fort Beauséjour; that Derby was in constant correspondence with his father, acting as a spy upon the garrison, and making arrangements in connection with Messrs. Eddy and Samuel Rogers, for the arrival of the rebels at Beauséjour; that Derby Howe had been constantly on the watch, so that no movement took place at the Fort without his knowing of it, and that a file of men had been detailed to take charge of Howe until his recovery, when he would be removed to the bombproof of the Fort for safe-keeping until he could be tried for high treason; that he trusted Miss Graham would not have any further association with him and compromise her position as the daughter of Dr. Graham, an officer of his Majesty's King; and he finally concluded by expressing his devoted admiration, and requested permission to visit the house as the suitor for Miss Graham's hand.

When Mamma repeated this, I could not restrain my indignation.

"He!" I cried; "he a suitor for my hand! He! the base slanderer of worth, he cannot imagine! He to talk of admiration! He, the cold-blooded would-be assassin, to blacken the name of the generous man who gave him his life. He to speak of me compromising my position by associating with dear Derby! I will treat him as his base conduct deserves."

Mamma tried to stop me, and tears—woman's refuge—came to my relief, and relieved me from my excitement.

Mamma wrote a note to Mr. Carey, informing him his visits would not be agreeable, and that the obligations she and Papa felt toward Mr. Derby Howe for his gallant conduct on the voyage, prevented their entertaining any but the highest opinion for him.

Mamma, Papa and I walked to Mr. Trueman's, and found a sentry marching before the door. We entered and found Aunt Olive waiting upon Derby, who was much restored after his night's rest. Papa dressed the wound, and went to the Indian camp, leaving Mamma and me with Derby and Aunt Olive, whose significant look betrayed the secret Derby had confided to her.

"God bless you, my darling," said she, kissing me affectionately; "how happy you have made me; now I feel that you are, indeed, my daughter."

Dear Derby was too weak to talk, and I sat by his bedside watching his expressive eye beaming with affection, while Mamma and Aunt Olive were talking of Derby and myself.

Papa did not return so soon as we expected, and Mamma became very uneasy at his absence. Dinner having been prepared, Aunt Olive insisted we should take some, and saying, "I shall now make no stranger of you," put her hand to her mouth, and cautiously removed several teeth, and placed them in a saucer on the mantel.

I had admired Aunt Olive's fine teeth, never dreaming but they were real, and was astonished at what I saw. Aunt Olive observed it, and said:

"I have availed myself of a recent invention, and have had several artificial teeth inserted; they are, however, more innocent than useful, so I remove them at meal times when no company is present. You know we ladies have a right to supply the defects of age by availing ourselves of the resources of art."

Papa soon after returned, and seemed anxious about the poor squaw, whom he found with symptoms which rendered him apprehensive of her being consumptive, and he had directed Gisgash to go to the Fort for some medicine; and he hurried Mamma and I off, so that the Indian would not be kept waiting.

What a change has taken place in one short night! The sky was clear and the air cool and bracing; not a vestige of wind sufficient to produce a rustling of the trees, and every thing denoting a continuance of fine winter weather. To-day there is a heavy snow storm, obscuring the sun and preventing anything being seen beyond a few yards; the fierce north-east wind drives the snow in fantastic wreaths before it; the wind whistles around the house, and comes rearing down the chimney; great drifts gather round the Fort, and the whole country is so white, that I never realized until now what "white as the snow" meant. I understood that we may expect this storm to continue for some time, and we will be completely snowed up and confined to the Fort.

How instinctively one turns to the blazing hearth, and experiences the enjoyment of a comfortable home.

I am anxious about dear Derby and because I shall be unable to see him for some days. Gisgash was to have come to-day, and if he does, I will send a note to Derby by him.

The storm continued three days, and on the morning of the fourth the sun rose upon a cloudless sky, so that the most distant objects could be seen with distinctness, but oh! how cold and cheerless is everything!

In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, nothing to be seen but an interminable stretch of cold white snow, relieved only by the smoke here and there rising up perpendicularly from the snow-covered roofs of the few solitary cottages in sight, and the deep green of the spruce laden down with the same universal snow.

Gisgash came to the Fort to-day on snow-shoes, and brought a note from Aunt Olive. She writes that Derby is not quite so well, and that there is a good deal of irritation about his side, and he is very restless, and she wants Papa to come as soon as he can. I could not help asking if he could not walk on snow shoes, and told him if he would get me a pair I would lend to use them.

Papa said the roads would be broken through the snow in a day or two. We wrote to Derby, and sent Gisgash off with a supply for his little practice if he went; and he, rapidly striding over the high drifts, showed his heart was in the lonely wigwam and that he was engaged in a mission of mercy and love. Who can say his poor red man may not be decorated for something better than eternal warfare with his fellow man, and glorying in his numerous scalps?

I had a surprise to-day. Gisgash brought a beautiful pair of snow shoes from his wife, and a pair of moccasins, and made a present of them to me; and nothing could be nicer than the way in which he gave them.

"Squaw, she got um two pair snow shoe; she want um you come to camp—give um you them," (handing me the shoes); "you walk in snow—you no come without. I see your foot by camp—make um moccasin size."

The poor fellow had made me a lovely pair of moccasins to wear when using the snow shoes; they were beautifully worked with quill work; and of the exact size, determined by examining the impression of my foot in the mud. The snow shoes were light and beautiful, rather long and very narrow, and the front curved up; the bows were made of ash, and the net work of fine strips of untanned moose skin, ornamented with tufts of crimson and yellow cloth.

I at once put them on, and made my first attempt at snow-shoeing. Gisgash accompanied me, and under his instructions, given in his broken

English, I soon became accustomed to the peculiar step necessary.

"Certain," said Gisgash, "you make um walk good."

Such praise, even from the untutored savage, pleased me, and I began to speculate how long before I would be able to walk as far as Mr. Trueman's, when, forgetting my instruction, I tripped myself and was buried headlong in the soft snow. Gisgash helped me to my feet, and consoled me with—"Certain, English people always do um so;" but I returned to the Fort satisfied with to-day's experience, that I require some more practice before I can be an adept in snow-shoeing.

(To be continued.)

### Fashionable London at Church.

Fashionable London goes to church exactly as it goes to the Park or to the Opera, or to an oratorio. Of that devotion which is closely akin to awe there is little or none.

Throughout the whole of the service, people are coming in and going out. Ladies use their fans and smelling bottles as they would in the first tier. But there is nothing like a vulgar breach of decorum. No girl fifters, no young man laughs, no old gentleman falls asleep and snores. To go to church in the fashionable world is not recognised as an obligation.

Nothing can be "prettier," if the expression may pass, than a London church in the height of the season. To see handsome people handsomely dressed is always a pleasant sight. Nor does one wonder that the service is listened to with attention. The music and singing, whether there is much of it or whether little—whether, that is to say, the probabilities of the church be High or Low—is sure to be good. The sermon is not too long, and at its close, when the great organ almost bursts its pipes, groaning for power, almost every face bears an expression of appreciative content and satisfaction.

The gaily colored stream pours out into the street, blazoned with powdered coachmen and priceless harness, appear in long file, and tall footmen hover about in gorgeous apparel, looking like an extinct race of gaily-plumaged antediluvian birds.

Fashionable London has done its church, and now seeks home and lunch, to be followed in due course by the Park. To fashionable London a clergyman is simply a man who is paid to lecture once a week upon a certain subject, and whose duty it is to lecture well, and to find something fresh and interesting to say. Fashionable London is, in fact, not quite sure that with a little practice it could not lecture quite as well itself. And hence fashionable London alights any strict or definite creed. The responses are not echoed with fervid zeal, nor does Belgravia delight to proclaim itself as a miserable sinner with a loud voice.

Cemeteries.

The Public or at least that portion of it which is blessed with mechanical ingenuity, is on the look for new and effective cements, and is ever ready to buy up the articles offered by peddlers only to find that they are no better than others. The fact is that we have cement and glues which satisfy all reasonable demands when properly used. Common glue will unite two pieces of wood so firmly that they will often break any where rather than at the point of junction, but it is necessary to heat the parts before joining them so that the glue will not be chilled before it has time to effect a perfect union.

When the parts are to be joined they must be allowed plenty of time to dry, several hours at least, or the object will not be accomplished. The same is true of all the cements which are used in a fixed state. The great obstacles to the use of cement are air and dirt. The former is best removed from between the parts to be united by heating them, and the latter must be effectually removed in the most convenient way. A thin layer, which just covers the surface, is sufficient, and far better than a surplus which only defeats the end in view.

### The Credit System and its Results.

Among the gravest abuses still clinging to the business of Canada, is the wretched system of long credits. We are free to admit that very considerable progress has been made in the way of reform in some localities, of late years. In Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and in most of the older settled countries, by increasing the cash in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and if all the reports be true, the business community, particularly in the country districts, have still to give long credits upon their sales. In some parts even of Ontario, the retail traders are not in a much better position; but it matters not where the system exists, it calls urgently for reform.

In the early settlement of the country, long credits were unavoidable. These were the days when there was but little wealth in the country—when no railways, and but few good roads existed—when there were but few markets, and only occasionally cash was obtained for produce; during that early period the settlers saw very little money, and unless they bought on long time, the great majority of them could not buy produce. But this condition of things has long since passed away. Wealth has become abundant; railways have brought markets within a few miles of every farmer's door; cash can be obtained for every article produced, and no excuse exists for continuing the ruinous system of twelve and fifteen months' credit which still obtains in some localities.

We have called this "a ruinous system." We repeat it. In many cases it is ruinous, both to purchaser and seller, and in all cases it is injurious. No customer can afford to buy goods on long time, for in some cases he has to pay twenty-five, in some fifty, and in others even one hundred per cent. more than he requires! It is impossible for a trader to sell as cheaply on long time as for cash or short credit, and hence the old, cliche mode of doing business, wherever it exists, inflicts a heavy loss upon purchasers, by causing them to pay more for articles than they are really worth.

But how does it affect the seller? If he charges more for his wares, is he not benefited? The best answer to this is to be found in the large number who have been ruined by long credits and long debts. How many men are there throughout the Dominion to-day who are what is called "hard-up"—who find it difficult to meet their engagements—but who have their books filled with accounts? Many of them merchants who take advantage of the Bankrupt Law handed over to the assignee, whose debts and notes which if they were all good, would more than meet their engagements; but in nearly all cases these debts and notes are the "dregs left of the wretched credit system, and the assignee soon ascertains that the bulk of them are utterly worthless. The articles which these accounts and notes represent, may have been sold at exorbitant prices. But the proportion of bad debts is so large that the sellers suffer in the end.

Although the country is generally prosperous at present, successful business can be found in all parts of the country which are in danger of shipwreck from the owners foolishly giving too extended credits. These persons do a large trade, they sell at great profits, and outwardly they appear to be amassing money; but they are still paddling away in the mud of long credits. They have made money, but it is in old, long-winded accounts and notes-of-hand, which should have been settled long ago, the result being a constant drag from month to month to raise enough to meet their bank engagements, and not infrequently ending in "collapse."

In not a few cases of this kind, money has to be borrowed at high rates of interest to prevent suspension, whereas, under the system of cash sales or short credits, the individual would occupy an easy financial position, and would make money pleasantly as well as surely.

That this is a crying abuse is now generally admitted in Ontario. In the provincial commercial centres a partial reform has been effected, but there is still much room for improvement. In the localities where no change has been made, it cannot be brought about so soon. There is now no necessity for such long credits being given, and both seller and

buyer would be benefited by doing away with so injurious a system of doing business. From the results we have already witnessed, we can say to our friends in the Maritime Provinces, that the further they introduce the cash system, the better they will like it. Its effects are soon seen in the improved tone and character of business, increased security, and augmented enterprise.

To introduce the complete system of cash payments is probably impracticable, except in individual cases. But if it could be done, there can be no question in regard to the advantages which would flow from it. Our American neighbors have for several years past carried on most of their transactions on a cash basis; and but for that, what would have become of their business men, with values sliding daily up and down, as gold happened to raise or fall? There must long ere this have been a commercial upheaval, the like of which the world has never seen.

Under a system of long credits, this result would have been inevitable. There never was a better opportunity for Canada to correct the nature of long credits than at the present time. All classes are now fairly prosperous. Money is comparatively abundant, and seldom were the circumstances such that the business of persons who want twelve or fifteen months' credit (and as long after as they like) could be done with less injury. Many country merchants and other traders would be well to cut down the length of their credits to one-half at the beginning of the new year, and offer special inducements for cash. They may lose by this course, a customer or two at first, but they will attract others, and come out richer and more respected in the end. In short, the sensible part of the public is ripe for this reform in business, and the sooner it is introduced into every part of the Dominion, the better it will be for all classes.—*Monday Times.*

### Terror of the French Peasants.

The "Cross Gazette" of Berlin gives an instance of the terror with which the Paris papers have inspired the French country people with regard to French soldiers. The village of Chezy, near Chateaufort, was almost depopulated, but one of the remaining inhabitants appeared so extremely polite, while protesting that his house contained nothing to eat or drink, that a search was ordered. On a newly erected partition wall being pulled down, frightful shrieks were heard, and the proprietor, trembling with fear, begged the officers for mercy, not for himself but for his wife and two children, and begged permission to send the young ladies out of their cell into the daylight. "Take everything," stamped the old man, "only spare my daughters!" The lieutenant, with some difficulty assuaged the father's fears and the daughters' apprehensions. The requisition of meat and drink was carried out in a more respectful manner than it might otherwise have been, when the father was so sensible that he voluntarily brought 12 bottles of champagne from a hiding-place. The same paper says the temper of the people in the vicinity of Paris is much as in Lorraine and Champagne. All who have anything to lose by the continuance of the war, strongly condemn the obstinacy with which the Prussian Government seem disposed to stand a siege, and they are the conclusion of peace. Intelligent people are even heard to wish that the German army were to-day entering Paris, so that France would at least reach the term of its wretchedness. No confidence is expressed in the members of the Committee of Defence. Full justice is done to their moral character, but it is doubted whether they can follow a moderate course, seeing the party passions which prevail in Paris.

The Prince of Stokes.—The average daily sales in the different departments of A. T. Stowers' New York store are: silks, \$15,000; dress goods, 6,000; muslins, 3,000; laces, 2,000; shawls, \$1,500; suits, 1,000; calicoes, 1,500; velvets, 1,000; gloves, 1,000; floss, 1,500; hosiery, 600; boys' clothing, 700; Yankee notions, 500; embroideries, 1,000; carpets, 5,000. The total average daily receipts of the entire establishment are \$80,000, and have been known to reach \$87,000. The establishment employs 2,200 clerks and assistants; and 50,000 customers frequently visit the store in one day.

The city of Erie, N. Y., is lighted by natural gas, and there are now thirteen gas wells in successful operation in various parts of the city.

\*Years are never taken up.





