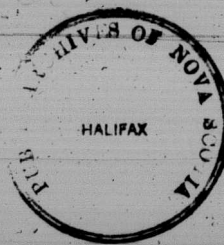


# CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1871

No. 28

## 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 re-furnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Hotel, and the Street Car running to the Fredericton wharf, and every five minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbor, and the surrounding country.

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

R. S. HYKE, Proprietor.  
FORMERLY OF THE STEAMER "EMPEROR,"  
may 26-17

**HARRISON & BURBIDGE,**  
Farristors and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARIES, SHERIFFS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 4 Rennie's Building,  
Princess St., - St. John, N. B.  
L. R. HARRISON,  
O. W. BURBIDGE. aug3

**T. T. SHERARD & CO.,**  
Marble & Freestone Workers,  
Point du Chene,  
WESTMINSTER, N. B.

**MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,**  
Tables, 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,**  
Agent,  
July 6th, 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.  
nov21-17

**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 Lists and Samples, please ad-  
dress as above.

Orders solicited: prompt attention and  
satisfaction guaranteed.

Special attention given to the wants  
of the SHOE TRADE. apr6

**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.

**OURIE & 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!**  
all its branches, which we will dispose  
of at our usual low rates.  
dec29 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  
BAPOLLET WATCHES.  
Repairing done with neatness and de-  
spatch.  
Rt. 2nd doorway opposite the  
Barry Church. may19

## 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 17.

**Paints. Paints.**  
**THOMPSON'S**  
White Lead, Zinc Paint,  
PAINT MANUFACTORY,  
65 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 William Street.  
C. FLOOD, St. John,  
Agent for N. B.  
aug31

**"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—17.

**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, mortgages and other securities  
bought and sold. ly-sep22

**Albert J. Hickman,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS.  
Dorchester, N. B.  
may19

## Poetry.

"RIGHTeous OVERMUCH"—NESS.  
Deacon Adams "Reads His Title Clear."

BY FRANK CLEVE.

Brethren, I used to be as vile  
A sinner, full of wicked guile,  
As ever flourished in this part—  
Before my change of heart.

But since I am regenerate,  
I try to keep my walk as straight  
As any walk I know of in  
This wilderness of sin.

The righteous used to shake their heads  
At some of my rapacious trades;  
But now they say, admiringly,  
That Heaven prospers me.

And sometimes it does seem to me—  
I say it with humility  
And consciousness of little worth—  
That I'm the salt of the sea.

And yet with jeers I've been saluted,  
By evil tongues been persecuted;  
But, brethren, make no complaint—  
I'm a long-suffering saint.

Folks hint that I am a peaceful small—  
In my way, I'm liberal;  
I'd share the last coat of my self  
With—hem—them! myself.

My hand, at tale of others' woes,  
Straightway into my pocket goes:  
And while I weep warm tears of char-  
ity—I keep it there.

But I've too many righteous quails  
To blow my horn when I give alms;  
My left hand never yet hath known  
What alms my right hath done.

They say I took thirty per cent.  
From Widow Jones, for money lent;  
As true as I am going to Heaven,  
I took exactly seven.

Besides my perquisites, to wit:  
Fifteen per cent. for finding it—  
Discount on note, five more—and three  
Per cent. gratuity.

Folks ought to stand a little shiver  
From us who toll and pinch and save,  
And wrestle with the assessor, which is  
The "primal cause" of riches.

"Who lendeth to the poor," the Word  
Says—don't it?—"Giveth to the Lord."  
I've given my all to Him. 'Tis lent  
At twenty-five per cent.

Still I'm not a perfect man—  
And, brethren, you may search from Dan  
To Beersheba without seeing  
A truly perfect being.

I only claim to be the chief  
Among ten thousand. I'd as lief  
Be called a sinner, and have done with it  
As called a hypocrite.

## Literature.

**PHANTOM ARMIES.**

On the 29th of January, 1719, a  
Scottish gentleman, named Alex.  
Jaffray, Laird of Kingswells, was  
riding across a piece of wide and  
waste moorland, toward the west-  
ward of Aberdeen, when, about eight  
o'clock in the morning, he beheld—  
to his great alarm and bewilderment,  
to his great alarm and bewilderment,  
to his great alarm and bewilderment,  
to his great alarm and bewilderment,

Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk  
(printed by the Spalding Club)—a  
body of about seven thousand sol-  
diers drawn up in front of him, all  
under arms, with colors unfurled and  
waving, and the drums slung on the  
drummers' backs. A clear morning  
sun was shining, so he saw them  
distinctly, and also a commander who  
rode along the line, mounted on a  
white charger.

Dubious whether to advance or  
retire, and sorely perplexed as to  
what mysterious army this was, the  
worthy Laird of Kingswells and a  
companion, an old Scottish soldier,  
who had served in Low Country  
wars, reined in their horses, and con-  
tinued to gaze on this unexpected  
army for nearly two hours; till sud-  
denly the troops broke into marching  
order, and departed towards Aber-  
deen, near which, he adds, the hill  
called the Stockett took them out of  
sight.

Nothing more was heard or seen  
of this phantom force until the 21st  
of October, when, upon the same  
ground—the then open and desolate  
White-moors—on a fine clear after-  
noon, when some hundred persons  
were returning home from the yearly  
fair of Old Aberdeen, about two  
thousand infantry, clad in blue  
uniforms faced with white, and with  
all their arms shining in the evening

sun, were distinctly visible; and  
after a space the same commander  
on the same white charger rode slow-  
ly along the shadowy line. Then a  
long "wreath of smoke" appeared, as  
if they had fired, but no noise" fol-  
lowed.

To add to the marvel of this scene,  
the spectators, who, we have said,  
were numerous, saw many of their  
friends, who were coming from the  
fair, pass through this line of im-  
passable shadows, of which they could  
see nothing until they came to a cer-  
tain point upon the moor and looked  
back to the sloping ground. Then,  
precisely as before, those phantoms  
in foreign uniform broke into march-  
ing order, and moved towards the  
Bridge of the Dee. They remained  
visible, however, for three hours,  
and only seemed to fade out or melt  
gradually away as the sun set behind  
the mountains. "This will puzzle  
thy philosophy," said the laird at the  
close of his letter to the baronet of  
Monymusk; "but thou needst not  
doubt the certainty of either."

Almost on the same ground where  
the Laird of Kingswells saw the  
second army of phantoms, and doubt-  
less resulting from the same natural  
and atmospheric causes, a similar ap-  
pearance had been visible on the 12th  
of February, 1643, when a great body  
of horse and foot appeared as if  
under arms on the Brigmann Hill.  
Accompanied with matchlock, pike and  
morion, they looked ghost-like and  
misty as they skinned through the  
gray vapour about eight o'clock in  
the morning; but on the sun break-  
ing forth from a bank of cloud, they  
vanished, and the green hill-slopes  
were left bare, or occupied by sheep  
alone. Much about the same time,  
another army was seen to hover in  
the air over the Moor of Farfar.  
"Quilchis visions," adds the Com-  
missary Spalding, "the people thought  
to be prodigious tokens, and it fell  
out otherwise, as may be seen  
hereafter."

In 1633, fairy drums were heard  
beating on the hills of Dan Eicht, in  
Aberdeenshire, according to the nar-  
rative of the parson of Rothiemay;  
in 1643, we hear of the noise of  
drums "and apparitions of armies"  
at Bankfair in the same county.  
"The wrath of General Leslie in his  
buff-coat and on horseback, carrying  
his own banner, with its head azure  
and three buckles, or appeared on the  
summit of a tower at St. Johnstown.  
Science now explains such visions as  
the aerial Morgana, produced by the  
reflection of real objects on a peculiar  
atmospheric arrangement; but then  
they were a source of unlimited ter-  
ror." Low, in his *Memorials*, re-  
cords that, in 1676, a wondrous star  
blazed at noon on the hill of Gargun-  
nock, and a great army of spectres  
was seen to glide along the hills near  
Aberdeen.

During the middle of the last cen-  
tury, a toll-keeper in Perthshire  
affirmed on oath, before certain jus-  
tices of the peace, that an entire re-  
giment passed through his toll-gate  
at midnight; but as no such force  
had left any town in the neighbour-  
hood, or arrived at any other, or,  
in fact, were ever seen anywhere but  
at his particular turnpike, the whole  
story was naturally treated as a de-  
lusion; though the Highlanders  
sought in some way to connect the  
vision with the unique spirits of  
those who fought at Culloden, for  
there, the peasantry aver, that "in  
the soft twilight of the summer even-  
ing, solitary wayfarers, when passing  
near the burial mounds, have sud-  
denly found themselves amid the smoke  
and hurly-burly of a battle, and could  
recognize the various clans engaged  
by their tartans and bagpipes. On  
those occasions, a certain Laird of  
Culduthill was always seen amid the  
fray on a white horse, and the people  
believe that once a rain great battle  
will be fought there by the clans;  
but with whom, or about what, no  
seer has ventured to predict."

Like the spells of the Fairy Morgana,  
which were alleged to create  
such beautiful effects in the Bay of  
Reggio, and which Fra Antonio  
Mansi saw thrice in 1773, and

deemed to exceed by far the most  
beautiful theatrical exhibitions in the  
world," science has explained away,  
or fully discovered the true source of  
all such spectral phenomena. The  
northern aurora was deemed by the  
superstitious, from the days of Pin-  
tarch even to those of the sage Sir  
Richard Baker, as portentions of dire  
events; and the fancies of the timid  
saw only war and battle in the shi-  
ning streamers; but those supposed  
spectral armies whose appearance we  
have noted, were something more, in  
most instances, than mere *deception*  
*visions*, being actually the shadows of  
realities—the airy reproductions of  
events, bodily passing in other parts  
of the country, reflected in the clouds,  
and imaged again on the mountain  
slopes or elsewhere, by a pecu-  
liar operation of the sun's rays.

[There is a well authenticated in-  
stance of a phantom battle seen in  
Amherst early in the present century.  
Late one afternoon was observed in  
the clouds of the eastern sky a naval  
battle. The clouds presented the  
appearance of the sea, with two fleets  
of men of war under full sail, which  
gradually approached each other and  
engaged in battle. Smoke issued  
from the ports partially enveloping  
and concealing the ships from view,  
masts were shot away and were seen  
falling into the water; sails were  
riddled with cannon shot, several of  
the ships were dismasted, the sea  
was covered with wreck, and men  
were seen struggling in the waves.  
This continued for some time, when  
the spectacle gradually faded away.  
The Hon. James S. Morse is we be-  
lieve the only person now alive among  
the many who witnessed it; and it  
would be well if the exact details and  
time of so marked and interesting a  
phenomenon were ascertained and  
preserved.—E. L. C. Post.]

**AN EXTRAORDINARY TRAGEDY.**

A crime has been very recently  
committed at the suburb of Stock-  
well, near London, England, so  
strange and so heart-rending as to  
have caused a sensation all over the  
land. A clergyman, school-master  
and author, sixty-seven years of age,  
of spotless reputation, suddenly, and  
without provocation of which there is  
so far any knowledge, has murdered  
his wife. The deed was done with  
desperate and resolute purpose, for  
the poor woman's brain was literally  
beaten out; and the assassin after-  
ward deliberately sat down and  
wrote the following note: "To the  
Surgeon: I have killed my wife in a  
fit of rage. Often and often she has  
provoked me, and I have endeavored  
to restrain myself, but rage overcame  
me, and I struck her. Her body will  
be found in the little room of the  
table. The key is in a letter on the  
table. I hope she will be buried as  
becomes a lady of birth and position.  
She is an Irish lady, and her name is  
Anne." Having prepared this con-  
fession, and written some other let-  
ters, the miserable man took a dose  
of strychnine. The poison, however,  
failed to destroy him. The physi-  
cian who was summoned was enabled  
to preserve his life, and the Rev.  
John Selby Watson has now been  
put upon trial for murder.

The murder was committed, it  
would seem, on the night of Sunday,  
October 8. A servant who went out  
that night left the husband and wife  
sitting quietly together. This ser-  
vant had lived with them for three  
years and never knew them to quar-  
rel. No one else has hitherto testi-  
fied differently. To all appearance  
they lived together in perfect har-  
mony. But, if we are to believe Mr.  
Watson's own account, under the in-  
fluence of a swift impulse of ungov-  
ernable wrath, this reverend scholar  
leaped like a wild animal upon his  
wife, herself sixty-four years of age,  
and beat out her brains.

A contemporary well observes that  
this is a class of deeds, or which it  
may fairly be said that the absence  
of any concealment as to the facts  
only deepens the mystery. No one  
has ever accused Rev. Mr. Watson  
of insanity; on the contrary, there  
is much to show that he possessed an

equable as well as a highly-trained  
mind. Much of his life has been  
passed under circumstances demand-  
ing even ostentatious self-control.  
For twenty-five years he was head-  
master of Stockwell school. He was  
in holy orders, and had officiated in  
the pulpit. His reputation is high  
for scholarship and for literary work,  
the production of which implies  
patience as well as industry, equa-  
nimity of intellect as well as research.  
Mr. Watson was the translator of  
several of the best known classics of  
Bohn's Library.

Watson went to a packing case  
maker and ordered a large chest to  
be made. He was most particular  
about the dimensions, and the box  
was evidently meant to receive the  
remains of his wife. What he then  
intended to do with them is not clear.  
In any case, he changed his mind  
and resolved on suicide instead of  
concealment.

The London Journals teem with  
comments and suggestions concern-  
ing this extraordinary homicide, but  
no one of the number has even the  
merit of plausibility. Or insanity  
there is so far not a little of proof.  
The burst of fury, with such a deed  
as its fruit, that would be quite in-  
telligible in the case of Bill Sykes,  
seems positively incredible in that of  
Rev. Mr. Watson. A calm, delib-  
erate gentleman in the ordinary dress  
of a clergyman, placidly drawing on  
his gloves and occasionally using his  
eye-glass to look around the court, is  
an anomaly in the mind's eye, not  
easily to be accounted for. Like  
that of the alleged poisoner, Chris-  
tiana Edwards, at Brighton, Watson's  
crime appears to be totally out of the  
beaten track as regards the motive  
or as regards the education, and  
social standing of the perpetrator,  
and further explanation will be look-  
ed for with painful curiosity.

**FASHIONS.**

Whatever is accepted as fashion-  
able in ladies' dress is always more  
or less becoming. It matters not how  
decidedly out of vogue it may be, or  
how first appeared, we are sure to con-  
form to it, and think it just "the  
thing," and each year seems to in-  
crease the variety of novelties. So  
gradual have been the changes since  
the advent of short dresses, that it is  
almost as difficult to realize the pre-  
sent dressy costume as a development  
of the skimpy garment then worn as  
that man in all his glorious perfec-  
tion? is according to the Darwinian  
theory, a development of the monkey.  
We note with pleasure an improve-  
ment, that is, in the quality of the  
dress materials. Nothing can be  
more becoming than cashmeres,  
merinos, satens, wool serges and  
reps, all of which can be purchased  
better in quality and lower in price  
than for several years. A simple  
but stylish suit is described as made  
of gray cloth, the skirt is cut round and  
trimmed, with seven narrow cross-  
strips, each headed with a thick, red,  
washed cord; the overskirt is draped  
and fringed with red, plain, tight  
waist, with half tight sleeves, collar  
and cuffs of red edged with black.  
A circular lined with red, trimmed  
with black, completes the costume.

The fashion for visiting cards is  
the engraved card, enclosed in a neat  
and shapely envelope, either plain or  
illustrated on the front, with mono-  
gram coat-of-arms—Darwin would  
suggest a monkey—or plain single  
initial. The Chinese visiting card is  
a huge sheet of scarlet paper, with the  
name written in large, the bigger  
the better. There are several varia-  
ties, but those which are used on  
grand occasions have the name writ-

ten in the right hand corner, to which  
are added the words: "your stupid  
younger brother," or "your more  
than stupid nephew (as the case may  
be) bows his head and pays his  
respects."

**ON DRAINING.**

**HOW ARE LANDS BENEFITED  
BY DRAINING?**

It will be found impossible in the  
space allowable here, more than  
briefly to give a synopsis of the an-  
swer to this most important question.

The first growth of the embryo  
plant in the soil, requires certain con-  
ditions, such as the requisite degree  
of heat, the presence of atmospheric  
air, moisture, and the exclusion of  
light. Wherever a seed is placed in  
these circumstances, germination will  
take place. Soil does not of itself  
act chemically in the process of ge-  
neration. It is the vehicle by means  
of which air, moisture and heat can  
be continually kept up.

It absorbs water from the atmos-  
phere to supply the demands of  
plants.

It absorbs heat from the sun's  
rays, to assist in the process of  
growth.

It admits air to circulate among  
roots and I supply them with a part of  
their food.

The secret we want to learn is how  
to obtain and keep up this supply in  
a manner most favorable to the  
chemical change which in process of  
germination takes place in the living  
seed.

The heat will be proportioned to  
the completeness by which the water  
is removed, and by reason of the  
increased facility by which air and  
water circulate, heat will be distrib-  
uted more evenly among all those  
parts of the soil occupied by roots.

The conditions of soil necessary  
for the germination of seed, apply to  
the whole period of the growth of  
the plant, that is, it needs an unin-  
terrupted circulation of heat, mois-  
ture, and air.

Under-draining effects the mecha-  
nical changes in the soil, by reason of  
which moisture, heat and air can cir-  
culate freely through it. This is  
true of the hardest, most obstinate  
and retentive of clayey soils. It  
decomposes the mineral matters con-  
tained in them, disintegrates the par-  
ticles and renders them porous. A  
familiar example will illustrate this.

If we fill a vessel or box having  
holes at the bottom with any of the  
most tenacious soils, to the depth of  
three or four feet, and pour on water,  
it will soon soak down through the  
box and escape at the bottom. By a  
renewal of this process a short  
time, it will be found that the water  
will pass freely through the soil, that  
it will be rendered porous and mel-  
low, and as long as the outlet for the  
water is kept open there will be no  
danger of over-benching the soil in  
the box. It will receive all the rain  
water that falls upon it with all its  
treasures of fertility and be bene-  
fited by it.

The "Country Gentleman," of  
November 18, 1858, contains an in-  
teresting statement by John S. Pet-  
tibone, Esq., of Manchester, Vt., in  
reply to an opinion expressed by Mr.  
Johnston, the celebrated land drainer  
that some soils, such as stiff blue  
clay, could not be drained. Below  
is the substance of the statement:

Mr. P. took "a specimen of what  
he thought was stiff blue clay, such  
as would hold water about as well as  
iron." The specimen was taken  
about three feet below the surface  
on a level with a brook that runs  
through a clay soil. He filled a hun-  
dred pound nail box with this clay  
and pierced the bottom of the box  
with holes. He poured water in.  
At first it disappeared slowly; he  
put in water frequently, and the  
water he filled it the more readily  
it passed off. He left more than a  
week, when a shower came; after  
the shower not a drop of water was  
to be seen.

The soil in a box represents the  
condition of a well drained field,  
having an outlet for the water down  
three or four feet below the surface of











