

# CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Editor.

Reserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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**Twilight Hour.**  
For the "Chignecto Post."  
BY J. W. G.  
Not in the brightness of day,  
Or lone darkness of the night,  
But when twilight melts away  
With a soft subduing light;  
Not among the restless throng,  
Tolling, and panting for life,  
Nor amidst the dance and song,  
Or the ceaseless, surging strife  
Of doubt, jealous, and fear,  
Besetting man on earth;  
But where I may never hear  
The loud shout, or senseless pirth  
Of unthinking men—but hold  
A sweet communion, where  
The forest flowers enfold,  
Spreading sweetness through the air,  
There, far from the hum away  
Of throng'd streets, to where all's still,  
Save the gurgling brooklet play,  
Leaping down the dusky hill,  
Or the distant howling herds,  
Whose steps are homeward heading,  
While the evening hymn of birds  
In melody is blending,  
Mild beauty so entrancing,  
Forgetting self, I stand;  
See not the night advancing,  
Darkness spreading o'er the land,  
Near to me, such place and hour,  
There rap in thought, let me stray  
And feel its magic power—  
Watching night, enfold the day.

## AGRICULTURE.

### Too Much Land.

For the "Chignecto Post."

MR. SIB:

Irish farmers, who cultivate not in thousands of acres, than two, three or four acres each, appreciate the value of the immense belts of fertile lands existing in this new country of ours, which farmers cannot: their freeholds marsh, upland and woodland being rated by hundreds, and frequently thousands of acres. Land is so abundant, it is an easy matter to gain a farm of one hundred or two hundred acres: it has grown into a habit for all farms to be of that size. Habit is so strong, it is never considered at all whether the possession of so much land is advantageous or not: the prevailing idea to increase the breadth of one's lands, entirely without reference to a possibility of its ever being cultivated. If a man can cultivate and prove all his land, other things being equal, the more he owns, the better he is off. How many of our best farmers do improve all their land? From a large experience, I venture to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred lose more through idling, and attempting to cultivate so much land. How many do we see in every community who own farms by their very doors, never tilled—old, worn-out marshes, in front of the plow, and for a quarter of a century of that natural fertilizer, the tide; upland fields, perhaps only tilled once in a while with a plow, and a few cartloads of manure thrown on; and fields, with an infant, but producing forest springing up: all this, without any attempt at improvement? Such lands are dead capital. To other business could, by any possibility, succeed by such management. No business man allows his money to remain in the hands of his debtors without interest. A farmer, to know his business, should obtain from every acre of his soil a return for the expenditure. If he cannot, the price of it is better invested in some other way. In a vast country like ours, where labor and capital hardly exist, is it not better for a farmer to thoroughly cultivate a small farm, than to half cultivate a large one? Cannot the results obtained in other countries be produced here? An English farmer, one fifty years since, had an estate which brought him £5,000 a year; enriched it by all the means known to modern agriculture, and he now receives £10,000 a year. A farmer on the Continent, a few years ago, sold to sow a hundred acres of rye, and get a thousand bushels of grain; he improved his soil, and in the year 65 he received as much from twenty he had previously from the whole hundred acres. The same party managed farming with five hundred acres: he sold off, and reduced to one hundred and seventy-five acres, which, by improvements, became worth more and produced more

than the whole five hundred had previously. In 1845 his land was valued at forty dollars per acre; twenty years of skillful usage had brought it up to a market value of two hundred dollars per acre. Hundreds of cases might be quoted to the same effect. Our farmers scour over about four times the amount of soil they ought to. They waste their time, lose the labor of their cattle, and exhaust their land. A small farm costs less to fence, to plow, to sow, to harvest, and to drain; less capital is employed and less labor expended. By a thorough system of drainage, by deep ploughing, by husbanding manures, by approved breeds of sheep, pigs and cattle, and warm barns, a small farm can with less capital almost invariably be made more productive than a large one. I hope to see the time, and it must come shortly, that farmers will see the great advantage of cultivating thoroughly, instead of the present imperfect course of agriculture.

Yours, &c.—P.

[Our correspondent has not touched upon that important item in our agriculture—the feeding of stock. Perhaps we should not anticipate his interesting letters; but we think he must admit our farmers have shown a great amount of good judgment and enterprise in the breeding of cattle, and in their fattening, by which such large sums have been realized. This spirit is also animating other districts. A pure bred Durham Cow was purchased here a few weeks since for sixty dollars, by the Kings County Agricultural Society, and resold there for the sum of eighty-seven dollars.—Ed. "CHIGNECTO POST."]

### The Board of Agriculture.

SECRETARY'S REPORT ON WESTMORLAND COUNTY.—Continued.

While a commendable attention is given in this section of the county to the raising and fattening of stock as well as to general crops, little attention is paid to the cultivation of roots, from an opinion that by the time all the grain and potatoes are in it is then too late. In many parts of the Province the Jomy Lind has proved an excellent stock potato, but in and about Sackville they have not yielded well. The Prince Albert is cultivated to some extent, yet it does not appear to be as prolific there as in some other places. From what I can learn, planting and sowing are usually finished by the first of June; and such being the case, there is ample time for putting in a turnip crop; but these are not raised in any considerable quantity, the farmers feeling, that in order to pursue this branch of farming successfully, commodious out-houses should be provided for storing, the winters being too severe to permit of their being allowed to remain in the field as in England. The ordinary cellar room connected with the dwelling house is not sufficiently capacious, and even if it was, the unpleasant odor arising from turnips when stored in large quantities is a sufficient objection to their being placed there. Still it is impossible almost to dispense with roots in fattening cattle, unless we can be satisfied with grass-fed animals, and send them directly from the pasture to the shambles, for it is well understood that when they are taken off grass, and fed on hay alone, they cannot, or at least do not, fatten. A gentleman remarked "that Peameal might be used with advantage in such cases, provided it could be obtained at a reasonable price. It sells low enough at Montreal, but freights were so high that farmers could not afford to import it." But why not raise peas? Why think of importing an article that can just as well be made at home? Peas, which yield so abundantly in our country can certainly be grown cheaper than they can be imported, under the most favorable circumstances; and if such a crop will make up for the deficiency of roots in Sackville, it should receive immediate attention. The lands bounding the marshes may not have been for many years under cultivation and heavily manured from the barn-yard—produce a superior profitable crop of peas, but the out-lying lands, that have not

been so generously cultivated, would perhaps answered the purpose. A plan which must recommend itself to the favorable consideration of many is, to raise oats and peas together.—The horse-mane oat which is proverbial for the strength of its straw, would afford excellent support for the climbing pea, and prevent the occurrence of mildew. This crop produces largely on strong soil, and is well-known for its fattening properties. It may here be remarked, that buckwheat, which in many other parts of the Province, and even in the western part of this county, is extensively raised and used for feeding cattle, is said not to succeed well either in the parishes of Sackville or Westmorland.

The north-east portion of this fine county, particularly the parish of Botsford, is to a large extent grain-producing, and very large quantities of wheat and oats are raised annually. Its grass lands are limited, and the marshes are small, and inferior when compared with those at Sackville.

The upland is superior to that of either Sackville or Westmorland parishes, is moderately easy of cultivation, and produces abundantly. The upper part of Botsford is particularly noted for its potatoes; for here even the inferior sorts undergo a decided change for the better, and some varieties which are grown elsewhere and considered only fit for stock, here attain a flavor and dryness which admits of their being placed on the table. They do not ordinarily attain to a large size.

There are some good animals to be found in this section, but in general the stock is inferior, and consists of mixed breeds and low grades. Within a year or two there have been some signs of improvement, and it is probable that in a short time the character of the stock will be raised. The introduction of Ayrshires, Devons, or Galloway cattle would perhaps be attended with good results, and be found better adapted to this part of the county than heavier breeds. It is noticed that when cattle raised in this section are transferred to the Sackville marshes, they succeed better than when brought from any other place.

Much more attention is given to roots here than at Sackville, notwithstanding it is comparatively a new country. This might have been induced by the necessity there is to supply the lack of hay by something else; but it is quite possible that their cultivation may have been prompted by a true estimate of their value: from whatever cause, the farmers highly prize this crop, and every year adds to the breadth under cultivation.

The soil in the parish of Dorchester is in some respects similar to that of Botsford, and large crops of grain and grass can be raised here with less manure than in Sackville, where the land is light and sandy. Dorchester possesses marshes which correspond in fertility and richness to those of Sackville. Roots are cultivated to some extent at the present time. Some years since, turnips were a favorite crop with many; but of late years the Jenny Lind potatoes have taken their place, and are believed to be equally prolific if not as nutritious, while their cultivation is attended with much less labor and trouble. Some good Short Horn and Ayrshire stock are met with, and these are more highly prized than any other breeds. Considering the good strong soil and the excellent marshes, perhaps no better description of cattle could be introduced, or any that are better adapted to this part of Westmorland.

Almost the whole of Westmorland county has been granted, and there is therefore very little land in the hands of the Government to be disposed of in that county. In many places there are large tracts of land of excellent quality either in a wilderness state or partly improved, available to the settler, which can be obtained at favorable rates and on easy terms.

(Concluded.)

### FROM OUR ST. JOHN CORRESPONDENT.

St. John, 17th May.

The first number of the Post has elicited the highest encomiums on all sides for its handsome appearance, good paper, clear print and decidedly vigorous style of its articles. The numerous well selected extracts; the terse and epigrammatic style of its original articles, and the general tenor of the whole paper gives it the stamp of commendable individuality which it persevered in, as no doubt it will, may inspire the people of Sackville in particular, and of Westmorland County in general, with the hope that the interests of that magnificent agricultural county will not hereafter be neglected, but will receive that attention they deserve. We observe, too, that the Post has been highly favored by the intelligent business men of the County, who believe in the motto that "advertising is the life of trade." We have often wondered that Sackville, which possesses in the male and female Academies and College, educational institutions which are superior to any in the Lower Provinces, and being at the head of the navigation of the Bay of Fundy and settled by a wealthy people, having the advantage of the institutions above mentioned, should not have been better represented in the newspaper line than it has of late years; but we imagine from the favorable auspices under which it has commenced, that the "Chignecto Post" will supply a desideratum long wished for. As for sensational and interesting topics of every description, the present day is highly prolific. What, with the advocacy of the Bay Verte Canal, which is just now attracting considerable attention at the hands of prominent commercial men of the Dominion, the North West Territory problem, and the various financial and political questions which are agitating the Dominion, and the impending local elections, with the numerous enquiries constitutions will propound on the School Bill and other measures which our wise Government has neglected, any new paper need not fear for lack of attractive subjects, which at the present day are of more moment than ever.

St. John is just now in a political lull. The individuals who seek to represent us in the "Local" are each busily canvassing on their own account. Most of the new men find their best capital in abusing the old members, who are in bad odor. Their vacillating conduct on the school question, and their shameful neglect of the public roads render them objects of the dire wrath of both Confederates and Anti-Confederates. It is thought that some members from this vicinity, who held seats in the Government, will not venture another trial in the political lottery, as their chances of return, according to present inclinations, are rather slim. With the commencement of the new "Victoria Hotel," the numerous hotels are putting on their best appearance; remodeling, renovating and improving is the order of the day. The former "Lawrence Hotel," now the "International," under the management of Mr. Hyke, many years steward of the steamer Empress, is one of the best hotels in the city, being so much altered for the better in every department as to be hardly recognizable by its old patrons. Mr. Barnes, formerly of the Lawrence, has leased the Jarvis property on Prince William street, and about the first of July will throw open to the public the largest and finest hotel in New Brunswick. Mr. Charles Watts, well known as one of the best caterers in the Province, has leased the old St. John Hotel and has fitted it up in a luxurious style. This hotel, under the management of its present proprietor, will not be exceeded if even equalled, by any hotel in the city, and we, in common with the general public, wish Mr. Watts all the success his enterprise in fitting up this establishment in the magnificent manner he has done deserves. The

street cars, which some thought would be a nuisance on account of the difficult grades which the company had to contend with, appear likely to be financially successful and highly convenient to pedestrians who have to travel between St. John and Indiantown. With our other local improvements, the long suffering inhabitants of Carleton are to have a ferry boat torn till eleven o'clock, the new regime to be inaugurated July first. The people of St. John and Carleton have heretofore been virtually cut off from each other at about six o'clock every evening, the disgraced old cask called the ferry boat ceasing to run after that hour. Soon its days will be numbered, to the great relief of the public. The suit of the Commercial Bank against the European Guarantee Assurance Company has enriched the depleted funds of that concern to the extent of \$21,500, being part of the "big steal" of its late cashier. Another scandal to be added to the increasing list of unpleasantness in the Episcopal Church here was the row in Trinity Church last week, concerning the delegates to the Synod. Epistolary warfare, pro and con, has been carried on in the "Globe" on the subject, to the edification of the public. Sunday, 15th inst., was remarkably warm, in striking contrast to the cold weather of late. The spring fleet is arriving and the harbor presents a lively appearance. Several large ships are now discharging valuable cargoes, one of them, the "Choice," from London, brought out the most valuable freight ever brought in one vessel to the city.

### Housecleaning.

For the "Chignecto Post."

Alas! the melancholy days have come. The spring scourgings and scrubbing have commenced, greatly to the delight of the females and the disgust of the males. What man is there among us, who, when he thinks of what must be endured, suffered, undergone, and passed through, and of the cleaning to be done, the dirt to be dislodged, the money to be paid, and the breakage to be counted up, before the house and its inmates will be restored to their usual state of tranquillity—does not feel as if he could take refuge in the uttermost parts of the earth, were they easy of access?

The unfortunate "father of the family" comes home from his business and finds a house full of red-armed, smutty-faced, slipshod women, with mops and brushes in their hands, and wigs, waterfalls and switches awry. He would fain dispute their right of possession; but when he sees the brawny muscles of their giant arms, and the glare of defiance in their eyes, his courage immediately deserts him, and he says to himself: "A woman always will have her own way."

Beating a hasty retreat, he takes refuge in his library, thinking that he will certainly find a quiet corner there, for who would dare "beard the lion in his den?" Besides—

"The parlor and the chamber-floors were cleaned a week ago. The carpets shook, and windows washed, as all the neighbors know. But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books, Pens, ink and paper, all about, peace in its very look."

But, alas! they are to escape no longer. The foe has descended on the spoil; and already the well-loved room presents a dismal scene of confusion. Chairs and stools are placed exactly where they will be stumbled over, and the books are scattered around everywhere—Spurgeon and Josh. Billings being placed in close company, without the slightest regard to the feelings of the possessor. He has just time to take a hasty glance around, when he is called to dinner. He takes his seat, and tastes the hash, "stone cold"; the eggs, "hard as bullets"; the potatoes, "swimming in water"; the tea, "mere dishwater." Hastily rising from the table, he rushes out of the house, banging all the doors after him.

In conclusion, let me say, that if any of my readers are at present undergoing the wholesome discipline of housecleaning, in this the "merry month of May" (?), they have the sincere sympathy of

A COCK ROACH.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Dorchester.

DORCHESTER, May 19th.

MR. EDITOR:

Perhaps to the readers of the CHIGNECTO POST a summary of what is being done and said in the shire-town, would not be uninteresting.

The principal topic of interest here now is the coming election for the Local Assembly. The four present members have, in a spirit of self-denial, expressed their willingness to serve "the people" for another weary term of four years. There are others, if possible, even more disinterested, and both the Clerk of the Peace, &c., and the Clerk of the County Court, &c., have announced their intention to sling office and place to the winds, rather than that the poor people should suffer by not being properly represented (which being interpreted, means by them). Then again, a Mr. John Belliveau pines to give himself and his talents to the country. He is properly "one of the people," a man with a following," a vigorous declaimer in very nervous English, and one who has proved himself susceptible of being suddenly and wonderfully taught the necessity of resigning when the proper time arises. Rumor says the four old members will combine their interests. It says also that the Clerk of the Peace is slowly learning the truth of the old adage that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and will hesitate before he parts company with his living, and consigns himself to the tender mercies of his Baptist friends.

We are sorry to record the fact that Judge Chandler talks of changing his residence to Moncton. Besides the loss the community will suffer in being deprived of so worthy a citizen, it will be promotive of great inconvenience in the administration of justice, and especially to the legal fraternity here, who, I believe, regard the proposed change with great dissatisfaction, and seem to deem it essential to the office of a Judge of the County Court that he should live in one or the other of the shire-towns of the three counties over which he has immediate jurisdiction.

Talking of Dorchester's retrogression (a favorite subject with some people, who require consolation), I must not forget to mention that her probable destination now is to be one of the principal lumber-shipping ports of the Dominion. The proposed branch railway from the present line to a "siding" at Dorchester island, thus reaching the direct water communication between that place and any foreign port, will, if consummated, we may confidently hope, be a work of incalculable advantage to the lumber-merchants and shippers of other natural products of the important part of the Province. By thus affording the cheapest and most convenient outlet for these exports, our Dorchester shipping and trade will be thereby greatly enhanced, and the benefit accruing correspondingly great. By the energetic and praiseworthy efforts of several gentlemen in Dorchester, this branch has been carefully surveyed, and a plan of the same made, which, with a petition, has been forwarded to Ottawa, where, we have been assured, the work is receiving the consideration its merits deserve.

William Hickman, Esq., has a large barque in an advanced stage of construction at Dorchester Island.—R. Chapman, Esq., is building a vessel, of what size I do not know, on the opposite side of the River at Rockland.—Gideon Palmer, Esq., has also a barque in frame at his yard.—There are three criminals here for trial in June. The civil docket then is likely to be quite heavy.—Our goal is being shingled and otherwise repaired, and is to be painted, as it suffers considerably from comparison with the cheerful colors of the tastefully painted neighboring office occupied by the High Sheriff.

All these things speak of the march of improvement, and when our old

Court House, with its clustering associations, and the fleas which, Rumor says, haunt it, shall have been sacrificed to the enlarged wants of this prosperous county, when all the chapels and churches talked of shall have been built, and Dorchester shall have developed into a bustling, thriving, commercial mart, then it is quite probable we shall further want one or two corporations to manage our municipal affairs for us.

Yours, &c.

JACOB.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have information, which I have every reason to believe is correct, that Mr. P. A. Landry is to be a candidate in the place of his father. I should not be surprised at this.

J.

### FOR THE LADIES.

The Fashions.

For the "Chignecto Post."

Hats and bonnets have changed perceptively since last year, having "grown," as *Topsy* says. Bonnets are larger and hats are tall, taller, tallest. It is to be hoped that you will not carry so much chignon and hat on the outside as to suffer from the little within. There are a dozen different styles of hat, so that you need not invest in a small mountain, a lofty peak, or a towering sugar-loaf, unless you choose. Black straw are, perhaps, mostly preferred, because of their general utility.

Collars in linen partake of the navy shape; in lace and embroidery they are large, of the cravat style. The Marie Stuart frills and Elizabethian ruffs are affected to a considerable extent, and are very becoming to some persons. They are made of Swiss muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace, or of melchin. Some are short, worn close around the neck, standing up about it like a fortification; others are long, fastening half way down the waist in front. The wearing of white muslin and laces about the throat and breast adds to the task of the toilette, but they are artistic and *economically* enough looking for the compensation.

Gloves are lower in price, and delicate shades preferred to the bright colors. As kid gloves are an expensive item, it is well to take care of them. Never put them on in a hurry, especially at first; do not have them stretched at the shop; choose them large enough to come up well on your wrist, and not so small as to cover but half of your hand, and tear out under the thumb. Fit them well to your hand at the first wearing and exercise care in what you do after they are on.—Use your handkerchief in opening doors, gates, &c., if your gloves are light. The color may be restored to black kids by the use of sweet oil and black ink. Colored and white gloves can be nicely cleaned. Put on the glove, and rub it over well with a piece of white flannel, dipped slightly at frequent intervals in milk, and then rubbed on hard soap. Just the least bit is necessary, as the glove must not be dampened through. Soft water is preferred by some to milk.

Crinoline is small, just large enough to take a full English step in. Young girls wear now—ruffled skirts of hair cloth or sea grass, being substituted. A starched muslin skirt does well. Panniers, bustles, and other inventions for giving amplitude to the back, are worn to ridiculousness by many—to a modified extent by more. In repairing or making garments, insist upon a good easy fit, a free hanging skirt, without "taggy" sleeves, uneven trimming, one-sidedness or gaping places. If slender, a jacket or belted-down, half-fitting sacque is becoming; if stout, a close or half-fitting basque.

MAHMED.—Mr. Ebenezer Sweet, to Miss Jane Lemons.

"How happily extremes do meet,  
In Jane and Ebenezer:  
She's no longer sour, but sweet,  
And he's a lemon-squeezer."

An Ohio girl has laid by the sum of six hundred dollars, all gained by making corn husk door mats at 10 cents each.





Mr. Jed Smith's Love Story.

How he and Mr. Bob Tomkins fall in love with the same "gal"; the duel and result.

By Orpheus C. Kerr.

Between the interesting ages of ten and eighteen, I went to school at the village academy, working through the English branches and the Accidence, with a lively sense of a preponderance of birch in the former, and occasional class-sickness in the latter.

Those were my happiest days, my boy; and he I look back to them now, for a moment all my flippancy leaves me, and I forget that I am an American and a politician. Those dear old days! those short, unreal days! Only long in being long past.

It was just after the eternal "Bona—Bona—Bonum" of the master had ceased to ring in my ears, that I commenced to be a young man. I knew that I was becoming a young man, my boy; for it was then that I began to regard the unmarried women of America with sheepish bashfulness, and stumble awkwardly as I entered my father's pew in church. Then it was that the sound of a young female giggle threw me into a cold perspiration, and a looking-glass deluded me into gesticulating in solitude before it, and extemporizing speeches I was to make when called upon to justify the report of fame by admiring populace.

Do you remember the asinine fine in your own life, my boy; do you remember it? I know that you do, my boy, for I can feel your blush on my own cheeks.

Of the few women of America who looked upon me with favor, there was one—Ellen—whom I loved, I think; for of all the girls, the mention of her name alone gave me that peculiar feeling in which instinctive impulse blends undefinably and perpetually with a sense of reverent respect, or rather, with a sense of some unworthiness of self. Ellen died before I had known her a year. I thought afterwards, like any other youngster, that I loved half-a-dozen different girls; but, even in maturer years, second love is a poor imitation. Say what you will about second love, my boy, in the breast of him truly a man, it is but an imperium in imperio—a flower on the grave of the first.

There was one young woman of America in our village, my boy, about whom the chaps teased me not a little; and I might, perhaps, have been teased into matrimony, like many another unfortunate, but for the example of a Salsbury chap I met one night in one of the village stores. He was a Yankee chap, with much south-western experience, my boy; and when he heard the lads teasing me about a woman, he hoisted his heels upon the counter, and says he:

"Any body'd think that creation was born with a frock on, to hear the way you youngsters talk of women. Darn the she-critters!" says he, shutting his jack-knife with a clack. "I'd rath'er be as lonesome as a borryed pup, than see a piece of calico as big as a panecake. What's wimmin but a tarntion bundle of gammon and petticoats? Powerful! Be you married folks, stranger?"

me partikler agony. Says I, 'She's a awful for the Printze of Wales; and of that Bob Tomkins don't stop nugin' eyes at her over there, I'll give him such a lacing that he won't comb his hair for six weeks.'

"The old man put a claw into his meat-safe, and shut one eye, and sez he, 'Jed, you're a fool ef you don't hook that gal's dress for her before next harvestin'. She's a mighty scrumptious creetur, and just about ripe for the altar. Jest tell her there's more Smith's wanted, an' she'll leave the Greens 'thout a snicker.'

"I rath'er liked the idee; but I told the old man his punkin-pie was all squash, because it wouldn't do to let on too soon. When the folks was startin' from the church, I went up to Sal; and sez I, 'Miss, I s'pose you wouldn't mind lettin' me see you to hum.' She blushed like a biled lobster, and sez she, 'I don't know your folks.' I felt sorter streaked; but I gev my collar a hitch, and sez I, 'I'm Mister Smith—one of the Smiths of this destrict, an' always willin' for a female in distress.' Then she made a curtsy, an' was goin' to say somethin', when Bob Tomkins steps up, and sez he, 'There's agoin' to be another buryin' in this settlement, ef some folks don't mind their own chores an' quit foolin' with other folkses company!' This riled me rite up, and sez I, 'There's a feller in this destrict that hain't had a spell of layin' on his back for some time; but he's in immediate danger of ketchin' the disease bad.' Bob took a squint at the width of my chest, and they he turned to Sal, who was shakin' like a cabbage leaf in a summer gale, and sez he, 'Sal, let's marvel out of bad company before it spoils our morials.' With that he crooked one of his smashin' machines; and Sal was jest hookin' on, when I put the weight of about one hundred pounds under his ear, and sez I, 'Jest lay there, Bob Tomkins, until your parents comes out to look for yur body.' He went down as ef he'd been took with a sudden desire to examine the roots of the grass; and Sal screamed out that I'd murdered the rantankerous critter. Sez I, 'The tombston that's for his head ain't cut yet; but I kalkilate it'll be took out of the quarry of he comes smellin' round my heels agin.' Jest as I made this feelin' remark, the varmint began to scratch earth as ef he had a mind to see how it would feel to be on his pins agin; and I crooked my elbow to Sal, and thought it was about time to marvel. She layed up to me like a pig to a rough post, and we peregrinated along for some distance, until we were pretty nigh hum. I was askin' her ef it hurt her much when she sung, an' she was sayin' 'not partikler,' when all of a suddint somethin' knocked Fourth-of-July fireworks out of my eyes, and I went to grass with my heels up. It was Bob Tomkins; and sez he, 'Lay there, Mr. Smith, and let us hear from you by next mail.' For a minnit I thought I was bound for glory, but pooty soon I come to my oats, and then I rolled over, and seen Bob a-squeezin' Sal's hand. All right, my prooshian blue, thinks I, there'll be a 'pothecary's bill for some family in this here destrict; but I won't say who's to pay it at present. I jest waited to see the feller try to put his nose into Sal's face, and then I stretched to my feet, and sez I, 'This here pasture wants a little sun-lin' down to make it fruitful, and it's my impression that I can do it.' Sal see that I was bound to make somebody smell agony, so she jest ripped away from Bob, and marvelled for the house, screaming 'fire! like a scrumptious fire-department, Bob looked after her for a minnit, and then he turned to me, and sez he, 'I hope your folks have got some crape tu hum, because there's goin' to be a job for our virtuous sexton.' I kinder smiled outer one eye, and sez I, 'When Sal and I is married, we'll drop a tear for the early decease of an individual who never would hev been born ef it hadn't been for your parents.' This fited Bob up awful, and he came right at me, like a mad bull at a red shawl. I felt somethin' drop on the bridge of my nose, and see a hull nest of sky-rockets, all at once; but I only keeled for the shake of a tail, and then I piled in like a mad buffalo with the cholice. It was give and take for about five minutes, and I tell you Bob played away on my nose like a Trojan. The blood fly some, and I was sorry I hadn't said good-bye to the folks before I left them. But I gave Bob some happy evidences of youthful Christianity around his goggles; and pooty soon he looked as ef he'd been

brought up to the charcoal business. We was making pooty good time round the lot, when all of a suddint Sal came running up with her father and mother, and sez the old feller, 'Ef you two members of the Church don't stop your religious exercises, there'll be some preachin' from the book of John.'

"With that, Bob took his paw out of my hair, and sez he, 'Smith's son hit me the first whack.' I jest promened up to the old man, and sez I, 'If you'll jest show me a good buryin'-place, I'll take pleasure in makin' a funeral for the Tomkinses.' The old man looked kinder queeries at Sally, and she commenced to snicker; and sez she, 'What are you two fellers rumpussin' about? I looked lovin' at her, and sez I, 'It's to see who shall hev the pootest gal of all the Greens.' When I said this, the old man bust into a larf like a wild hyenner; and the old woman, she put her hands across her stumkin, and began to larf like mad; and Sal, she snickered right into in my countenance, and sez she, 'Why, I'm engaged to Sam Slocuin!'

"Stranger, there's no use of talkin'. My hair riz right up like a blackin'-brush, and Bob's eyes came out like pea out of a yaller pod. There was speechless silence for two minnits, and then says Bob, 'There's a couple of goldfired fools somewheres in this country, and it's a pity their dads ever seen their mothers.' I see he felt powerful mean, so I walked up to him, and sez I, 'Suppose we go and look for the New Jerusalem?' He jest hooked to my elbow, and, without sayin' another word, we travelled for home.

"Sence that, I hain't held no communion with petticoats; and ef I ever get married, you shall hev an invite to the funeral."

As I went home that night, my boy, after hearing the story of that rude unlettered man, I made up my mind to have nothing to do with the uncertain women of America, until my position should be such that they would not dare "fool" me. The women of America, my boy, are equally apt at making a fool of a man in his own estimation, and a man of a fool in their own.

Yours, for celibacy,  
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

To Clean Paint.

There is a very simple method to clean paint that has become dirty, and, if our housewives should adopt it, it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

Scientific Am.

Naming a County.—A member of the Mississippi Legislature at one of its late sessions, introduced a bill to change the name of a certain county in the State to Cass County. One of the opposition moved an amendment, that the letter C be stricken out of the proposed name. This motion created some laughter at the expense of the member offering. Nothing daunted, however, he arose and said, "Mr. Speaker, this is the first instance that has come to my knowledge in which a member has had the assurance, upon the floor of any Legislature, to propose to name a county after himself."

1870.

McSweeney Brothers

Have received per steamer 'Britannia' from Glasgow, and daily expected by succeeding steamer.

A VERY LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK! COMPRISING Every Description of STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS!

A Superb Stock of DRESS GOODS, Of every Description, and at all prices! A FULL LINE OF Black Dress Goods, In French Merinos, Crapes, Barathies and Corals.

Black and Colored Silks! Ladies' Linen & Lace Setts. Ladies' Black & Colored JOSEPHINE KID GLOVES!

Ladies', Misses', and Children's STRAW HATS, IN LATEST STYLES! Hosiery and Gloves!

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EVERETT & BUTLER, 17 King St., St. John, N.B.

White Counterpanes and Summer Quilts, At Very Low Prices for Retail.

NEW STORE!

Subscriber, having purchased the Store formerly occupied by Messrs. Lindsay & Vickery, has received a Full and Complete Stock of

Dry Goods, GROCERIES, Hardware! CROCKERYWARE!

All of which will be sold at a very small advance on cost. R. M. DIXON.

Chipman's BOOK STORE! Post Office Building, AMHERST, N. S.

Stephen Gooden Bay Verte. Has just received, and offers for sale: BARRELED APPLES, Boxes RAISINS, TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES, SODA, DRY GOODS, &c. &c.

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Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS! CAREFULLY SELECTED PARTICULARLY WELL ASSORTED.

GROCERIES, including: FLOUR, Corn Meal, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Raisins, Currants, Spices, &c.

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Per the Steamship "Tyrian," EYRETT & BUTLER, Beg to announce that by the arrival of the above steamer, they now have a magnificent Stock of the

Latest Parisian and London NOVELTIES brought out this Season.

WHOOPIING COUGH Powders! STEADMAN'S Whooping Cough Powders!

HANINGTON BROS., Foster's Corner, St. John, N.B.

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ENGLISH Silk Hats! We have just received per steamship "Tyrian": TWO CASES ENGLISH SILK HATS!

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FRUITS, West India Goods, TEAS, COFFEES, FLOUR, MEAL, &c. &c. &c.

GOODS IN STORE: 40 PACKAGES TEA, 20 sacks RICE, 22 sacks Fresh Filberts, 20 Pea Nuts, 2 lbs Hickory Nuts, 1 lb Castana Nuts, 1 sack Almonds, 10 sacks Java and Jamaica Coffee, 84 boxes Layer Raisins, 15 lbs Baking Soda, 2 cases Nutmegs, 20 packages Tobacco, 3 cases Morton's Pickles, 1 case Crisco & Blackwell's Pickle, 70 lbs Dandelion Coffee, 550 lbs Coffee, in lb. papers, 183 lbs Apples, in Russets, Venz, &c. &c. &c.

Wholesale and Retail. W. C. TREADWELL.

RICH BLACK Dress and Mantle SILKS! SUPERIOR MAKE. LYONS-MANTLE VELVETS! PLAIN and TWILLED VELVETS.

Corn Meal! New landing ex Brig. "A. W. Goldard," FOUR NEW BARRELS, on consignment.

300 BARRELS, Prime Corn Meal, YELLOW KILN DRIED.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS! MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, No. 2 MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

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