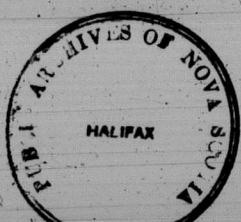


CLINGNECTO Post.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Editor.

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No. 7.

AGRICULTURE.

Price Essay on Making and Packing Butter.
By Mrs. M. A. Deane, Farmington, Fayette County, Ill.—From the American Agriculturist.

(CONCLUDED.)

COLORING.—As a rule, it is absolutely essential in the winter to color butter, in order to make it marketable, or at all attractive as an article of table use at home. There may be a possible exception to this rule, in cases where cows are fed largely upon yellow corn-meal, pumpkins, carrots, etc., but this does not lessen the importance of the rule. Of the various substances used in coloring butter, we think that carrots (of the deep yellow variety) give the most natural color and the most agreeable flavor. Annatto, however, is principally used, and with most satisfactory results. Some of the most celebrated butter-makers in the country color their butter with pure annatto, giving it a rich, deep orange color. They do not aim to produce the color which is natural to summer butter, but one considerably richer; coloring it both summer and winter. If carrots are used, they should be grated, the juice expressed through a thin cloth, and put into the cream just before churning. A small quantity of annatto, dissolved in warm water or milk, may be used in the same way, and with similar results; but a richer tint is produced with annatto by coloring the butter directly. To prepare the annatto for this purpose, steep it in butter for some hours over a slow fire, then strain through a fine cloth into a jar and keep in a cool place. When ready to work the butter, melt a small quantity of this mixture and work it in carefully. A small portion of turmeric is sometimes mixed with annatto and prepared in the same way. With this method of coloring, an inexperienced hand is in danger of working the butter too much, in the effort to produce the same shade of color through the entire mass, which is, indeed, a difficult attainment for a novice. Coloring in the cream obviates this difficulty entirely, the butter being of a uniform color when taken from the churn.

SALTING AND WORKING.—While salt is not to be undervalued as a preserving agent, it must be remembered that too much of it destroys or overpowers the fine flavor and delicate aroma of the best butter. Be careful to preserve all the sweetness of the fresh butter, salting just enough to remove its insipidity. It is important to use the best salt. "Ashton's Factory Filled" has great fame, and is extensively used. But any one can test the purity of salt, and perhaps other brands of Liverpool salt may be found equal to Ashton's. Pure salt is perfectly white and destitute of odor. It will dissolve in cold water without leaving any sediment, or throwing any scum to the surface, and the brine will be as clear as pure water, and entirely free from any bitter taste. Prof. Johnson says in the American Agriculturist, January, 1868, that the "Onondaga Factory Filled" must take rank second to none, provided the ingenious processes of Dr. Gressmann which were employed in Syracuse, a few years since, are still in use. The butter-milk should be nearly all worked out, and the butter well washed, before salting. Washing may abstract somewhat from the flavor of the butter, but it is, nevertheless, a necessity, if the butter is expected to keep long, as it completely removes the cream and casein of the buttermilk, a part of which might otherwise remain in the butter.

Butter should stand but a short time after salting, before it is worked enough to remove nearly all the water, when it may be resalted if necessary; there should be sufficient salt left in the butter at this time to make a strong brine of the little water that remains. It may then stand until the next day, when it should be worked and packed. On no account should butter be allowed to stand long before working, as it is apt to become streaked, often so much so as to necessitate working over, in order to restore a uniform color. Besides, if neglected too long at this period, a tendency to rancidity will be rapidly developed.

We realize the difficulty of giving explicit directions for the second and last working of the butter—its final preparation for packing. If not worked enough, every one knows that the butter will soon spoil; if

worked too much, it is spoiled already; though the danger of its being overworked is less. A great deal of judgment and discretion and some-what of experience, are requisite in order to determine when it is worked just enough; the virtue of stopping, in this, as in many other cases, being second only to that of doing. There are some suggestions, however, which may prove valuable, particularly to those having little experience. 1st. The butter should not be too warm when worked, nor should it be so cold as to make working difficult. Immerse the ladle for a few minutes in boiling water, and cool perfectly in cold water; then, if the butter in the bowl is warm enough to admit of putting the ladle through the whole mass without difficulty, and dividing it up without crumbling, and still hard enough to cut clean and smooth, not the slightest particle adhering to the ladle, then it is in the right condition to work. 2nd. It should be worked with careful and gentle, yet telling pressure, and not by a series of indiscriminate stirrings and mashings and grindings against the sides of the bowl. The butter is composed of minute globules, which are crushed by this careless handling, thus rendering the butter greasy and sticky, whereas it should retain its clear, solid individuality, up to the time of packing, always working clear from the bowl and never sticking, in the least, to the ladle. 3d. The butter should not be worked until it is perfectly dry. When ready to pack, it should have a slight moisture about it, a sort of insensible remnant of the clear brine which has been working off, and at the last, enough, so that when a trifle is tried out, a drop or two of brine will ooze out around it, and the trifle itself be slightly wet, as if by a light flow. Overworking destroys all the beautiful consistency of the butter, makes it dry and sticky; greasy in summer, and tallowy in winter; gives it a dull appearance, and a tendency to become rancid. Altogether, overworked butter is very disagreeable, if not positively bad.

PACKING.—The butter should be packed solid, leaving no interstices for air, and should completely fill the firkin, tub or pail, as the case may be, leaving a flat surface. It is common to put a cloth over the top and a layer of salt on the cloth. Some think it better to wet the salt, making a brine. The cover should then fit tightly, leaving no room for air between it and the butter. Some butter also, goes into the table, etc. Every person who is guided by common sense in his choice of styles for putting up butter, always being careful to give it a neat and attractive appearance. If living at a distance from market, and the dealers at his market-place buy for New York, he should pack in firkins or tubs, so that the butter can be easily kept through the season, and the whole lot disposed of at once, in the fall. If at a convenient distance from New York, fresh tubs or pails may be sent in at intervals, all through the season, or the whole kept through, as he chooses. Or if in the vicinity of any city, good chances offer in the way of supplying hotel restaurants, etc. The butter should be put up in style to suit the customers. Some, who are hundreds of miles away, make shipments of butter to New York on their own account, instead of selling to buyers at home, in which case, if their butter is really superior, they will not be long in making a reputation, and will soon be able to secure a high price. Some few have a stamp of their own, and labor assiduously to establish a value for it, as a trademark. It is said that the best butter-maker in the vicinity of Philadelphia (who never sells for less than a dollar per pound), uses a stamp inherited from his father, and that "not a pound of inferior butter ever went to market with that stamp upon it." If you would attain to a good fame, then, as a butter-maker, and reap a rich reward for your pains, attend carefully to the minutest details in making, and never sell any but good butter, put up in neat packages; never allow your "trade-mark" to lose its value.

A Kentucky paper wants the lash restored as a punishment for stealing. The use of the lash, the Delaware people says, keeps their State free from thieves; and the London authorities declare that this is the only effectual preventive they have as yet discovered for guarding.

The Columbus (Ohio) "Journal" points out that "every cord of wood given to the poor here will be so much fuel saved from use in the winter."

STEAMER "George B. Upton" having succeeded in landing her cargo for the Cuban insurrection, has returned to New York.

The Wound and the Balm.

By FRANK LOVELACE.

Beneath an arbutus shade, fair Sylvia slept,
When tired of labour and the noonday's heat;
Dan Cupid, roaming, on her slumber crept,
And 'neath her dark-fringed eye-lid took his seat.

Not long he rested; for, with straying feet,
Young Damon wandered musing through the wood;
And stumbling on the maiden's cool retreat,
Arrested by her beauty, gazing stood.

A smile played on her lips, she opened her eyes;
Gay Cupid grasped his bow and tiny shaft,
With lightning speed the pointed missile flew,
Transfixing Damon's bosom to the haft.

With nimble, frightened steps, the poor youth sped,
To where his mother plied her busy wheel;
With bated breath, these words he quickly said:
"What balm can 'scape the anguish that I feel?"

His mother listened with an air profound;
Then smiling said,—"Lay this, my son, to heart;
A maiden's eyes gave thee that painful wound—
A maiden's lips alone can heal the smart."

FOR THE LADIES.

Luxury of Easy Dresses.

The following, clipped from "Laws of Life," is especially commended to the careful perusal of ladies who indulge in tight lacing:

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one as tight would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort, except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dress-makers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs.

It is a great pity, now, that a luxury it is to breathe easy and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment of blood unimpeded and sent bounding through the arteries and veins, to have the aids to digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a good while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into the old, stiff straight-jackets, they would fume and fret and rave in desperation if they could not get rid of them.

As it is, they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all of their friends and their husbands, and their little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner was the sufferer it would not be so worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives which must follow renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.

A Massachusetts Bull Fight.

About fifty years ago I heard the following anecdote: A man in Massachusetts was very fond of seeing bulls fight. One time he owned a very large bull, and a near neighbor of his owned a pretty good mate to his own. One Sunday when the neighbor had gone to meeting, the other went over and turned the neighbor's bull out and put him into the yard with his own to see them fight. They soon got at it, and one killed the other, and then ran for the man, who fled for his life to his house, and the parlor door being nearest he entered that, but had not time to close it. He rushed, followed by the bull, through the parlor to the kitchen, where he kept his gun, which happened to be loaded with powder and balls. A large mirror hung on one side of the parlor, and as the bull was pursuing the man he chanced to see the reflection of himself in the mirror, and pitched at it furiously, which he demolished instantly; and then headed for the kitchen door, where the man stood with the gun, which was instantly discharged, and the bull fell dead on the parlor floor. This was a pretty tall Sunday's joke. Cor. N. E. Linnestead.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

THERE are 38,000 Mormons and 8,000 Gentiles at Salt Lake.

The new convent in Charlestown is to be inaugurated on the 5th of July.

A KANSAS woman weekly flannels her husband, and then locks herself in the parlor and sings "Nearer my God to Thee!"

A WESTERN paper announces the recovery of a little girl "from the gymnastic nervousness of school development."

Plus youths, on their way to Sunday school in San Francisco, think it curious that the police won't let them stone Chinamen.

A LOUISVILLE man's reward for rowing a friend across the river in the night was drowning, through the friend's clumsiness.

An exchange says, "Hard as it is to understand the difficult parts of the Bible, it is a great deal harder to practice the simple parts."

Nashby tells of a "burglar whose burglary was complicated with shooting his friend, the individual whose house was burglarized."

A RHODE Island paper is very severe upon a mean man in that State. It says he would take his grandmother's collar to slide down his neck.

A NASHVILLE negro outfooted his pursuers, who wanted him for theft, several miles and escaped. He kept them from getting too close by firing two big revolvers at them every few minutes.

THE New York "Herald" says, "Sunday was an exceptionally orderly and quiet day, as there were only eight cases of indiscriminate carving and shooting that are at all likely to have serious results."

A CONNECTICUT pastor declined an addition of \$100 to his salary for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labor heretofore had been the collection of his salary, and it would not pay him to try to collect \$100 more.

ENGLAND has excused a man from being hanged because his neck was deformed, and it would be necessary to go to the expense of straightening it out before they could have any fun with him.

A LADY complaining to Sydney Smith that she could not sleep, he said, "I can furnish you with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of sermons; take them up to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanco White, and before he got to the third page he was fast asleep."

TREASURE FOUND.—A correspondent of the "Telegraph" says that the Rev. Wellington A. Troop has dug up a chest and iron pot of treasure at Bellisle, K. C., the silver coins valued at \$1,200. It was found on a farm belonging to one Spang, and they intend to urge their claim to the amount.

The recent showers in England, extended over a wide tract of country and have been of incalculable service to the crops. The lightning caused a number of destructive fires. In the neighborhood of Whiteless several houses and barns were burned. No loss of life has been reported to-day and the weather is cloudy but warm and favoring the lay crops.

A DESTRUCTIVE tornado swept over Scott County, Illinois, on Saturday. It covered an area of four or five miles in length and a mile wide. Fences were demolished and fields of wheat, corn, oats and garden vegetables were completely destroyed. The largest forest trees were torn up by the roots and orchards and vineyards were ruined. No lives were lost.

THE WHOLESALE PROPERTY OF APPLIES.—There is perhaps no fruit more useful and more wholesome than the apple. Every housekeeper should lay in a good supply of apples, as it is the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half. A more healthy dessert cannot be placed on the table than baked apples. If eaten at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, they have a good effect on the general system.

A boy living on the line of the North-western Railroad, in Wisconsin, has been having fun with passengers on the trains for the last six months by throwing stones and rotten eggs through the windows of the cars. He isn't enjoying himself as well now, because the conductor put half a pint of buck-shot through him with a shot-gun on Tuesday. Just before he died he acknowledged his error, but thought the passengers were proud because they resented his familiarity and eggs.

THE International Boat Race, at Lachine, near Montreal, is to come off on the 5th of September.

As adroit thief stole on Saturday last \$20,000 in notes from the United States Treasury Department.

Boys who have persistently whistled "Shoo-Flay" on our streets, for the past six months, are advised to try a change of air.

A YOUNG Westsinger who fell heir to a large property a few months since has penitentially starved himself on \$40,000 of it since.

A WESTERN paper having announced the "shooting of a wildcat by a little boy five feet eight inches long," an exchange queries "what they call a big boy there."

A YOUNG lady, who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do even so unto them."

A NEW-HAMPSHIRE man went to town-meeting, the other day, with enough measles to supply eighty-four men and boys liberally. They were all taken down with the disease within twenty-four hours.

A MAN at Shakopee, Minn., got up a real nice entertainment in his family by establishing his wife and daughter, when his son took off hand in the game and shot the old man dead. The boy says women are scarce enough out there, without having them "put a stop to" in that way.

A MADRID telegram of the 9th, says that the civil guard overtook a part of the band of brigands who captured the Englishman near Gibraltar, and immediately gave battle, killing three and capturing their horses. The others escaped. On the persons of the killed were found 70,000 reals, part of the amount paid as a ransom for their prisoners.

TOO LATE.—In a parish not 100 miles from Hexham there once resided a pastor whose mercenary proclivities were frequently spoken of by his flock. One day an old farmer called to pay the tithes, and on settlement there appeared a balance of proposed that they should toss: "Nae, nae," quoth the farmer, "aw niver was a gam'ler, an' aw no start noo!"

THE day before Washington's birthday, in February last, a lady teacher, in giving notice of the coming holiday to her pupils, said something about the good Washington, and then asked the question:—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

This was rather hard on the teacher, but the boy did not see it.

A MISS Stratton, of Cass county, Ind., challenges any man to a plow race with her, except to drive a two-horse team. The contest would be unequal, and the advantage would be on the girl's side. A female can dress in the height of fashion, and the mere sight of her will scare a team unaccustomed to circuses over more ground than any man can drive the same team with all the whips in the world.

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.—In Lexington, Ky., while the snow was trying the Rev. Mr. Henry for having married the sister of his deceased wife, and Father C. was making an able speech against him, in the midst of the argument the offending brother appealed to him to answer if he had not married in Shelby County, united in marriage a couple within the prohibited degrees which he was now condemning. "Yes," said he, "I did, and I will tell you why: she was an old gal, and I thought it was her last chance!"

SPANISH gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarreled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to advance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line and said, "I am dead. Come then up and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead-like gentlemen.

WINNING A LOSS.—A swell clerk from London, who was spending an evening in a country inn—full of company, and feeling secure in the possession of most money, made the following offer:—"I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest to have the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it," said a farmer. The swell dropped in a half a sovereign. The countryman followed with a sixpence. "Go on," said the swell, "I won't," said the farmer; "take the whole and treat the company."

THE WARNING.

James Baintree, barrister-at-law, and William Hargreaves, clerk in holy orders, were sitting in the chamber of the former gentleman, in the Temple. They had dined together, and had now returned, and had lit the cigar of meditation. They were old friends, school-fellows, and college chums; and William Hargreaves had just come up to town in order to accompany his friend the next day into the country, to assist, according to a promise of many years' standing, at the ceremony of his marriage.

"You say, James, that your lady-love is to be married from the house of her cousin, Lady Berry?"

"Yes," the barrister replied, rather shortly.

"Don't you like the arrangement?" the clergyman asked.

"I can hardly say that I don't like it, William; and yet, if I had had my choice, I would rather that it had been otherwise."

He was silent again; and his friend, seeing that there was something which he did not care to explain, asked no further questions, but continued smoking, leaving it to his friend either to continue or change the conversation.

Presently Baintree threw the end of his cigar into the fire.

"I will tell you the story, William, and you shall judge for yourself," he said, as it is to go no further. "No one knows me as well as you, and I believe, except those concerned, and we all have more or less reason for not wishing such a story to get about. I need not tell you that I never was a believer in ghosts, apparitions or the supernatural in any way. You may remember that at college I was always ready to enter into any amount of argument with men who believed more or less in the supernatural; you, yourself, having Scotch blood in your veins, had rather a leaning toward such ideas. I was utterly incredulous. Having recalled this to your memory, I will go on with my story."

It was in the Autumn of '67, rather better than two years ago now, that I was staying down with Sir Peter and Lady Berry at Wenning Park. It was a very pleasant place to stay at; one of those houses where a man can do just what he pleases. Sir Peter was, or rather is, a man of some ability, and rather unexpectedly, through a series of deaths, and the news reached him in India, where he had been for many years, and where he occupied the position of judge. He had already made an ample fortune, and at once came home and took possession of Wenning Park, which was a quiet man, given to study; but his disposition was singularly genial, and he has one of the most pleasing smiles I ever saw. A year after his return he married, and his wife died down at the seaside, I believe; she was the daughter of a clergyman, but her father was dead, and she lived alone with her mother. I know nothing about the wooing, but should imagine that Lucy—I don't know her maiden name—married the baronet for his money. She was about one-and-twenty, and a very pretty, bright girl. They received very happy marriages, however. Sir Peter indulged her every whim, and was never so happy as when he saw her surrounded by young people, and enjoying herself to the utmost. At the time I am speaking of they had been married three years. It had been a most pleasant visit; the people in the house had been a remarkably good set; partridges had been abundant; and, above all, I had been engaged in a strong friendship with Alice Ferrars—and I think that even then we had both made up our minds that it was not to end with our visit to the Berrys. Time had gone on. The rest of the guests dropped off, and there only remained Clara and Alice Ferrars. Tom Harding—he married Clara this spring—myself, and a man named Pellatt. Pellatt was one of those men who meets everywhere—at dances or flower shows, or in the Park, or in fact, everywhere. He was one of those men I can't bear; a sneering, cynical fellow, and Harding thoroughly agreed with me. He could be pleasant when he chose, and kept an entirely different tone forewarned from that which he used with me. He was a great favorite with them, as, strangely enough, most men are who are generally detested by the men. People said he was good-looking, though I never could see it myself; his features, however, were certainly good, and when his face softened, as it did when he was talking with any woman to whom he was trying to be agreeable, I can understand their being taken with it. Anyhow, his name has been coupled with that of half a dozen married women to my knowledge. He was at Wenning Park before I went there, and he stayed on now, talking frequently, as did both Harding and I, of leaving, but suffering himself very easily to be persuaded by Sir Peter into staying a little longer. From the first, I had seen that he was very attentive to his hostess, not obtrusively so, quite the contrary. In fact, he spoke to her more seldom than did most other men staying in the house. It was in the change of the tone of his voice, and the sudden softening of the hard face, that I could detect the game he was playing. As time went on, I saw that she noticed it, too, and what was more, that she liked it. It was not that she flirted

with him. She was rather given to flirtation, and I had seen her engaged in one or two little affairs on a previous visit, but these had been open, undisguised flirtations, merely the result of high spirits and a love of fun. There was nothing of this with Pellatt. She seemed infected with his own quiet way. When she spoke to him her voice was lower and softer, and her fingers had a trick of nervously playing with the flowers or anything else she had in her hand. It struck me, too, that she avoided him as if she was afraid of him, and that even when she was not apparently watching him, she yet knew or felt what he was doing. I have seen her when he approached her from behind move suddenly forward, and begin to talk eagerly and rapidly with any one else who was near. Of course, I said nothing of my ideas on the subject as long as the house was full; but when there remained only the party I have named, I unbent my mind to Harding, who was an old friend of mine, one day when we were out shooting together. Tom was altogether of my opinion, and agreed that Pellatt meant mischief. The question was, What was to be done? Neither of us, though we talked the matter over and over again, could hit upon anything practical. You see, my friend, it is a very ticklish question to interfere in a question of this sort. Difficult and delicate at all times—for no one thanks you, and you are sure to be looked upon as a meddling fool—truly so when you have not a shadow of proof, and nothing but your own vague suspicions to rely upon.

Of course, our best plan would have been to have gone away at once, as Pellatt could hardly have outstayed us; but, you see, we were both seriously enamored of the Ferrars, and intended to settle the business before we left; so we persuaded ourselves that, if it was broken off now, it would be renewed in London when there was no need to watch over her, and that it was best to let the game be played out under our eyes. Upon one point we were agreed, namely, that we would interfere when it became absolutely necessary; but whether our interference should take the form of an opening of Sir Peter's eyes, or of an intimation to Pellatt to give it up, under a threat of assault and battery, we could not finally determine. At any rate, we were determined to save Lady Berry, even if it cost us our lives.

leaving. Harding and I had been out for our last day's shooting, and both had shot badly; I think that we had made up our minds to propose on the following day. When we came into the drawing-room ready for dinner, we both saw at once that something had taken place—that the crisis was, in fact, at hand. Lady Berry was unusually pale, with a spot of color on each cheek. She was in feverish spirits, and talked gaily and rapidly all dinner-time. I seldom, I observed, addressing her husband, never even looking at her, as she could help it, at Pellatt. In spite of Lady Berry's efforts, the dinner was not a success. Both the Ferrars were unusually quiet, and I fancied that they must have noticed something. I have since learned that Pellatt, after lunch, had announced his intention of going for a walk, and that during the afternoon Lady Berry had been absent from the drawing-room for some time; and that Alice, going upstairs for something, had happened to look out of the window, and to her surprise had caught a glimpse of the two walking together in the bushes. Their uneasiness had been much increased by the fact of Lady Berry's making no allusion after her return to the fact of her having left the house. All this we knew nothing of until long afterwards; but we felt sure that the girls as well as ourselves saw that something was wrong; and although we tried our best to talk naturally, and let our case, the thought that the time had come to act, and the wonder what our course ought to be, rendered it difficult for us to second our hostess's efforts to be gay. The only two of the party who seemed really themselves were Sir Peter and Pellatt. The former was genial and kindly as ever, utterly unsuspecting of the tempest gathering round him; while the latter was as coldly cynical and unpleasant as his wont.

After the ladies left us our sitting was a short one. Neither Tom or myself were in a humor to engage in argument with the man opposite us, whose white teeth and fingers were itching to disarrange. We very soon, therefore, joined the ladies in Lady Berry's boudoir, in which, since our numbers had so dwindled, we had met instead of the grand drawing-room. It was a good-sized room, prettily furnished. There was a piano in it—an old-fashioned one, and out of keeping with the style of the rest of the room. It was prized by Lady Berry, however, as having been the gift of her mother upon the occasion of her having married. As we went upstairs, Harding whispered to me: "They have come to an understanding. Meet me in my room to-night. We must settle what to do."

We had now a repetition of our dinner behavior; and Lady Berry's gaiety seemed even more forced than before. I think Pellatt noticed this; for he asked Alice Ferrars to play immediately after tea was over. When she played two or three pieces, there was a pause as she shut the piano and returned to her seat on the sofa; for neither her sister nor Lady Berry play.

(Continued on fourth page.)

Chignecto Post.

SACKVILLE, N. B., JUNE 30, 1870.

Our Policy.

We announced in the first number of our paper, we intended conducting it on independent principles, and with a single eye to the public welfare. As the Editor, we do not endorse the sentiments of any correspondent, nor will we be held responsible for any opinions except they appear under the editorial head. Conducting an independent paper, we admit well written communications, on public matters, when we think the public welfare demands their publication; and if they affect any public man, we cannot help it. We are, of course, legally responsible for all that appears in our columns, and we therefore guard against admitting any matter of a private, malicious, or slanderous character. We make these observations for the benefit of our Petitioners, who charge us with acting in the interest of some candidates, opposed to Mr. Botsford. The fact is, that we have so recently commenced our present duties that we were not and are not prepared to give support or oppose any candidates, and our columns will show we have expressed no opinion whatever of their respective merits; and what has appeared is what we would have been recent to our principles to decline publishing; and if Mr. Botsford, or his friends, take umbrage at what has appeared, we cannot help it. Mr. Botsford cannot object to his actions, as a public man, being canvassed. Our columns are freely open to him to clear his skirts of the transaction. It is therefore hardly fair to charge us with being under the influence of other candidates. We therefore not only most distinctly and emphatically deny that we are in any way under the control or influence of any man, but we again reiterate that we will not hesitate to treat all public questions solely with reference to the public good, irrespective of personal claims. In short we profess to be independent, and intend as far as we know how to act up to our professions. When we cease to be able to do so, we will abandon our enterprise.

In our paper we stated we believed, and indeed such is evidently the case, as under no other circumstances could such expenditures be tolerated, and we shall continue to denounce public extravagance and corruption whenever and wherever it shall be found.

The Elections.

GLoucester—Napier 580, Blanchard 468, Taylor 445, Savoy 110, O'Brien 175, Cole 123, Meahan 339, Taylor, member of Government, and Meahan of Opposition, were late members.

CHARLOTTE—White 1199, Lindsay 869, Watts 595, Shaw 518, Kilburn 489, Harding 384, Jacques 371, Lindsay is a member of the present Government; White is a Government supporter.

YORK—Hatheway, Robinson, Beckwith and McPherson elected; Needham, Dow and Blair were the other candidates. Full returns not in.

QUEENS—Messrs. Babbitt and Bailey elected.

RESTIGOUCHE—The old members, Messrs. Desrosiers and Montgomery, both of opposition, are returned unopposed.

St. JOHN CORSEY—King 1614, Willis 1461, Maher 1394, Coram 1279, Quinton 1118, Esterbrook 746, Cruikshank 794, Forbes 762.

NORTHUMBERLAND—Gough 1218, Kelly 1199, Adams 925, Gillespie 807, Davidson 696, Sutton 686, Wilkinson 411. Two parties to hear from.

St. JOHN CITY—Election comes off to-day. The candidates are A. L. Palmer, W. Wedderburn, J. W. Lawrence, and W. H. A. Keane.

This is also election day in Kent and Victoria; King's election takes place on July 2nd; Charlotte and Westmorland on the 5th; and Albert on the 9th.

"A Voter"

sends in a letter with a list of lands owned by C. G. Palmer, Esq. The list foots up pretty well; but we do not see any objection to Mr. Palmer's owning a whole county, provided he does not obtain it fraudulently. As "A Voter" fails to show, or even to state, that Mr. Palmer obtained the lands fraudulently, the letter has no point or bearing on the politics of the day. If "A Voter" will make up a case, and state it, we will be happy to publish it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Hon. Bliss Botsford.

Moncton, June 29, 70.

To Editor of Chignecto Post.

Sir,—Please publish the following copy of letter.

B. BOTSFORD.

Fredericton, June 24.

Hon. Mr. SPEAKER:

You will see in the last Journal of the House of Assembly in the contingent bills a number of amounts for gloves, neckties, &c., which is stated below: S. E. Hardy, \$26.50; Thomas Legon, \$20.80; Dever Brothers, \$5.20; McKeane, \$2.30; T. G. O'Connor, \$5.60; Total, \$59.86. This amount is as follows: Hon. Mr. Speaker, \$38.57; Messengers, Doorkeeper, &c., \$16.72; C. P. Wetmore and J. Richards, \$5.57; Total, \$59.86. G. C. Hunt's bill is \$7.31; in this is a set of brushes and comb for the Speaker's room, also two oilcans for other rooms, also one bottle cologne which was got for purifying rooms, water-closet, &c. This article has been used the three last sessions. All the above purchased by myself and for the use of the house, and have been ordered by contingent committees ever since I have been Sergeant-at-Arms, and I believe for many years before. The bottle of "Lavender" is in my bill "one pair of lavender gloves." As regards gold pencils, I say most positively that nothing of the kind has been got by me, either for Speaker or any one. As regards the contingencies of the last session, Mr. Speaker, I am prepared to say that I have most carefully carried out your instructions, which was to be careful in the purchases and consult with the contingent committee, which I have done.

Yours respectfully,
A. T. CONNOR,
Sergeant-at-Arms.

Letter from Petitcodiac.

To the Editor of Chignecto Post.

Petitcodiac, June 28, 1870.

Politics are raging now. All the candidates Hamilton, Palmer, Fawcett, &c., have been here lecturing and canvassing. Hon. Bliss Botsford was here last night, and spoke about "Rate payers" letters inserted in your paper. He explained satisfactorily to us what he had to do with the Speaker's contingencies, and what benefit he derived from them. How is it you have so many candidates out in the Eastern parishes? In Salisbury and Moncton it is general, to look upon as an attempt to deprive those parishes of the representative they have chosen to send to the Assembly. We do not think that is fair. Some say you are working in opposition to Mr. Botsford. If you go in for fair play, show up the wrong of trying to rob us of our just share of representation.

Yours,
P.

Letter from Belliveau.

MONS. CHIGNECTO:

I write one letter, an I not much tin to write you so much. There is something that much strange about some men that want to make one representative of herself. Fawcett she have run against Charles, an Charles she hard run against Fawcett. Now dis not one rite thing. I think she mak one lumbing of de Frenchman; he not know which is better, an not kno for which he mus vote. He want to give one member for de Sackville constituents, but he not kno which one fol dey lik mos. Gilbert, she try run hard against young Dan. Now de hard pepel dey much lik young Dan, an my pepel dey lik jee too; an Bill, she not do rite to run dat way. I kno hole lot of man not vote for her for dat. I not no more time, I busy at my one farm.

St. LOURAS.

Belliveau, June 28, 1870.

Letter from "Rate-Payer."

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post:

Sir,—My letters I find are received, as I expected they would be, with astonishment and indignation by the people; and the St. John Press, taking up what I commenced, and promised to give, has furnished a statement of the contingencies of the Legislative Council, which exceeds, if possible, in corruption that of the House of Assembly. I do not imagine I can expose one-quarter of the plunderings, nor do I believe any one politician knows all the corruptions, practiced among them, but this much I do know—and it is the worst feature of the business—that not one of the parties participating in the plunder, or cognizant of its being taken, has attempted to vindicate what they did, or allowed to be done, without a single word of disapprobation; not they, and all unite with the plunderers in an apparently hearty cry of "stop, thief," to prevent search being made of their persons; while the stretch of the public opinion in which they are enveloped, disguises the enormity of every honest man.

Honor among thieves is not practiced in New Brunswick politics; for to secure his own acquittal, by obtaining the conviction at the bar of public opinion of an opponent not more guilty than himself, each politician is ready to blame his confederate; and thus the country's safety consists in their denouncing each other. But the same want of fraternity among themselves, utterly prevents the people having any confidence in their professions of amendment, as the people must feel that as they are treacherous to their companions in corruption, so will they at once betray the trusts reposed in them.

I will now turn my attention to the microscopic body, wonderful only in its insignificance, except as a plaguespot—the Legislative Council—a body the Hon. Daniel L. Hamilton last session, while defending Mr. George Botsford, eulogized as possessing those ancient and necessary privileges which we have derived from our ancestors, and desire to hand down, as an inheritance to those who are to come after us? This wonderful body consists of eighteen members, and it may be necessary hereafter to take them up one by one and examine the foundations upon which, according to Mr. Hamilton, are centered the inheritance of our children, and the privileges derived from antiquity. If any one can tell what they are, but at present they are not of sufficient interest to occupy your space and the attention of the country. A reference to their journals will show the august body sat, during last session, 48 days, and of which nearly one-fourth was wholly occupied with protecting Mr. Botsford against various charges made against him by the Government, including charges of extravagance. That the attendance of members was one day as high as sixteen, on some days it was as high as fifteen, and once as low as nine—the average attendance during the session being thirteen. The members of the Council frequently travelled on snow shoes, carrying their clothes on their backs, twenty miles was a good days travel, and the improved circumstances of the Province having done away with that mode of travelling, one would imagine that the rate of remuneration would be changed too. But no; up to the present time the same rate of remuneration is continued. So that the four representatives and two Legislative Councilors from Westmorland, receive among them about the sum of four hundred and eighty dollars for travelling charges to and from Fredericton. Averaging the travelling charges of all the Legislative Councilors, and making them equal to those from Westmorland, the travelling charges for the sixteen members, who attended last session, amounted to the enormous sum of twelve hundred and eighty cents. Then comes their pay, amounting to the sum of \$3,801.21. In the report of a committee, recommending that \$3,801.21 be paid, under the head of contingencies, so that the thirteen Honorables of the Province the fabulous sum of \$292.10, or at the rate of 86 per cent, each Honorables, for contingencies. The contingencies of the House of Assembly, including soap, hairbrushes, &c., is \$3,820.60, while that of the Legislative Council is more than three quarters that sum; travelling expenses \$12.80; pay \$36.16; contingencies \$3,801.21, amounting to \$8,659.71, which that microscopic body cost the Province last winter. Our New Brunswick nobles are thus sustained at the annual cost, for each one, of \$668. It is very well for them to talk of handing down an inheritance to our children, but if this extravagance continues all the inheritance the people will have will be poverty, and the remorse they did not wipe out before the country was ruined, a useless fungus which fattened on the destruction of the people.

Yours,
RARE PAYER.

Shediac, June 27, 1870.

Letter from Midgie.

Midgie, June 27th.

To the Editor of the Chignecto Post:

Sir,—My former letter has called forth two champions in defence of John Fawcett, Esq., and neither attempt any answer. The charges I made; and one of them, my brother, W. W. Fawcett, has thought it sufficient to say my letter is that of a "cork barking." I desire no higher compliment than to be like a faithful watch-dog, barking and alarming his master when suspicious intruders attempt to come about his premises. This I have done and will do again.

I said John Fawcett, Esq., had managed to get by-road money to his cow-pasture. He did, and the facts are these: There are two bridges across the Floating Canal—one leading to the Forks Marsh, where John Fawcett, Esq., pastures his cows; the other at Thompson's, on the direct road from Sackville to this place, Centreville and Shemogue. These bridges are less than a mile apart. In the winter of 1867, Mr. Fawcett wrote Mr. McQueen, near by-road money for Forks Bridge, near George's, and another proprietor of the same parish also wrote Mr. McQueen and got a grant of \$10.00 to aid in building floating canal bridge. The grants came up as applied for, and the Commissioner, seeing both roads were for the same bridge, although under different names, saw it was a mistake, and informed them it was a mistake, and directed them to apply one grant to the bridge near Thompson's. Afterwards Mr. Fawcett saw, and made such representations to Mr. McQueen,

as induced him to direct, in writing, the Commissioner to lay out only \$10 there, and apply the balance of both grants to the Forks bridge. This the Commissioner would not do, so \$40 was expended on the bridge near Thompson's, and \$50 the amount applied for by Mr. Fawcett, on the Forks bridge. This bridge, however, being on a by-road leading on to a marsh district under the control of the Commissioners of Sewers, was finished by the proprietors of the marsh, under the Commissioners of Sewers, as a private matter, without reference to the public, and the marsh was assessed under the Sewers' Law for the expense of the same, as in cases of dyking, &c. One of these proprietors was Edwin Thompson, and in the year 1868 there was taken from the by-road appropriations for Sackville, "to pay Edwin Thompson balance on Forks bridge, \$30," which sum was divided among the marsh proprietors to repay them on account of what the marsh had been assessed.

I do not make a charge against Mr. Fawcett for applying for and obtaining a grant to his marsh, although I disapprove of members granting money to benefit the owners of our rich marshes, instead of applying the money to opening and improving the roads to our back settlements. But I do distinctly say he took advantage of a mistake into which Mr. McQueen was led, to get public money granted by mistake, and which had never been expended by the Commissioners of Highways according to law, but which, however, the ball by announcing that for every act and deed of the Government, he became one of them, he was there to answer for them. All their sins were to fall on his shoulders; he assumed everything. He said the Government at the time was the best that could be got, and he thought it was as good a Government, and had performed as many public acts for the public good, as any other Government the Province ever had. His remarks were listened to with disfavor by the crowd, though Mr. King is personally much respected. He is a young man in years, and in politics, but has the reputation of being a good working member and is possessed of considerable ability, but his assumption of the acts of the wooden-headed concern who have been lately running the Government machine, in this Province, did not increase his popularity. Mr. Joseph Coram is one of the old members; he is a politician, during the Confederation campaign, when oil and water got slightly mixed and Anglin represented "Pio Nio" and Coram "King William of Orange," it was found necessary to put Coram on the ticket as a mechanical effect, a theatrical necessity. He is of no earthly use, is a poor man and is bound to make politics pay. The Anti party think he is sound yet, but it is well known that in a certain job printing office in this city, and before nomination by two tickets with the names of "Coram" and "Coram" were printed, of "Opposition" and such like clap trap, do they "shleer" the public. J. G. Forbes is a V.-ing lawyer, was appointed Clerk of the Anti party, for services to the Confederate party during the last campaign, and was knocked out by Judge Wetmore, in showing fight against the Government. He is a candidate. Ward and if he is defeated this time he will run every election till he is elected, for the next thirty years. He is a patriot of the first water just now, but people have a faint recollection of the good work he did to help New Brunswick into the Union, and he stands a good chance of being elected. Edward Willis, editor of the "News," is a candidate. He is a persevering, industrious representative of the press and stands a good chance of being elected—to "stay at home." James Quinton is a candidate; is an old member and is "on the fence." He is a good carpenter and builder, but his parliamentary record is bare. He will probably be left at home to facilitate the fitting up of the corporation works, docks, ferries, &c., as he is a civic representative. T. Otty Crook-shank is a farmer, lives out of town, and would like to rest from his bucolic labors for a while, lay down the hoe and the hoe, and plough into the Dominion Government. He is one of the old Anti party. Mr. W. Maher has been Alderman for Westmorland in this city for a number of years. He is regarded as a good working, earnest, practical man and will probably be elected. W. H. A. Keane has a long name, has been a short time in politics. He is the faculty of being always hard at work while in the House of Assembly, but his temper ruffles very easily. He is an active Temperance man and don't "smile any more." A. L. Palmer is a candidate for the city, and stands a good chance of being elected. He is unquestionably the smartest man in the field, and would be about the best man St. John could elect in this troublesome time. The "Evening Globe" of this city says, regarding the last letter of your "St. John Correspondent," that "if Mr. Palmer is such an awfully smart man, Westmorland did him justice. Defeated several times in that county, where he is so well known, does he expect to succeed here because he is comparatively a stranger?" The "Globe" never makes allowance for the fact that Mr. Palmer was a defeated twice in Westmorland, on the Confederate question alone; where no mortal man, no matter how good, great and smart he was, could hope to be elected, with Albert J. Smith and his army

of French voters against him. The same question, that defeated Mr. Palmer in Westmorland, defeated the "Globe's" pet candidate in St. John, John W. Cudlipp. However, Mr. Palmer, though a comparative stranger, has been brought out on a requisition from some of the wealthiest men in the city, and will, in all probability, be returned by a handsome majority. Joseph W. Lawrence is a politician of the old school. He is highly respected and might be Mr. Palmer's coadjutor for the city. William Wedderburn is a lawyer, a fluent speaker and a disappointed Confederate. He is a city candidate. Aaron Alward is a candidate for the city, of which he was mayor four years and wanted to be for the fifth year, but public opinion was against him and he had to retire. He is a political adventurer of the worst kind, and wants to make politics pay. He is crafty, wary and panders to the multitude. Take them all in all, we will never look upon the like of such candidates again. The voice of the public is undeniably opposed to the present Government; and Sunbury County has made an ominous commencement against them by turning out one of its strongest supporters, W. E. Perley. It is probable on account of the disunion in the ranks of the opposition, that some Government men may be returned for the city and county.

FROM OUR ST. JOHN CORRESPONDENT.

Nomination Day—The Candidates overhauled—Water Lily—Paris Crew—Cricket, &c.

St. John, June 29th.

Saturday was nomination day here, and what ought to have been a dignified, outspoken expression of public opinion, in the shape of a ticket of six good, honest, able men to represent the city and county of St. John, and to protest, in a manner not to be trifled with, against the outrageous legislative enactments of the Dominion, turned out to be a miserable farce; a phantasm of individuals, exceeding in one thing only assurance of the most determined, unprincipled, presumptuous kind too. Some of the old members were nominated and in addition, eight new candidates. At the nomination a large crowd had assembled and were addressed from the Court House steps, by the candidates. The Hon. George E. King was the first speaker, and he opened the ball by announcing that for every act and deed of the Government, he became one of them, he was there to answer for them. All their sins were to fall on his shoulders; he assumed everything. He said the Government at the time was the best that could be got, and he thought it was as good a Government, and had performed as many public acts for the public good, as any other Government the Province ever had. His remarks were listened to with disfavor by the crowd, though Mr. King is personally much respected. He is a young man in years, and in politics, but has the reputation of being a good working member and is possessed of considerable ability, but his assumption of the acts of the wooden-headed concern who have been lately running the Government machine, in this Province, did not increase his popularity. Mr. Joseph Coram is one of the old members; he is a politician, during the Confederation campaign, when oil and water got slightly mixed and Anglin represented "Pio Nio" and Coram "King William of Orange," it was found necessary to put Coram on the ticket as a mechanical effect, a theatrical necessity. He is of no earthly use, is a poor man and is bound to make politics pay. The Anti party think he is sound yet, but it is well known that in a certain job printing office in this city, and before nomination by two tickets with the names of "Coram" and "Coram" were printed, of "Opposition" and such like clap trap, do they "shleer" the public. J. G. Forbes is a V.-ing lawyer, was appointed Clerk of the Anti party, for services to the Confederate party during the last campaign, and was knocked out by Judge Wetmore, in showing fight against the Government. He is a candidate. Ward and if he is defeated this time he will run every election till he is elected, for the next thirty years. He is a patriot of the first water just now, but people have a faint recollection of the good work he did to help New Brunswick into the Union, and he stands a good chance of being elected. Edward Willis, editor of the "News," is a candidate. He is a persevering, industrious representative of the press and stands a good chance of being elected—to "stay at home." James Quinton is a candidate; is an old member and is "on the fence." He is a good carpenter and builder, but his parliamentary record is bare. He will probably be left at home to facilitate the fitting up of the corporation works, docks, ferries, &c., as he is a civic representative. T. Otty Crook-shank is a farmer, lives out of town, and would like to rest from his bucolic labors for a while, lay down the hoe and the hoe, and plough into the Dominion Government. He is one of the old Anti party. Mr. W. Maher has been Alderman for Westmorland in this city for a number of years. He is regarded as a good working, earnest, practical man and will probably be elected. W. H. A. Keane has a long name, has been a short time in politics. He is the faculty of being always hard at work while in the House of Assembly, but his temper ruffles very easily. He is an active Temperance man and don't "smile any more." A. L. Palmer is a candidate for the city, and stands a good chance of being elected. He is unquestionably the smartest man in the field, and would be about the best man St. John could elect in this troublesome time. The "Evening Globe" of this city says, regarding the last letter of your "St. John Correspondent," that "if Mr. Palmer is such an awfully smart man, Westmorland did him justice. Defeated several times in that county, where he is so well known, does he expect to succeed here because he is comparatively a stranger?" The "Globe" never makes allowance for the fact that Mr. Palmer was a defeated twice in Westmorland, on the Confederate question alone; where no mortal man, no matter how good, great and smart he was, could hope to be elected, with Albert J. Smith and his army

of French voters against him. The same question, that defeated Mr. Palmer in Westmorland, defeated the "Globe's" pet candidate in St. John, John W. Cudlipp. However, Mr. Palmer, though a comparative stranger, has been brought out on a requisition from some of the wealthiest men in the city, and will, in all probability, be returned by a handsome majority. Joseph W. Lawrence is a politician of the old school. He is highly respected and might be Mr. Palmer's coadjutor for the city. William Wedderburn is a lawyer, a fluent speaker and a disappointed Confederate. He is a city candidate. Aaron Alward is a candidate for the city, of which he was mayor four years and wanted to be for the fifth year, but public opinion was against him and he had to retire. He is a political adventurer of the worst kind, and wants to make politics pay. He is crafty, wary and panders to the multitude. Take them all in all, we will never look upon the like of such candidates again. The voice of the public is undeniably opposed to the present Government; and Sunbury County has made an ominous commencement against them by turning out one of its strongest supporters, W. E. Perley. It is probable on account of the disunion in the ranks of the opposition, that some Government men may be returned for the city and county.

The Dominion man-of-war "Water Lily" is in the harbor just now, receiving munitions of war. She is a diminutive craft of eighty or ninety tons, but supports a large captain, with gold lace enough for an admiral. His salary is large, and his craft will make a very nice pleasure-yacht. A large sum of money has been subscribed by wealthy gentlemen of this city, for a race-track about three miles out of town. The money for the expenses of the Paris Crew has also been all raised by subscription. The Catholics here have purchased a gold-mounted carriage, pair of horses and harness, to be presented to his lordship Bishop Sweeney on his return from Rome so it will be seen the people here are not "dead broke" yet.—The University Cricket Club of Fredericton were defeated by the junior St. John Club last week. When will the Sackville Academy send a club down here for a friendly match?—The military school here now has an attendance of over fifty. It is about the largest military school in the Dominion at present.

From Bay Vert.

JUNE 28th, 1870.

A political meeting was held here last evening by Mr. Moore, who had a large and respectable audience. At the close of the meeting S. P. Black, Esq., addressed the people, followed by young Mr. Landry. As this is the first time we have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Landry there was quite a lively curiosity shown to hear him speak, and I must say we were all agreeably surprised at the manner in which he addressed the meeting. Mr. Landry will be well supported here by the friends of D. L. Hamilton, Esq., who are members both here and in Bedford.

The Barque "Blancie," Captain Anderson, of this place, called here a few days ago on her way from Antwerp to Montreal, loaded with glass. Since she left sundry strange looking casks and bottles have appeared, though I would not like to hint such a thing as smuggling.

From Bedford.

We received last evening a letter from our attentive Bedford correspondent. After passing an eulogium on the independent position taken by the Post, he refers to the candidates—to "the Daniel O'Connell of Bedford," and to the other candidates (to be of which he is very complimentary); to Capt. W. C. Murray's company of Volunteers—their handsome appearance, and the shout-light, which was enhanced by the smiles and screams of the fair sex—the readiness of the Government in not furnishing necessary accommodations; to the late thunder-storm, when two barrels were struck by lightning and a large tree burned; and the fine appearance of the crops, &c. &c. We regret it comes too late.

County Court.

The Sheriff took McPherson, Coyne, Gotro and Morrissey, tried and convicted for larceny, to the Penitentiary on Monday morning last. McPherson and Coyne were sentenced two years, Gotro one year, and Morrissey six months. In the case of J. Dobson vs. S. Bowser, verdict for Plaintiff, \$14.34; Staples et al. vs. Odell, verdict for plaintiff, \$66.32; and C. Boulton vs. J. L. Black, which was the last cause tried, verdict for plaintiff, \$67.67.

Great Bridge.

S. C. Charters, Esq., the Supervisor of Roads, has promptly complied with the request made in these columns, for repairs to the bridge. During the past few days a large amount of stones, &c., have been dumped down by the piers, to support them, as they were nearly bent. The bridge may now be considered secure.

Mr. William Weddon moves, in August, to Petitcodiac. He has recently purchased one of the Dunlap farms and intends carrying on farming operations.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Dispatches to "Chignecto Post."

Political Meeting at Moncton.

Moncton, June 30th. Botsford spoke here a large and enthusiastic meeting, last night. Pitched into present Government for extravagance and corruption. Defended his course in opposition. Explained his connection with the Speaker's contingencies, and refuted charges of "Rate Payer" in Chignecto Post. Some charges that he made brought Hamilton, who was present, to his feet, who made an excellent speech. Hon. D. L. Hamilton also addressed the electors.

From Canada.

Moncton, 30th June. Large mill destroyed by fire here yesterday. Nearly 100,000 bushels of grain destroyed. Loss \$120,000. Insured for \$17,000. Fire supposed to have originated by friction. Distressing accident occurred at Toronto on Monday. Three daughters of the Great Western Railway, were drowned, by packet upsetting. Mr. McKenzie, M. P., leader of the Opposition, has left on a visit to the Lower Provinces. A report from Red River says: "Great satisfaction is expressed at Governor Archibald's appointment and that he is expected at an early day." Nothing from ex-dilection. Prince Arthur has left Quebec on a visit to the White Mountains, Vermont.

Local and Other Matters.

"Jo Noct" in type but crowded out.

Our Merchants have decided to close their stores to-morrow.

The business part of Shediac look dull, and at a standstill decidedly.

R. M. Dixon is loading the brig "Hessie" at Wood Point, with deer for Ireland.

The brig "Abolitioner," having been temporarily repaired, sails to-morrow.

Five cattle of David Litch's, grazing in the pasture, were killed by the lightning last week.

150 Molasses—Good—at Glasgow House, 40 cts., per gallon, cash.

It has been finally decided to move the Telegraph Office to the Railway Station.

The "Globe" will please be careful to have the quotations right, it makes from this paper.

J. G. Coram, Esq., O. C. A. S. John Burdett, of long and honorable standing, died on Sunday night last.

A CAPITAL STORY, extending through two or three numbers, to commenced next week.

A part of the "Rothschilds" machinery was injured on Tuesday last, at Newcastle. The passenger came down by land.

Mr. Harvey Wilbur has invested \$6000 in a local property, at Newcastle, where he intends shortly to remove.

PUBLIC HOLIDAY.—Now Dominion Day, to-morrow. Excursion return tickets, at one fare, sold at all stations.

Our correspondent "P" argues the Hon. B. Botsford, as the candidate of Salisbury and Moncton ought to be well supported, for other parishes.

The Hook and Ladder Companies meet at Bowes' Hall on Saturday evening next. A large attendance of property holders in this community is solicited.

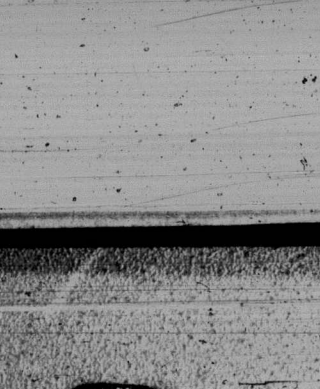
ACCIDENT.—A man named J. Cuckern had his foot badly crushed on Thursday last, by a heavy mill in the hands of a fellow-workman on the railway.

RAILWAY.—Our people are doubtless disappointed at not having trains to-morrow. Mr. Carvell informs us that the excursion train over the E. & N. A. R. R., to-morrow, take all the rolling stock at command, and prevent his complying with the request made.

On the roadside, opposite the place of Mr. Thos. Vickery, a large amount of old trash and filth, of all sorts, has been from time to time dumped. The appearance of this road is disgraceful. Is there a road master for this district? If so, who does he not perform his duty?

THOUT FISHING.—Messrs. Boxall Chandler and Esterbrook returned on Tuesday from a fishing excursion on the Tobique river, loaded with trout. The largest fish captured weighed nearly four pounds and half, and the smallest brought home were two pounders. The show was splendid, and for size looked like No. 1 shad.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Captain William Milne is erecting a new house with outbuildings at Wood Point.—Mr. Earl D. Chase is making the foundation for a new house near Sales Chapel.—The New Presbyterian Church is nearly completed externally. It has a neat appearance. It is intended to hold a tea-meeting in the hall to raise the funds necessary to complete the inside.



[Faint handwritten notes or markings]

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