

Literature.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

If the people of the early century could have looked down the years with prophetic vision, their lonely and unsatisfied souls would have been amazed at the quantity and quality of the work performed by the men of today. It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to give but a faint idea of the progress made in this county, or even in this "Parish of Johnston," during the last sixty years. This is the age of activity and advancement. Changes are continually taking place. Many of the leaders of society have been laid to rest in the cold and silent tomb; while others of no less note, have come to the front. In the following story I have not refrained from introducing a small amount of fiction whereby I may win the close attention of all those who shall have opportunity to peruse these lines.

Being in the thrall of suspense I sought "Grandfather's Room." Unannounced, and no doubt excitedly, I entered; and waving all formality made known my errand. Raising his form enfeebled by the burden of nearly ninety years he motioned me to a seat and began. "You want a story," said he, and he cleared his trembling voice, and his eyes took a far away look. "Well I have seen much and heard more; and, I tell you, that the rising generation would do well to cherish accounts of pioneer times. Could they but think more seriously of the hardships endured by the older settlers they would prize more highly our present liberties and advantages. So listen attentively while you hear my story.

Born in the Parish of Pharlem, County of Cumberland, England, August 21st, 1799. I lived on a farm until seven years of age. At that time misfortune befel my father. Not heeding scriptural caution he by being security for another lost his estates; and with his loss began my hardships, as from that time I had to shift for myself. March 7th, 1812 found me bound as an apprentice to John Turner of High Heskett, tailor. Seven years and my trade was learned; and in April, 1819, I took passage from Dunfries for America on board the Augusta, which had been used as a transport under Nelson. Two or three hundred were on board; and the decks being much crowded, every fine day during the six week's voyage, I followed my vocation; seated on the round top.

Landing in St. John I worked first as journeyman for John Murphy, and finally started business on Germain street where I continued till 1828. During my residence in St. John there occurred one event of momentous interest to the British Empire, yea to the whole world. To us a child was given, of whom it may be said, there is none like her among women; she is the greatest Empress the wisest Queen earth has ever known, she the star the brightest of earth's rulers pointing to Him the "King of Kings," she the leader of a people who have been and are leading the nations of might to "The Son of Righteousness." "God save our Queen." About the same time the New Brunswick Government dabbled at protection by levying excise duty on Plaster Paris Rock. This so far benefited us, that the Yankees developed their own and New Brunswick had to lose freight and send cash to buy flour.

But hearing of Queens County fertility and glowing accounts of the advantages of farming, I determined to seek a farm. Accordingly before long supplied with "Jamaica" I with others went prospecting on the Nerepis River, as we proceeded through the woods I and one Mr. Mathers, a soldier, were leading. Judge our surprise to be suddenly confronted by a huge bear, refusing to retreat and imagine the scornful surprise, of the rear ranks, upon coming up, to find the soldier safe up a tree and the tailor fighting. The Jamaica running low our exploration terminated, without definite results.

Future inquiries and search being more successful in 1828 I left St. John and with my family moved to Queens where I settled, purchasing a farm on Salmon Creek. High were my hopes and joyful my anticipations. I found the uneducated bushmen in their estimation well versed in farming from building log houses to the minutest details of stock raising. And as my experience especially in bush farming was nil I gave employment to some of them. But soon found their work, in my estimation, deproportionate to the shillings which changed owners. And more to my sorrow what money I had laid by while in business was gone, and, with practically no return from the farming investment, the changing leaves found me face to face with that question of questions for the pioneer, how will we get bread? I resolved to follow my trade. But where? The neighbors needed no tailoring. Their wives did their sewing with a darn-needle and a skein of woolen yarn. You may laugh, but in those days she was the woman, who, taking the fleece, never lost sight of it till, buttoned on a settler's back, it followed the oxen and chain to the near forest for their daily twitch of firewood.

But learning of a settlement twenty-five miles up the river prosperous enough to merit the name of New Canaan I started thither, arriving there I found work, though I must confess visions of milk and honey were soon dispelled by active life.

The farmers had a good supply of home-spun on hand, and I set to work gratifying their pride by producing garments in broadcloth style, receiving remuneration therefore at the rate of one bushel wheat per day. I followed my vocation among them till anxiety about my family led my thoughts homeward. Collecting my earnings, twenty bushels of wheat and a ewe, I borrowed a canoe and started down river.

Before leaving, the gossips admonished me to stop at a certain place and do homage, by asking the Mistress to visit me at my own house; otherwise, through the potency of her spell, ill would befall me for had she not followed offending parties in an egg-shell and destroyed them by an adverse tide. English stubbornness forbade this; but reaching Long Rapids I wished the dreaded witch would turn the tide, for finding myself mid-river the whirling water threatened to upset my frail craft, I however saved my cargo by wading myself, and past that had a successful voyage till I reached a landing place opposite the settlement where I lived. Then shouldering a bushel of wheat I followed the blazed road from thence to my home, a distance of two miles. My arrival was opportune and having a cow we feasted on boiled wheat and milk. Then wishing some flour I shouldered a bag and took it to a mill five miles distance. Thus I had bread.

Tired but not discouraged I still stuck to the farm with varied success. Sometimes a favorable season gave bounteous harvest and oft the hopes of seed time and hoeing were but mocking visions. With occasional work at my trade, however, I was able to keep the wolf from the door; and meantime the forest was slowly receding from my cabin.

The ewe I told you about multiplied into a flock, yielding more wool than my wife could card by hand. Times were advancing, and carding machines began to be introduced in some of the more fortunate localities of the county. The nearest to me, however, was ten miles distant, with a blazed road leading thither up hill and down dale. And as that was thought a privilege we would cheerfully shoulder the wool, starting while yet the morning star was bright that we be first in turn and make home the same day. I remember just now an adventure in one of those annual voyages. I was returning with the carded wool on my shoulder, and having heard of a short cross left the trail. Proceeding some distance I came to a rapid stream. Fears as to crossing were relieved only when after a long search I found the current spanned by the trunk of one of those old pines whose stumps and remains of trunks now attest to a former growth of greater size than those to which we are accustomed. My elation was suddenly chilled, as was my blood, when nearing the opposite bank, the head of an enormous bear issued out of a burnt hole in the log. Nor was my nerves restored to quiet, when an effort to retreat was checked by a rush towards me by the bear's mate from the other bank. The flaming eyes and snapping jaws of the last were engrossing all my attention when a pull on my claw-hammer coat by my rearward antagonist defeated the closing on me of the enemy in front. I saw no deliverance in the case as seized by an enemy from behind was even as bad for an Englishman as falling into the grip of an enemy faced. To me I was caught by a bear and the real experience was mine. Thoughts of home and a family helpless and bereft flashed across my mind. No hope or thought of ever seeing them again on earth, but a well worn garment had now its uses. That texture that lost its city gloss long ago was insufficient for the strain, my foot caught in the hole of the log, then parted flap and skirt, with a screech of sorrow (backward on his hunches goes the motive bear) headlong in the hole falls resistance I, with woolen door to bar from danger; while o'er his disappearing prize glides disappointed bruin, second, unable to reverse and seized his mate, as trap of steel. A splash to wondering me spoke their disappearance from the bridge, but nerves upset with sudden jerk made me unsensible then until when peeping forth darkness brooded o'er the forest.

Discretion led back to my chance abode until the morning, when careful scanning showed no danger. Relieved of fear but nervously hurrying I started homeward. Cracking underbrush soon shocked my high tensioned nerves. Bears only now are my dread. Experience teaches, and I improve Mather's plan of fighting bears, with a twenty foot trunk between, is adopted; but I had scarcely secured fifteen feet of this important item in a bear-fight when familiar sounds told me friends were near. Yes! My neighbors incited by my wife's night visions of me by bears surrounded had under my brother-in-law banded and started in search. Their providence in the shape of parched corn was greedily consumed by me. I after setting them to trembling by my recital, with difficulty led them back where I found my former opponents dead in a pool. Under my directions they were skinned, and I walked fast to keep up with my rescuers who carrying all they could made haste for home.

I will not weary you much longer. One thing more. My farming increased so that I had to have a barn. The timber being plentiful the frame was soon got, and as our settlement by this time boasted of a saw mill, the boards for closing and roofing were ere long piled near the

site. Then comes the raising, which I was soon informed by my droughty neighbors would be without John Barley Corn, so taking a twenty mile journey by a blazed road, I found work at Sussex, Kings County, and having earned the money, sent it by post to my uncle; 62 Shorne Square, London, England, and was in due time in possession of a jug of Jamaica, so the barn was forthwith raised.

Now you have a few events in my time. Think of the difference, a man with a bag of grain on his shoulder trudging through the woods, and a car steaming by loaded with flour from Ontario. Think of the weary voyages on foot through a wilderness, and the pleasant journey over a level road in a carriage, or in a car. Think of the weary days spent farming among the stumps, and the farming of to-day made easy by machinery. And having those opposite pictures in your mind consider well the heritage that has been gained for you by your forefathers in this our noble Canada, a country that is no mean part of the noblest Empire on earth.

A GARCON.

Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

TO EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Ever wishing to be abreast with the times, our town is now provided with a night school for young men. The different branches now taken up include book-keeping, arithmetic, grammar, French and writing. Thus far the school has proved very satisfactory and successful.

Following is one out of twenty-nine compositions read before the "Winter Night School."

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

This form of power is evidently destined to be that in and from which the transmission for driving machinery, vehicles of different kinds, lighting, heating and for domestic purposes will, in the not distant future be obtained. The sooner its peculiarities and properties are learned by the multitude the better will they be prepared to accept and deal with it when it comes to their uses.

The inquirer naturally asks: What is magnetism? What is electricity? and how is it made?

Magnetism as a term literally applied means the attractive and repulsive power of loadstone, which is an ore of iron with magnetic qualities. This term as a rule applies to that peculiar property possessed by mineral bodies and by the whole mass of our globe, the natural magnets being in fact but miniatures of earth, exhibiting on a small scale as far as we can observe the magnetic phenomena of the same and they mutually attract and repel each other according to determinate laws.

Each magnet whether natural or artificial has two poles known as North and South poles, these are points of greatest attraction which time will not allow me to detail.

Much has and will be said in regard to electricity, its uses and how it is obtained. Some writers claim it an ordinary matter, others it is a fluid has inertia and ect. Prof. A. B. Cross, before the Mass. Electrical Club of Boston, in Dec. '94 said: "We get the best ideas of it in a brief time if we think of the three different kinds of things we have to deal with. 1st is ordinary matter, 2nd energy, and 3rd electricity itself." But electricity is not an ordinary matter. It has not the property of inertia which is the fundamental characteristic of matter. Neither is it a form of energy. It has no weight but can be measured more actually than we can mete out anything else. Electricity is not matter nor is it energy, while it resembles both matter and energy in one respect, notwithstanding in that it can neither be created or destroyed. Electricity is a current of magnetism. No motive power can be obtained from any source except that it comes by the use of a current or flowing whatever the medium may be. You may have an ocean of water but not a wheel will turn until you put the water in motion in the form of a current which is caused by creating a difference of potential. Elevate your ocean of water and as it falls you receive your power. Thus in our magnets it is necessary to superadd to magnetism, motion whereby we obtain electricity. The store of energy is first found in the coal which is called into activity by combustion in the form of heat when applied under the boiler converts the water into steam and steam sets the engine in motion which in turn rotates armatures of magnetism exciting dynamo fields. This operation converts the force applied into electricity which if conducted over suitable wires furnishes light in nearly every form, preps the steamer o'er the deep, carries passengers with despatch o'er the steel rail. Such is the production and uses of electricity which is only in its infancy.

H. J. M.

S'ide.

Newcastle.

Nov. 17.—The weather of late has been very windy but it is more calm just now and the silence is broken only by the shrill howl of the "porker" in his death agonies.

Our local merchants Messrs. Miller, Thurrott, Yeemans and Robinson are showing full lines of fall and winter goods

and are prepared to give their customers the worth of their money and the "right change back."

The threshing machine of this place is about closing a lucrative season's work. Mr. H. S. Bailey, owner and manager, has given good satisfaction to a large number of patrons.

A number of the brethren of this place met at the parsonage this week to look after some needed repairs. The officiating minister Mr. A. Freeman was present and took an active part. Rumor says that a reception is to be held there in the near future, in which the rev. gentleman will be an important actor.

A sorrel quadruped of the equine genius was discovered near the Baptist church, tied to a spruce bush, at a late hour on last Bible-class night.

Mr. C. M. Larkin and Miss Lizzie Porter were the guests of Miss Stuart on Sunday evening last, despite the bad weather.

Report says that the genial Captain and owner of Schooner Maud S. is about to enter Hymen's Bonds.

We shall miss our Organist very much. Mr. Sypher is also one of the foremost officials of the shipping ports of this place.

John Bailey one of our enterprising business men started for the woods on Monday last, with a very large crew of men.

Mr. Geo. O'Leary our local humorist and modern Mark Twain, still continues to pay his nightly visits to the store where he entertains those present with his funny stories of rare wit and adventure.

Our respected teacher Mr. Gordon Knight has again resumed his arduous duties as Principal of the local academy at the Cove. He has not much time for rest between classes for the attendance is very large.

There seems to be a great boom in building just now. Several new houses are in course of construction. The one on Pleasant Hill is being erected by Jerry Coakley and is worthy of special mention.

A few days ago a little wigwag of 16th century architecture sprang up on the bank of the river like the "gourd of Jonah." Unlike the gourd however it still remains as the rendezvous of the merry coal-diggers where they make the night hideous with their blood-curdling yells.

Mr. James Munroe passed through the village yesterday en route to his coal mine.

Woodville Keeps Arising.

Woodville keeps arising; it really is surprising the rapid strides of progress she does make, etc.

Dunham.

"Woodville keeps arising" has long been sung in song, but last night it was proven to a certainty that she is on the upward scoot, when the Woodville band, which eclipses even that of Browntown, drove through the streets waking up the inhabitants to such cheering tunes as "The Protestant Boys," "Soldier's Joy," "Bona Crossing the Alps," "St. Patrick's Day," etc.

The ability of these gallant musicians, especially that of the drummer, who used an empty kerosene can in lieu of a drum was extremely striking, and was received with great applause by all, or nearly all who were so lucky as to be present at this rare musical treat, and for a while did all go merry as a marriage bell. But suddenly, like to a white squall on a summer sea, and just when the dulcet tones of "Sweet Marie" were being wafted out on the evening breeze, opposite the dwelling of our local judge Dame Tuck, the performance was brought to a very abrupt termination by the coming, not of Sweet Marie, but of sweet Alice, not the Alice alluded to in "Ben Bolt," but sweet Alice daughter of the Judge, whose attitude and performance was even more striking than that of the drummer, or any of his brother musicians, as armed with a drag hoe she charged the crowd.

The band wagon and its occupants were soon in full retreat, closely followed by the irate damsel whose shouts and screams almost drowned the soul stirring strains of "The Girl I left Behind Me," which was immediately struck up by the band on beholding the virago losing ground.

These gay musicians will, in all probability, perform before his honor Squire Palmer in the near future.

Miss Helen Slipp, of Upper Gagetown, is the guest of Mrs. Catherine Dunham, Holly's Hazen.

Our popular school teacher Miss Roderrick, has removed from her former boarding place, the "Cloisters" to Mr. Will Allen's of the "Jolly Cobbler."

Mr. Wm. Mercer is the guest of Capt. Cameron of "The Cedars."

The stmr. "Hamstead" ran aground just below Palmer Wharf last night and had to remain fixed in the mud till 3 o'clock this morning when she was floated off by the rising tide.

Most of the passengers, but for the hospitality of Mr. Whit Palmer, whose residence is hard by the place of the accident, would have passed a sorry night on board the cramped little steamer.

WITNESS.

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