

Board Works Office

# THE REVIEW

VOL. 8. NO. 47.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1871.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

## THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

## HIS TREACHERY.

Mistress Lydia Barrington was 18 when the lighting of that lamp in the belfry of the Old North church in Boston set ablaze the fire with which our county burned its ancient fetters.

Her home was one of those stately colonial houses whose pillared porticoes front the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Wilmington. Her father from the outbreak of the Revolution was among its staunchest supporters. He had been a soldier in his youth and had struggled through Braddock's disastrous campaign beside Washington. But in his middle age and when his country needed him so sorely an incurable malady held him prisoner, and he sent his only son to represent him on the staff of his old comrade.

When the British captured Philadelphia, they ravaged his estate and laid every resource under constant contribution. Yet they respected that grim warder, death, who watched the patriot's door, and they permitted his departure from house and lands to be postponed until that summons which none can disobey.

Barrington's wife rarely left him, and the ordering of their household fell into the capable pair of hands of their daughter Lydia. She brewed, and she baked, and she spun. She managed the dairy and supervised the poultry yard, as became the mistress of a large and isolated establishment in those days. But the while her thoughts and her prayers were for her country's strife with the same ardor which kept her father alive until he should behold that country's freedom.

Barrington Manor was set in the midst of the lovely district across which, backward and forward, the tide of war swept continually. Now the beloved bluecoats were warmed at its firesides and welcomed to every comfort it could supply. Then the abhorred redcoats clamored for the hospitality which would have been taken by force had it been refused.

Thus it happened that no surprise, though much reluctance, stirred the heart of Mistress Lydia when on an autumn afternoon she was summoned as her mother's deputy to receive a British officer so desperately wounded in a near skirmish that his troopers dared not carry him farther.

A dozen scarlet clad horsemen waited under the leafless trees of the avenue, and Captain Pelham lay, supported by a comrade's arms, upon the topmost step of the portico.

He had been shot near the lungs and was speechless. But he was conscious, and his letters bear passionate record that from the moment she appeared within the high colonial doorway he became Mistress Lydia's prisoner forever as well as her patient for a time—a time which proved to be for him and for her that brief stay in paradise which a tender old proverb promises once in a life to each child of Eve.

Through the ensuing winter, which was the winter of Valley Forge, Captain Pelham dwelt in the guest chamber at Barrington Manor. He was visited occasionally, when the movements of the American troops permitted, by his brother, who was a member of Lord Howe's staff, and by an eminent surgeon from Philadelphia.

For the most part, however, according to the custom of a hundred years ago, he remained the charge of his young hostess. Outside were cold and hunger, the dead ly strife of those dear to both, the hope of a struggling people sinking almost to despair, but within was love that made happy the present and assured the future with the fervor of their youth and the conviction of their mutual faith.

When he was able to walk so far, Captain Pelham made his way to that other

sickroom where Lydia's father lay lying and told his story. It was kindly heard. Endowed with the clear tolerance which the neighborhood of death bestows on some just souls, Barrington promised his daughter to her British lover when the war between the factions should be ended, which ever cause victory might adorn. Spring, though long delayed that year, arrived all too swiftly for those two.

Pelham was convalescent. His brother came no more. The surgeon's visit had ceased. Lord Howe desired him to resume command of his troop. Yet a few days and he must depart, unknown when he could return to claim his bride.

It was at this time that Lydia one midnight, wakefully confronting the clouds which overhung the future, was hurriedly called by her mother to her father's bedside.

He lay propped up among pillows, and he spoke with difficulty as he bade his daughter draw near. But she perceived that anxiety rather than pain oppressed him while he explained his need of her.

Owing to the situation of the manor, on the territory disputed by both armies, they were not unused to tidings by secret messengers from the younger Barrington in the American camp. The messenger who had been received half an hour since, was, however, the herald of a visitor whose safety during his stay would be of vital importance to the infant nation, for whose existence his life was the guarantee.

Washington himself desired to see his former comrade in the ensuing night, to take counsel with him concerning certain measures whereon he and his immediate advisers were at variance.

"The danger was great," Barrington said, wistfully regarding his daughter, "yet less great than at first it seems. Your mother and you can contrive that none other shall guess his presence here. Even should our servants discover what guest is with us we can rely upon them not to betray him. There remains Captain Pelham, who?"

"For him I answer," Mistress Lydia interrupted haughtily. "His honor is mine own."

"Nay, my child, there might be in his mind some uncertainty as to which way his honor directs."

"Shame, father," she cried, "you who know so well that the instinct of a gentleman's honor is as certain as that wondrous needle to whose guidance sailors trust!"

And Barrington, infected by the enthusiasm of her bright eyes, acquiesced.

The following day would be that on which a market was held weekly at a village within the British lines, where Philadelphia tradesmen brought such goods as the farmers could not supply from their own resources. It had been Mistress Lydia's custom, when the roads were safe, to visit this market attended by Augustus, an old negro servant, and it was agreed between her and her father that, to avert suspicion of unusual anticipation, she should proceed thither on the morrow.

Accordingly she was arrayed for this expedition when she sought Captain Pelham on the terrace in the next morning's early sunshine. A fair picture she made in her dark green habit with brass buttons, and her plumed hat—a picture he described with tenderest detail years afterward.

She found him pale and despondent as she hung over his armchair, loath to leave him for one of the few hours which remained of his stay at the manors. But he sent her resolutely from him, giving to her a letter for his brother, as was his wont on these market days—a letter which she was to deliver to a trooper who would be dispatched to receive it.

She rode forth, while Augustus, mounted on a tall horse and carrying a huge basket, paced soberly behind. Spring rains had broken the avenue into alternate courses of mud and water, and, as she bent to lift her habit yet farther away from the probable splashing, Pelham's letter slipped from her waistband.

With such haste as years and stoutness permitted, Augustus descended from his saddle and restored the packet to her.

Alas, it was wet and stained! "It will be the delay of nearly ten minutes to return and bid Captain Pelham address another wrapper," she murmured, glad of this excuse to behold the welcome in her lover's eyes.

She tore off the drenched envelope hurriedly, lest the damp should have penetrated, and looked at the inclosure with keen daintiness. Her look changed. Her color faded. Her lips set sternly. Happiness went out of Lydia Barrington's life while she stared at the letter confided to her transmission by the man for whose honor she had pledged her own.

Yet presently she lifted her head, and turning her horse toward the manor she rode up the avenue at a speed Augustus found difficult to emulate.

Beside the high oak chimney in the entrance hall stood a massive writing table. There she tore Pelham's letter to tiny pieces, and sealed them carefully within a fresh envelope, upon which she inscribed his name.

"Explain to Captain Pelham the mischance to his packet," she said. Though her lips were white her voice did not falter. "Inform my mother that I have ridden forth again unattended. Ask her to prevent my father from hearing that I have done so until I return."

Of that bitter journey, which led her by devious ways through rough country lanes, dangerous alike from marauding bands of friends or foe, there is slight mention in her journal. Nor is there more than the mere statement that she reached Washington's presence and delivered the message she had brought.

"I told him that our roof sheltered a spy," she wrote; "that I knew not how far his treachery extended, but that the visits with which the general intended to honor my father must be abandoned. I found him," she added briefly, "so courteous in trusting my information and in abstaining from question as shall make my memory ever grateful to him."

Even of her interview with her father upon her return there is scant account, save of his conclusion.

"When I informed him of the treachery of our guest and how I had been enabled to warn the noble man whom that treachery would have doomed, my father drew me down within his arms," she wrote—and the tearblister show upon those lines after 100 years. "My father blessed me."

"The honor of our name has always been well guarded," he said, "but it has never been safer than with you, my daughter! Go now, and bid your wretched lover farewell."

Mistress Lydia has recorded every slightest detail of that final meeting with Captain Pelham to which her father sent her as though impelled by terror of the future, in which love might reproach disdain with too stern a cruelty.

They met in the withdrawing room, where a pair of candles and a dying fire made flickering light. There those two gazed at each other's pale faces, with eyes through which humiliation and scorn burned that passion which would survive either.

"The one grace you could have bestowed upon the house whose shelter you desire to betray was to leave it when your treachery had been discovered," she said. "Yet you are here!"

"Could you conceive that I would depart before you return?"

"How should I conceive correctly the moods or motives of a spy?"

"Twelve hours ago you loved me."

"I never loved you, Captain Pelham! The man I loved was the creation of my dreams."

"Take not the past from me! You loved me—me!" he cried, sinking to his knees. "What I have done was for love of you—to bring nearer the day when I might claim you—nay, but you shall listen! With that great rebel free, the war, which parts us, may drag on for years. With him a prisoner his cause would fail. Peace would come, and with its coming I should win my wife!"

"Your wife, whom you would have dishonored by making her the unconscious means through which you betrayed her father's friend!"

"I never intended you to guess my share in his capture nor could dishonor reach you!"

"No, God be thanked! Not so much as by the touch of your fingers!" she said, withdrawing from his grasp the fold of her habit skirt.

She walked to the door. There she looked back.

Still kneeling, Pelham had flung his arms across a table and laid his head upon them.

She returned swiftly to him. She drew his fair, bowed head to her bosom and passionately kissed his white face, wet with a man's agonizing tears.

"I lied!" she gasped. "I love you—you—always—you eternally—as you love me. In so much falsehood this is truth. Yet better the width of the world between us than that you should read daily in mine eyes the memory of your dishonor—and so farewell!"

There are other records in that journal, of Mistress Lydia's—her father's death, her mother's grief, the triumph of that cause for whose safety this daughter of the Revolution paid so dear a price—but no further mention of her lover.

Yet the dozen letters which were found after her death treasured with the history of her youth are all signed with Pelham's name. Tenderest, most reverent of love letters, they cover a space of as many years, and close with one whose frail characters bear witness to their writer's

words.

"I am near the end now, sweet mistress! The end which is to be the beginning," Pelham wrote. "It will not seem long when I come to meet you in that country which belongs to both of us—that country where each patient receives pardon and where you will not turn away from him who, with all his sins, has been ever your loyal lover."—Helen Mackburn in New York Tribune.

## IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

Man and Wife Join Hands in Proclaiming the Great South American Nerve King of Cures for Stomach Trouble and Nerves.

Mr. S. Phillips, of Warton, Ont., writes: "I was very much emaciated by chronic dyspepsia and dyspepsia for a number of years. No remedy or no physician seemed to successfully cope with my case. When all else had failed I read of the cures being effected by South American Nerve. I decided to give it a trial. Before I had taken half a bottle I was much improved and felt greatly relieved. A few bottles of it have made me a new man. I am better and healthier than I had felt for years. His wife was also a great sufferer from stomach troubles and headaches. She says: "Seeing the wonderful effect it was having on my husband, I tried it also. The remedy gave me almost instant relief, and has cured and made a strong woman of me." Sold by W. W. Short.

## The Chin As An Index.

I have read Dr. Leuf's letter on "Physiognomy" in the Medical Council and am prompted to say, in reply to his request for contributions on the "chin":

Protruding chins characterize men and women of the get there type. Successful people usually carry their chins thrust forward with compressed lips. This chin if heavy with broad rami, indicates fighting blood. A retreating chin shows lack of force, mentally, morally and physically usually of the yielding sort: soon discouraged; desires protection; executive force. The development of other faculties often makes up for this defect.

A small well rounded chin with mobile and red cushion of flesh upon, indicates a pleasure loving owner. If dimpled, all the more so, for dimpled chins belong to coquets. People with dimples love to be petted and loved; like admiration and praise. Generally fickle. Usually this chin is healthy, recuperative and long lived.

Broad chins signify nobleness and large dignity, unless vertically thin, when with it there be thin lips of bloodless kind, you find cruelty.

Square chins with little flesh denote firmness and executive ability. These make good haters.

Drunkards usually have a circular line about their chins.

Slovens have wrinkles about their chins.

Long, thin chins are poetical, unstable and delicate in constitution. Such people are subject to bowel derangements. If thin through the angles of the mouth, they are prone to tuberculosis. Generally short lived.

Medium chins with a suggestive bifurcation in the centre, with small mounds of flesh on either side characterize generosity, impulsiveness, cheery natures. (The same sized chins, with a dab of flesh just under the center of the lower lip, indicate meanness, selfishness, brutality.)

N. B.—No one feature can be taken in judging character. Often development of other faculties of mind or features entirely governs. In each case take the totality of indications before judging.—St. Louis Clinique.

## The Life of Dr. Chase.

As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

Stranger—There seems to be a Sunday law in this town. Resident—Yes, sir, if you want to get shaved you will have to wait till Monday. Stranger—Oh, I don't want to get shaved; I want to get drunk. Resident Come with me.

## Wished to Be Prepared.

"I wish, my dear," said Mr. Frankfort to his wife, that you would let the hired man bring my rifle down from the attic while I get some other things ready.

"Your rifle she repeated surely you are not going hunting?"

"Not at all."

As he spoke he took a bowie knife from its sheath and began to sharpen it carefully on a whetstone.

"What is that knife for?" asked his wife.

"Well, I hope I will not have occasion to use it, but it is best to be prepared.

As he said this he examined his seven-shot revolver, and filled the side pocket of his coat with cartridges.

By this time the hired man had brought his rifle, and Mr. Frankfort made sure that he had a good supply of ammunition for the weapon.

My dear, begged his wife, wont you tell me what all this means? You are not going hunting. What do you need of all these weapons?

My darling, replied the brave man, do not be anxious. It is more than probable that I shall return alive, but if not, you will find my will made, and my life insurance policy is valid. Kiss me quick and hope for the best.

But where, oh where, are you going? Have you forgotten that I am a member of the Kentucky Legislature, my dear? I go to attend a regular session.

And before she could protest the brave man had snatched a kiss from her pale forehead and departed.

## Dr. Chase Cures Backache.

Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's Disease. People troubled with stricture, impediments, stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure kidney trouble.

## A Double Tragedy.

VANCOUVER, B. C., July 17.—A terrible double tragedy took place here Monday night. W. J. Immelt and Miss Kitty Askew had been engaged for some time, and had frequently quarrelled, Immelt being jealous of the girl. The latter who was a waitress in a restaurant, got home about 9 o'clock and found Immelt there waiting her arrival. They had words over some trifling matter and the girl went out, followed by Immelt. A few moments later people in the neighborhood were startled by a pistol shot followed by a woman's screams. Two more shots followed in rapid succession, and when the persons who heard the shooting reached the spot they found the girl and Immelt both dead. Immelt shot the girl through the breast and then sent a bullet through his own head. Immelt was 28 years of age and a blacksmith by trade.

## Can Work All the Time.

"My daughter was suffering with catarrh of the stomach, and tried many different prescriptions without benefit. Finally she began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it helped her at once. She has taken fifteen bottles and is now able to work all the time. We prize Hood's Sarsaparilla very highly." ANNA MERRILL, Eaton, Que.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

## Kouchibouguac Notes.

JULY 9.—The weather here is beginning to be very warm and there are quite a number coming home from the States.

The Misses Kelly arrived here last week looking well and expect to stay for the summer.

There was a very pleasant gathering at Mr. Con. Murphy's last Wednesday. Whist was played at three tables, and songs and a nice lunch was served.

There are going to be several picnics her this summer.

Joe still pays his regular visits to the point. Some say it is the mosquitoes that bring him out, but I think there are other attractions.

Pure, rich blood feeds the nerves. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures nervousness.

## THE BEAUTY OF AMERICA, RIVER ST. JOHN.

Beautiful, Romantic and Classic.

Can anyone define beauty? Can anyone analyze it? Can anyone even fully realize it? If so, then language is woefully defective, for no one can describe it. "I strive and struggle hard to render right, the music of my nature," says the poet, and each one of us feels impelled to strive to render right the impulses that well within him, when gazing on beauty in any of its varied forms, yet feels utterly unable to translate them into human speech or gesture.

However, the beauty we speak of, sing of and transfer to canvas or the marble, is after all only relative. We are surrounded, enveloped and borne down by beauty of all grades and kinds. There is more of real beauty in the kitchen garden of the farmer than the best painter on earth can transfer to canvas. There is more beauty in the ordinary human face than even a Titian or an Angelo could capture. There is more of moral beauty and grandeur in the life of the common laborer than a Scott or a Dickens or a Thackeray ever gave his greatest hero. There is more of God in that mischievous urchin, whom every one dreads to see around, than the written lines of a Macheyne, a Wesley, a Luther or a Pope Gregory reveals. Some see it, most do not. Two men look at a magnificent tree; one sees the grandeur and the beauty, the other fixes his eye on a knot and rotting limb, and can see nothing else. The mother is laughed at because she thinks her boy a hero; the mother is right, she knows her boy, others do not. If given the opportunity he will one day prove himself all his mother claimed him to be. The boy, who hunting on the bank, and exploring the recesses of the ravines, will know the river better than the tourist that merely studies its surroundings.

These were some of the thoughts suggested by a sail to Manguerville and a day at Belmont. How very rare and how perfect is the contour of the face of nature here, can only be known to those who have seen it. Standing on the top of Belmont tower and looking down the river we see the beautiful village of Oromocto. This means in the melodious Indian language, deep water. The village is really at the head of deep water navigation, and to it can come vessels of large size. This was no doubt the reason of the first English settlers in N. B., selecting Manguerville as their home. Another reason can be found in the immense and fertile meadows which line the banks and extend far into the country. These seem to be inexhaustible. After one hundred years of constant cropping some of them yet cut from four to six tons of hay to the acre. The two churches of Oromocto and those of Manguerville and Burton stand out in the morning sky and seem, despite the divergence of the theological views preached in them, to all point to the same clear, unclouded heaven. A slight haze is in the air which has its counterpart in the haze which envelopes the mountains of theology on whose emblematical tops these churches are built. The groves and meadows of Oromocto seem to cluster round the beautiful villas and to try to hide, while really disclosing their beauty, as some coy maiden draws her fan before her so as to enhance the effect of her flowing tresses. Right in front of us is the Island of Oromocto. The great elms and the thick patches of small trees are apparently of one mind. The elms stand as commanders warning off the rushing mass of water and ice that every spring assails the island, while the smaller trees like spearmen, stand closely meshed, to repel the attack. Across the river is seen the luxurious meadows and beautiful villas of Manguerville. Along the banks lie millions of logs, now being rafted. Something over 300 men are now employed. Tugs are moving in all directions towing the rafts to their places.

Looking up the river we see the spires of Fredericton in the distance. Nestling like a bird in the thick foliage, the genus of the city may be compared to some mother bird resting in the midst of the brood seated around her, Marysville, Gibson, St. Mary's, Nawassiss, Victoria Mills and Lincoln nestle close to the wing of the mother bird.

Near by we see the Wilmot homestead in which were born two governors, several political leaders and very many men and women of superior talent. It was built by Judge Bliss in 1820 and is yet in a condition of excellence, and is a fine sample of the early homes of our wealthier classes. Belmont and the shores opposite are still inhabited by the descendants of the grand men who stood for a united Empire. It has been said that England was gleaned to plant Virginia, but if so, the whole of the

Continued on page 4