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## LITERATURE.

### MENTETTA!

Or, Christianity, and Love, Integrity.

[Continued.]

Charles, (for it was he who had left the letter on the stormy night) had returned after eleven years absence, to the port from which he had sailed, and it was there, immediately after his arrival, he had learned of Miney's marriage and widowhood. And when it is known that from no less personage, than George, the young farmer, he received his information, it will be no matter of mystery to the reader, why he was so anxious once more to behold the face of the object of his young affection; nor will his not making himself known be thought strangely of, when it is known that the letter which he had written twelve years before and addressed to Miney, had been returned to him whilst abroad. As Miney's act, the truth of this Charles had always doubted, until he returned and had a conversation with George, who seemed a disinterested party, and affected to know but little of Miney's history; but from his slight acquaintance with her personally, when a girl, pitied her present condition. Charles thought he could discover in George an unsubdued attachment, which made him feel anything but comfortable. He therefore determined to visit the home of his boyhood, and if possible, without making himself known, see Miney once more; and for fear he might be misguided respecting her having returned the letter, he would leave it where she might pick it up as her father had done, and for fear she might be destitute, he would enclose a fifty dollar check. With this determination he and his brother shipmate, set out on their voyage to the village of L— where Charles hoped to learn some facts respecting Miney. Providence however did not seem to favour his movement, as no sooner had Charles and his companion reached the village than he received a Telegram from the owners of the ship, of which he was first mate, stating that on account of the Captain being taken suddenly ill, it would be necessary for him to return immediately. This blow fell heavily upon Charles, who was most desirous of remaining at home for a few days, particularly as a sight of Miney had filled his heart with new emotions, and he was most anxious to learn in some way, if he filled any place in the affections of one who was as dear to him as his own life. However he made all possible haste to the ship, which was reloading and cleared for the West Indies, holding the responsible position of Captain, for the unfortunate man who had been in charge had fallen by the cholera. This was a new business for Charles, and he felt himself inadequate for the task, besides a deep depression of spirits.

The captain who had promoted him from before the mast, step by step, had fallen by the relentless hand of death, and Miney, whose illness he had been informed of, were subjects well calculated to sadden a manly heart. But what could be done? Nothing, only to enclose another check of fifty dollars to Miney, and one to his aged and widowed mother. Bitterly did he now regret having lost the opportunity of making himself known; but to his mind the circumstances of the case forbade it. When Miney had sufficiently recovered to realise her helpless and destitute condition, her constant and faithful friend, Mrs. C. informed her of the check which had come during her illness.

This for a moment almost overcame her, and she exclaimed, it is from Charles! I have no friend now who is able and willing to bestow such acts of kindness on a poor unfortunate widow, but him, and I know it was he who came to the door and enquired the way to his native village the evening I was taken ill. Mrs. C. then for the first time related all she knew respecting the matter, and that Charles had sailed for the West Indies as Captain of the ship. This in a great measure overcame Miney; but being determined to learn all she could respecting Charles, as soon as her health would permit visited her native village and called to see his mother, where she obtained a clue to the probable cause of Charles' recovering the letter which he had left at her door. Some three years previous, Mrs. N. had called at Charles' mother's on a pretended errand, and in conversation, the old lady's absent son was spoken of, which led to the producing of a letter from Charles to his mother had just received. This circumstance alone left it clear to Miney's mind that her mother had enclosed the letter to Charles, and no doubt at the same time used her name in a manner that she herself would have scorned to do, and it was no longer a mystery why he had acted

so distant. The only wonder was why he would bestow a gift on one who was an object of pity rather than love. But such acts should not go unrewarded. She looked to a higher source than man to reward the only one who in reality ever loved her, and one who she must ever adore. Oh why had she yielded to become the bride of one who could love none but himself. What misery, what destitution she had brought upon herself by her own free deliberate act, free did I say? Well, perhaps not free, but an act at least to which she gave her consent. Once more she returned to her home, borne up with the belief that some day she would better understand the affairs, even if she never again saw Charles.

To be Continued.

## DIALOGUE.

MR. HARDFACE, MR. REASON, AND BILLY PIPER.

MR. H. Good Morning, Billy, you turn out early this cold morning; you see I have not made any fire yet.

BILLY. Yes, I started as soon as I got up; the old woman and I are out of tobacco and tea, and she sent me off first thing. Let me have a plug of tobacco and a pipe, I can smoke and warm myself at the same time.

MR. H. What have you in the basket this morning? Have you brought me some more nice butter?

BILLY. Yes—a small roll; we have only one cow, and can't make much; but the old woman does the best she can; she churns all the milk, and you get every ounce of the butter we make; for you know we must have tobacco and tea, and such like. I suppose you don't trust any, do you, Mr. Hardface?

MR. H. Oh no, Billy, the times are too hard for that. See, there is just two and a quarter pounds—it is a nice little roll—at seventeen cents a pound; it comes to 38 cents. Now what do you want for it, Billy.

BILLY. Well, the old woman said she must have a fine comb, a quarter pound of saleratus, a quarter pound of tea, two bunches of matches, and then I must take her a new pipe like this or she will be jealous, and the rest I'll take in tobacco; we must not forget the main thing.

MR. H.—Well, Billy, I have the articles all put up, and in your basket. When may I expect some more butter?

BILLY.—Oh, next week I'll be on hand again and I think I'll bring a dozen of fresh eggs—the old woman says the hens will soon lay.

MR. H.—How many hens do you keep, Billy?

BILLY.—We had five and a rooster, but two of them froze to death last month, and the old rooster came near going for it too; he got a great singeing, I tell you, but I guess he'll live after all.

MR. H.—Well, that was bad luck, Billy. But where do you keep your hens?

BILLY.—In the hovel with the old horse and cow, to be sure.

MR. H.—How many children have you, Billy?

BILLY.—I have seven, sir, and one what's dead.

MR. H.—Do you send them to school?

BILLY.—School, do you say? Why, I can scarcely get pancakes enough to keep their jaws going and how do you think I could send them to school? Learning may be all very well, but it won't buy tea and tobacco, nor send a man to heaven, as our good minister says; but I must be pushing for home. How much have I left for tobacco, Mr. H?

MR. H.—Nothing, Billy; the comb, matches, saleratus and tea, with the pipe and tobacco you got when you came in, just amounted to thirty-eight cents—the price of the butter.

BILLY.—This will never do, Mr. Hardface; you will have to trust me to one pound of tobacco or take back the things you have put up, as we have to pinch mightily to make one pound of

tobacco last us a week, and we have nothing to depend upon for paying for it but the old cow, unless the hens lay. Won't you trust me to one pound of tobacco, and the old woman will send you the eggs next week?

MR. H.—No, no, Billy, trust is dead in this shop. Look here, Billy, I will take back the saleratus, tea and comb, and then you will be all right. You may keep the matches and the new pipe for your old woman, as you call her.

BILLY.—All right; but she told me to be sure and bring the comb; however, the young ones may scratch till we get some eggs, so good morning Mr. Hardface.

MR. REASON.—That's a hard ticket, Hardface, but you should have given him the comb. Only think of the joy the old woman would have had this day, smoking your "Black Jack tobacco," and operating skilfully with the fine comb. You are hard-hearted as well as Hard-faced. Do you know, I think that men who deal in tea and tobacco should keep rum also, and have those three evils (which bear a resemblance to each other) kept together.

MR. H.—(Indignant)—Absurd, Mr. Reason, I would no more keep rum about me than the small pox. How can you propound such unreasonable doctrine, and you a temperance man.

MR. R.—I only said I thought the three should go together, Mr. H., and if you will keep cool, as you do generally, I will explain. It has been repeatedly said, and I think with some degree of truth, that if you want to touch a man's heart, touch his pockets; consequently whatever improperly interferes with a man's pocket is detrimental to his interests. This argument is used against rum, and very properly so. Now, you are doing a grocery business, and very properly oppose the rum business. Your neighbor is doing a rum business, and you frequently take extreme cases to show him up, and I find no fault with this, for his is a God cursed traffic; but, Mr. Hardface, just ask yourself the question, as a moral conscientious man, if, in your knowledge, you ever saw a man more fully given up to Bacchus than the very victim and slave you have just been dealing with is to tobacco; nor is this evil confined to himself. See him submit to having all taken from the basket, but the old woman's pipe, for the sake of one week's tobacco. Listen to his arguments about the education of his children, and take in all the similar cases, then offset them against other vices, and I think you will change your mind respecting tobacco. Thirty-two cents a week for this deluded couple to spend in tobacco. Look at your books, Mr. H.; count up all the tobacco and tea you have sold within the last twelve months, and see if a school teacher and minister (who do not use tobacco, and thank God there are many who do not) cannot be handsomely supported out of the proceeds. But I must be going, Mr. Hardface, I just called to invite you to attend an anti-tobacco and rum meeting, to be held at the Hall this evening, at 7 o'clock. Come, please, we want you for chairman.

Good morning, Mr. H.

[From the Physiologist.]

## PORK UNCLEAN.

We read in the Scriptures that Moses was a wise man, and that the Lord commanded him to write and tell his people what they must eat, and what they must not eat, saying unto him, "Stand thou by me, and I will make thee an instrument of communication with my people;" and that he wrote the law under the influence of inspiration, and must have told the truth when he declared in several places, as if to emphasise the fact, that the "Swine is unclean, and of him ye shall not eat, neither you in your day, nor your posterity forever!" In fact the word *Scrofa*, or *Scrofula* in the Latin, when translated into English, means "a sow!" and hence, this terrible disease has re-

ceived an appropriate name, from the early belief that the disease was peculiar to the swine, and as Lugol in his essay on Scrofula and its origin tells us, was derived from "sleeping with the hog!"

How any human being, pretending to be a Christian, and reverencing what the Scriptures so plainly and explicitly declare in reference to this vile and unclean beast, and then eat him. I have always been at a loss to understand! Let any one, whether he be a Jew, Christian, or heathen, examine the carcass of this filthy brute while living, or dissect it after death, and he will soon find abundance of evidence that Moses must have been inspired when he declared him to be unclean. Look at his skin, covered with mange, tetter, and scurf, from one extremity of the body to the other, and so irritable and itchy, that the poor beast is often crazy to find some convenient log or fence to rub himself against, in the vain effort to obtain relief from its itching sensations. Examine the inside of his fore legs, a few inches above his feet, and look at the open sores or issues provided by nature to drain off a part of the vile scrofulous ichor from his corrupt and filthy body. Fill a small syringe with quicksilver, and then introduce its pipe into the open mouths of these sewers, and inject the mercury, and it will run along these pipes and enable you to trace them to every part of his body. Place your hand around the fore leg near the body, and press down slowly towards the feet, and as you do so you will see the corruption flow from the open mouths of these pipes, like the drainage from a sewer. Sometimes when a fat hog wallows in his filthy sty, these little openings become filled up and closed, so that the scrofulous matter cannot escape from the system, when the animal at once sickens, and would soon die, did not his owner very humbly get over into his pen, and with a bucket of warm soap and water wash and scrape them open, until they begin to discharge again, when the sick hog soon recovers from his illness, and is saved as food to satisfy the hungry cravings of some epicure. Is it not wonderful that Christian men and women will eat these soured sore legs, and tell you as they smack their lips with a relish, that they are the sweetest and most juicy parts of the dirty beast? Having examined the outside of the hog, if you still disbelieve that he is "unclean, and of him ye shall not eat," suppose you take a look at his interior, and the deeper you go the dirtier you will find him. Dissect and examine carefully his neck, and look at the numerous grey scrofulous lumps, or enlarged lymphatic glands, filled with tubercular deposits, and if the animal you examine is only old enough, many of these scrofulous lumps will be softened, and filled with greenish or yellow matter, as the result of scrofulous ulceration. Now remove and examine his lungs, and if the animal you examine is upwards of one year old, his lungs will nearly always contain numerous deposits of grey and yellow tubercles, and if not slaughtered too soon, as food, will die of true Pulmonary Consumption. Remove his liver, cut through it with your knife, and you will find numerous yellow lumps of scrofulous or tuberculous matter, often in a state of ulceration. Remove the small intestines, and examine the numerous purple colored and enlarged mesenteric glands, often greatly increased in size, and filled with scrofulous deposits, and enveloped with fat, which the butcher so unceremoniously removes, glands, tubercles, fat, and all together, and afterwards "tries out," in the big iron kettle, removing the scrofulous extracts or essence, called lard, for the purpose of shortening pastry, and frying doughnuts, &c. Is it not amazing that Christian women will insist upon it that pastry made out of such materials is far nicer than when made with good sweet cream and butter?

Verily it is true, as the great lawgiver has told us, the "swine is unclean." Indeed, animal instinct teaches all the lower animals this important fact, and makes them avoid the hog as food. No beast or bird of prey will eat a dead hog. They may lie dead in the fields or by the road side, and no animal will touch them, unless driven to do so by the pangs of hunger and despair. No domestic animal will eat raw pork, unless driven to do so by starvation. Instinct teaches them all that it is unclean. Indeed it is an old saying, that "dog will not eat hog, nor hog eat dog!" It takes a man to do that! But perhaps some will say that under the law the hog was unclean, but under the Gospel it was purified. O! no! the Saviour of men did not come into the world for any such purpose; and besides, from the very nature of the circumstances, even the Gospel could not make that clean which was in its very nature unclean. If the swine was unclean in the time of Moses, he remains un-