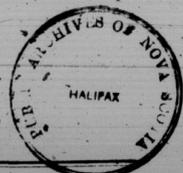


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The Siege at Metz.

The City of Metz has been exceptionally fortunate in possessing for its special correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," who was shut up within its walls throughout the siege. It would be invidious to say who would be the best representative of the British press, where so many have acquitted themselves so well, but certainly there is none who surpasses the gentleman in giving an air of impartiality to all he writes. Some writers—and especially the brilliant ones—have the false art of describing truth as though it were fiction; and others have the weak power of describing events that never occurred.

Now, whenever there was really a battle at Metz, Mr. G. T. Robinson was out in it; so serve his newspaper and help the wounded. His business was to that work before he is his experience of it after the battle of Bapaume. He is at the farm of the center of the late French position. Last night our troops held it; it was they who looted the walls. That blackened mark against the gable is caused by a shell from Ste Barbe, which had not strength enough to reach the wall, but which swung over the door in a parabolic curve, and fell in the form like most other round-shot in France, was an inn; also the very finger-post in front of the way there, and the place of the way there, is a shipping and packed in a sacrificial manner. It was once the Belle Croix which had its place his name. The place of the French camp-fire at the same spot yet slight, but there is no other mark. It is very strange this absence, for this was to be the great day of victory.

It is not to be wondered at, that the position of this field of death will be let us go forward, so ascending the rising land to our right, we work our way across the fields, and then upon the crown of the hill, and then, O God! what a sickening sight awaits us. There, infant, in a clean even line of dead Frenchmen three deep laid out with military regularity. Craning their necks to peer over that crest, the foe caught them; he had crept into that wood close by, and, as they raised their heads to aim, they were all dead men. Most of them have fallen forward on their faces, their arms extended, some with their fingers on the trigger. We never had time to pill. So he have needed backwards, and he there is a smashed and battered face to add up to heaven. If the blood of Abel cried to heaven for vengeance, these men's blood appeals also.

That battered image of their maker is their offering. There is another there whose face is half not away. Surely it must be fancy—but no, it moves; and then it flashes upon our mind that there may still be some living men yet here, and that therefore we have a duty to do in which a neutral may engage, and we go up to him. Yes, poor fellow this one still lives, though it might almost seem to be the greater mercy to end that life of pain which would he live, he will carry about with him. But, as he lives, something must be done. The question is, what? Not a French soldier is there, not a French doctor, not one that multitudinous and polygot cannibalage who sport their white coats with so much complacency at Metz. There is no help for it but get right up to the Prussians there, and ask in God's name their help for a wounded enemy. This is done; and with true noble-heartedness a party of their own men and a doctor we may find. Here and there we pick up another still breathing soldier, and consign him to the kindly hands of those who a few hours ago were just as anxious to kill him as they are willing now to save. This is the scene of the

hottest part of the fight, and the dead lie thickly round. The Prussian officer accompanies us, and like ourselves, he almost weeps over the spectacle. He is a non-combatant officer—an officer of the engineers—and though just where he stood the French dead lay heaped up high, he did not disguise the fact that there, further down in the valley, the Prussian dead this morning rose much higher. Once more I am on the road boggled by jumpers—their shadow falls heavier now; the road is thickly strewn on both its sides with dead and dying men—almost all on this side of the valley French, and almost all on the other side of the valley Prussians; for in these days of long range, that *metre* in the fight and that mingling in the death which made the chivalry of the wars of old, has passed away, and there is nothing left but dull animal slaughter. We still wander on, searching for the living amongst the dead. Five miles of dead and wounded are there in these valleys and up these hill-sides. There lies a Chasseur de Vincennes. Surely he must be living his colour is good—nor can he be deeply wounded. Why, then, is he so still? Hearing French voices near him, he jumps up, pretending to awake out of sleep. For about ten hours he has lain there in mortal funk—no other word will do—and the wretched coward appeals to us to deliver him from the hands of the Prussians.

After Bony, Mr. Robinson tells us that the Germans could have marched right into Metz if they had only chance to know that they were defenceless. As it was, they only rode round it, and looked into its formidable walls. Some Uhlans who had actually got as far as the railway station were scared away by a boy shooting sparrows.

Mr. Robinson, who saw much of what he writes about, has evidently no great faith in the military mind. If it is not Luck (as a great strategist once frankly declared was the case in war), it is certainly half the battle; and with the execution of that bit of good fortune for Metz, the luck was not on the French side—and they wanted it much. It is impossible to set forth the innumerable instances of tardiness, ignorance, want of accord, and general incompetency which Mr. Robinson's book attributes to the French commanders. They were almost all fools except Bazaine, who knew no more of strategy than the rest, but who had wits of a traitor; for that

it is impossible to doubt, if we believe our author. As for the science of the war, indeed—though it must be remembered he only saw the early days of it—the Prussians themselves had only an idea of achieving success—namely, by St. Privat, he writes: "Taking advantage of the two works of Douvilliers and De la Cuisse, the Prussians pushed forward enormous masses of men on to this point, at the same time making a strong demonstration from Ste Marie Chenes on the position of St. Privat. On they poured them. Our batteries of mitrailleuse established on the heights mowed them down at twelve hundred to fourteen hundred yards distance in long black rows. There was no science in their attack; it was simply brute force and stupidity combined; the more we killed, the more there seemed to be to kill. After a time they know it was physically impossible for us to keep on killing them; both our men and our ammunition would be exhausted; so on they kept pouring fresh troops after fresh troops in murderous wantonness. To crush by force of number seemed the only idea. There was no attempt to outflank us, which might so easily have been done, as their line was longer than ours, and we could not advance, they holding the roads in check. We were simply beaten not by tactics, but because we could not butcher any more. At last our ammunition failed us, and then the generals lost their heads. Regiments were ordered into impossible

places, overlapping each other in the clumsiest fashion, simply placed where they could be most conveniently killed, and then forgotten; no supplies of ammunition were brought up, and Carobert's corps was absolutely pushing back the enemy from his position on our right, really bending him back, when the last round his artillery had, was fired. At the same time the 67th stood for three hours right in front of a wood, being leisurely shot down by the Prussians, without a single cartouche to fire; not a single non-commissioned officer came away from that wood; and two-thirds of the regiment remained with them. An ambulance was pitched at a place appointed by Frossard, who, in half an hour afterwards, ordered some artillery immediately in front of it. Of course, the Prussian fire comes tumbling into it so silence this, and over it into our ambulance to silence many there. Bursting in the midst of the poor maimed, wounded, and amputated men, come the shells, and the horrors of war are intensified to a pitch beyond the power of the most devilish imagination to surpass. Good God! this is glorious—splendid war! The profession of arms is certainly the noblest calling when it is conducted thus; here are poor men killed over and over again, and they go through the horrors of death many times; and what with their generals, and their doctors, it is a wonder there are any left. Certainly glory is very beautiful when it is contained in a shell's ambulance; and one is rather puzzled to define what is murder, or what not. It seems to me that somebody ought to be hanged for this, and then the agony would be completed.

Talking of glory our author gives us a curious account of that infamous "BAPTISM OF FIRE" by which Napoleon endeavored to win his soldiers' hearts by the sacrifice of his boy's feelings. Never since that devil's sacrament, was the Prince Imperial seen in public again. On that day of August, when that most willful mind was done—on that day when a special train took the emperor, the prince, the marshals, and as many generals as could be got to witness in a staid and homely to Nanteuil, the poor little nervous child was made to direct the first mitrailleuse fired by the army of the Rhine. The shock to his system was more than he could bear; old soldiers might indeed weep, but they wept for sorrow when they saw the poor little fellow's terror at the dreadful sound. The special train which took him out from breakfast a moderately healthful youth, brought him back to dinner a shattered lad, hysterically afflicted with what is called St. Vitus's dance; and he never was exhibited in public after that time.

It is well that at some periods of life, at all events, nature will not permit us to become butchers. Even grown men shrink from the contemplation of the shambles when the work is done. Speaking once more of the sacrifice of their men made by the Prussian chiefs at Gravelotte, our author says:

"NINE MILES OF DEAD represent the great line of that day's battle; for round the valley from Donecourt to the Bois des Oignons, in front of Gravelotte, cannot be less than nine miles, and every mile is strewn with dead. Pray, stop one moment, and think of any nine miles you know, and try to realize the fact, that these nine miles, between breakfast and dinner time, were covered with killed and wounded men and horses."

It is wickedly selfish of us at home to shut our eyes to such pictures because they are so horrible to contemplate, and then to be so ready to cry out "War, war!" on the least occasion—ignorant of what it means, and of what it may cost our own fellow-countrymen. Here is a picture which such thoughtless persons would do well to hang up in the gallery of their own memory; it is a battle-piece.

AFTER GRAVELOTTE, by Robinson. Daylight begins to dawn, and we seek carriage—that is, getting into carts and mule carriages—to convey our wounded. Now, as we raise them up, and torture their poor wounds by moving them, for the first time do we hear a cry. The groans of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, do not exist on the battle field; but far more dreadful and awe-striking than they would be, is the awful stillness of that battle field at night. There is a low quivering moan floating over it—nothing

more; it is a sound almost too deep for utterance, and it thrills through one with an indescribable horror. You seem to feel rather than hear it—it creeps over every sense. Hardly a word is uttered, save only a low, half-wailed-out thought of: "Où! ma pauvre mere, ma pauvre mere!" Nothing is more touching—nothing fills one's eyes with tears, and makes one's lips quiver more than this plaintive refrain, chanted out as a death chant by so many sons, who never more on this side the mysterious boundary they are crossing will ever see again that long-for mother. "Où! ma pauvre mere, ma pauvre mere!"—the wail seems to creep over me yet.

Enough, however, of the reverse of the medal, Glory. Let us look at its BRIGHT SIDE. The Chasseurs d'Afrique, center past as though coming from a review; it is wonderful to see how clean and smart they look. Regiment after regiment moves by. The Zouaves march straight over the country—straight in a line they go—nor wood, nor wall, nor steep hill-side, nor deep ravine stops them. It is their boast that they take a bee line from point to point, and they would sooner lose half-a-dozen lives than deviate a yard. It may be very grand, but it strikes one as rather foolish, when we see how many that last hill took out of them. The sun is now fairly up, and this side of the medal of war is wonderfully picturesque and inspiring. Gaily dressed regiment after gaily dressed regiment flashes by. Bright waves of color seem to pass over the hill; even the rapid rattle of the artillery, as it rolls along the road, has an exciting and inspiring sound, which, for the moment, wipes out the thoughts of the night.

Nor are some strokes of humor absent to supplement these glowing descriptions. Though the Prussians are brutal enough to shoot or threaten to shoot in cold blood the fugitives—who are the counterpart of our English Volunteers, and even of their own Free-shooters, raised by special proclamation, when Luck went the other way, and the French were invaders of Prussia—they are good-natured and almost respectful to women.

Whilst the Prussian troops were gradually investing us in Metz, these ruthless rough-riders rode into every village, when least expected. In one of these a poor old woman was washing what little store of linen was left her. She was very old, and her gray hair sprouted in silver tufts from her golden skin. The young women all of a bed, and I fear as young will, had taken most of the linen with them. At an instant she, alone was left, and was thus engaged, when up rode some half a score of horse diagonally. They left in front of her; they speak their barbarous tongue. The foremost man dismounts, and draws his sword. "Poor old woman!" she falls upon her knees, and raises up her wrinkled hands and shrill voice for mercy: "it is in vain. Not all those cries, not those silver hairs, nor can even that golden skin keep that ruthless man away; neither are a ring and a protector's her. Raising his sword with one hand, he stretches out the other towards her, and grasps her soap. This he puts in two pockets the one half, places the other on the well wall, and growling out something like "Pflui, n'ni!" from his hairy lips, retires. Poor woman! The shock was too much for her; she lost her temper, and swore at those retreating Teutons for being—thieves."

GETTING RICH BY FARMING.—J. R. Garesse describes, in the American Rural Home, his visit to a farm of E. B. Root, well known as an enterprising farmer living west of Rochester. He began farming when eighteen years old, on thirty acres which his father left him. From the products of his farm, as he increased it in size, he paid off all the heirs, bought on and improved 400 acres more, then worth \$50 an acre and now more, than double; put up some \$20,000 worth of buildings, and now lives on a fine estate of 700 acres, with thousands invested besides. He has never made a dollar by any outside speculation. He takes hold with his own hands, or is always in the midst of his business. He adopts the following rotation: One-fourth of the ploughland in wheat one-half of which is in fallow and half on barley stubble; one-eighth in corn and other food crops; one-eighth in barley; one-fourth in pasture and fallow; and one-fourth in meadow—clover always after wheat—and the fallow deeply inverted clover sod.

LATE EUROPEAN NEWS.

PARIS, APRIL 12.

Canonnading before Paris recommenced. Women invited to organize for defence. Napoleon is at Chislehurst. Commune claims that Versailles troops were repulsed with heavy loss on Thursday evening, in attack on Southern Forts. A loud cannonade since last night (12 m.) between Chislehurst and Southern Forts. Commune Journal proud provision to widows and children of National Guards.

APRIL 13.—Citizens leaving Paris in great numbers. Versailles in a way about southern forts suffered severely. Attack made yesterday by Versailles troops failed. Latter have been driven Neuilly. Englishmen have been warned from Paris by their Consul. Delegates from party of conciliation in Paris to Thiers failed, the latter insisting former shall not lay down their arms.

APRIL 14.—Heavy cannonading tonight. Mont Valerien firing heavily. Versailles reports say that communists' victories unfoiled. Paris roads all occupied by Versailles troops. Reds report that Thiers renounces even an armistice. Hoop property in Paris to the value of 2,000,000 francs destroyed by shells.

APRIL 15.—Government troops everywhere defeated before Paris. APRIL 16.—For D'Isy repulsed. Several successive assaults of Versailles were made on Friday morning and Saturday, with severe losses to assailants. Gen. Doubravski attacked Government forces at Neuilly yesterday, and claims that he took 400 prisoners. The engaged continued through the night. Five consecutive attacks made on various points were repulsed with great slaughter. Losses of the Government troops were dreadful. It has been decided not to demolish the column in Place Vendôme, but to displace statue on its apex.

APRIL 17.—The Versailles army has been concentrating for the last four days and a general and formidable attack is momentarily expected. The Germans at Creteil have been reinforced with 18,000 men and are preparing to intervene. Cannonading and musketry firing continued throughout Sunday. An obstinate struggle is going on at Neuilly where the ground is disputed inch by inch. The Commune is resolved to continue the defence to the last. The sale of horse-flesh has again commenced, and there are other signs of a scarcity of food in the city. Versailles troops are spreading around the city. They are in strength at Gennevilliers and extending the lines to St. Denis. The people are flying from Paris in great numbers. The city consumes only five-eighths of its usual quantity of food. Doubravski's wound will disable him for a few days. The Versailles Assembly has ordered the Municipal Election in Paris for the 20th inst. It is rumored that the representatives of England, the United States and Italy are jointly urging the Commune to a truce. A dispatch from Melbourne, Mar. 28th, says all the Australian colonies are fortifying their forts in consequence of a warning said to come from the home Government that a descent is threatened by American filibusters.

APRIL 18.—A slight shock of an earthquake was felt in Scotland this morning. Thiers, in a circular just issued, confirms the announcement of the capture by Government troops of Chateau Breon and the batteries at Asnières at Clichy. Nothing has yet transpired regarding the proceeding of the Joint High Commission, but it is believed the negotiation will be completed early in May.

MARIVAUX, a celebrated French writer of romances who flourished in the last half of the last century, having one day met with a sturdy beggar who asked charity of him, replied: "My friend, stout and strong as you are, it is shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," said the beggar, "if you but know how lazy I am." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see that thou art an honest fellow; here is half a crown for you."

Making Love.

In Seville, which is popularly believed to be in Spain, there is in use a most felicitous invention in the way of making love—clandestinely. After dark, young couples steal beneath the lady's lattice—which, perchance, is in the third storey—and softly unscrewing the handle of their walking sticks, proceed to extract from the same, which is hollow, length after length of hollow-tubing, screwing them together after the fashion of a Japanese fishing pole, or the old apparatus where-with sweeps clean chimneys. A mouthpiece is fitted into each end and one raised to the window above. Soon by the aid of this improvised speaking tube, two souls with a certain unanimity of thought and two hearts with a possible union of pulsation are softly communing.

Now this is all very nice, selectively romantic, and all that sort of thing; but mark what the knowledge of it brought to a certain youth of Baltimore. He had read of it, or heard of it, and happening to have a surreptitious affection for a young and wealthy lady, which she as surreptitiously reciprocated, he determined, with her connivance, to avail himself of it. He got a tin pipe of the desired length, made by a tinner, and in each end of it placed, for want of a better mouth-piece, a funnel. Delicious conversation went on, he sitting on the top of a water barrel and she leaning from her window above. They would converse for hours, and exchange all the soft nonsense in the world, and then he would unscrew his apparatus, put the funnels in his pocket, wrap the pieces up in a newspaper, and go home in a condition of ethereal bliss. The course of true love never did run smooth, and one evening the old gentleman, smoking in the back garden at an unusual hour, saw the young gentleman arrive, fix up his apparatus, and commence his soul-communing operations.

He made up his mind in a minute. He went into the kitchen and asked for a pitcher of boiling water; it was handed to him and he posted up stairs. Just as he reached his daughter's door he commenced calling to her. So telling her lover to wait a minute, she came to the door. "Nellie, my dear, run up to my room and get my spectacles; I'll wait here until you come back." She disappeared up stairs, and he stole cautiously to the window. The minute he touched the funnel the amorous and unsuspecting youth clasped his mouth to it to resume where he left off—my darling, you cannot imagine how—Just then the old gentleman commenced assiduously filling the funnel with hot water, and the rest of that miserable youth's sentence was never heard. He wore flour on his face for a fortnight after, and declines to go into society at present.

Just How It Happened. The pet of a family residing not far from La Grange street is a boy who has recently passed his fifth year, and having just donned his first jacket and trousers is attending a primary school. The other afternoon he failed to come home at the usual hour, much to the alarm of the household, and after a long search he was found, soon after dark, at the Providence depot. He was sent to bed without much explanation, though it is possible his treatment was what Solomon would have recommended in such an emergency. The next morning he was down to the breakfast table, evidently none the worse for the lesson, and perhaps the wisest. Taking advantage of a lull in the conversation customary at the morning meal, he turned his grave countenance towards the head of the table, and giving free vent to his over-charged mind, he exclaimed, "I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school, I went part of the way home with Mary—, and at the corner of a street where she left me, I kissed her and she kissed me, and then I found I was lost." There was an explosion round the table just about this time. It is suspected this is not the first young gentleman who has been lost under similar circumstances.—*Halifax Reporter.*

A JEWELMAN lost an eye over twenty years ago, which he has just found under his bed, and the Boston "Advertiser" surmises that his life hasn't been made unhappy by being clean.

A Plea for Printers.

THEIR CHANCES FOR LONGEVITY—REQUISITES TO INCREASE THEIR EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

A writer in *Our Monthly* has evidently been inside a composing room, if he has not dug a living out of a case. He thus sums up the results of his experience: "Working for forty editors and scores of authors, every one of whom is as sensitive as a sore thumb, and as lively and interesting as a hornet, no wonder that printers die young, and only pachydermatons, grizzled, mulish specimens get their share of life."

"How infants, early-blast! Be it in peaceful slumber rest! Rescued from the thump and jeer, Which increase with growing years." The writer wishes he could offer himself as an awful example of the perils which environ the man who meddles with cold-type. A thoroughly trained printer should have had a stepmother and then a stepfather, and then have been bound out to a tanner, and then have married a scolding wife and lived in a smoky-house, and have had a family of babies who were afflicted with the colic. He should have had his hearing damaged with the mauls, and to have abled to all this discipline a thorough knowledge of science, art, law, languages, theology, history, and geography. If, in addition, he has a vicious-looking countenance and an amiable disposition, he may stand some chance with those authors and editors; but the probabilities are, after all, that they will carry him to death.

I Guess I'm The Man. A farmer living in Oxford county, Maine, went down to a town not a thousand miles from Portsmouth, for the purpose of purchasing a yoke of oxen, as he had been informed that there was a lot of very fine stock for sale by one of the wealthy land owners of that place. Arriving in the best farming district of the Cumberland County town, our friend met a man driving an ox team, of whom he inquired: "Can you inform me where Mr. Wall lives?"

"Wall lives in a number of Wells living around here. Which one do you wish to find?" returned the stranger, who was a stout-built, keen-eyed man, habited in homespun, but bearing in general appearance some-take table looks of ease and comfort, so far as finances were concerned. "I don't know what his Christian name is," persisted our friend, "but he is the owner of some very fine oxen." "Well," replied the stranger, "they all own pretty fair oxen."

"But the one I wish to find has oxen for sale." "As for that, sir, I guess they'd any of 'em sell if they could only get their price." "Bill," exclaimed the Oxford county man, the Mr. Wall I wish to see is wealthy?" "Yes, well, I reckon there ain't any of them very bad off," replied the other with a nod. "My Mr. Wall," continued our friend, hesitatingly, "has been represented to me as being a very close-fisted man, and not scrupulously honest in all his transactions."

With a curious twinkle in his eye, and a gentle pat upon the hunch of his near ox, he said: "To tell the truth, sir, I guess they are a close-arsed set all around, and I never heard that honesty ran in the family. Isn't there something else?" "Yes," replied the searcher for oxen, desperately, "they say he has been caught in the act of robbing his own brother's chicken coop." The stranger bowed and smiled. "I guess I'm the man; come with me and I will show you as fine a stock of cattle as you can find in the State, and if you know what oxen are, there is no danger of getting cheated."

Tragic End of a Murderer. Our readers will remember the case of the colored man named Hugh, alias Wm. Grant, charged with committing a murder in Demerara and captured some time since owing to his walking into the Police Station here for a night's lodging and finding himself confronted by Police Inspector, Horace Joseph, of Demerara, who was in search of him. He was taken on board the brig "Florence" to be conveyed to Demerara, and soon after sighting Demerara Light ship, he jumped overboard. The vessel being under full sail, some time elapsed ere she could be rounded off, and in the mean time the look-out aloft watching the prisoner struggling in the water, saw a shark bite and take down the miserable being!—*Halifax Reporter.*