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PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA HALIFAX

Down in a Well.

In a little village near Bazeilles, before the fall of Sedan and the occupation of the surrounding country by the Prussians, a party of Zouaves caught sight of a young officer of hussars, who had ventured alone on a daring reconnoissance in advance of his party. They instantly gave chase. Our hussar dashed away; but two or three light-heeled French soldiers rapidly ascended a piece of rising ground, and were able to bring down his horse with their far-ranging bullets of the Chassepot. The hussar was presently made prisoner; and as he spoke French, they complimented his captors in a similar vein on their skill and celerity.

The Zouaves at once became very friendly—gave him some wine and a cigar, while they searched him.—The only things they found in his pockets were a Dutch pipe, an empty tobacco-pouch, an old knife and a French letter. Of course none of the French knew a word of German, and were still less likely to decipher a word in the German handwriting; and, thinking it might contain something worth knowing, they ordered their prisoner to translate it for them, first making him go down on his knees and swear upon his honor to give them a faithful translation. He explained that the letter was from a brother officer in one of the new regiments which had not yet been engaged, and that the part torn off had been for his pipe. He then read what remained:

"The waggons with our rations are on the way, but we find them very slow. This is altogether a very hungry business. It began with hunger of the French for our lovely Rhine—"

Some execrations burst from his captors, and the prisoner stopped; he was instantly ordered to go on. And this is realy not surprising, because they once possessed it, and know what a beautiful country it is. Have we all swear—do we not, my friends?—that never again shall French *foache* hop on the banks of that lovely river."

The prisoner was here interrupted by a demand to be informed if the word *foache* was of an insulting character, but, being assured that it was merely a philological in natural history, he was allowed to proceed.

"The French are woefully off as to generals. Only see how they use cavalry to attack our infantry and artillery in a wood! And this repeatedly. Then they are continually surprised: one of the greatest faults, you know. Our officers are never surprised. M'Mahon is a valiant fellow—not a first-rate general, but a good and honorable man—notwithstanding the out-and-out (*ganzlich*) thrashing we gave him. Besides that, we were always able to outwit (*abolisten*) him by Von Moltke's art. Bazine seems a very good and trust-worthy man; so does Trochu—but then he is far more German than French."

More execrations.

"Now for the chief commander in chief—what do you think of—"

The unfortunate hussar paused; he was ordered to go on, and obeyed, at the point of the bayonet, his oath.

"What do you think of old Zuchtpfahl?"

The hussar explained that it was a pun—a mere *calembour—jeu de mots*—not to be translated. Here one of the Zouaves cunningly insisted upon having at that part of the letter; and then it was found that the Prussian correspondent had written this word in French.

"But what do you think of old *Trophée*?"

The great commander of Paris was thus designated as too much old cabbage!

Some of the Zouaves were for shooting or shooting their prisoner on the spot. In vain the hussar pleaded to make them see *he* had not written the letter—*he* had made the offensive jest. It was written *to* and not *by* him.—The jaded captors said they could not enter into any of these fine distinctions, and he should *therefore* be shot as a spy!

It appears that this very logical conclusion would have led to the speedy execution of the luckless hussar, but for the intervention of the Zouaves suddenly attracted their attention, in a humorous way, to the fact that it was a promising thing for a Prussian; that such a wit in a barbarous, beer-swilling nation deserved some favor; that his offence was only committed by proxy, the letter being written at second-hand, because he received and not written the letter. This interposition was received with great laughter, and the punishment of the bullet or the bayonet was commuted by a proposal to throw the hussar into a well.

This well, as they knew, was at the present moment nearly empty.—But rain was beginning to fall, and after rain the well generally became full even to the top. So down this well they lowered—with many taunts and jokes, not unmingled with a few grim yet not quite unkindly pleasantries—our luckless hussar, whose only error consisted in his patriotic daring, and in not destroying a friends letter, which contained a "promising pun—for a Prussian," on the name of the great Trochu.

Heavy rain fell soon after the hussar was down; and one of wags of his Zouave captors took the trouble to run several hundred yards to a garden, in order that he might return with a large cabbage, which he threw down the well, supplementing it with a few hasty words, in which the wit, the grossness, the recklessness of *all* lives, the *bonhomie*, and the self-devoting patriotism, struggled for ascendency. And so the victim was left. The heavy rain seemed likely to continue through the night, and the fate of the young hussar was settled.

Of course it was settled. In the morning, when the Zouaves went to look at the well, they found it full.—"*Pauvre diable!*" said one of them. And then another Zouave began to reason, and say that, after all, the young Prussian fellow could not help what his friend had written. And presently several of them said "*Pauvre diable.*" And shortly afterward they met the hussar coming round a corner, shivering, and saying he had had "a cold night of it!"

The rain had caused the water to rise in the well near to the very top, and the hussar—having had the sense to make himself, from boyhood, a fine swimmer—had simply "trod water" for some two hours and a quarter, varied by resting with "suspension of the chin," and when the water rose to the top, he just stepped out. The sprightly Zouaves were so delighted with the result and its explanation that they took him to room near at hand, made him warm "inside and out," and gave him a hint to slip round a corner of the house and he was off before the officer of the night-watch got sight of him.

After the grave apocryphal manifesto of the Emperor Napoleon—not to speak of many of the telegrams—one does not know what to believe. We may doubt the authenticity of the above story; but certainly there is nothing in it at all improbable.

Affairs in Paris.

Balloons bring out from beleaguered Paris occasional letters, which are eagerly read, and regarded as an index of the state of affairs within the walls of the once gay capital.—To a great extent, however, private letters probably indicate only individual feeling and knowledge; the real rendition of the masses can scarcely be revealed by them. Some of these epistles are full of spirit and hope. One lady writes: "We bear gayly all our troubles and all our privations. Patriotism has so changed every body that the Parisians appear a people of brothers; noblemen and workmen sleep side by side on the ramparts, and use their best endeavours to help each other. Woman have apparently no longer any vanities; toilets no more form the question of our days. We have made a vow to wear the same dress until the siege is over." She goes on to say that as there is nothing like necessity for bringing out natural resources, the Parisians—always clever cooks—are inventing several new dishes. The *filet* of horse is now generally regarded as strengthening and succulent; but the flesh of the ass is considered still better; and mice are cooked up into delicate and savory dishes. Another writer hopes that "in spite of William and his innumerable and disgraceful escort, the city of Paris will not cease to dictate to the whole world the supreme laws of elegance and good taste." An indication of this natural "good taste" is noted in the perceptible change in the mode of dressing the hair. At least such is the testimony of one lady, who asserts that, taking advantage of the flight of certain personages, who had gray, thin, or read hair, and who inflicted on fashion their indispensible false hair, Parisian ladies have at once restored to liberty their own locks, so long hidden under the despotic artificial chignone. Brown plaits, carefully smoothed down, light ringlets, at once graceful and natural, have alone adorned for some days the delicate and pretty heads of young ladies, who are delighted to have their most beautiful adornment restored to them.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Murder of Mr. Lincoln.

John H. Surrat delivered a lecture lately in Rockville, Md., in course of which he said he was introduced to J. Wilkes Booth in the fall of 1864, and that after meeting several times, Booth proposed to him a plan to effect an exchange of prisoners, which, he said, the United States Government had refused to make. The plan was to kidnap President Lincoln, and carry him to Richmond.—Surratt, after two days' reflection, informed Booth of his willingness to join in the plot; but such a thing as assassination was never spoken of by any of the party.

Months passed before an opportunity was presented to attempt the seizure; however, all arrangements were perfected, and boats even were in readiness to convey the captive and captors across the Potomac into Virginia. One day information was received that President Lincoln would visit Seventh street hospital, for the purpose of attending an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The report reached them only about three quarters of an hour before the time appointed; but so perfect was their communication, that they were instantly in their saddles and on their way to the hospital. This was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. It was their intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of their men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland, via Bennet's bridge, over the Eastern branch of the Potomac. They felt confident all the cavalry in Washington could never overtake them. They were mounted on swift horses, besides having a thorough knowledge of the country—it being decided to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits. They depended for success upon the suddenness of the blow, and celerity of their movements. To their great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but another of the Government officials was—Mr. Chase, he believed. They did not disturb him. This was their last attempt, and separation finally took place. This scheme of abduction was concocted without the knowledge or the ossistance of the Confederate Government in any shape or form.

Surratt left Washington on the 15th of april for New York, two days before President Lincoln's death, being in Elmira on business for the Confederate Government as spy.—He registered his name as John Harrison. Subsequently he learned at the breakfast table of the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward; but he put so little faith in what one of the guests said that he remarked it was too early in the morning to get off such a joke as that. The guest then showed him a newspaper, but as no names were mentioned it never occurred to him that the assassin could be Booth or any of the party, perhaps for the reason that assassination had never been spoken of during his intercourse with them.

The Boston "Advertiser" says that the appearance of John H. Surratt upon the lecture platform is a phenomenon which would be possible in any other country than the United States, and even in that tolerant community must excite amazement. This man, who was mixed up in the wickedest crimes of the century; who hid in many disguises for years, fled from one country to another, and was caught at last under the shadow of the Pyramids; who has confessed his guilt in conversations of which we have sworn testimony; who has never been acquitted, and who gained his freedom by a technicality,—that this man should be able to address an audience within sight of the dome of the capitol, and gloat over his share in the conspiracy of Booth, is one of those incredible things which make the wildest fiction seem tame in comparison.

THE following is the correct list of the bridesmaids chosen for the marriage of the Princess Louise:—Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyle; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marchioness of Ormonde; Lady Alice FitzGerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; Lady Grace Gordon, daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Huntly; Lady Florence Montagu, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich; and Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of the Earl Russell.

THE city of Cleveland, Ohio, "in imitation of Chicago," is excavating a tunnel under Lake Erie, a mile and a half from the shore, for the purpose of procuring a supply of pure water.

Going Home With Sally.

One bright, moonlight winter's night, in the days of "lang syne," when log school-houses, cheap school-masters, and blue-beached rods were the only instrumentalities used for teaching the "young idea how to shoot," we chanced to attend a "spelling school" in a certain rural district, the geographical localation of which it is not now necessary to mention. 'Twas there, however, where our eyes first fell on a "fairy form" that immediately set our susceptible heart in a blaze. She was sixteen, or thereabouts, with bright eyes, red cheeks, and cherry lips, while the auburn ringlets clustered in a wealth of profusion around her beautiful head, and her person, to our ravished imagination, was more perfect in form and outline than the most faultless statue ever chiseled by the sculptor's art. As we gazed, our feelings, which never before had aspired girl-ward (we were scarcely eighteen), were fully aroused, and we determined to go home with her that night, or perish in the attempt! As soon therefore, as school was dismissed, and our "ladylove" suitably bonneted and cloaked, we approached to offer our services as contemplated, and we then learned an important lesson, viz: the difference between *resolving* and *doing*. As we neared her to put our design into execution, we seemed to be striken with a sudden blindness; then, red, green, and yellow lights flashed upon our vision and appeared and disappeared like witches in a phantasmagoria! Our knees smote together like Belshazzar's, and our heart thumped with apparently as much force as if it were driving ten-penny nails into our ribs! We, in the meantime, having reached Sally,s side, managed to mumble over something which is, perhaps, known to the Recording Angle, but surely, is not to us, at the same time poking out our elbow as nearly at right angles with our body as our physical conformation would admit.

The night wind blew keenly, which served, in some sort, to revive us, and as our senses returned, what were our emotions on finding the cherished object of our primal love clinging to our arm with all the tenacity a drowning man is said to clutch a straw! Talk of elysian, or silding down greased rainbows, or feeding on German flutes. What are *sich* "phelinks" in comparison with those mighty ones that swelled our bosom nigh unto the bursting off of our waistcoat buttons! Our happiness was simply *ecstatic*, and every young lady or gentleman who has ever felt the mighty throbbings of a newly-fledged love, will completely understand the world of bliss hidden under that common word.

Well, we walked on pleasantly toward our Sally's home, conversing very easily and sweetly as we passed along, until so courageous did we become that we actually proposed "to go in and sit awhile," to which our dulcinea very graciously assented. Alas, for us! how soon we were to be reminded that the, "course of true love never did run smooth."

Sally had a brother of some ten summers who accompanied us along the way, and who was in wonderful high spirits at the idea of his sister's having a beau, and he circle around us, every now and then, giggling in the height of his glee, and examining us as closely as if Sally and ourself were the world renowned Siamese twins, and he was taking his first look. Bill, by the way, was a stubbed, chuckle-headed boy, whose habiliments would have made the fortune of an ordinary dealer in mop-rags.

At length we arrived at the bars, and while we were letting them down, Bill shot past us and tore for the house as if pursued by a thousand bulls of Bashan. He flung open the door with a bang, and shouted at the top of his voice:

Mother! Mother! Jim Clark is *comin' hum with Sal!*"

"Is he?" screamed the old woman, in reply, "*Wal I declar'! I didn't think the sap-head knew enough!*"

Reader, we didn't go in.

AN EDUCATED BED-BUG.—Just as a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bedbug took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I have been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas-city spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott gray-backs; but I'll be blowed if I was ever in a place before where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!" And he sadly gathered up his baggage and departed, in search of a house where the bugs are less highly educated.

Hereditary Transmission.

Common observation strengthens the conviction that positive qualities may be handed down by descent. The seminal principle as well in animals as in vegetable life, is an organized entity, subject to the plastic power of physiological laws, growth and development. The offspring is like a bud from the parent stem, which at the proper time is cast off and adapts itself to a separate and individual existence. Is it then to be wondered at that the same susceptibilities and capacities which the progenitor showed are endowed with it? How often do we observe that the offspring not only bear a resemblance to the parent in form and feature, but in manner and action? A proclivity to certain habits, either excellencies and virtues or deficiencies and vices, have distinguished entire families, both in the male and female branches. There have been families, every member of whom were prominent artists (as the Churches), or actors (as the Booths), or literati (as the Beechers); in other families nearly every member is addicted to special vices (*exempla sunt odiosa*)!

In regard to the corporeal existence or following generations, it is a sad experience that many diseases are inculcated to the offspring by the same hereditary law. Scrofula, syphilis, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, palsy, and apoplexy are often propagated by marriage to succeeding generations; and if it is probable that most of these diseases may appear in the progeny, it is nearly certain that insanity or epilepsy will be propagated by parents if they were the original ailments; nay, a predisposition to such a disease as cancer, or even intemperance, as to be inherited from parents, is not less probable.

This liability to the perpetuation of maladies by marriages is frightful to contemplate. A proper understanding of this subject is, therefore, necessary to bring our social state to a high degree of healthfulness.

Anecdotes From Metz.

The French prisoners, and, above all, the sprightly papers published in Metz during the siege, are ready and anxious to tell stories, romantic enough, of the fight around Metz. In the battle of the 18th of August—how long ago it seems—Changarnier and Le Boeuf, it is said, had retired to a little hill to watch the action, and there found a Prussian officer with his legs shot away, who had been carried thither by some comrades, that he might be out of harm's way. Old Changarnier rushed to a brook below, filled his hat with water and ran back to the officier, whom he saw was fainting. The Prussian, a handsome officier of the Royal Guard, was so touched with this kindness of a General and an enemy, that he asked his name. The old veteran told him, and the two became well acquainted during the day, Changarnier occasionally returning near him. After the action was turning the officier became suddenly overwhelmed with pain and died in the arms of the old French General, murmuring "meine mutter" as he held his mother's picture up. Changarnier had him honorably buried there, and the picture was recently sent to the mother.

There were no end of curious escapes from the murderous fire of the 31st August and the 7th September. A French captain found himself suddenly surrounded by a hundred Prussians, and was surrendering when their captain shot him, and he fell from his horse. Indignant at such cowardly conduct, he rose and tried to fight, but the soldiers marched over him, and when his men came up after repulsing the enemy, he was supposed to be dead. But he rose, shook himself, and marched off. The Prussian captain's ball had struck upon his decoration, flattened, and the Frenchman lived to capture the man who attempted to kill him. On one occasion a French soldier was lying on his belly, shooting when he got a chance at a stationary Prussian regiment, when a bomb from a battery at a great distance covered him with a clean handsome sod, turned over him as nicely as if cut by a spade. It took him some time to dig out. At another time a Sergeant and a reconnoitering party from the gates of Metz were all but two swept away by one deadly rain of shell. The Metz papers relate with some gusto, the story of a wonderful rooster who travelled with the 95th regiment of the line through a number of battles, and who invariably crowed when the French won, and dropped his tail when Prussian success ran high. His cage, which was mounted on a caisson, was penetrated by shot a number of times, but the valrant bird is still alive.

The Francs-Tireurs.

One thing is certain (writes an occasional correspondent of the "Times" from Tours), that the Francs-tireurs have become a most important element in this war. Not so much from the number of the enemy they may kill off with pot shots, but from the serious interruption they cause to that system of tentacular feeling of the far distant surrounding country, so to speak, which has been one of the essential features of this marvellous German invasion of France. He adds:—"The Uhlan scouting system was essential to the Prussian method of invasion. Well, if they have not done much else, the omnipresent Francs-tireurs have clipped many, at least, of these important tentacles. We hear little more of the "four Uhlans." The German corps and divisions and minor massed bodies have to make their way about the country as they best can—sometimes in the dark, sometimes in twilight, but no longer in the blaze of noonday (to them) as they did at first. Singly each scouting *avant-coureur* of Uhlans may be of no vital importance. Cut off all the tentacles of the *pieuvre*, and his fate, sooner or later is sealed. This is just the work the Francs-tireurs are doing, and have largely done. No wonder that a sagacious instinct prompted the great Prussian strategists to declare a war of extermination against them from the outset, to declare them an organized brigandage, to say that they were not regular, respectable, commissioned soldiers, entitled to the immunities of war when captured. The Francs-tireurs have now grown into a great, serious, and regular institution. They are all uniformed, in a thousand fashions, but distinctively and unequivocally. They are regularly commissioned and brigaded, and now responsibly attached to the armies of the regions in which they operate and swarm. When captured they cannot conceal or disavow their character. Why have they not a right to serve and defend their country, thus invaded, in this way as well as in any other?"

A New Field for Advertising.

An entirely new field for advertising has been developed by a rostrum vender at DesMoines, Ia. At a recent funeral the minister, after making some remarks, inquired if any dear friend of the deceased wished to say anything on his solemn occasion. A stranger here stepped forward, and, after expressing some sympathy with the friends of the deceased, remarked that the ways of Providence were inscrutable, and, in this connection, he wished to mention that he was the agent for a first rate article of hair vigor for the State of Iowa. The corpse had used it for years with great advantage, and he confidently recommended it, especially to the minister and undertaker present, as he perceived they were both painfully bald. "Shake the bottle, gentlemen, and rub the matter in well with a stiff brush," said he. At this stage of the proceedings a slight disturbance occured, and the hair vigor man dissappeared.

Cooking Food for Domestic Animals.

All doubt of the economy of cooking, by steaming the food fed in winter to all the domestic animals, is removed by the many careful experiments that have been made under a great variety of circumstances, by the most reliable men in the country. The improvement and reduction of the cost of steam generators has, of late, been very great. The danger from their use has greatly retarded the more general introduction of arrangements for steaming food for stock. They are very economical and safe, operate well, and are so simple that any farm hand can run them.

A great advantage arising from steaming all the food for stock, in which there are liable to be seeds of any description, is, that the vitality of such is destroyed, and the manure is freed from all noxious weed seeds—a matter of much greater importance than it is considered by culturists generally.

The chaff of our grain crops, which contains most of the foul seed gathered with the crops, should be *steamed* to destroy the vitality of the seed, ere it goes into the manure heap. If not steamed before it is returned to the land, it would be better to burn it, rather than take such an amount of foul seeds back on the land.

CEMENT FOR IRON AND STONE.—Glycerine and litharge, stirred to a paste, hardens rapidly, and makes a durable cement for iron upon iron, for two stone surfaces, and especially for fastening iron in stone. The cement is insoluble, and is not attacked by strong acids.

GLEANINGS.

FORTUNE-TELLERS.—Bank clerks.

A GOOD fat cat now costs ten francs in Paris.

ACCORDING to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

THE man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave of a barrel.

"SWIVEL SERMONS" was the name a young minister of lazy habits gave to a package of sermons which he "could preach to any text."

A BET of $20 against $100 was recently made between a jeweler and an auctioneer at St. Louis, that a diamond could not be dissolved.

SUSIE JENNINGS, of Marshalltown, Ina., ox-whipped an insolent snifer last week. She told him to go, and, as he didn't go, she goaded him.

A SILVER shekel, said to have once lain in one of the vaults of King Solomon's Temple, is on exhibition at Norwich, Conn.

A PREACHER in Lexington, Ky., used the word "churchianity," and defined it to be "an outward hull of a profession of religion without the inward kernel of piety."

A WORSE MISFORTUNE.—"Was it your eldest daughter, madam, that was bitten by a monkey?" "No, sir; it was my youngest. My eldest daughter had a worse misfortune: she married a monkey."

A WRITER in the London "Fiargo" says: "I am sorry to say the health of the Princess Louise is so bad, that no less than four medical gentlemen accompanied Her Royal Highness from Scotland to Windsor."

A LOUISVILLE "Courier Journal" recently published sketches of from twenty to thirty of the most noted murderers of that city. It is a remarkable fact that the majority met with violent deaths, and that in nearly every instance whisky was the moving cause.

TOO SWEET.—A country paper says that a young lady was recently discharged from one of the largest pickle factories in that neighbourhood because she was so sweet she took the acid out of all the vinegar. What a number of nice young men would like to marry that young lady.

A PHILADELPHIA saloon keeper has issued the following "time table" for the information of his patrons:—6 A. M., "Eye Opener;" 7, "Appetizer;" 8, "Digester;" 9, "Big Reposer;" 10, "Refresher;" 11, "Stimulant;" 12 M., "Ante-Lunch;" 1 P. M., "Settler;" 2, "A la Smyth;" 3, "Cooler;" 4, "Social Drink;" 5, "Invigorator;" 6, "Solid Straight;" 7, "Chit-Chat;" 8, "Fancy Smile;" 9, "Entre Acte;" 10, "Sparkler;" 11, "Rouser;" 12 M., "Night Cap."

THEY have some nice printers out West. A Typographical Union recently "ratted" a U. S. Senator named Ross, for working against the wishes of the Union. Another "rat" is mentioned as being a "prize fighter, bounty-jumper, dead-beat, drunkard, and general libertine." Another "is readily recognized by the smell of his feet through his boots." Another, was "arrested some years ago on a charge of counterfeiting, and only escaped the penitentiary by joining the Confederate army."

TOM AND JACK become members of a Sunday school. The teacher inquires their name, ages, &c. "Well, my lad, what is your name?" he asks one.—"Tom," promptly answers the juvenile.—"Tom!" said the teacher, "that does not sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thom-as. "Now, my son," turning to the other boy, "tell me what your name is?"—"Jack-ass!" replied the lad, in a tone of confident decision.—The teacher desired the lads to take their seats.

THE LAST SURVIVORS.—Many years ago, in England, there was a band of freebooters, all quite young men. One of them abandoned it, reformed, studied law, and rose to the rank of judge. While sitting to try one of the band, whom he recognized, but not in the least thinking the prisoner would know him, and feeling some curiosity concerning his former associates, asked his old chum what had become of the band. The prisoner heaving a sigh, replied: "They are all hanged but your lordship and me."