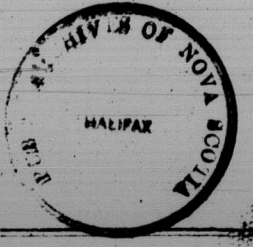


# CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

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Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1871.

No. 7.

## The Horrors of Civil War.

Excavations have been commenced in search of the bodies of the fallen people who were massacred beneath the ruins of their houses in the Rue Royale. In one place which I passed, water was being poured from a pile of smoldering cinders, from underneath which we could distinguish sounds of voices—prayers for help from persons in the cellars. Bodies strewed the place on either side the barricade and up into the Place Concorde. There is scarcely a public building in the city, which was said to be the first in the world, that has not been disfigured by artillery or consumed by fire. I took a walk down the Rue Rivoli towards the Hotel de Ville, to judge of the amount of damage done, and at the corner of the Rue Castiglione became aware of the approach of a great crowd of people, yelling and shaking their fists. The cortege was headed by a company of mounted gendarmes behind whom came two artillerymen dragging between them a soiled bundle of rags that tottered and struggled, and fell down under the blows that were showered upon it by all who were within reach. It was a woman, who had been caught in the act of spreading petroleum.

Her face was bleeding and her hair streaming down her back, from which her clothing had been torn. On they dragged her, followed by a hoisting mob, till they reached the corner of the Louvre, and there they prepared her up against the wall, already half dead from the treatment she had received. The crowd ranged itself in a circle, and I have never seen a picture more perfect in its details than was represented by that scene. The gasping, shivering figure in the centre, surrounded by a crowd who could scarce be kept from tearing her in pieces, who waved their arms crying "A bas la femme!" on one side a barricade, still strewn with broken guns and hats—a dead National Guard lying in the fosse—behind a group of mounted gendarmes, and then a perspective of ruined streets and blackened houses, culminating in the extreme distance in the still burning Hotel de Ville. Presently two revolvers were discharged, and the bundle of rags fell forward in a pool of blood. The popular thirst for vengeance was satisfied, and so the crowd dispersed in search of further excitement elsewhere. I continued my walk along the Rue Rivoli. Not a house was intact. Fragments of iron shutters lay crumpled with the heat across the doorways, through which nothing but wreck was to be seen; not a roof or a window sash—black, crumbling everywhere. The road was littered with broken glass, unexploded shells, and bits of shattered gun-carriages. In one place there was a tub, or what had been one, its four wheels blown away, and its back and sides riddled with bullets; at intervals along the wall white sheets or blankets, dabbled in blood, from under which came legs, and feet and hands, showing where there had been summary executions.

The Luxembourg owes its salvation to the accident of there having been 400 Communists wounded in it, otherwise all the preparations for its destruction had been made. I met many parties of

rounding by a cordon of guards, smiling on the crowd that was executing them, and marching gaily to the Place Vendome, where they probably were shot. The women of Paris have appeared late upon the scene, but their appearance was inevitable. Many have been killed on barricades, some in open street combats, but their special work has been the organization of the system of fires, which has, unfortunately, answered too well. Three hundred women, dressed in National Guard uniforms, have been taken down the Seine in boats, and it is said, that many of the sham sailors who defended the Rue Royale so bravely were women in disguise. It appears that it was discussed by the members of the Commune whether it were preferable to

burn or blow up Paris.

The former plan was chosen, but mines have been discovered leading from the Hotel de Ville to the Louvre, which seem to point to an idea of finally concluding their reign with an explosion as soon as their great stronghold should become untenable. Plans, too, have been discovered among their papers for laying wires in the great sewers, which should by a complicated arrangement of galvanic batteries communicate with depots of pirated oil of potash and blow up the whole of the great city at the same instant. People have long said that there was a presentiment of danger in the air, but it remained for the members of the Commune to show us how vast and diabolical a scheme of destruction they were capable of inventing, but, fortunately, not of putting into execution. A party of 300 prisoners had just gone past my windows escorted by a company of Hussars. Among their number was a woman with flowing black hair, who showed symptoms of contumacy, and was several times pushed back into the ranks with the flat of the sword. She made several attempts to escape, and at last, having wearied the patience of her captors, a soldier raised his revolver and shot her through the heart. She fell, a heap of dark clothes; the cortege passed on, leaving her lying as she had fallen. Citizen Valles was taken opposite the Hotel de Ville, made a struggle for life, was dragged up the Avenue Victoria with some other members of the Commune, and in consequence of his insubordination, received a sabre cut across the face. Arrived under the Tour St. Jacques, a volley was fired at him which stretched him on the ground. Still he continued to writhe, and the persons who had been taken with him, and who expected momentarily to share his fate, implored the captain of the guard to put him out of his misery; a bayonet thrust was given, and it was all over. His remains were conveyed to St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

I reached the Headquarters of the Fifth Corps, where I was present at the examination of some prisoners that were brought in, as every soldier who thinks he has good ground for suspicion can arrest men or women, and drag them to the divisional tribunal. They are captured in shoals. One lame man with a villainous countenance, who was brought in while I was there, was accused of being a *chef de barricade*, and having been taken in the act. He was put through a short sharp fire of examination, his pockets emptied and his clothes felt, and he was then hurried off to take his place in the ranks of the condemned ones that are forwarded to Versailles. The bitterness of the belligerents against each other is of a far more intense and sanguinary kind than that which ordinarily exists between combatants. The soldiery, looking at the pedestal on the Place Vendome and at the numerous public buildings which in some form or other are associated with their military history, now all smoking ruins, can scarcely contain their rage, and not unnaturally vent it with ferocity on an enemy which deliberately planned the destruction of Paris as the price of victory to the conquerors. I saw a soldier suddenly seize a man as he was apparently harmlessly walking

along the street; his pockets were emptied and found to contain cartridges and combustible balls of various sizes. Another soldier and a sailor rushed to the spot; the latter drew his revolver, and I expected would have shot the man then and there, but he was satisfied on seeing his comrade prod him sharply with his bayonet. The two soldiers then hurried the culprit off in front of them, cutting him occasionally on the head, and accelerating his progress with the points of their bayonets, while they cursed him heartily. A small crowd eagerly followed to see his fate. One woman was caught with these fire balls on two occasions, having succeeded once in escaping. As a general rule, the

HAND-DOG LOOK

of the prisoners is their most striking characteristic. I passed one gang of about 50 yesterday, and tried in vain, as I walked by their side, to catch a man's eye, or even to see a face turned fairly up to the light of day. With heads bare, and eyes steadily fixed on the ground, they passed between rows of people, who howled and hooted at them, and it was not till I reached the head of the short column that I observed a slender figure walking alone in the costume of the National Guard, with long, fair hair floating over the shoulders, the bright blue eye, and a handsome, bold, young face that seemed to know neither shame nor fear. When the female spectators detected at a glance that this seeming young National Guardsman was a woman their indignation found vent in strong language, for the torrent of execration seems to flow more freely from feminine lips when the object is a woman than if it be one of the opposite sex; but the only response of the victim was to glare right and left with heightened colour and flashing eyes, in marked contrast to the cowardly crew that followed her. If the French nation were composed only of French women what a terrible nation it would be! Lord Lyons arrived in Paris on Friday from Versailles, and instantly found himself under fire. The Embassy bears many marks of the fight, and a few minutes before my visit a shell, said to have been charged with petroleum, burst in the adjoining garden. I have in vain tried to find a house which did not exhibit some bullet holes; the iron shutters of the shops are riddled, the windows broken, and the angles of the houses here and there splintered by shells. On the Church of St. Augustin I observed the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," peppered with the bullets which these rival sets of Republicans had fired at each other. Here and there are pools of scarcely dried blood. All the palace which made Paris the wonder and admiration of modern times are heaps of smouldering ruins—her finest boulevards shattered, her gardens laid waste, her gutters running with blood, and an awful settling down heavily over her lying agonies as she completes, in compliance with "the inexorable logic of facts" which has formed her only religion, her own suicide.

Among the persons found guilty of setting fire to the buildings by means of petroleum, a woman was arrested near the Rue du Bac by some soldiers of the line, who thought her manners suspicious, and who was found to have several bottles of petroleum slung round her, by means of a belt fastened underneath her dress. She was

AT ONCE SHOT

by order of the officers commanding at this point. This fear of petroleum has caused the authorities to visit the sewers in this direction, and the search has brought to light some

CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.

It would seem that by means of these subterranean passages the Commune have been able to supply their adherents with food and ammunition. On the opening of a sewer, near the Luxembourg, quantities of petroleum bombs, packets of cartridges, wine, bread, and salt provisions were found. A couple of men, father and

son, were shot by the Place du Palais Royal, at the end of the Rue de Richelieu, who had confessed to having set fire to the palace. They were placed in a trench in which some six or eight dead bodies of insurgents who had been shot the day previously were lying, and the instant the volley was fired, fell dead beside them, the elder of the two falling on his back, the younger on his face, doubled up as it were; about 400 people were standing round within a few yards.

A Romance of California.

The golden colonies of California and Australia furnish inexhaustible materials for romance, and the imaginative freshness, characteristic of the building literature of those regions, is no doubt stimulated by the novelty of surrounding scenes and incidents. When people are poor one day and absolutely rolling in wealth the next, when they glide luxuriously along in "palace cars" over a country where last year the coyote and grizzly rambled undisturbed, and when they gaze upon scenery whose stupendous majesty renders all former recollections of nature tame and monotonous, it is not strange if they attempt, in Emerson's sense, to develop their individuality, and in striving to be original should sometimes succeed. A tale comes to us from San Francisco so oddly dramatic as to be worth recording. It appears that a charming young lady—of course the story would lack interest were she commonplace—fell in love with a person, called by his own class, and those with whom they consort, a "sport." In other words, he was a dealer at a faro-bank, and as such excluded from the society wherein his fair enslaver habitually moved. But they met by chance at a public ball, and just as Claude Melnotte appeared from among his flowers and cabbages the haughty Pauline, who was destined to become his bride, so from amid his marked cards, chips, and coppers, did the young gentleman lift his eyes to this lovely girl of San Francisco, and forgot the gulf between them. So in the sequel did she. Somehow they were introduced at the ball, and afterward they met—this time not by chance—at a photograph gallery. They were subsequently described by the sympathetic artist as they appeared on the occasion. She wore blue, and had "a wealth" of golden hair. The captive "sport" was "faultlessly dressed" in full black, garnished with diamonds, and had "a love of a mustache."

The first clandestine meeting was followed, and is apt to be the case, by others, and to tell the tale briefly, wound up in a secret marriage. All went smoothly for a time, great as was the risk, and the honeymoon, masked in secrecy as it was, seemed to promise well. But presently a tiny cloud darkened the skies of happiness. It came, to quote the words of a San Francisco journal, "in the shape of a live, healthy man of business, occupying business relations with the young lady's papa." This healthful and eligible gentleman soon became a suitor for the young lady's hand. The father, who is represented to be a "merchant prince" of conventional prejudices, favored the suit. It was avoided quite naturally, by the daughter, and finally entreaties, expostulation and menace brought on an explosion. "All was confessed and the horror stricken parent was dumb with rage and mortification. But this young, yet astute, child of the setting sun was equal to the occasion. "What's the use," she persistently asked, "of making a fuss about it? The thing's done. The only question is, how can it be undone so that I can do as you wish?" The father listened in silence, and the daughter went on: "I believe my husband is already tired of me, and I know I am of him. No one knows this. Go and buy him off. Make him consent to a divorce. Give him what money he wants, and then I can marry the rich and prosperous New Yorker." The guileless scheme appealed strongly to the business in-

stincts of the "merchant prince," and he straightway set to work to realize it. Several interviews followed with "sport," who proved as sly as the blind goddess he followed, and finally \$20,000 was agreed upon as the sum to be paid him for consenting to the divorce.

This was promptly carried through. The rich New Yorker, none the wiser, soon came for his bride to the golden gate, and their engagement was formally announced. And now follows the path of this romantic story. The marriage was to take place in a week, and the intended bride was all blushed and complaisance. Father and bridegroom vied with each other in lavishing costly gifts upon her, and the unsophisticated creature had a sumptuous trousseau made ready to be carted eastward to New York. But the night before the wedding a thrill of dismay ran through the household. It was the story of young Lochinvar over again. The bride had fled, and worst of all, with the insidious "sport." The \$20,000 and the trousseau, together with the wedding gifts, we need hardly say, bore the faithful pair company. A letter was soon found addressed to the father. It stated, simply, that the young lady had changed her mind, and that when she had been told that she would be far on her way to New York, escorted by her former husband, whom she had married again. Whether the whole plan was arranged beforehand by way of getting a start in life that had failed to supply, must be left to conjecture. It is said, however, that the father has not been obdurate, and that on the accepted condition that the green cloth should be abandoned forever he has forgiven the twice wedded pair, and made his son-in-law his business agent in the Atlantic States.

The Temperance Question in Parliament.

Our readers will recollect that Sir Wilfred Lawson, M. P., has every year, for several years past, introduced a "Prohibitory Promissive Liquor Bill" in the British Parliament. A debate generally ensues upon it, and it is every year lost by a large majority. Sir Wilfred takes hope from the fact that every year his minority increases, and more members decline to vote against it. May 17th last, it was again introduced; there were many petitions for and against it. One against the Government Licensing Bill from Manchester was 600 yards long and weighed 44 lbs. The principle of the Bill was this: that two-thirds of the inhabitants of any district should decide whether or not licenses should be granted in that district.

Sir W. Lawson, on introducing the Bill, said that strong drink was one of the greatest causes of crime and pauperism. "The member for Derby, Mr. Bass, had recently published a pamphlet showing that £117,000,000 sterling was invested by licensed victuallers. From this pamphlet he discovered that £100,000,000 per annum was expended in intoxicating drinks. He asked whether this was not lamentable, and whether the very fact did not make them shudder at the results. They were told it was only the "low" public-houses that were to be feared. He was of a contrary opinion, because he thought it was the "respectable" houses which first seduced men from an honorable path in life. When they resorted to the "low" public-houses men were lost and beyond control; but if the first temptation had never existed many poor creatures would not have been in that lamentable condition. He asked that House to remove these temptations as far as possible. Wherever "respectable" houses existed the land-lords naturally did all they could to increase their trade; it would not be natural if they did not. Sir Titus Salt had carried out the prohibitory system on his estate, and it had resulted in the people being happy, contented, and blessed. The prohibitory system had worked well in America. Of course those opposed to such a system could put forward instances of drunkenness in prohibitive districts. They could tell how people go down into a cellar to have their shoes blacked, and there receive any quantity of alcohol. These things did exist, no doubt; but the question remained—whether drunkenness had been decreased by

the prohibitory system. He contended that it had lessened the evils in America, and would considerably lessen them in England if carried out. Mr. Wicehouse, in moving that the bill be read a second time, said that the bill was a popular measure, and said the people would have their way; and he could tell the house that if they passed that bill the people would not permit it to stand. He had no objection to totalitarians. Men might abstain from intoxicating liquors if they liked; but let the promoters of temperance persuade and encourage, and not drive or enforce such principles being hateful both to himself and to the working community. Solitaire, which had been mentioned as a very Arcadia, was a place he knew well, and there Sir Titus Salt exercised great authority, but yet from this very district he had presented that day a very large petition, the community praying that the prohibitory system should not become permissive. He could tell them from central demonstration how hard these people felt it that they had to send so far to get a glass of ale or a glass of spirits, and if members of that house had heard the grumblings in that locality they would not think it an Arcadia. Of the wretched poor and destitute there might be some who would prefer to keep their neighbors in order by passing a Permissive bill; and was that house to legislate for this class, and no other—for that was practically what Sir W. Lawson and his followers wanted. If the whole economy were policed there would not be one-fourth of the inhabitants in favor of the Permissive Bill. Let Sir W. Lawson ask members to give us their own domestic and personal habits and abstain from alcohol, and he thought very few would respond. The arguments of Sir W. Lawson and others might well be met with ridicule and disgust when their cause was backed by wicked and blasphemous placards like one which he had in his hand, and which had been posted up on the walls of Bradford and in the surrounding districts. It was supposed to be the prayer of a publican, and was an infamous parody on the Lord's Prayer. It was too blasphemous to read, (here there were loud cries of "Read!") He would not venture to read more than one. It commenced, "Our father which art in Hell," (loud derisive cry.) He would proceed no further; but if these were the methods used to rouse the people, more injury would result to the morals of the people than from all the public-houses in the kingdom. Lord Claude Hamilton, Mr. Estlin Smith, and Mr. Munlicka supported the Bill and the House divided.

For,	124.
Against,	136.
Lost by,	72.

The wonderful ice cave in Decatur, Winneshiek county, Iowa, is a vertical fissure in the face of the cliff of Trenton lime stone that forms a part of the bank of the Upper Iowa river. It is about 100 feet deep in all its windings, is from two to eight feet in width, and varies still more in height. In the winter the cave is free from ice, but upon the approach of hot weather the ice begins to accumulate; and solid, hard and dry cakes encrust the sides and bottom of the cave. When the weather is hottest the cave is most abundantly stored with ice.

There is an energy in the keeping of boarding houses in Arkansas unknown in the North. The proprietor of a private hostelry in a town of that State, having heard frequent complaints from his boarders about the regular recurrence of "hash," prepared himself to crush the rebellious spirit. At the next morning meal he placed two revolvers beside his plate, and remarked, "Whoever says he don't like hash lies." He then began distributing hash and no one declined it.

A Paris despatch says that since the capture of that city by the Versailles 18,000 Communist prisoners have been shot, not less than 1,000 of whom were women. A horrible testimony is this to the atrocities of war. The English and American Press terms with sickening details of these atrocities.

A correspondent of the "Scientific American" says that a good absorbent will ease the pain of stings. "The best absorbent substance that I have tried is lean fresh meat. This will relieve the pain of a wasp sting almost instantly, and has been recommended for the cure of rattlesnake bites. I have also used it with marked effect in erysipelas.

## Poetry.

### MOONLIGHT.

Two pairs of eyes, one here one there,  
Look up, sweet moon, to thee;  
Two lips, deep with ecstatic joy  
The light again to see—  
Two pairs of lips which erstwhile met,  
But now are severed yet,  
Through these lucid forms the mutual love  
Which swells their full hearts' tide.

Two pairs of arms which ere now clasped  
Each in a fond embrace,  
Are stretched to work here, and, thy orb,  
Amid each injured face—  
Two pairs of hands which once in joy  
Press'd each the other's cheek,  
Are locked in coercion, while the knees  
Are bent to earth in prayer.

Oh! let the love which each one breathes  
Fall on the other's hat,  
And let each ray of the pure light  
A gleam of hope impart;  
And now, each, each returning night  
Thou dost set on our sphere,  
Faded are those living lights  
Faithful, one here, one there.

### An Adventure.

Donn Platt tells the following good story in one of his letters—The latest story that is going the rounds here is told by one of the Second Jinks. This was an elegant youth rather slender and tall whose tale began and ended in one short sentence which said, "Aw, I beg yer pardon," which, drawled out, has a very pleasing result, and is being generally imitated by our free born youths of America about Washington.

It seems that this sprig of English nobility was invited to pass some days at the country house of a wealthy American, and late at night, before retiring concluded to take "a bath, you know," and so, directed by a servant, he found his way to the bath room, and, turning on the warm water, was soon enjoying a full length and delicious soak of an entire relaxation of his aristocratic intellect.

Unfortunately, the daughter of the house also concluded to take a dip in a tub, and not knowing that her illustrious guest had done to himself, undressed in her room, ran hurriedly along the hall for fear of meeting some one, and darting hurriedly into the bath room, closed the door. What was her consternation to see a head rise languidly from the tub, and a voice exclaim:

"Aw, I beg pardon."

She screamed a scream—I indulge in no exaggeration when I say that that girl screamed a scream of the first magnitude, and then screamed another scream, as, in her confusion, she turned the key in the wrong direction, and so did not open the door. Between each scream the languid voice exclaimed:

"Aw, I beg pardon."

After sixteen screams, any one of which would have rivaled the screams of a madman, she succeeded in opening the door, and fell laughing into the arms of her papa. So soon as her father could revive himself of his mad daughter, he stuck his paternal head into the bath room and wanted to know what was the matter. All he could get in reply was

"Aw, I beg pardon."

Miss Deborah Bates was married to a Mr. Jay. A local editor gave the following first-rate notice:

"No more D. Bates: dissolved in Jay  
A bride has found a home,  
With pleasures now without alloy,  
And others Joys to come."

A party of lynchers in Nevada told a victim he could choose what kind of tree he would be hanged upon. "Then let it be a gooseberry bush," said he. "That isn't big enough," was the reply. "Never mind," said he, "I'll wait till it grows."

As Good As He Gave.—A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay, that by way of broadening her he exclaimed, "Why, woman, there is brass enough in your face to make a kettle!" "And sauge enough in yours to fill it," she instantly rejoined.