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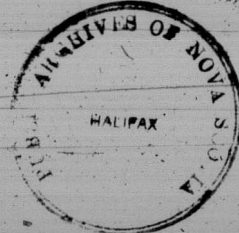
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Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1870.

No. 15.

Literature.

DEBUNKING.

An Epistle of the Indian Midway.

COMPLETED.

Half the night, though, had not
passed, when a hand was laid upon
my shoulder, and in an instant I was
up, piece in hand to find that it was
Captain Dyer.

"Come here," he said quietly; and
following him into the room under-
neath where the women were
placed, he told me to listen, and I
did, to hear a low, grating, tearing
noise, as of something scraping on
stone. "That's been going on,"
he said, "for a good hour, and I
can't make it out, Smith."

"Prisoners escaping," I said
quietly.

"But they are not so near as that.
They were confined in the next room
but one," he said in a whisper.

"Broke through, then," I said.

Then we went—Captain Dyer and
I—quietly up to the roof, answer-
ed the challenge, and then walked to
the edge, where, leaning over, we
could hear the dull grating noise
once more; then a stone seemed to
fall out on the sandy way by the
palace walls.

It was all plain enough; they had
broken through from one room to
another, where there was a window
no bigger than a loophole, and they
were listening this.

"Quick, here, sergeant," says the
captain.

The next minute the sentry hur-
ried up, and we had a man posted as
nearly over the window as we could
guess, and then I had my orders in
a minute:

"Take two men and the sentry at
their door, each in, and get out them
at once. Half the night, and get out
John Sergeant Williams, and follow
us to set as reserve, for I am going
to make a rally by the gate to stop
them from the outside."

I roused Harry Lant and Measles,
and they were with me in an instant.
We passed a couple of sentries, and
gave the countersign, and then
mounted to the long stone passage
which led to where the prisoners had
been placed.

As we three privates neared the
door, the sentry there challenged;
but when we came up to him and
listened, there was not a sound to be
heard, neither had he heard anything.

he said. The next minute the door
was thrown open, and we found an
empty room; but a hole in the wall
showed us which way the prisoners
had gone.

We none of us much liked the
idea of going through that hole to be
taken at a disadvantage, but duty
was duty, and running forward, I
made a bold thrust, through with my
piece in two or three directions;
then I crept through, followed by
Harry Lant, and found that room
empty too; but they had not gone
by the doorway which led into the
women's part, but enlarged the win-
dow, and dropped down, leaving a
large opening—one that, if we had
not detected it then, would no doubt
have done nicely for the entrance of
a strong party of enemies.

"Sentry here," I said; and leav-
ing the man at the window, followed
by Harry Lant and Measles, I ran
back, got down to the court-yard,
crossed to where Sergeant Williams
with half-a-dozen men waited our
coming, and then we were passed
through the gate, and went along at
the double to where we could hear
noise and shouting.

We had the narrow alley to go
through—the one I have before men-
tioned as being between the place we
had strengthened and the next build-
ing; and no sooner were we at the
end, than we found we were none too
soon, for there, in the dim starlight,
we could see Captain Dyer and four
men surrounded by a good score,
howling and cutting at them like so
many demons, and I fairly to be seen
by their white calico things.

"By your left, my hals, shoulder
to shoulder—double," says the
sergeant.

Then we gave a cheer, and with
boasts bounding with excitement,
we rushed upon the scoundrels
to give them their first taste of the

bayonet, cutting Captain Dyer and
two more men out, just as the other
two went down.

It was as fierce a fight that, as it
was short; for we soon found the
alarm spread, and enemies running
up on all sides. It was bayonet-drill
then, and well we showed the prac-
tice, till we retired slowly to the en-
trance of the alley; but the pattering
of feet and cries told that there was
more coming to meet us that way;
when, following Captain Dyer's or-
ders, we retreated in good form in
the other direction, so as to get round
to the gate by the other alley, on the
south side.

And now for the first time we gave
them a volley, checking the advance
for a few seconds, while we retreated
loading, to turn again, and give them
another volley, which checked them
again; but only for a few seconds.

When they came down upon us like a
swarm of bees, right upon our bayo-
nets; and as fast as half-a-dozen fell,
half-a-dozen more were leaping upon
the steel.

We kept our line, though, one and
all, retiring in good order to the
mouth of the second court, which ran
down by the south side of the palace;
when, as if maddened at the idea of
losing us, a whole host of them came
at us with a rush, breaking our line,
and driving us anyhow, mixed up to-
gether, down the alley, which was
dark as pitch; but not so dark that
we could make out a turban or a
calico cloth, and those bayonets of
ours were used to some purpose.

Half-a-dozen times over I heard
the captain's voice cheering us on,
and shouting: "Gate, gate!" Then
I saw the flash of his sword once,
and managed to pin a fellow who was
making at him, just as we got out at
the other end with a fierce rush.
Then I heard the captain shout
"Rally!" and saw him wave his
sword; and then I don't recollect any
more, for it was one of those scuffle
—stab and thrust, in the midst of a
struggling, howling, maddened mob,
facing us toward the gateway.

I thought it was all over with us,
when there came a cheer, and the
gate was thrown open, a dozen men
formed, and charged down, driving
the niggers back like sheep; and
then, somehow or another, we were
cut out, and under cover of the new
comers, reached the gate.

A ringing volley was then given
into the thick of the mobsters, as
they came pouring on again; but the
next moment all were safely inside,
and the gate was thrust to and bar-
red; and, panting and bleeding, we
stood, six of us, trying to get our
breath.

"This wouldn't have happened,"
says a voice, "if my advice had
been taken. I wish the black scound-
rels had been shot." Where's
Captain Dyer?"

There was no answer, and a chill
fell on me as I seemed to realize that
these had come now to a bad pass.

"Where's Sergeant Williams?"
said Lieutenant Leigh again; but it
seemed to me that he spoke in a
lucky voice.

"Here!" said some one faintly,
and, turning, there was the sergeant
seated on the ground, and supporting
himself against the breast-work.

"Any one know the other men
who went out on this mad rally?"
says the lieutenant.

"Where's Harry Lant?" I says.

There was no answer here either,
and this time it was my turn to speak
in a queer husky voice as I said
again:

"Where's Measles? I mean Sam
Bigley."

"He's gone, too, poor chap," says
some one.

"No, he ain't gone neither," says
a voice behind me, and, turning,
there was Measles trying a hanker-
chief round his head, muttering the
while about some black devil.

"I ain't gone, nor I ain't much hurt,"
he growled; "and if I don't take it
out of some 'en for this chop on the
head, it's a rum 'un; and that's
all I've got to say."

"Load," says Lieutenant Leigh
shortly; and we loaded again, and
then fired two or three volleys at the
niggers as they came up towards the
gate once more; when some one
calls out:

"Ain't none of us going to make
a rally party, and bring in the cap-
tain?"

"Silence there, in the ranks!"
shouts Lieutenant Leigh; and though
it had a bad sound coming from him,
as it did, and situated as he was, no
one knew better than I did, how that
it would have been utter madness to
have gone out again; for even if he
were alive, instead of bringing in
Captain Dyer, now that the whole
was roused, we should have all
been out to pieces.

It was as if in answer to the lieut-
enant's order that silence seemed to
fall then, both inside and outside the
palace—a silence that was only brok-
en now and then by the half-smoth-
ered groan of some poor fellow who

had been hurt in the sortie—though
the way in which those men of ours
did bear wounds, some of them even
that were positively awful, was some-
thing directly a line in history.

Yes, there was a silence fell upon
the place for the rest of that night,
and I remember thinking of the
wounds that had been made in two
poor hearts by that bad night's work;
and I can say now, faithful and true,
that there was not a selfish thought
in my heart as I remembered Lizzy
Green, any more than there was
when Miss Ross came upmost in
my mind, for I knew well enough
that they must have soon known of
the disaster that had befallen our
little party.

Whatever those poor women suffer-
ed, they took care it should not be
seen by us men, and indeed we had
little time to think of them the next
day. We had given ourselves to the
task to protect them, and we were
fighting hard to do it, and that was
all we could do then: for the enemy
gave us but little peace; not making
any savage attack, but harassing us
in a cruel way, every man acting like
for himself, and all the discipline the
sergeants had learned seeming to be
forgotten.

As for Lieutenant Leigh, he looked
cold and stern, but there was no
flinching with him now; he was in
command, and he showed it; and
though I never liked the man, I
must say that he showed himself
now a brave and clever officer; and
but for his skilful arrangement of the
few men under his charge, that place
would have fallen half-a-dozen times
over.

We had taken no prisoners, so that
there was no chance of talking of ex-
change; though I believe to a man all
thought that the captain and files
missing from our company were
dead.

The women now lent us their help,
bringing down spare muskets and
cartridges, loading too for us; so that
when the mutineers made an attack,
we were able to keep up a much
sharper fire than we should have
done under other circumstances.

It was about the middle of the
afternoon, when, hot and exhausted,
we were firing away, for the bullets
were coming thick and fast through
the gateway, flying across the yard,
and making a passage in that direc-
tion nearly certain death, when I
felt a strange choking feeling, for
Measles says to me all at once:

"Look there, like."

I looked, and I could hardly be-
lieve it, and rubbed my eyes, for just
in the thickest of the firing, there
was the sound of merry laughter, and
the two children of the colonel's
came toddling out, right across the
line of fire, turned back to look up at
some one calling to them from the
window, and then stood still, laugh-
ing and clapping their hands.

I don't know how it was, I only
know that it wasn't to look brave,
but, dropping my piece, I rushed to
catch them, just at the same moment
as did Miss Ross and Lizzy Green;

and, directly after, Lieutenant
Leigh rushed from where he was,
caught Miss Ross round the waist,
and dragged her away, as I did
Lizzy and the children.

How it was that we were none of
us, seems strange to me, for, all
the time the bullets were pattering
on the wall beyond us, I only know
I turned sick and faint as I just said
to Lizzy: "Thank God for that!"

and she led off the children; Miss
Ross, shrinking from Lieutenant
Leigh with a strange mistrustful
look, as if she were afraid of him;
and the next minute they were under
cover, and we were back at our
posts.

"Poor bairns!" says Measles to
me, "I ain't often glad of anything,
like Smith, but I am glad they ain't
hurt. Now my soul seemed to run
and help them myself, but my legs
seemed as if they couldn't move.
You need not believe it without you
like," he added in his sour way.

"But I do believe it, old fellow,"
I said warmly, as I held out my hand.
"Chaff's chaff, but you never knew
me make light of a good act done by
a truehearted comrade."

"All right," says Measles gruffly.
"Now, see me pot that sower—Miss-
ed him, by Jove!" he exclaimed, as
soon as he had fired: "These pieces
ain't true. No! hit him! He's
down! That's one bairn-killed the
less."

"Sam," I said just then, "what's
that coming up between the huts
yonder?"

"Looks like a wagon," says
Measles. "Tie a wagon, ain't it?"

"No," I said, feeling that raiser-
able I didn't know what to do; "it
isn't a wagon, Sam; but—Why,
there's another. A couple of field-
pieces!"

"Nine-pounders, by all that's un-
lucky," said Measles, slapping his
thigh. "Then I tell you what it is,

like Smith—it's about time we said
our prayers."

I didn't answer, for the words
would not come; but it was what
had always been my dread, and it
seemed now that the end was very
near.

Troubles were coming upon us
thick; for being relieved a short time
after, to go and have some tea that
Mrs. Lantem had got ready, I saw
something that made me stop short,
and think of where we should be if
the water supply was run out, for
though we had the chaffier down be-
low in the vault under the north end,
we wanted that, there was in the
tank, while there was *Nobbia*, the
great elephant, drawing it up in his
trunk, and cooling himself by squirt-
ing it all over his back!

I went to Lieutenant Leigh, and
pointed it out to him; and the great
beast was led away; when, there
being nothing else for it, we opened
a way through our breast-work, watch-
ed an opportunity, threw open the
gate, and he marched out right
straight in amongst the mutineers,
who cheered loudly after their fash-
ion, as he came up to them.

There was no more firing that
night, and taking it in turns, we
some of us had a sleep, I among the
rest, all dressed as I was, and with
my gun in my hand, ready for use at
a moment's notice; and I remember
thinking what a deal depended on
the sentries, and how thoroughly our
lives were in their hands; and then
my next thought was of how was it
possible for it to be morning, for I
had only seemed to close my eyes,
and then open them again on the
light of day.

But morning it was; and with a
dull, dead feeling of misery upon me,
I got up and gave myself a
shake, ran the ramrod down my
piece, to see that it was charged all
right, looked to the cap, and then
once more prepared for the continu-
ance of the struggle, low-spirited and
discouraged, but thankful for the
bit of refreshing rest I had had.

A couple of hours passed, and
there was no movement on the part
of the enemy; the ladies never stir-
red, but we could hear the "when
laughing and playing about, and how
one did seem to envy the little light-
hearted, thoughtless things!"

My thoughts were soon turned into
another direction, for Lieutenant
Leigh ordered me up in one of our
commanding the gateway, and look-
ing out on the square where the guns
were standing, and came up with me
himself.

"You'll have a good lookout from
here, Smith," he said; "and being
a good shot."

He didn't say any more, for he was,
like me, taken up with the movement
in the square—a lot of the mutineers
running the two guns forward in
front of the gate, and then closing
round them, so that we could not see
what was going on; but *was* how
well enough that they were charging
them, and there seemed nothing for
it but to let them fire, unless by a
bold rally we could get out and spike
them.

Just then, Lieutenant Leigh looked
at me, and I at him, when, touch-
ing my cap in salute, I said: "Two
good naps, sir, and a tap on each
would do it."

"Yes, Smith," he said grimly
"but who is to drive those two naps
home?"

I didn't answer him for a minute.
I should think, for I was thinking
over matters, about life, and about
Lizzy, and now that Harry Lant was
gone, it seemed to me that there
might be a chance for me; but still
duty was duty, and if men could not
in such a desperate time as this risk
something, what was the good of
soldiers?

"I'll drive 'em home, sir," I says
then, quietly, "or they shall drive
me home!"

He looked at me for an instant,
and then nodded.

"It's our only chance, and with a
bold dash we may do it. I'll see to
the armourer's chest for hammers and
spikes. I'll spike one, Smith, and
you the other; but, mind if I fail,
help me, as I will you, if you fail,
and God help us! Keep a sharp
look-out till I come back."

He left the room, and I heard a
little movement below, as of the men
getting ready for the rally; and all
the while I stood watching the crowd
in front, which now began hurraing
and cheering; and there was a mo-
tion which showed that the guns
were being run in nearer, till they
stopped about fifty yards from the
gate.

"What makes him so long?" I
thought, trembling with excitement.
"another minute, perhaps, and the
gate will be battered down, and that
mob rushing in!"

Then I thought that we ought all
who escaped from the sortie, in case
of failure, to be ready to take to the
rooms adjoining where I was, which

would be our last hope; and then I
almost dropped my piece, my mouth
grew dry, and I seemed choked, for,
with a loud, hoarse, crowd, opened
out, and I saw a sight that made my
blood run cold—those two nine-
pounders standing with a man by
each breech, smoking listock in
hand; while bound, and their heads
against the muzzles, and their white
faces towards us, were Captain Dyer
and Harry Lant!

One spark—one touch of the list-
stock on the breech—and those two
brave fellows' heads would be blown
to atoms; and, as I expected, that
every moment such would be the
case, my knees knocked together;
but the next moment I was down on
those shaking knees, my piece made
ready, and a good aim taken, so that
I could have dropped one of the gun-
ners before he was able to fire.

I hesitated for a moment before I
made up my mind which to try and
save, and the thought of Lizzy Green
came in my mind, and I said to my-
self: "I love her too well to give her
pain," when, giving up Captain Dyer,
I aimed at the gunner by poor Harry
Lant.

"Don't fire," said a voice just then,
and, turning, there was Lieutenant
Leigh. "The black-hearted wretch-
es!" he muttered. "But we are all
ready though now, if we start, it
will be the signal for the death of
those two. But what does this
mean?"

What made him say that, was a
chief, all in shawls, who rode forward
and shouted out in good English,
that they gave us one hour to surren-
der; but, at the end of that time, if
we had not marched out without arms,
they would blow their prisoners away
from the mouth of the guns.

Then, for fear we had not heard it,
he spurred his horse up to within ten
yards of the gate, and shouted it out
again, so that every one could hear
it through the place; and, though I
could have sent a bullet through and
through him, I could not help admir-
ing the bold daring fellow, riding up
right to the muzzles of our pieces.

But all the admiration I felt was
gone the next moment, as I thought
of the enemies practised, and of those
bound there to those gun muzzles.

There was nothing said for a few
minutes, for I expected the lieutenant
to speak; but as he did not, I turned
to him and said:

"If all was ready, sir, I could drop
one gunner; and I'd trust Measles—
San Bigley—to drop the other, when
they've retired a good thirty yards,
and we should only have twenty more
to run them off; while the surprise
would give us that start. A good
sharp bayonet would set the pris-
oners free, and a covering party
would perhaps check the pursuit
while we got in."

"We shall have to try it, Smith,"
he said, his breath coming thick and
fast with excitement; and then he
seemed to turn white, for Miss Ross
and Lizzy came into the room.

An Awkward Domestic Discrepancy.

"About nine months ago," says
an American journal, "a man living
in a northern part of Nevada went
out into the eastern part of the State
to seek his fortune in the new mines
of that section, leaving his wife and
one child in the town. About two
months after his departure a shoe-
maker persuaded this lady to take
up her abode with him in a house
which he furnished for her. The
new pair lived happily together until
the beginning of last month, when
their happiness was somewhat cloud-
ed by the return of the husband.
No little trouble ensued, but at last
the shoemaker and the husband
agreed to play a friendly game of
cards 'seven up' for the lady. The
game came off, and the husband won
his wife back by 'two points.' Both
the shoemaker and the wife were
much affected by the result, but the
game had been fairly played, and the
husband claimed the stakes. Accord-
ingly the ill-assorted couple left
the town by the last freight wagon
for California. When the wagon
started there was quite a painful
scene—a crowd of nearly one hun-
dred people collected, and the wife
and the shoemaker wept copiously.
The shoemaker, with tears in his
eyes, informed the bystanders that
he had lost his treasure simply by
not holding enough trump, and asked
some of them if they thought he
would be arrested if he attempted to
pull the woman out of the wagon.
The crowd, who showed much good
feeling, reminded him that he had
lost her 'on the square,' and that it
was his duty to bear it like a man.
In the meantime, the wagon moved
on, and was soon lost to sight, leav-
ing the shoemaker in the most pit-
iable state of mental depression."

There is a gentleman in the city
who prides himself on being quick
at figures. He can reduce a hundred
dollars to ten in a very few hours.

Poetry.

QUAKERDOM.

The Formal Cell.

Through her blood, abnormal quiet
Flashed the soul of noble rot,
And a most malicious laughter lighted up
her downcast eyes:

All in vain I tried each topic,
Ranged from polar climes to tropics—
Every commonplace I started met with
"yes" or "no" replies.

For her mother—till and stately,
As if starched and ironed lately—
Sat erect, with rigid elbows boded thus
in curving palms:

There she sat on guard before us,
And in words precise, decorous,
And most calm, reviewed the weather and
recited several poems.

How, without abruptly ending
This my visit, and offending
Wealthy neighbors, was the problem which
I employed my mental can.

When the author, lowering brow,
Uttered clearly, stuffy, slowly,
"Madam, please, the gardeners want you."
Heaven! if that did, has heard my prayer.

"Pardon me!" she grandly replied,
Bowing low, I gladly murmured:
"Surely, Madam!" and I relieved, I turned
to scan the daughter's face:

Had what pent-up mirth outburst
From beneath those pencilled lashes,
How the drill of Quaker custom yielded
nature's brilliant grace.

Buzzing springs the prisoned fountain,
From the side of David's mountain,
When the stone that weesled up, in a day,
and life is threefold riding.

So, the long-continued fastidious
Of the maiden's conversion
Now imparted five-fold brightness to its
ever-varying tale.

Wildly ranging, quickly changing,
Witty, winning from beginning
Cute and, I listened, merrily flinging in a
casual word:

Eloquent and yet how simple!
Hand and eye, and obdurate lip,
Tongue and lip together made a music
seen as heard.

When the hoarse, windy words were ringing
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know
a serpent's nigh:

So, upon the door a rattle
Stopped our admiring rattle:
And the stately mother found us prim
and obediently waiting.

N. Y. Critic.