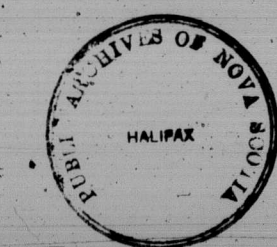


CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.



J. E. FRANKLIN & Co., Publishers.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1871.

No. 36.

Literature.

The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONCLUDED.

Major Batt, with his marines, had been out of the Fort before day, this morning, to surprise and capture the rebels on Camp Hill. We heard the roll of musketry, which proceeded from us and nearer Point Fort. And we believe and trust he has been victorious, and driving them away. Had he been unsuccessful, we should have heard of it, as all the world knows. How anxious was the suspense—what agony in the extension of disaster! Oh, that the mode of communicating intelligence could be devised, so that, like the birds of the air, we could talk to those we love far away, as if face to face.

Major Batt, leading his victorious troops, has returned, and without the loss of a man. He says the surprise was complete, and the rebels fled precipitately, leaving everything behind them; that two or three were shot, and he pursued them with his force as far as Point Fort, burning several houses of the most active of the rebels. He speaks of his triumph with a pride which is almost marvellous. He might have spoken of Rattlesblow, and of every movement due to his own skill alone, he could tell what has become of our old Major Dickson, who, after being long in the hands of the rebels, was rescued by his men through the woods, and utterly demoralized the rebels.

While every person in the Fort is exultant at the triumph over the rebels, I cannot but feel pity for the misguided men, whose rash and imprudent conduct has placed them in such an awful position, liable to be captured and shot for their treacherous practices; they must abandon their property, and flee their homes.

Mama, Papa and I were at the Fort this evening, and the fate of the rebels was discussed by the officers. Mama not took any part in the conversation, but listened attentively to what was said. Major Dickson was in favor of ravaging the country with fire and sword; but the Colonel opposed the policy of such a course, as he disliked its cruelty, by punishing the innocent with the guilty, and he turned towards Mama, and asked her if she did not agree with him.

It most certainly coincide with my opinion, Mama said, "for nothing is more unjust to the wives and children of these misguided men, to turn them out in the wilderness, and without food, clothing, and shelter, than to let them starve this season of the year. As the men themselves, their hearts evidently not in the work, they could never have run without being shot. They were led by designing men, who are the real offenders, and upon them the punishment should fall. Without presuming to offer an opinion, I can only help thinking that your position as commander of the forces, would be to effect more for your country, by issuing a proclamation calling upon the inhabitants of the country all to come in, on the oath of allegiance, and an amnesty for past offences, and acts of severity. It is better to win by love than terror, and now, the power of inspiring dread, by clemency that the Government can forgive their repentant hearts."

"My dear Mrs. Graham," cried Colonel, "I shall at once follow your suggestions, which commend themselves to me as much for their wisdom as their mercy."

"What?" interrupted Major Batt, "you mean to say you will permit rebels, who robbed this Major Dickson, to rob the stores for Fort, which they actually believe"

guered and attempted to capture, to go free? Why, such conduct is cruelty to the patriotic inhabitants of the country, and betrays a weakness which fears to punish crime."

"If you had not interrupted me," continued Colonel Goreham, "I was going to add that this amnesty cannot extend to those prominent in exciting this treason; they must be made an example of, or compelled to leave the country. I shall except the famous Colonel Eddy, Samuel Rogers, and a few others, and all else may come in and make their peace."

I feel delighted to think this wise and merciful course has been determined on by the Colonel; it will restore peace and bring the country into the state it was before this expedition was planned.

Major Dickson came to the Fort today, and he highly approves of the policy course the Colonel has determined on, and the Major says the Colonel very judiciously has limited the time for the rebels to come in and make submission, to three days. He says that is sufficient, and to give longer would be to defeat the very object of the proclamation.

The Colonel's proclamation has been prepared, and numerous copies have been made and posted up in the different sections of the country. Already numbers of people have come in and taken the oath of allegiance. There is a note that I know, to send you their names, which I could do from the list Papa has taken under the orders of Colonel Goreham, would be a matter of no interest to you. William Eddy, Samuel Rogers, John Allen, David Sears, and several others, have disappeared, and their followers here express themselves very freely about their inability and readiness.

Dear Derby has taken advantage of the proclamation to make his peace with the authorities. He spent the day with us, and we anticipate his being a frequent visitor.

Major Dickson has been giving an account of the attack on the rebel camp, and the subsequent proceedings of the day. It would seem the arrival of the troops under Major Batt was unknown to the rebels, and with an extraordinary neglect, they had no sentinels around their camp; and if Samuel Rogers had not accidentally been in the bushes, and discovered the real coats advancing through the woods below the church, they would have been caught asleep. Rogers ran and gave the alarm, and there was a general rush of the rebels towards Point Fort.

A colored drummer, a servant of Colonel Goreham, had deserted from the Fort; he seized his drum, beat to arms, and stood his ground. A volley was fired at him, which pierced his drum, but he continued to beat, and was taken prisoner.

An old man named Henry, from the North of Ireland, stopped to put on his moccasins, and was shot down. Another man clambered up a chimney, and was taken prisoner.

When we reached near to Point Fort, we saw running through the clearing there, an old Indian; he had some enormous ornament upon his head, which I afterwards learned was Parson Engleson's wig, that he had stolen from his reverence.

We reached Gardner's, and found the house as it had been left by the family a few minutes previously. Major Batt went in, and arranged his dress before a large mirror that was in the room, and then shivered it to atoms with his sword, declaring it should not be disgraced by reflecting a rebel face. The buildings were then fired by his order, and with hay, grain, and other supplies for the winter, destroyed. He burned all the houses to LeLac, including John Allen's, and then returned to the Fort.

"As for myself," continued Major Dickson, "I have had my experience, dearly bought, of this woodland warfare, and was in a continual agony of apprehension for fear we were"

"It would be a matter of much interest," cried Henry.

being led into an ambush, than which nothing would have been easier, had the rebels had any one commanding them. Luckily we escaped the peril, and I am glad the trials of the year are over. I told Colonel Goreham of the brave conduct of his black servant, standing his ground after all had run away, and beating his drum as coolly as if on parade, and the regret he expressed, after being made prisoner, that his drum was ruined, which has so pleased the Colonel, that he has taken him back into his service again."

CONCLUSION.

This, Mr. Editor, concludes the history I have extracted from the journals of my aunt, Helen Graham, and it remains for me to conclude with a few brief personal details.

Helen and her parents, on 26th of September, in the ensuing Autumn, left Fort Cumberland for Halifax, going there by water. The voyage was pleasant and agreeable, until they reached the mouth of the Bay, when a violent south-east storm arose, and notwithstanding all the skill of the captain, the vessel was driven on an island, sixty miles below the River St. John. The sea beat over the vessel, which became a total wreck, and to save life became the sole object of all on board.

Doctor and Mrs. Graham and the crew were saved; but poor Helen, exhausted with fatigue, was caught by the undertow of a receding wave, and carried beneath the vessel, and seen no more. Huddled together, without shelter, on an iron-bound shore, without inhabitants to aid them, the survivors remained the long, long night. Dr. Graham and Mrs. Graham, crushed by the loss of their beloved and only daughter, were stupefied in their afflictions, and the others dreaded the morrow and the fate in which they were involved.

The storm, however, abated, and with the rising sun a clear sky and smooth water met their sight. A search was made, and a short distance from where they had spent the night, was found on the beach, exposed by the receding tide, the remains of poor Helen. Her eyes were shut, and her countenance, as if asleep, was serene and beautiful. Her left arm was bruised, and had been broken; her right hand tightly held her dress to her virgin breast, and but for the wet and dragging garments, none could have believed it was the mortal tenement of the lovely, bright, happy spirit which but a few hours before animated it.

She was buried on the beach where she met her fate, and the wild waves beat an eternal requiem over her grave; the rocky cliffs on the shore are her monument, and no human aid can adorn the cemetery prepared by nature to receive her body, separated from her soul, which rose to Nature's God.

Derby accompanied Doctor and Mrs. Graham to Quebec, devoting his life to them, during the few years they remained on earth; and after their death, he went to England, and subsequently to India, where he spent a long, eventful career.

Colonel How fled to New England, and joined the rebel army there. He had obtained from the heirs of Joseph Morse a title of the principal part of his father's estate in Amherst; this was confiscated and the property passed into other hands.

William Eddy obtained a commission as captain of an American privateer, and was killed in an engagement with a British vessel near Eastport.

The other leading rebels never returned to Chignecto, and no attempt was ever after made to revolutionize Nova Scotia or capture Fort Cumberland.

Yours truly,
JABEZ MORSE.

* Campo Bella, we believe.—EDITOR.

A MAN with a new patent medicine, warns the public against drinking "those simmering compounds of liquid Devil's, those mixtures of concentrated Death, called 'Bitters.'"

The American Desert.

Horace Greeley's Experience as Related to the Historical Society.

Hon. Horace Greeley read a paper before the N.Y. Historical Society a short time since, on "The American Desert." He referred to his journey across the continent, and said that by the American desert he referred to the country some 300 or 400 miles west of the Missouri River. Why this section was so afflicted with drought, he could not say; but it was a land of intense dryness, and for months not even a drop of dew falls. There were other sections of the country, and of the South American continent, where drought prevailed, but nowhere could there be found such a state of dryness as in this American desert. When the Mormon leaders first settled at Salt Lake City, it was a scale from the River Jordan on the east to the Salt Lake on the west, and inhabited mainly by crickets, which were offered to them by the Indians as the best hospitality they could give. But the Mormons, by a judicious course of irrigation, made even this country very productive, yielding ninety bushels of wheat to the acre. After the waters subsided, there was found a deposit of alkali, which soon disappeared and left the soil very rich. We speak of drought here, and this that last summer was very dry, but we cannot conceive of the dryness of this desert. Wheels would sink into dust two feet deep, and even buckeye trees would be shriveled. When we speak of rivers here, we imagine a stream which flows the year around, but in the desert the rivers in the dry season, are simple pools, and even the Humboldt loses itself in the sand in some places in the desert; and so also with the Carson River. Hardly a tree is found anywhere except in the mountains, where a kind of cedar exists with stunted growth. On the banks of the stream there are a few cotton-wood trees. The plains extend from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, an area one thousand miles long by seven hundred miles wide, about four hundred thousand square miles, larger than France and larger than the American Republic was at the Declaration of Independence. Those plains are watered to a certain extent by rivers, and the soil is generally productive. But as we go westward these characteristics die out, and we find the effect of the constant drought to the territory known as the desert. The Rocky Mountains derived their name from the fact that they appeared to start abruptly from the plains and utterly devoid of soil. The snow on these mountains melts and swells the streams about June and July, but these rivers decrease in volume as they thus regale from the source, and finally are buried in the sand of the desert. One peculiarity about these streams is that they bring down the debris from the mountains, and so form a bed which is several feet above the level of the country on either side. The Platte runs over a bed of quicksand, and the channel is varying in depth from day to day. Settlers on the plains are now learning to divert the water from these rivers and irrigate their lands, so as to make farming very profitable, working 300 out of the 365 days in the year. The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Platte is better for farming than any other section where rain falls.

Mr. Greeley spoke of the Rangers, who raise cattle on the plains, and said that the cultivation of the plains would drive them out, by settlers, who take the water from the streams, and thus render the land valuable. In localities where there are no rivers all that is necessary is a well and a windmill; even in the desert water reservoirs will assist wonderfully in the cultivation of crops. He said that the whole region which we have supposed to be desert could be cultivated by the aid of water, and even forests can be planted. In a few years this section of the

country will be the great granary of the States. The very best part of the American continent will be, in time, that which is now known as the desert. We shall have artesian wells to assist in irrigation. One well is being sunk at Denver and another at Fort Hays, in order to ascertain at what depth it was necessary to go in order to bring water to the surface. This is an exceedingly healthful region, no fever and ague, and no pulmonary complaints. The roads are dry and hard, and better than any that are to be found in this section. The soil is very fertile, and the speaker firmly believed that this was destined to be one of the most densely populated, wealthiest and most productive of any on the American continent. The time will come when the Saratogas and White Sulphurs, and other fashionable resorts will be located in this portion of the country, which has hitherto been accounted one of the most desolate and hopeless.

Desolation of Alsace.

A letter written by an American lady in Strasbourg to her son in New Jersey, contains the following: "Whole villages are burned down, and the inhabitants are living in the woods, having fled from their houses on the approach of the Prussians. Oh! how glad I am that you did not come home last spring, as you intended to do. And what would have become of your dear wife? You must know that those barbarian hordes never fail to ruin the virtues of wives and girls. Oh, what misery! what poverty!"

Oh, Joseph, you ought to see Strasbourg now. They capitulated on the 5th of October, and as soon as the capitulation was known, everybody got demoralized. Neighbors went to see each other, crying and embracing their friends. The soldiers broke their arms—sabres and guns—many a cannon was thrown into the river Ill. All broke out in imprecation against the renowned leader, Urich, who forbade his artillery to act against the besiegers with effect. On the 7th of October I ventured out on the town. What a heart-breaking view was offered to me? Whole streets burned completely down, presenting nothing more than a heap of ruins; remains of black and smoky walls, with the half-burned furniture scattered among them, and sometimes a whole house thrown into the street, obstructing the passage. The quarter between the gate of Kronenbourg and Steinstrasse as well as the Finkmatt, are in ashes. The street of the Nece Bleue, where you lived so long as a child, and where you knew every one of those magnificent buildings, is no more.

You cannot imagine what misery is here; everything eaten up, everything stolen and carried away; women are insulted and men beaten; and the same thing is repeated every day. I had fourteen soldiers to lodge and two wounded Frenchmen. You can imagine how well they were cared for. I had to quarrel all the time with the Prussians, but finally got the best of them.

If you should come home now you would see nothing else but ruins, ashes and desolation, and hunger and pain in every face. And what will we do then when those heavy snow storms come on, without food, without shelter, and constantly pursued by those barbarian Prussians, who sing profane songs, and cry, 'Down with the French,' as they did on the eve of the surrender of Strasbourg. There is never a kind word spoken to us poor country people; everything is demanded with the pistol or sabre in hand. They shoot down people as they would game in a great hunting expedition.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—From a Western paper we cut the following notice: "Died—After a short illness yesterday, my wife, leaving behind her three infant children. In the hope that her poor soul is with God, I beg to inform my customers that my store will be as well furnished as formerly, having confided my business to my principal clerk—who is extremely intelligent and as well versed in the business as the deceased herself. 'N. R.'—Fresh corned beef just received."

The Tender-hearted Engineer.

Locomotive engineers are a peculiar class of people. Some of them are very superstitious, and feel almost as bad about running over a man and killing him by accident, as though they had run over him purposely. Others look upon it only as one of the profession.

"That's the eighth man I've killed," said Jack Smith, gloomily, after the coroner had set on the victim. Jack was engineer on the Cleveland and Toledo railroad, and one of the best that run into Cleveland some two years ago.

Hundreds of people make it their habit to walk on the track for a mile or two out as I as there were several tracks with trains passing and repassing constantly, careless or deaf people (leaf people always seem to prefer a railroad to walk on), in stepping off the track to get out of the way, frequently get right in the way of one approaching unobserved in another direction. In such cases, however careful an engineer may be, he cannot prevent a collision.

"Yes," said Jack, after brooding over it in a very melancholy way, "that's the eighth man I've killed in just that way—walking on the track, and then stepping right in front of my locomotive 'thout once seeing me. But this is the worst case of all," continued Jack, producing his pocket handkerchief and blowing his nose with much feeling; "wast case of all, and I feel dreadful about it." His voice trembled, and a tear stole down his weathered cheek.

"How horse of all, Jack?" I inquired.

"Willy, you see," said Jack, "he was a big fat man, and he missed my engine all up."

A Nova Scotian Abroad.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the press: "Mr. A. W. Dimock, a boyish-looking Wall-street broker, of but 26 years of age, is the owner of three-fourths of the capital stock (nominally estimated at \$4,000,000) of the Atlantic Mail Steamship Company. He is also owner of over \$1,000,000 worth of real estate in Elizabeth, N. J. During the last two years he has built on his Elizabeth property over thirty palatial residences, which, as soon as completed, he has sold, and has realized large profits on them, besides establishing a delightful colony. He has innumerable other enterprises on hand, which he manages with consummate skill. Five years ago he went to New York a penniless young clerk, the son of a Baptist clergyman in Nova Scotia. Three years ago he failed for \$1,000,000, owing to certain stock losses, but, in the meantime, he has not only retrieved his fortunes and prosecuted his enterprises, but has honorably discharged the debts from whose payment he was legally released. He is very charitable, and has lately built and given to the Baptists of Elizabeth a large and handsome church. He is a man of ideas and literature, and his splendid house at Elizabeth is a resort for poets, authors, wife, and people of genius. At the same time he is as gay and boyish in spirits as in appearance."

The Legislature of Quebec has passed an act during its recent session affecting the sale of liquor in grocery stores in the city of Montreal. The last clause of the Act reads thus: "No license to sell spirituous, vinous, or fermented liquors in quantities less than three half pints, shall be granted in any city or town, or to any keeper of any store or shop for the sale of groceries, provisions, confectionery and fruit, nor shall any application for such license be approved by the Municipal Council or License Commissioners of such city."

LORD LORN is not to have a monopoly of Princesses. The young Catholic Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke and Earl-Marshall of England, has just become engaged to be married to the Princess Margaret of Orleans. The Princess, who is but 24 years of age, is a daughter of the Duke of Nemours. Her brother, the Count of En, is married to the Princess Imperial of Brazil.—N. Y. Herald.

Another Railway.

Mr. Whitehead, C. E., addressed a meeting at St. Martin, a few days since, on the subject of a railway from that town to Upland, on the E. and N. A. Railway. The proposed railway is on the narrow gauge principle, with wooden rails; and the cost per mile, including rolling stock, \$6,000. Roads of this class have been tried, and proved a success, in this and other countries. We believe such roads are peculiarly adapted to this country. It is true, a high rate of speed cannot be made, nor can it bear a very heavy freight traffic; but in both respects such roads as branch lines are quite equal to the requirements of the people, while the cost being comparatively moderate, and the materials being of home production, especially recommend it to our people. We wish the scheme in question every success.

A Californian Steam Ditcher.

The scientific press gives the following sketch of a steam ditching machine now on exhibition in San Francisco: "On a frame 41 feet long and 12 feet wide, mounted on four wooden wheels, are placed a 23 horse power steam engine, the cutting apparatus, and the belts for raising and discharging the earth. There are four revolving knives for pulverizing the ground, two feet in width, and having on each side a blade for turning the sloping edge of the ditch. These can be raised or lowered as desired. The earth is thrown from them on a gutter perch apron or belt, which elevates it to the rear of the machine, whence it is thrown to the side of the ditch by a horizontal belt. The machine is claimed to be able to cut daily from one to two miles of ditch 4 1/2 feet deep, 4 feet wide at the top, and 28 inches wide at the bottom, three workmen and an engineer being required to run it. The entire weight is about eight tons."

The Freemasons, of Tennessee, are at present taking steps with the view of putting in operation a novel plan for providing comfortable homes for the widows and orphans of deceased brothers. "In each grand division of the State," says an exchange, "a thousand or more acres of land are to be acquired by gift or purchase, and cut up into small lots of one or two acres, with a small cottage on each. A portion of the land will be reserved for a school-house and church, thus making the locality a sort of community by itself. In most cases there will be children old enough to care for the farm, raising vegetables and fruits for the market, and any deficiency of food and raiment will be supplied from the benevolent fund of the grand division. The seventy-two Masonic lodges of the State have already raised nearly \$80,000 toward the object to be accomplished."

BURIED ALIVE IN A SNOW DIRT.—A good joke is told at the expense of a son of one of the "oldest inhabitants" of Shelburne. It appears that this favored individual had never seen the snow plow of the E. & N. A. Railway in active operation, and to have his curiosity satisfied, he waited near the railway track on the arrival of a train—the occasion being the day after a severe snow storm. When the train was signalled our hero might have been found at his post, and a snow plow, followed by two engines and a long train of cars, passed the victim of misplaced confidence, and so completely buried him in the snow that it was with difficulty he was brought to the surface ere life was extinct. His desire to see the snow plow work has been satisfied.—Com. to Telegraph.

The bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean, says Prof. Huxley, is one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off, a wagon might be driven all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles, to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then would come the central plain, more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of water upon it now varies from 1,000 to 15,000 feet.