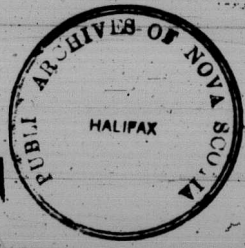


CHICAGO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

J. E. FRANKLIN & Co., Publishers.

Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1870.

No. 14.

Literature.

BEGUMBAGH.

An Episode of the Indian Mutiny.

CONTINUED.

XI.

An hour of council, and then another—our two leaders not seeming to agree as to the extent of the coming danger. Challenge from the west roof.

"Orderly in sight."

Sure enough, a man on horseback riding slowly, and as if his horse was dead beat.

"Surely it isn't that poor fellow come back, because his horse has fallen?" He ought to have walked on," said Captain Dyer.

"Same man," said Lieutenant Leigh, looking through his glass; and before very long, the poor fellow who had gone away at daybreak rode slowly up to the gate, was admitted, and then had to be helped from his horse, giving a great sobbing groan as it was done.

"In here, quick!" I said, for I thought I heard the ladies' voices; and we carried him to where Mrs. Bantem was, as usual, getting ready for dinner, and there we laid him on a mattress.

"Despatches, captain," he says, holding up the captain's letter to Colonel Mainer. "They didn't get that. They were too many for me. I dropped one, though, with my pistol, and cut my way through the others."

As he spoke, I untwisted his leather sword-knot, which was cutting into his wrist, for his hacked and blood-stained sabre was hanging from his hand.

"Wouldn't go back into the scabbard," he said faintly; and then with a harsh gasp: "Water—water!"

He revived then a bit; and as Captain Dyer and Mrs. Bantem between them were attending to, and binding up his wounds, he told as how he had been set upon ten miles off, and been obliged to fight his way back; and, poor chap, he had fought for there were no less than ten lance-wounds in his arms, thighs and chest, from a slight prick up to a horrible gash, deep and long enough, it seemed to me, to let out a half-a-dozen poor fellows' souls.

Just in the middle of it, I saw Captain Dyer start and look strange, for there was a shadow came across where we were kneeling; and the next instant he was standing between Miss Ross and the wounded man.

"Pray, go, dear Elsie; this is no place for you," I heard him whisper to her.

"Indeed, Lawrence," she whispered, "am I not a soldier's daughter? I ought to say this is no place for you. Go, and make your arrangements for our defence."

I don't think any one but me saw the look of love she gave him as she took sponge and lint from his hand, pressing it as she did so, and then her pale face lit up with a smile as she met his eyes; the next moment she was kneeling by the wounded trooper, and in a quiet firm way helping Mrs. Bantem, in a manner that made her, poor woman, stare with astonishment.

"God bless you, my darling," she whispered to her, as soon as they had done, and the poor fellow was lying still—a toss-up with him whether it should be death or life; and I saw Mrs. Bantem take Miss Ross's soft white hand between her two great rough hard palms, and kiss it just once.

"And I'd always been abusing and running her down for a fine madam, good for nothing but to squeak songs, and be looked at," Mrs. Bantem said to me, a little while after. "Why, Isaac Smith, we shall be having that little maid showing next that there's something in her."

"And why not?" I said gruffly.

"Ah, to be sure," says she, with a comical look out of her eye; "why not? But, Isaac, my lad," she said sadly, and looking at me very earnestly, "I'm afraid there's sore

times coming; and if so, God in heaven help those poor bairns! Oh, if I'd been a man, and been there!" she cried, as she recollected what the trooper had told us; and she shook her fist fiercely in the air. "It's what I always did say: soldier's wives have no business to have children; and it's rank cruelty to the poor little things to bring them into the world."

Mrs. Bantem then went off to see to her patient, while I walked into the court, wondering what would come next, and whether, in spite of all the little-bitterness and grumbling, everybody, now some of the stern realities of life were coming upon us, would show up the bright side of his or her nature; and that somehow I got very hopeful that they would.

I felt just then that I should have much liked to have a few words with Lizzy Green, but I had no chance, for it was a busy time with us. Capt. Dyer felt strongly enough his responsibility, and not a minute did he lose in doing all he could for our defence; so that, after an anxious day, with nothing more occurring, when I looked round at what had been done in barricading, and so on, it seemed to me, speaking as a soldier, that as far as I could judge, there was nothing more to be done, though still the feeling would come to me that it was a great place for forty men to defend, if attacked by any number. Captain Dyer must have seen that for he had arranged to have a sort of citadel at the north end by the gateway, and this was to be the last refuge, where all the ammunition and food and no end of chatties of water were stowed down in the great vaults, which went under this part of the building and a good deal of the court.

Then the watch was set, troubled this time, on roof and at window, and we waited impatiently for the morning. Yes, we all of us, I believe, waited impatiently for the morning, when I think, if we had known all that was to come, we should have knelt down and prayed for the darkness to keep on hour after hour, for days, and weeks, and months, sooner than the morning should have broke as it did from a rabble of black faces, some upon white clothes, some over the British uniform that they had disgraced; and as I, who was on the west roof, heard the first hum of their coming, and caught the first glimpse of the ragged column, I gave the alarm, setting my teeth hard as I did so; for, after many years of soldiering, I was now for the first time to see a little war in earnest.

Captain Dyer's first act on the alarm being given was to double the guard over the three blacks, now secured in the strongest room he could find, the black nurse being well looked after by the women. Then, quick almost as thought, every man was at the post already assigned to him; the women and children were brought into the corner rooms by the gates, and then we waited excitedly for what should follow. The captain now ordered me out of the little party under a sergeant, and made me his orderly, and so it happened that all ways being with or about him, I knew how matters were going on, and was always carrying the orders, now to Lieutenant Leigh, now to this sergeant, or that corporal; but at the first onset of the defence, when the place, there was a dispute between the captain and lieutenant; and I'm afraid it was maintained by the last of obstinacy, and just at a time when there should have been nothing but pulling together for the sake of all concerned. I must say, though, that there was right on both sides.

Lieutenant Leigh put it forward as his opinion that, short of men as we were, it was folly to keep four enemies under the same roof, who were likely at any time to overpower the one or two sentries placed over them; while, if there was nothing to fear in that way, there was still the necessity of shortening our defensive forces by a couple of valuable men.

"What would you do with them, then?" said Captain Dyer.

"Set them at liberty," said Lieutenant Leigh.

"I grant all you say, in the first place," said the captain; "but our retaining them is a sheer necessity."

"Why?" said Lieutenant Leigh, with a sneer; and I must say that at first I held with him.

"Because," said the captain sternly, "if we set them at liberty, we increase our enemies' power; not merely with three men, but with scoundrels who can give them the fullest information of our defences, over and above that of which I am afraid they are already possessed. The matter will not bear further discussion—Lieutenant Leigh, go now to your post, and do your duty to the best of your power."

"I don't touch me yet," he says in a whisper. "My stripes for some one, captain. Do for Isaac Smith

there. Hoary!" he says faintly; and he took off his cap with one hand, gave it a bit of a wave—"God save the Queen!"

"Bear him carefully to the empty ground floor, south side," says Captain Dyer sternly; "and make haste back, my lads; moments are precious."

"I'll do that with Private Manning's wife," says a voice; and turning as we were going to lift our dead comrade, there was big, strapping Mrs. Bantem, and another soldier's wife, and she then said a few words to the captain.

"Gone?" says Captain Dyer.

"Quarter of an hour ago, sir," says Mrs. Bantem; and then to me: "Poor trooper, Isaac!"

"Another man here," says Captain Dyer. "No, not you, Smith. Fill up here, Bantem."

Joe Bantem waved his hand to his wife, and took the dead corporal's place, but not easily, for Measles, who was next man, was stepping into it, when Captain Dyer ordered him back.

"But there's such a much better chance of dropping one of them mounted chaps, sir," says Measles grumbling.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and go back to your own loophole," says Captain Dyer; and the way that Measles kept on loading and firing, ramming down his cartridges viciously, and then taking long and careful aim, ah! and with good effect, too, was a sight to see.

All the while, we were expecting an assault, but none came, for the mutineers fell fast, and did not seem to dare to make a rush while we kept up such practice.

Then I had to go round and ask Lieutenant Leigh to send six more men to the gate, and to bring news of what was going on round the other sides.

I found the lieutenant standing at the window where I caught Clunder, and there was a man each at all the other four little windows which looked down at the outside—all the others, as I have said, looking in upon the court.

The lieutenant's men had a shot now and then at any one who approached; but the mutineers seemed to have determined upon forcing the gate, and so far as I could see, there was very little danger to fear from any other quarter.

I knew Lieutenant Leigh was not a coward, but he seemed very half-hearted over the defence, doing his duty but in a sullen sort of a way; and of course that was because he wanted to take the lead now held by Captain Dyer; and, perhaps, it was misjudging him, but I'm afraid just at that time he had been very glad if a shot had dropped his rival, and he could have stepped into his place."

Captain Dyer's plan to keep the rabble at bay till help could come, was of course quite right; and that night it was an understood thing, that another attempt should be made to send a messenger to Wallahabad, another of our corporals being selected for the dangerous mission.

The fighting was kept on, in an on-and-off way till evening, we losing several men, but a good many falling on the other side, which made them more cautious, and not once did we have a chance of touching a man with the bayonet. Some of our men grumbled a little at this, saying that it was very hard to stand there hour after hour to be shot down; and could they have done as they liked, they'd have made a sally.

Then came the night, and a short consultation between the captain and Lieutenant Leigh. The mutineers had ceased firing at sundown, and we were in hopes that there would be a rest till daylight, but all the same, the strictest watch was kept, and only half the men lay down at a time.

GEN. VON MOLTKE, the Prussian commander, is nearly blind.

VAN AMBURGH's lion tamer entered the cage at Woodstock, Ohio, lately, but came out immediately with alacrity, leaving the seat of his trousers to amuse the animal.

TO MISS DOROTHY.

Female! When I behold your skirt, Dragging behind you in the dirt, How pleased and thankful, too, am I That I have not your clothes to buy!

As an old soaker replied to a temperance lecturer by the following poser:—"If water rots the soles of your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

At a trial for breach of promise, held in the Irish capital a few weeks since, the young lady received \$500 as full and ample atonement for the loss of a young man without means, while waiting to become the wife of a man of fifty-five, with an income of \$1,500, a broken-down horse, shabby barouche, and twelve marriageable sons and daughters. His defense was that he had been "stuck" by every member of her family.

THE Massachusetts Legislature has finally settled down on an amended liquor law, which has passed both branches of the Legislature. It allows the sale of wines and all malt liquors, but allows towns and cities to exclude the sale of all liquors if the inhabitants so vote.

THE Dorchester Amateur Dramatic Club gave an entertainment at the Court House in this place, on Thursday evening last, which was largely attended. In fact, we never once before saw the building so crowded to excess; and are reliably informed that many were compelled either to go away, or perch themselves on the window sills without, which, by the way, leads us to remark the strange phenomenon, that a fine, enterprising place like Dorchester Corner has no hall for the accommodation of a number of people. Now this should and can be most assuredly remedied, and why not commence at once and follow the good example long ago set by the neighboring village. For shame on *The Shireburn*—it does not seem justifiable that it should be called thus. The performance commenced with the popular drama, entitled "The People's Lawyer," and the manner in which the actors played their respective parts was highly creditable. Taylor as "Ellisley," Wallace as "Winslow," McGrath as "Otis," Ross as "Shingle," Landry as "Howard," and Botford as "Judge," were the most prominent and rendered splendidly. The minor characters were Charters as "Tripper," Hickman as "Mrs. Otis," McGowan as "Miss Otis" and Martens as "Constable," and are all deserving of the greatest praise. In fact the whole thing from beginning to end was magnificently performed. The song, "Oh! don't they put on airs," was well rendered by Wallace and received great applause. "The Limerick Boy," a farce, was extremely amusing, and the acting of McGrath as "Paddy Miles," is said to be superior to that of many professionals. Wallace, as "Simple Job," was very good, although a little less action would be better; and Charters, as "Mr. Fidget," was excellent. Ross as "Dr. Coates," McGowan as "Miss Fidget," Landry as "Harry," and Taylor as "Charles," were all very well played. The whole affair went off with great credit, and the company will most likely receive a crowded house the next time they perform, as they have so much to their intention to give another performance for the purpose of raising funds to purchase scenery, &c.

Some time ago it was understood the Guel was to be painted, but after half-shingling the roof the workmen left it to its fate, and the outside of the building does not seem to be any more interesting to the eye of the spectator than formerly.

The Post Office—that spacious white building quite prominent on the Court House square—was some time since labored in and about the hall, but plastering it was not considered necessary. It is very convenient posting letters in the dark, there being any amount of narrow-mouthed boxes formed by the lathing.

We see that Mr. Carpenter, of Shelburne, is transporting his furniture from that place to the "Weldon House," where he intends establishing himself. Mr. Weldon is going to Petticoat, to try his fortunes at farming life.

Yours truly,
NIX-NAX.
Dorchester, Aug. 10, 1870.

The latest folly is heard of in New York. It is stated that two recruiting offices have been opened there, the Germans having one and the Irish the other. The former, of course, will assist the land of their birth, while the latter will back Napoleon. A disinterested spectator has proposed that both parties take to the plains, and fight it out. This would be as sensible as going to Europe to fight.

It won't do to credit the church people with the holiness that is going. We know a most wicked sinners who, when his mother-in-law fell into a vat of mash in a distillery, threw her a rope with the pious exclamation, "The Lord will succor!" and immediately left for his own end. His simple faith in Providence was handsomely rewarded. The lady was drowned.—San Francisco Sentinel.

AN ADDITION.—In Detroit, Michigan, recently, a Fenian placard was issued, which wound up with the usual "God save the Green." Some wag, with an eye to truth, affixed the word "horns" after the "green," thus making it read "God save the Greenhorns."

Poetry.

The Faithful Lovers.

I'd been away from her three years, and—about that—
And I returned to find my Mary true,
And though I questioned her, I did not doubt that
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney corner we were sitting,
"Mary," said I, have you been always true?"
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;

But for the three years past I'll tell you what
I've done, then say if I've been true or not."

"When first you left my grief was uncontrol-
lable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsol-
able."

Till Captain Clifford came from Alder-
shot,
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas
new.

I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie
Phipps."

I met him at my uncle's Christmas tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet
lips,
He gave me his first kiss—and here she
sighed;

"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how
time flew!
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"Lord Cecil Fosnotto, only twenty-one,
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode
and raced!"
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—
such fun!

And often was his arm about my waist—
That was to lift me up or down. But who
would count that unfaithfulness? Do you?"

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah! how
he sings.
We met—twas at a picnic. Ah, such
weather!"

He gave me, look, the first of these two
rings,
When we were lost in Chefflen woods
together.

Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!
I don't count that unfaithfulness to you."

"I've yet another ring from him," I you
see
The plain gold circlet that is shining
here?"

I took her hand: "Oh, Mary; can it be
That you?" Quoth she: "That I am Mrs.
Vere."

I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"No," I replied. "For I am married, too."
—Illustrated London News.

A Lesson to Lovers.

There is a good joke going the
rounds, of a young lady and gentle-
man at a fashionable party in Nash-
ville, a few evenings since. The
young man was handsome and hap-
py, the young lady, arrayed in all
the exquisite taste of lavender, rose,
etc., with gold powdered hair flowing
over her swanlike neck. Flirting
the heat of the room too much for
them, they sought the cool shade of
an arbor where they might listen to
the fountain's fall. The music rose
and fell; time flew on silver pinions
and after an absence of about three
hours our young friends entered the
brilliantly illuminated parlors. The
lady passed on in the dance, but the
young man was slightly taken aback
by his next neighbor informing him
that around his neck was the unmis-
taken print of two arms, all in chalk
and diamond dust, on one shoulder a
large pile of yellow powder, and on
his upper lip and cheek diamond
dust, blood of youth and yellow pow-
der, mixed up generally. The young
lady's hair was observed to be several
shades paler. Moral—carry a dust-
ing broom in your pocket.

A HAPPY REUNION was consummated
in Albany, a few nights since, be-
tween a young married couple from
the West, who had been traveling
about in search of each other for
three months. The husband had
been to the East for a new stock of
goods, sickened on the way, and
continued in a condition between
life and death during the time men-
tioned. The wife finally heard of
his death, and came on to recover
his remains. They were brought
together accidentally in turning the
corner of a street.

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AGRICULTURE.

United States Crops.

From the report of the Department of Agriculture, recently submitted, we learn that

THE WHEAT CROP is above an average in twelve States, and below an average in nineteen. The average depreciation of 13 per cent., and diminution in breadth of about six per cent., will make the present estimate at about 210,000,000 bushels, the decrease being at least 48,000,000 bushels.

CORN. The increase in the breadth of corn is about five per cent., or about 1,750,000 acres. Except in the Cotton States, east of the Mississippi, there is a general increase, particularly in the heart of the West, where the indications of a good crop have not been so good for years.

COTTON. The increase of cotton acreage averages twelve per cent. or about 1,000,000 of acres. The condition of the crop is so far very favorable to a good yield, and should give 3,500,000 bales.

OATS are a full average in about half the States. In all the Western States, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and New York, the deficit ranges from nine to twenty-three per cent.

TOBACCO. There will be an aggregate increase of about five per cent.; and promise unusually well in every State except two.

Cabbage Worm. A correspondent of the "Colonial Farmer" says: To exterminate the cabbage worm, the easiest and most effectual means that I know of is to examine the plants as soon as any begin to fail, and destroy the worms. They are green, and some of them an inch long. I have never found more than one or two on a plant. They were found on about one-third of my cabbages, and would have completely destroyed them had they not been removed; but after removal the plants revive again. I have not so far lost one plant. I have looked through my cabbage patch three times. The last time I found only a few worms. It does not take long, and a child can do it. If there is any better way I should like to know it.

Remedy for Potato Rot. In an essay on potato culture, Dr. H. Compton considers the potato rot as considerable length. Having found that dry rot was remedied by an application of sulphuric acid, it occurred to him that it also might destroy the fruit mildew. An application of plaster, which is composed of lime and sulphuric acid, was made with the happiest results. On the potato, mildew the application was found equally effective as a preventive, and if timely applied, after the middle of August, as a cure also. The Doctor adds: The vines should be watched closely, and on the first appearance of the disease plaster should be applied; not merely plaster broadcast, but dashing it over and under the vines, bringing it in contact with the stalks, using a hand-ful to three or four hills. Plaster for this purpose should be very dry and powdery, and should be applied when the air is still. One application is seldom sufficient; it should be renewed as often as circumstances require. Examine the vines about three days after a cold night, or about the same length of time after a heavy rain. If the leaves begin to curl and wither, apply plaster at once; and, in short, whenever the vines show any signs of drooping; be the causes bites of insects, excessive humidity of the atmosphere, or sudden change of temperature, drooping from any cause whatever indicates the approach of mildew, which should be promptly met with an application of plaster.

As before stated, plaster the vines as soon as they are up, again after the last ploughing and hoeing; after that, one, two or three times, as circumstances indicate. By this method the vines are kept of a bright, lively green, and the tubers are kept frost-free, until growth is stopped by frost. Another point gained is that potatoes so grown are so sound and free from disease, as to be easily kept for spring market.

THE Dorchester Amateur Dramatic Club gave an entertainment at the Court House in this place, on Thursday evening last, which was largely attended. In fact, we never once before saw the building so crowded to excess; and are reliably informed that many were compelled either to go away, or perch themselves on the window sills without, which, by the way, leads us to remark the strange phenomenon, that a fine, enterprising place like Dorchester Corner has no hall for the accommodation of a number of people. Now this should and can be most assuredly remedied, and why not commence at once and follow the good example long ago set by the neighboring village. For shame on *The Shireburn*—it does not seem justifiable that it should be called thus. The performance commenced with the popular drama, entitled "The People's Lawyer," and the manner in which the actors played their respective parts was highly creditable. Taylor as "Ellisley," Wallace as "Winslow," McGrath as "Otis," Ross as "Shingle," Landry as "Howard," and Botford as "Judge," were the most prominent and rendered splendidly. The minor characters were Charters as "Tripper," Hickman as "Mrs. Otis," McGowan as "Miss Otis" and Martens as "Constable," and are all deserving of the greatest praise. In fact the whole thing from beginning to end was magnificently performed. The song, "Oh! don't they put on airs," was well rendered by Wallace and received great applause. "The Limerick Boy," a farce, was extremely amusing, and the acting of McGrath as "Paddy Miles," is said to be superior to that of many professionals. Wallace, as "Simple Job," was very good, although a little less action would be better; and Charters, as "Mr. Fidget," was excellent. Ross as "Dr. Coates," McGowan as "Miss Fidget," Landry as "Harry," and Taylor as "Charles," were all very well played. The whole affair went off with great credit, and the company will most likely receive a crowded house the next time they perform, as they have so much to their intention to give another performance for the purpose of raising funds to purchase scenery, &c.

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NIX-NAX.
Dorchester, Aug. 10, 1870.

The latest folly is heard of in New York. It is stated that two recruiting offices have been opened there, the Germans having one and the Irish the other. The former, of course, will assist the land of their birth, while the latter will back Napoleon. A disinterested spectator has proposed that both parties take to the plains, and fight it out. This would be as sensible as going to Europe to fight.

It won't do to credit the church people with the holiness that is going. We know a most wicked sinners who, when his mother-in-law fell into a vat of mash in a distillery, threw her a rope with the pious exclamation, "The Lord will succor!" and immediately left for his own end. His simple faith in Providence was handsomely rewarded. The lady was drowned.—San Francisco Sentinel.

AN ADDITION.—In Detroit, Michigan, recently, a Fenian placard was issued, which wound up with the usual "God save the Green." Some wag, with an eye to truth, affixed the word "horns" after the "green," thus making it read "God save the Greenhorns."

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