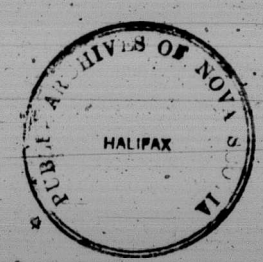


CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Editor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

J. E. FRANKLIN & Co., Publishers.

Vol. 1.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1870.

No. 3.

AGRICULTURE.

Necessity of Good Seed.

For the "Chignecto Post."

The laws of Nature being uniform in their operation, the same care should be exercised in selecting the seed in the vegetable kingdom as is observed in the character and breed of the animal kingdom. Among our farmers the importance of obtaining the best description of stock, is beginning to be well understood, and is more and more acted on; and in many of our vegetable and cereal productions the necessity of good seed is acknowledged. What an almost infinite variety of potatoes now exists—their character varying almost as much as their names! the last novelty, the Early Rose, commanding fabulous prices as seed; and how each variety preserves its distinctive characters—showing that the quality of the seed determines the character of the crop. The potatoe root, which has been so long celebrated for its great weight and productiveness, was propagated from a single plant of extraordinary size which a gentleman found growing in his field in Cumberland, England. The finest and best varieties of the cereals are produced by selecting the largest and best filled ears at harvest time, and continuing to propagate from them until the required quantities are obtained. Good seed is indispensable. To secure it, the farmer may pursue either of two courses: purchase a new variety of seed, or refresh or renew an old one by selecting the best heads of wheat, oats, barley, or rye, at the time of harvesting, and carefully propagating from them until in the course of time enough will be obtained to supply himself. If farmers generally took pains to pursue even the latter course, much less would be heard about the deterioration of cereal crops.

When crops fail, either in quality or quantity, the causes are usually of two kinds: one is imperfect tillage, the other is imperfect seed. No sane man expects a good yield from deteriorated seed, sown in an impoverished soil. When to these latter evils the crop has to struggle to existence against such enemies as shallow plowing, little or no drainage, and no system of rotation of crops, the wonder is, not that the crops are light, but that there are any crops at all.

I know I am making trite observations in thus remarking upon the disadvantages of poor seed and imperfect cultivation; but the financial benefits of giving a large attention to good seed, &c., if understood by our farmers, are not appreciated. How many still grub along apparently without the slightest idea of the laws by which Nature performs her operations? I referred in a previous letter to the advantages offered by a small farmer who has the courage to step out of his beaten track popular with our forefathers, will be the first to gain by it. I have also spoken of the necessity of the soil containing the ingredients of the crop. These ingredients are only partially supplied by the ordinary manures used; hence the necessity for a farmer to have a knowledge of the system of rotation of crops. At this season of the year, when we are nearly all busy with the cultivation of our farms, it is well to keep in mind the truths these general principles inculcate. If they cannot be carried out to their fullest extent, they should be practiced as far as the circumstances of each particular farm will warrant.

The Board of Agriculture.

SACKVILLE & WESTMORELAND SOCIETY.
Howard Trauman, Secretary.

Our Society continues to prosper. During the year there has been an increase in the membership, and I think more interest is being manifested in its welfare by some who heretofore have shown but little zeal in such matters. A number of our professional men and principal merchants are connected with the Society, who manifest an interest in the advancement of agriculture, not equalled by many farmers.

A bountiful harvest has rewarded the labors of the farmer, and had it not been for the great tide on the night of the 4th October, that destroyed thousands of tons of hay, and scores of miles of fence, we would have been able to report the County in a most prosperous state.

The weather table for the year has been most remarkable. Winter gave us nearly five months of excellent sleighing, with but two or three storms of any severity, and they short. Spring, like its predecessor, brought us a good deal of wet, disagreeable weather; but farmer's, remembering last year's experience, continued to sow and plant during nearly the whole of June, and they were well repaid. The Summer was unusually cold and dry, but warm enough to mature all the principal crops, and wet enough to afford sufficient moisture for vegetation. The Fall has been delightfully fine; no frost until the middle of September, and very little during the month. Since the first of July, there has not been more than ten days that out-door labor could not be carried on with comfort.

More wheat was sown than last year, and with even better results. In one instance, at least, nineteen bushels have been threshed from one bushel of seed. The weevil, however, was in pretty strong force in some fields, but no rust of any account. The wheat crop, though improving the last two or three years, has not during these years on the whole, averaged more than half a crop. Barley and oats are good; buckwheat excellent in quality, but a little short in quantity. Potatoes have not been so good since the biggest first-made its appearance. Turnips fine and solid, and a good yield; dry weather did not injure them, as it was feared. The hay crop was good, and well harvested; pasture during the season, average.

In addition to the usual amount of seed purchased, fourteen sheep and two pigs have been imported, and sold according to law. For some time past the Society has been considerably exercised over the question of buying or in some way securing the services of a thoroughbred horse. This Spring an arrangement was effected with Hugh McManis, Esq., of Sussex, that placed in our district for the season, that gentleman's celebrated horse "Albert Morgan." The Society's annual exhibition was held as usual on the 20th October. The show of stock was scarcely so good as it had been in some other years, owing in part, no doubt, to the demand for beef, and in part to the great tide. In domestic manufactures, butter, cereals, &c., the display was never better. The manufacturers of leather, harness, and boots, deserve special commendation for the display of articles in their department. The change that a few years has made is very marked. Very little interest was taken in the Ploughing Match, there being more prizes than competitors. The day was fine and the attendance large. Good order prevailed; and a dinner at the Brunswick House, with toasts and speeches, closed the day's proceedings.

Another sign of improvement to be noticed is the effort our farmers are making, particularly our stock-growers, to ensure a good and sufficient supply of water for their cattle during the winter months. Wells supplied with suction pumps are to be found in or near the barns of most of our principal farmers. A few years has wrought a great change in this respect.

Another sign of improvement to be noticed is the greater care that is being taken of the manure heap. There is still, however, very great room for improvement. Farmers are slowly learning that the salvation of their farms depends upon manuring, and are governing themselves accordingly. Barn cellars and manure sheds are multiplying.

Farmers have two great wants; they want skill, and they want capital. Energy and physical ability in some measure may stand instead of these, but only in a small degree. There is some consolation in the fact that those are the wants peculiar to new countries, and as the country grows older they will probably be supplied. In the meantime let it be the aim of every farmer to do whatever he undertakes, in the best way he knows how. Let economy be practiced in the non-essentials, such as fast horses, elegant carriages and expensive dress, and let the money be invested in the mother country. Buy a labor-saving machine, and depend upon it these wants will disappear faster than we are aware of.

Waiting.

From New York "Evening Post."

The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves
To guide him to the meadow,
Among the golden sheaves,
Where stand I, longing, loving,
And listening as I wait
To the nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to her mate.

My thought flows into rhythm,
For the music in the air,
Heralds my lover's coming,
And tells me he is there.
Come, for my arms are empty!
Come, for the day was long!
Turn the darkness into glory,
The sorrow into song.

The Fashions.

For the "Chignecto Post."

Petticoats. — While underskirts and body linen in general revive the sway of embroidery and ruffles in their amplest sense. They are put on plain, in gathered and plaited forms. They are headed by and alternated with horizontal, perpendicular and diagonal tucks. Petticoats are cut gored, with fulness at the back, but for trained dresses are cut off below the knee, and finished with a flounce deep at the back, everything is fluted and graded. Flat dresses, the smallest not more than an inch or two wide, to iron between ruffles and trimming, and a fluting machine have become essential to the doing up of skirts.

A deep flounce, about fourteen inches wide, is worn on walking dresses. Hem both edges on the machine, line the flounce, sew a tape along the outer side, over the flounce are passed down, to keep them in place; only the lining of the skirt need continue under the flounce.

Veils are very much worn in all colors; green, blue, and drab predominate.

Very few nice bonnets have yet made their appearance, but promise to be stylish and becoming. All the latest styles and newest materials are to be seen at Mrs. Stewart's, near Mount Allison.

Mourning goods continue much the same first-class grief, such as widows require, black bombazine with deep folds of English crepe, cuffs, collar, bonnet and veil of the same. The only white admissible is the "widow's cap," which like a silver lining in a dark cloud relieves the sombre severity of the dress, and with crumpled hair renders the whole costume irresistible.

A Large Farm.

The large farm of 25,000 acres in Chignecto county, Ill., formerly belonging to M. L. Sullivan, but recently purchased by J. T. Alexander, requires, according to the *Practical Farmer*, for such part as is under cultivation, a laboring force of 160 able-bodied men, divided into six departments, with a foreman to each squad of 18 or 20 men. The central superintendent gives directions by means of signal flags. The teams are 120 yoke of oxen and 100 horses and mules. It is intended to have 8,200 or 10,000 head of cattle, so arranged that one man can oversee about 1,000 head. The receipts this year are estimated at \$380,000, leaving a net of \$200,000. The cattle on the farm are valued at \$280,000. Machinery is largely used, and the cost of growing corn, as shown by the book account which is kept, is less than a day and a half of labor for each acre. The farm is fenced by an osage hedge two years old, planted on a high ridge, about fourteen feet wide, which has been thrown up with a huge plow—giving a deep bed of earth in which the plants grow with great vigor.

The British Government is considering a plan for extending the postal system of telegraphs to all the British Colonies, and by one continuous line of cable, 24,000 miles in length, uniting these colonies with each other and the mother country. This cable will complete the telegraphic circuit of the world.

MARY MOORE.

A Love Story.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life, I loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chair up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me! how gaily rang out her merry laugh! That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth, followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are taught things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer a school boy, and I was no longer a school girl. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a sad coxcomb, I know; but, as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and I prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door—"in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may marry her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not consent to accept my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps, in the seclusion and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but, as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should have perhaps found I was mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and made me a better man. When, at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself, which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly."

I packed many a token, from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift of Mary Moore I selected with a beating

heart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—flat was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others, it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a future home, and a sweet smiling face—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded, and sun bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company had assembled there. I flinched my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long silent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted her hand as if to shade her eyes (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time), and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked, quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester?" lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And, hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying—

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then, stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said—

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry? Oh, my brother Harry?" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears! Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn wanderer! And, as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and, though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy

remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home!

There were four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and, in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains, that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. You have changed so, that I should never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my father, gently. "To be sure, he looks older, and graver, and more like a man, than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Ay, mother," I answered, sadly: "You are my boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for that compliment," he answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife and I grow handsomer every day."

"His wife!—could I hear that name and keep silence still?"

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheeks. "I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in this world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used?"

"Very much!" I faltered.

"Hullo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife: I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought—

"Not Mary!"

"I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so glib, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silver figure looking out from the window."

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said, in a low, eager voice, "have you no welcome to the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group, and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see, was there before me—more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving, than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning grey. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long and happy and, I hope, a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart, I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. For even then—for love still lives above.

Variety Column.

If you wish to be praised—die. Real gossipers—babbling brooks. To stop a woman's mouth—kiss it. The best time to crack a joke—when it strikes one. To see yourself as others see you—become a candidate.

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people. It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the sky on its beams. Virginia has a girl four years old with a heavy beard and moustache. The most heartless woman—the laundress: she daily wrings men's bosoms.

The oldest maid—Naomi, daughter of Enoch: she was 580 before she got a husband. The first brook—Pharaoh's daughter: she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance. Irish landlords are often "warned" now-a-days by finding graves dug in their front yards.

They've arrested a young fellow in Philadelphia, just because he has a lot of names and as many wives. "Every one's days are numbered." It is useless, then, to wish that we may have days without number.

A CIRCUMSTANCE.—Jones said to Nibbles, "Poor Lucinda took that circumstance very much to heart." Nibbles replied, "Did she, indeed? The dear girl! I wish I was that circumstance."

Dan Rice, the showman, is about to begin his thirty-seventh annual farewell tour. Daniel is the "farewell" man in the business, and runs a newspaper at Girard, in addition to his other clownish and educated male duties.

An Irish friend of ours the other day thundered out a noble answer to a pestiferous creditor: "Ye may call, sir, for the dirty bill this day month, and if I see your ugly face before that day, be gorra I'll have to take the resate from your executors."

A NEW SPECIES OF PIG.—A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected sir, I went yesterday to the cattle show. I was astonished at not seeing your there."

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington: "high living doesn't bring it out. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits from his wife's grandmother."

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, do first night I opens store I counts the monies and finds him right; I count him and dere he tree dollar gone; and yet does you thinks I doesn't?" "I can't say," "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since."

A Nevada reporter has discovered a place in the wedding line. He says: "We noticed yesterday a new practice in the marriage business, and we rather like it. All the gentlemen present kiss the bride, and all the ladies kiss the bridegroom, after which all the ladies and gentlemen kiss each other. We go in for the improvement—it is progressive. We solicit an invitation to all the marriages in and about Carson. We feel like a young colt to-day."

Quebec and New Brunswick Railway.

Last week we published a notice of a meeting of the Stockholders of the "New Brunswick Railway Company," when the officers and Directors were appointed, and a code of By-Laws submitted and adopted. Since then we have received a copy of the Bill which has passed the Dominion Parliament, giving to the Company all the necessary power to carry out the work, and to build a line of railway from Riviere du Loup to St. John. The operations of the Company of course are confined to New Brunswick, but another Company has also been incorporated in the Province of Quebec with similar power to extend the line from Kamnaska to Edmundston or the Boundary line of this Province, so that under the Dominion Act the Company is styled the "Quebec and New Brunswick Railway Company." The preliminary steps have been taken towards what we conceive to be a work of great magnitude and general benefit, and we have no doubt but that the Legislatures of Quebec and New Brunswick, seeing as they must, the great importance of this line of Railway, will be prepared to liberally second the efforts of the Company towards the same.

—Col. Furner.

THE CHICAGO POST
Is Published Every Thursday.
AT SACKVILLE, N. B.
Terms—\$1.50; if paid in advance
\$1.00 per annum.
Advertising at the usual
rates.
Address—**W. C. MILLER,**
J. E. FRANKLIN, Publisher.

Valuable Premiums are offered to
Subscribers and get-up of Clubs, in
Sewing Machines, specially warranted
by
W. S. CALHOUN, Sr. John,
Agent West Sewing Machine Co.;
and in Watches, specially warranted by
Messrs. PAGE BROS., JEWELLERS,
St. John.
and in Cash, Books or Magazines, as may
be agreed upon.
This offers a rare opportunity for a
young lady, by canvassing for Subscribers,
to obtain a Sewing Machine free! or
a young man to obtain a handsome Watch
free!

Job Printing is executed in a superior
manner and with despatch at this
office. Having imported a very fast working
Job Press (Ruggles Rotary), with a
variety of the latest styles of type,
we are enabled to work off with
neatness.

BUSINESS CARDS,
PROGRAMMES,
BILLHEADS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
POSTERS, &c.

Parties who are in the habit of ordering
Job Work in St. John will find it advantageous
to give us a call.

Chicigo Post.
SACKVILLE, N. B., JUNE 2, 1870.
United States Hostility.

Are our American neighbors friendly
or unfriendly? We are a peaceful,
harmless people, anxious to live in
harmony with them, to cultivate their
good will, to trade with them, and
to have no deadly strife with them
than the competition of our respective
products in the markets of the world.
Have they shown any desire to re-
ciprocate in these kindly feelings?
Was it friendly or unfriendly for them
to refuse to renew the Reciprocity
Treaty—a treaty productive of great
and acknowledged mutual advantages?
Is not that refusal persisted in,
in spite of all our exertions, to the
contrary, for the avowed purpose
of humbling the Dominion, and com-
pelling it, by the direct straits which
it was hoped such refusal would sub-
ject it, to sue for admission into the
Union?

We need not go far back to find
other acts dictated by the same spirit
of animosity. Negotiating a treaty
with P. E. Island, working up an ex-
pectation in Nova Scotia, placing
a fleet of gunboats on the Lakes,
refusing to allow provisions, &c., to
be carried through the Sault St.
Marie Canal, and recently placing
prohibitory duties on Canadian pro-
duce, can scarcely be called friendly
acts. This last invasion of our soil
by American citizens is another addi-
tion to the list. Undoubtedly Irish-
men and their descendants in the
United States cherish a profound
hatred of everything English. We
do not know as we are surprised at
the feeling; it has been engendered
through ages of wrong, and it is
almost an element in their national
character. Time, ages alone will
quiet and soothe it. Knowing this
feeling exists, and was liable to break
forth into acts of hostility to a peace-
ful neighbor, what was the duty of
the American Government? No pro-
found statesmanship is required to
discover that. The owner of a dan-
gerous dog generally ties him up, to
prevent his flying at, and baring his
fangs in the flesh of the unsuspect-
ing passer by. To have ceased con-
quitting for Fenian votes, to have
firmly declared that the neutrality
laws should be preserved, and to
have followed such declaration by
acts making an infringement impos-
sible, would have been nothing more
than simple justice. What did they
do? After thousands of men had
recruited in the great cities of the
Republic to carry fire and sword over
our land—after our soil was invaded
and blood was spilt; why, a general
order with two hundred men is dis-
patched to the frontier, and a pro-
clamation of warning is issued, tem-
pered, as American papers themselves
admit, by a wholesome dread of Fen-
ian votes? That is Republican
justice.

From the tone of the American
Press, one would think the United
States have a sort of vested right
to invade and desolate British territory,
and that British subjects are their
natural prey. We are a weak power,
struggling into commercial and na-
tional existence, we have hundreds
of miles of a frontier, with a scant
population to defend it; but let them
not imagine that there is no such a
thing as international rights for the
weak—that those who are lordly in
their own strength can violate, un-
punished, principles of right. Thank
heaven, there is at least one power
mightier than the United States.

The Fenians.

The invasion consisted of three
expeditions. The first brought Ver-
mont on—Montreal, &c., where the
heroes were recently scattered by a
few farmers; the second to crop the
border between Lakes Ontario and
Huron, and the third against Red
River. The number of men actually
engaged was not over 4000 or 5000.
At least 20,000 or 30,000 were ready
to reinforce them immediately. If
the advance bands of these worse
than Goths or Vandals had succeeded
in getting a foothold, the Dominion
would have had to repel 100,000 of
them. Thanks, however, to the bra-
very of our Volunteers, the present
movement has collapsed. The tele-
grams state that nowhere did the
volunteers or regulars meet with a
check; and great quantities of tro-
phies fell into their hands. At St.
Albans the Fenians were totally
demoralized; but at Buffalo they are
still active, and the Huntington fron-
tiers is the only district now in danger.
The Canadian Government is, how-
ever, keeping the frontiers guarded.
The movement having been defeated,
American officials have become sud-
denly very active in arresting Fen-
ians! Such a course may well be
regarded with contempt. It is
almost impossible to make the best
selections from the vast amount of
telegraphic news and correspondence
found in the leading papers; but in
another column our readers will per-
haps find the gist of them. There
is one feature that calls for special
remark: the promptness and gallan-
try with which our countrymen met
the invader is a guarantee that
should ever a greater necessity call
them forth again from their farms
and workshops, they will sustain the
honor of their race and country.

Fenian Espionage Continues.

The following, from St. John pa-
pers, looks as if the Fenian excite-
ment is not yet over.
MONTREAL, May 31.
The Prince Consort's Own Rifle
Brigade and a battery of Royal Ar-
tillery have returned to the city, and
the 6th regt. passed through yester-
day, en route for Quebec. The vol-
unteers at present in the city have
orders to drill five hours daily. Fen-
ian trophies in the shape of rifles,
bayonets, and knapsacks in large
quantities were brought in to-day.
Also a Fenian prisoner, dirty and
beard-faced, who was placed in jail.
A volunteer will be court-martialed
to-day for desertion. The excite-
ment is beginning to calm down
here, but in the West it still contin-
ues. Late despatches state that the
Fenians are organizing in Detroit,
Wyandotte and Saginaw. Great ex-
citement at Port Erie—a crossing
being expected, but no attempt made
as yet. Guns, shot and shell, and a
company of 24th Battalion, left St.
Catharines yesterday for Port Col-
borne. All along Niagara frontier
troops are on hand. It is reported
that during Sunday night all Fenians
at Malone had left for parts unknown.
General Mix of Malone made his
escape last night from U. S. troops.
All quiet at St. Albans. A supposed
Fenian, named Sullivan, was arrested
in Montreal yesterday; he displayed
possession of green ribbons, and had
in his possession gold coins and Can-
adian bills worth \$700. No casual-
ties reported among volunteers,
who receive great praise for gallant
conduct. Gen. Donnelly is at the
point of death. The bullet was ex-
tracted from his wound last evening.
The Canadian volunteers are being
recalled. The general tone of the
people is against the U. S. Govern-
ment for tardiness in interfering with
Fenian operations.

Fire at Sackville.

About 11.45 Friday night last the
barn in the rear of the residence of
Mr. T. D. Vickery was discovered
to be on fire. The alarm was im-
mediately given. Although every
exertion was made by the crowd that
had gathered to suppress the flames
both house and barn were destroyed.
It was with some difficulty the ad-
joining barn, owned by Mr. Edward
Cogswell, was saved. The barn had
been erected by Messrs. Lindsay &
Vickery for carrying on hay pressing
operations, and it is supposed the
fire used during the day was not ex-
tinguished at night and caught into
loose hay. Fortunately the night
was calm or there would have been
a much larger destruction of prop-
erty. Mr. Vickery lost a valuable
horse, two cows, &c. His loss \$500.
Messrs. Lindsay and Vickery's loss
\$1000. Mr. Cogswell's loss \$2000.

Volunteer Inspection.

Yesterday afternoon the Sackville
Volunteer Company, under command
of Capt. Blair Botsford, turned out
in pretty strong force, for inspection.
Brigade-Major McCully, Inspector
for this District, after examining the
arms and clothing of the men, ad-
dressed the Company in a neat
speech, complimenting them highly
for the proficiency displayed in exe-
cuting the different manoeuvres they
were put through, by their Drill-
Instructor, Mr. LeB. Botsford; and
said he had no fear, if occasion re-
quired it, the Sackville Volunteers
would be found to the front. He
also impressed upon them the neces-
sity, in order to become good mark-
smen, of practicing with the rifle,
and hoped that they would give a good
account of themselves at the Annual
Dominion Rifle Competition, to take
place in Fredericton during the Sum-
mer. What about the Targets?
Unless they are provided shortly,
we are sadly afraid our boys will
have to remain at home. Come,
Messrs. Militia Authorities, send
along the targets.

The Premier's Health—Red River—Neill Refuses Fenian Interference.

A despatch from Ottawa, dated
May 30th, says:
"Premier has had a recurrence of
painful and dangerous symptoms.
Dr. Campbell was summoned from
Montreal again to-day to attend him.
Though earlier this p. m., his con-
dition is thought very precarious."
Reports from Red River via St.
Paul, May 28th, states that positively
declines overtures of assistance made
to him by Fenians and provisional
Government declare their intention
of repelling them by force should
they attempt to invade the Territory.
We are sorry having to further
encroach on the reading matter, in
consequence of the rush of adver-
tisements this issue. We are com-
pelled to omit several Departmental
notices, and other advertisements,
which will appear next week. If the
success this paper has first met con-
tinues, we shall enlarge about the first
of August next.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Despatch to "Chicigo Post."

St. John, June 2.
Cable despatches this morning an-
nounce the massacre of the entire
Jewish population in Roumelia, a
Turkish province, by the native
Christians. Thousands of the Jews
have been murdered and the slaugh-
ter is still going on.
No further trouble is apprehended
from the Fenians.

Fenian Espionage Continues.

The following, from St. John pa-
pers, looks as if the Fenian excite-
ment is not yet over.
MONTREAL, May 31.
The Prince Consort's Own Rifle
Brigade and a battery of Royal Ar-
tillery have returned to the city, and
the 6th regt. passed through yester-
day, en route for Quebec. The vol-
unteers at present in the city have
orders to drill five hours daily. Fen-
ian trophies in the shape of rifles,
bayonets, and knapsacks in large
quantities were brought in to-day.
Also a Fenian prisoner, dirty and
beard-faced, who was placed in jail.
A volunteer will be court-martialed
to-day for desertion. The excite-
ment is beginning to calm down
here, but in the West it still contin-
ues. Late despatches state that the
Fenians are organizing in Detroit,
Wyandotte and Saginaw. Great ex-
citement at Port Erie—a crossing
being expected, but no attempt made
as yet. Guns, shot and shell, and a
company of 24th Battalion, left St.
Catharines yesterday for Port Col-
borne. All along Niagara frontier
troops are on hand. It is reported
that during Sunday night all Fenians
at Malone had left for parts unknown.
General Mix of Malone made his
escape last night from U. S. troops.
All quiet at St. Albans. A supposed
Fenian, named Sullivan, was arrested
in Montreal yesterday; he displayed
possession of green ribbons, and had
in his possession gold coins and Can-
adian bills worth \$700. No casual-
ties reported among volunteers,
who receive great praise for gallant
conduct. Gen. Donnelly is at the
point of death. The bullet was ex-
tracted from his wound last evening.
The Canadian volunteers are being
recalled. The general tone of the
people is against the U. S. Govern-
ment for tardiness in interfering with
Fenian operations.

From Europe.

LONDON, May 29.—The English-
man captured by Brigands near Gila-
raltar have not yet been rescued, but
the Spanish Government promises to
refund whatever their ransom may
cost.
The Infallibility part in the Ecume-
nical Council is reported to be
strengthening itself by every possible
influence. A strict censorship over
telegraphic despatches sent from
Rome has been established.

LONDON, May 30.—Gen. George
Napier writes to the papers exulting
to-day over the promptitude and
prowess displayed by the Canadian
Volunteers in the late engagements
with the Fenians.

The miniature steamer "City of
Ragusa" left Liverpool May 31 for
New York. She is 21 ft. long. Crew
consists of Captain, one man and
Newfoundland dog.

Crops in England are suffering for
want of rain.

Paris is alarmed at the small pos-
sibility of Cuba having lately gained several
small victories.

Destructive Fire.

On the afternoon of the 19th inst.,
a tremendous conflagration spread
along the Saguenay River. It swept
an area of 36 1/2 miles. Eight
lives were lost. Six hundred and
fifty-five families ruined and destitute.
People had to seek shelter in swamps
and wells. Many painful stories are
reported of the miseries undergone.
Aid was sent from Quebec.

Norway Oats.

Correspondents in "Moore's Rural
New Yorker" denounce Norway Oats
as a swindle. "They are not as
heavy by six to eight pounds as the
P. E. Island Oats the New Bruns-
wick, or the Sunrise." They rust,
the straw is coarse, and do not yield
as much per stalk as the common
oats sown on poorer ground.

HON. A. R. WATSON has been
appointed a Judge of the Supreme
Court of this Province.

City of "Antwerp" arrived at
Halifax yesterday afternoon with
small box on board.

ACCIDENT.—On the 31st ult., a
man named Lemons, a fireman, had
his head injured by coming in con-
tact with the pump post, near the
Station. He was severely injured.
Dr. W. D. Knapp was in attendance.

FROM OUR ST. JOHN CORRESPONDENT.

**Red River and Fenians—Prince Arthur—The
Premier—Mr. Gray's Libel Suit—Mr. Wet-
more a Judge—Post Office Department, &c.**

St. John, 30th May.

The Dominion is fast attaining
the position of a nation in all the
various gradations of revolutions,
rebellions, political complications,
dead locks, and all the other afflic-
tions incidental to a people running
a Government on their own account.
Having the Red River affair in hand,
which only gathered importance on
account of its distance, the scum of
the United States, under the guise
of Fenians, thought they would make
a raise, and thus it was that last
week we commenced and finished
quite a respectable invasion, in which
several thousand Fenian freebooters,
who invaded Canada at several pro-
minent points, were severely beaten,
thereby demonstrating the fact that
the "New Nation" can do a little
fighting. The raiders were within
about forty miles of Montreal at one
time, and business was suspended in
the city. Several of the Fenian lead-
ers were killed and wounded, and we
will not likely be troubled with them
this year at least. Prince Arthur
was to the front with his troops, but
we believe he did not have an oppor-
tunity to see any fighting. The dis-
astrous termination of this affair will
wipe out Fenianism in the States. It
is strange they did not visit the
Maritime Provinces, which, being
quite convenient to New York and
Boston, could easily have been at-
tacked by water. But a strange
infatuation seemed to possess those
in command, and their knowledge of
geography and generalship were
equally small.

Sir John A. MacDonald still excites
great anxiety, and his friends have
the gravest fears for his ultimate
recovery. It is generally conceded
that if he should be obliged to retire
from public life, that a condition of
anarchy like that which afflicted Mexico
would befall us, in the hands of inex-
perienced and reckless politicians
who now hold the reins of power in
Canada.

The Hon. John H. Gray has com-
menced a libel suit against a Toronto
paper, for stating that one of the
Dominion exhibitors helped him to
furnish his house. It is needless to
say that the sympathies of the St.
John people are with the newspaper
man.

We are at last relieved of one
of the expected candidates for the
Local—the Hon. A. R. Wetmore,
who has been promoted to a Judgeship.
This appointment has elicited a
good deal of comment. No one
denies that Mr. Wetmore will make
a good Judge, but as his political
record is rather equivocal, former
Anti-Confederates are chagrined at
his appointment. But to those who
are intimately acquainted with all
the facts of the case, Mr. Wetmore
can not be blamed much for his
course. He was dragged from a
lucrative practice to run an election;
and while he naturally might expect
any judicial appointment that was
in the market, the Government of
the day, when they had one to give,
stepped outside of their ranks, and
gave it to an outsider. Mr. Wetmore's
course is justifiable, as self-preservation
is the first law of nature.

The General Post Office is now
here. Its removal from Fredericton
is one of the promised benefits which
she is receiving for her adherence to
the cause of Confederation. The
various officials are quartered in the
Custom House. It will be more
suitable to the wants of the business
community to have the head office in
St. John.

The new steamer "City of Saint
John," owned by Epoch Line, has
proved to be very fast, adding an-
other to our now justly celebrated fleet
of River and Bay Steamers. M.

Chemistry is furnishing us new
agents for fuel, force, food, and many
other important aids over those we
once possessed. Ports from which
commerce was driven during the hot
months by their terrible fevers, are
visited all the year with impunity
now. Many localities in the South
and West kept tenantless by their
deleterious miasms are now filling up
with populations, under the protection
of Ayer's Agree Cure. Their
alliding Chills and Fever are so
effectually cured by this remedy that
the diseases no longer terms emigra-
tionable or destroys the settler if
he entures upon its infected dis-
trict. ["Gazette," Independence
Mo.

TO RECENT SUBSCRIBERS.—We have
not in hand any spare copies of two
previous numbers; will send from
date

Local and Other Matters.

Mr. John L. Pye is shortly to
open a new Hotel at Hopewell Cape.
For Ringbone on a colt, oil of
amber is a capital remedy.

Woodstock Trotting Park opens
the first of next month.
Messrs. BUTLER, Bailey and S. D.
Peters are out for Queens.

The "City Camp," a ship of
1000 tons was launched from Mr. S.
J. King's yard, St. John, on Tuesday.
Mr. C. Ward recently spoke in the
Botsford Town Hall, on the subjects
of Education, Prohibition and An-
nexation.

The N. Division, Sons of Tem-
perance, of North America, meet at
Newark, New Jersey, on 22nd inst.

LETTER TO C. E. Knapp, Esq., from
"Elector" received too late for this
issue. Articles, News &c., referring
to recent destructive fires, held over.

A SLUCE was put in the road lead-
ing from the Station to Dixon's
Landing on Tuesday. The road is
now passable.

MEND YOUR WAYS.—What about
the Westcock Abolitionists? Is it not
in a sufficiently bad condition to be
repaired?

BALLASTING Eastern Extension R.
R., near Fowler's Hill, recommenced
a few days since. A large number
of men are employed.

A GREAT fire has been raging in
the woods near Ft. William, Canada,
and the inhabitants were obliged to
take shelter in the mines.

A SCHOOL Picnic took place at
Mount Pleasant yesterday. Messrs.
E. A. Welsh, J. Blacklock, and R.
Copp, were the speakers.

FIRE AT SHEDIA.—On Thursday
night last the house and barn of a
Mrs. Norman was destroyed by fire.
Insured for \$100.

AN Eastern correspondent informs
us candidates are about there, stump-
ing the county in pairs. "The future
Chief Commissioner of Public Works
was here a day or two since."

T. D. VICKERY, Esq., has purchased,
and intends in a few days to remove
to, the property owned and occupied
by Mr. George Bulmer. Mr. Bulmer
moves to Westmorland Point.

We are authorized to announce
that John Fawcett, Esq., will be a
Candidate at the approaching Elec-
tion. As he is a farmer he will more
particularly represent that interest.

METNY AT DALHOUSIE.—The crew
of the American ship "A. McNeill"
arrived on Friday last. First and
second mates were shot and wounded.
The mutineers were arrested.

The Sackville Volunteer Company
is requested to meet at Bowes' Hall
on Saturday evening next, at eight
o'clock. A full attendance of the
Company is requested, as business
of importance will be transacted.

Professors Gray and Weldon,
and Mr. Bond, of Mount Allison,
left Sackville on a walking tour yester-
day to spend part of the vacation
in Nova Scotia. Professors Allison
and Inghel left yesterday for Canada.

MR. MONTGOMERY, a City Alder-
man of Halifax, was brought up in
the Police Court for having struck a
Mr. O'Brien, of the City Railway, "a
hard blow on the side of the head."
Judgement reserved.

The Great Road between the
Bridge and Fowler's Hill is in a dis-
graceful condition. We call atten-
tion to it again not because it will
do any good, but rather as a protest
on the part of the people of this
Village against such roads.

Our Obituary contains the notice
of the death of Mr. Jotham Esta-
brook, one of our oldest inhabitants.
For a long number of years he ran
the packet between here and St.
John—in those days the almost only
mode of communication.

A MILLINERY and Dress making
establishment has been commenced
by Mrs. Stewart, near Mount Allison.
Mrs. Stewart has been some time in
the business and her present enter-
prise ought to be successful.

MORE NEW PAPERS.—Mr. William
Pugsley, a talented student at Law,
is about to establish a paper at Law-
sex. The "Pancernata" is about
to be made a weekly journal, and
published at Petitediac. These are
evidences of the growing wants of
our country.

Our Amherst letter last week was
mis sent to St. John. It contained
a full account of Black River fire.
We extract the following: "Three
dwelling houses, several shanties,
two saw mills, a large quantity of
deals and the large store erected by
contractors of No. 4, were destroyed.
No insurance. Several families left
entirely destitute. Messrs. R. Smith
& Co., receive provisions, clothing,
&c., for them."

THE LATE FENIAN INVASION.

American Accounts.

(Correspondence of the Boston Herald.)

The Fight at Figeon Hill.

St. ALBANS, May 23.—From daylight
until eleven o'clock this forenoon the Fenians
in camp at Figeon Hill, half a mile be-
yond Franklin, and a mile this side the line,
were busy making ready for the advance.
The number of men was far below what had
been reported, being, all told, about 200.
At half past 11 the column was formed,
and, led by Gen. O'Neill, with color fly-
ing, took up its line of march for Canada.
At half a mile this side the line the men
were halted and ordered to load. At five
minutes past 12 the line was reached, the
locality being known as Cook's Corner,
and consisting of a hotel, with half a dozen
farm houses and barns. From this point a
few red coats could be seen upon a pre-
cipitous hill to the North, which com-
manded the whole valley, up which the Fenians
rescued that the Canadians had arrived.
The march was then resumed. A few steps
further on a little bridge spans a small
stream just up the ice.

AS LOOKED FOR RECEPTION.
Just as the advance guard reached this
point and were about to cross, they were
met by an unexpected and deadly vol-
ley from a hill commanding the road, occu-
pied by Canadian volunteers. The force was
moving in column, with no skirmish line
thrown out, and for a moment it was thrown
into confusion.

Two men fell dead, one a private named
John Rowe, from Burlington, the other,
name unknown, fell from the bridge into
the brook. Lieut. Hope of Fredericton was
shot through the thigh and an officer
through the arm. A few of the most cov-
ardly ran to the rear, while the other ad-
vanced to the charge of the hill.

This was refused, and after a few minutes
of firing, General O'Neill ordered a po-
sition to be taken on a wooded hill, op-
posite the Canadian forces, which scarcely
lay a mile distant. This was done on the
double quick, but while crossing an open
field, private Thomas Murray (C.R.) shot
through the heart, and near him by Francis
Carrollan, of Bridgeport, shot in the
groin. Murray was left where he fell, but
Carrollan was brought in, and now lies
with Lieut. Hope, at the Franklin House
in Franklin. After having gained the
cover of the rocks and woods, the fire
was kept up until about one o'clock, neither
side doing any damage.

O'NEILL ARRESTED.
At one o'clock Gen. O'Neill left his com-
mand upon the hill, and in company with
Boyle, O'Reilly, of Boston, walked down to
a farmhouse some thirty rods distant, where
he was met by Gen. Gen. P. Foster, L. S.
Marshall, who informed him that he had a
warrant for his arrest, and that he must
accompany him. O'Neill at first de-
clared, but seeing that he would be foolishness
to resist, entered the carriage with the Mar-
shal, and was driven rapidly through the
ranks of the Fenian reinforcements, which
were approaching the field, and straight to
St. Albans, from which place he was a mile
to Burlington at five o'clock this afternoon.

At the time of his arrest he turned his
command over to Boyle O'Reilly, who pro-
ceeded to call a council of war, and de-
termining what was to be done.

It was decided to return to the camp at
Hubbard's farm and await orders. On the
retreat, the fourth regiment, I. R. A., from
New York, commanded by Col. Edly, came
in view, on their way to the fight. They
then returned to camp, where an attempt
was made to reorganize the forces, which
were pretty thoroughly demoralized, and
preparations are now making for another
attack to-morrow morning.

THE FENIANS DISGUSTED.
Many of the men are disgusted at the
lack of military knowledge and blundering
of some of their officers, refused to have
anything more to do with the affair, and
have turned their faces homeward.

Along the road from Franklin to St.
Albans are parties of stragglers from the
Fenian corps, among them Captain Killy,
of Cambridge, and a dozen of his men,
bound for home.

The entire Fenian force now probably
numbers about four hundred. They are
mostly armed with breech-loading revolv-
ers, which they don't know how to use,
dozens of them being broken and useless.
There was a total lack of management
on the part of the leaders, and the men, though
individually brave, were totally un-
disciplined. They formed into no line
of battle, and threw out no skirmishers.

O'NEILL ASHAMED OF HIS COMMAND.
This change of command was preceded
by the following speech, General O'Neill
being greatly excited, and apparently
almost despairing: "Men of Ireland, I
am ashamed of you! You have acted dis-
gracefully; but you will have another
chance of showing whether you are cravens
or not. Comrades, I will lead you again.
If you will not follow me, I will go
you now under command of Boyle
O'Reilly."

THE CANADIAN FORCES.

Occupied an almost impenetrable po-
sition, a natural breastwork of rocks
shaded them from the Fenian fire and
saved them every advantage. In the early
part of the fight the force was very small,
but before it was over two or three vol-
unteer companies arrived, among them the
Victoria Rifles of Montreal, a splendid

looking body of young men, and who
offered. The forces are in command
Col. Osborne Smith, formerly of the
regulars. The volunteers are man-
aged by Mr. J. H. McNeill, although many
of the company arrived with them, and
from Montreal, and another of four, who
arrived on the ground at six o'clock, and
took position. The force now is probably
twelve hundred.

Another Fight—Another Fight—Another
to cross the line near Malone—Two
Hurt, and Hundreds "Hurled."

SPECIAL DESPATCH TO "Boston Advertiser."
THE STORY OF ANOTHER DISASTER.
MALONE, N. Y., May 27.—The mal-
content from this point is a more com-
mon and disgraceful failure than that at
Albans. A temporary invasion, a man
and almost bloodless skirmish, saw the
slight of the Fenians tells the story. Fen-
ians are utterly disheartened and are
doing home as fast as possible.

THE CAMP.
Their camp was on Trout River,
where it crosses the line. The men
were gathered there and receiving com-
munications, and had made several at-
tempts over the line without meeting any force.

THE CHANCE FOR A FIGHT.
This morning, at eight o'clock, were
180 men under Colonel Starr advanced
from this point to a place known as
brook, or Hinchbrook, near which
met the pickets of a Canadian force.
A brisk skirmish ensued, which resulted
in the repulse of the Fenians, with a
slightly wounded. Michael McGee,
Troy, was one of them. He received a
fish wound in the arm.

THE CANADIAN FORCE.
The main body of the Canadian
force was posted on a wooded hill, at the foot of
a ravine and stream which the Fenians
were obliged to cross. The Fenians
rescued that the Canadians had arrived.
The march was then resumed. A few steps
further on a little bridge spans a small
stream just up the ice.

A GOOD THING IS BEING DONE.
The Fenians continued their descent
and retreat, leaving a considerable quan-
tity of arms and stores at their camp. They
say that they were anxious to re-
new the fight, but the Canadians had ar-
rived, and the vigilance of Deputy State
Marshal Sumner L. Hazen de-
fended them.

THE FENIAN OFFICERS.
The Fenian officers and private
stragglers along towards Malone in-
front. Some of the former pressed
towards the Fenian camp, and some
towards the Canadian camp, and some
demoralized men cannot again be relied
upon.

OFFICERS CHARGED WITH A MURDER.
The men charge their failure to the
disgraceful cowardice of their officers.
They say that they were anxious to re-
new the fight, but the Canadians had ar-
rived, and the vigilance of Deputy State
Marshal Sumner L. Hazen de-
fended them.

THE FENIAN OFFICERS.
The Fenian officers and private
stragglers along towards Malone in-
front. Some of the former pressed
towards the Fenian camp, and some

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the right side, there is a dark, textured binding edge, possibly made of leather or a similar material, which appears worn and aged. To the left of this binding is a lighter, speckled page surface. The page surface has a mottled appearance with various small dark spots and fibers, characteristic of old paper. There is no legible text or other markings on this strip.

