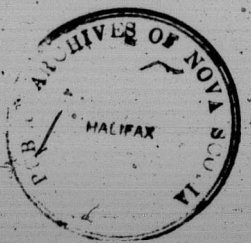


CHIGNECTO POST.



W. C. MILNER,
Editor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1870.

No. 16.

Literature.

REQUIMBACH.

An Episode of the Indian Mutiny.

CONTINUED.

XIV.

I should think it must have been the devil tempting Lieutenant Leigh, as he would never have done as he did, for, as he looked at Miss Ross, the change that came over him was quite startling. He could read all that was passing in her heart; there was no need for her to lay her hand upon his arm, and point with the other out of the window, as in a voice that I didn't know for hers, she said: "Will you leave those two brave men there to die, Lieutenant Leigh?" He didn't answer for a moment, but seemed to be struggling with himself; then, speaking as huskily as she did, he said:

"Send away that girl!" and before I could go to her—for I should have done it then, I know—and whisper a few words of hope, poor Lizzy went out, mourning for Harry Lant, wringing her hands; and I stood at my post, a sentry by my commander's orders, so that it was no spying on my part if I heard what followed.

I believe Lieutenant Leigh fancied he was speaking in an undertone, when he led Miss Ross away to a corner, and spoke to her; but this was perhaps the most exciting moment in his life, and his voice rose in spite of himself, so that I heard all; while she, poor thing, I believe she forgot all about my presence; and as a sentry—a machine—almost—spoke, what right had I to speak?

"Will you leave him?" said Miss Ross again. "Will you not try to save him?"

Lieutenant Leigh did not answer for a bit, for he was making his plans, and I felt quite staggered as I saw through them.

"You see how he is placed; what can I do?" said Lieutenant Leigh. "If I go, it is the signal for firing. You see the gunners waiting. And why should I risk the lives of my men and my own, to save him? He is a soldier, and it is the fortune of war; he must die."

"Are you a man, or a coward?" asked Miss Ross fiercely.

"No coward," he said fiercely; "but a poor slighted man, whom you have wronged, and I will not let you see me again."

"And now you come to me to save your lover's life—to give mine for it. You have robbed me of all that is pleasant between you; and now you ask more. Is it just?"

"Lieutenant Leigh, you are speaking madly. How can you be so unjust?" she cried, holding tightly by his arm, for he was turning away, while I felt mad with him for torturing the poor girl, when it was decided that the attempt was to be made.

"I am not unjust," he said. "The hazard is too great; and what should I gain if I succeeded?"

"Fah! Why, if he were saved, it would be at the expense of my own life."

"I would die to save him," she said hoarsely.

"I know it, Elsie; but you would not give a loving word to save me. You would send me out to my death without compunction—without a care; and yet you know how I have loved you."

"You—you loved me; and yet stand and see my heart torn—see me suffer like this!" cried Miss Ross, and there was something half wild in her looks as she spoke.

"Love you?" he cried; "yes, you know how I have loved you!"

His voice sank; but he was talking in her ear excitedly, saying words that made her shrink from him up to the wall, and look at him as if he were some object of the greatest disgust.

"You can choose," he said bitterly, "as he saw her action; and he turned away from her."

The next moment she was on her knees before him, holding up her hands as if in prayer.

"Promise me," he said, "and I will do it."

"Oh, some other way—some other way!" she cried piteously, her face all drawn the while.

"As you will," he said coldly. "But think—oh, think! You cannot expect it of me. Have mercy! Oh, what am I saying?"

"Saying?" he cried, catching her hands in his, and speaking excitedly and fast—"saying what is sending him to his death! What do I offer you? Love, devotion, all that man can give. He would, if asked now, give up all for his life; and yet you, who profess to love him so dearly, refuse to make that sacrifice for his sake! You cannot love him. If he could hear now, he would implore you to do it. Think. I risk all. Most likely, my life will be given for his; perhaps we shall both fall. But you refuse. Enough; I must go; I cannot stay. There are many lives here under my charge; they must not be neglected for the sake of one. As I said before, it is the fortune of war; and poor fellow, he has but a quarter of an hour or so to live, unless help comes."

"Unless help comes," groaned Miss Ross faintly, when, as Lieutenant Leigh reached the door, watching her over his shoulder the while, Miss Ross went down on her knees, stretched out her hands towards where Captain Dyer was bound to the gun, and then she rose, cold, and hard, and stern, and turned to Lieutenant Leigh, holding out her hand.

"I promise," she said hoarsely. "On your oath, before God?" he exclaimed joyfully, as he caught her in his arms.

"As God is my judge," she faltered with her eyes upturned; and then, as he held her to his breast, kissing her passionately, she shivered and shuddered, and as he released her, sank in a heap on the floor.

"Smith," cried Lieutenant Leigh; "right face—forward!" and as I passed Miss Ross, I heard her sob to a tone I shall never forget: "O Lawrence, Lawrence!" and then a groan tore from her breast, and I heard no more.

XV.

"This is contrary to rule. As commander, I ought to stay in the fort; but I've no one to give the leadership to, so I take it myself," said Lieutenant Leigh; "and now, my lads, make ready—present! That's well. Are all ready? At the word 'Fire!' Privates Bigley and Smith fire the two guns. If they miss, I cry fire again, and Privates Bantam and Grainger try their skill; then, at the double, down on the guns. Smith and I spike them, while Bantam and Grainger cut the cords. Mind this: those guns must be spiked, and those two prisoners brought in; and if the sortie is well managed, it is easy, for they will be men, no cheering."

He only spoke in time, for in the excitement the men were for in the hurry.

"Now, then, is that gate unbarred?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the covering-party ready?"

"Yes, sir."

My hand trembled as he spoke; but the next instant it was of a piece with my gunstock. There was the hot square, with the sun shining on the two guns that must have been behind the poor prisoners' heads; there stood the two gunners in white, with their smoking pistols, leaning against the wheels, for discipline was slack; and there, thirty or forty yards behind, were the mutineers, looking about, and smoking many of them. For all firing had ceased, and judging that we should not risk having the prisoners blown away from the guns, the mutineers came boldly up within range, as if defying us, and it was pretty safe practice at some of them now.

I saw all this at a glance, and while I seemed as if the order would never come; but come it did; at last.

"Fire!"

Bang! the two rifles going off like one, and the gunner behind Captain Dyer leaped into the air, while the one I aimed at seemed to sink down suddenly beside the wheel he had leaned upon. Then the gate flew open, and with a rush and a cheer, we ten of us, raced down for the guns.

Double-quick time? I tell you it was a hard race; and being without my gun now—only my bayonet stuck in my trousers' waist-band—I was there first, and had driven my spike into the touch-hole before Lieutenant

Leigh reached his; but the next moment his was done, the cords were cut, and the prisoners loose from the guns. But now we had to get back. The first inkling I had of this was seeing Captain Dyer and Harry Lant stagger, and fall forward; but they were saved by the men, and we saw directly that they must be carried.

No sooner thought of than done. "Hoist Harry on my back," says Grainger; and he took him like a sack; Bantam acting the same part by Captain Dyer; and those two ran off, while we tried to cover them.

For don't you imagine that the mutineers were idle all this while; not a bit of it. They were completely taken by surprise, though, at first, and gave us time nearly to get to the guns before they could understand what we meant; but the next moment some shouted and ran at us, and some began firing; while by the time the prisoners were cast loose, they were down upon us in a hand-to-hand fight.

And in those fierce struggles there is such excitement, that, for my part, I've now but a very misty recollection of what took place; but I do recollect seeing the prisoners well on the way back, hearing a cheer from our men, and then, hammer in one hand, bayonet in the other, fighting my way backward along with my comrades. Then all at once a glittering flash came in the air, and I felt a dull cut on the face, followed directly after by another strange, numbing blow, which made me drop my bayonet, as my arm fell uselessly to my side; and then with a lurch and a stagger, I fell, and was trampled upon twice, when, as I rallied once, a black, savage-looking sepooy raised his clubbed musket to knock out my brains, but a voice I knew cried: "Not this time, my fine fellow. That's number three; that is, and well home;" and I saw Measles drive his bayonet with bone, so that he fell across my breast.

"Now, old chap, come along," he shouts, and an arm was passed under me.

"Run, Measles, run!" I said as well as I could. "It's all over with me."

"No; 'tain't," he said; "and don't be a fool. Let me do as I like for once in a way."

I don't know how he did it, nor how, feeling sick and faint as I did, I managed to get on my legs; but old Measles stuck to me like a true comrade, and brought me in. For one moment I was struggling to my feet; and the next, after what seemed a deal of firing going over my head, I was inside the breastwork, listening to our men cheering and firing away, as the mutineers came howling and raging up almost to the very gates.

"All right," I heard Lieutenant Leigh ask.

"To a man, sir," says some one; "but Private Bantam is hurt."

"Hold your tongue, will you?" says Joe Bantam. "I ain't killed, nor yet half. How would you like your wife frightened if you had one?"

"How's Private Lant?"

"Cut to pieces, sir," says some one softly.

"I'm thankful that you are not wounded, Captain Dyer," then says Lieutenant Leigh.

"God bless you, Leigh!" says the captain faintly; "it was a brave act. I've only a scratch or two when I can get over the numbness of my limbs."

I heard all this in a din sort of a fashion, just as if it was a dream in the early morning; for I was leaning up against the wall, with my face laid open and bleeding, and my left arm smashed with a bullet, and nobody just then took any notice of me, because they were carrying in Captain Dyer and Harry Lant; while the next minute, the fire was going on hard and fast; for the mutineers were furious, and I suppose they danced round the guns in a way that showed how mad they were about the spiking.

As for me, I did not seem to be in a great deal of pain; but I got turning over in my mind how well we had done it that morning; and I felt proud of it all, and glad that Captain Dyer and Harry Lant were brought in; but all the same what I had heard lay like a load upon me; and knowing, as I did, that poor Miss Ross had, as it were, sold herself to save the captain's life, and that she had, in a way of speaking, been cheated into doing so, I felt that when the opportunity came, I must tell the captain all I knew. When I had got as far as that with my thoughts, the dull numbness began to leave me, and everything else was driven out of my mind by the thought of my wound; and I got asking myself whether it was going to be very bad, for I thought it was, so getting up a little, I began to crawl along in the shade towards the ruined south end of the palace, nobody seeming to notice me.

XVI.

I daresay you who read this don't know what the sensation is of having one arm-bone shivered, and the dead limb swinging helplessly about in your sleeve, whilst a great miserable sensation comes over you that you are of no more use—that you are only a broken pitcher, fit to hold water no more, but only to be broken up to muddle the road with. There were all those women and children wanting my help, and the help of hundreds more such as me, and instead of being of use, I knew that I must be a miserable burden to everybody, and only in the way.

Now, whether man—as some of the great philosophers say—did gradually get developed from the best of the field, I'm not going to pretend to know; but what I do know is this—that, leave him in his natural state, and when he, for some reason, or another, forgets all that has been taught him, he seems very much like an animal, and acts as such.

It was something after this fashion with me then, for feeling like a poor brute out of a herd that has been shot by the hunters, I did just the same as it would—crawled away to find a place where I might hide myself and lie down and die.

You'll laugh, I dare say, when I tell you my sensations just then, and I'm ready to laugh at them now myself; for, in the midst of my pain and suffering, it came to me that I felt precisely as I did when I was a young shaver of ten years old. One Sunday afternoon, when everybody but mother and me had gone to church, I had fallen asleep, I got up, and found father's big clay-pipe, rammed full of tobacco out of his great lead box, and then took it into the back kitchen, and set to and smoked it till I turned giddy and faint, and the place seemed swimming about me.

Now, that was just how I felt when I crawled about in that place, trying not to meet anybody, lest the women should see me all covered with blood; and at last I got, as I thought, into a room where I should be all alone.

I say I crawled; and that's what I did do, on one hand and my knees, the fingers of my broken arm trailing over the white marble floor, with each finger making a horrible red mark, when all at once I stopped, drew myself up stiffly, and leaned trembling and dizzy up against the wall, trying to get my head steady, and my eyes fixed on the wall, for I found that I wasn't alone, and that in place of getting away—crawling into some hole to lie down and die, I was that low-spirited and weak—I had come to a place where one of the women was, for there, upon her knees, was Lizzy Green, sobbing and crying, and tossing her hands about in the agony of her poor heart.

I was misty, and faint, and confused, you may say; but perhaps it was something like instinct, made me crawl to Lizzy's favorite place, for it was not intended. She did not see me, for her back was my way; and I did not mean her to know I was there; for in spite of my giddyness, I seemed to feel that she had learned all the news about our failure, and that she was crying about poor Harry Lant.

And he deserves to be cried for, poor chap," I said to myself, for I forgot all about my own pains then; but all the same something very dark and bitter came over me, as I wished that she had been crying instead for poor me.

"But then he was always so bright and merry, and clever," I thought, "and just the man who would make his way with a woman; while I—Please God, let me die now!" I whispered to myself directly after, "for I'm only a poor, broken, helpless object, in everybody's way."

It seemed just then as if the hot weak tears that came running out of my eyes made me clearer, and better able to hear all that the sobbing girl said, as I leaned closer and closer to the wall; while, as to the sharp pain every word she said gave me, the dull dead aching of my broken arm was nothing.

"Why—why did they let him go?" the poor girl sobbed; "as if there were not enough to be killed without him; and him so brave, and stout, and handsome, and true. My poor heart's broken. What shall I do?"

Then she sobbed again; and I remember thinking that unless help came, if poor Harry Lant died of his wounds, she would soon go to join him in that land where there was to be no more suffering and pain.

Then I listened, for she was speaking again.

"If I could only have died for him, or been with, or—Oh, what have I done, that I should be made to suffer so?"

I remember wondering whether she was suffering more than I was; for, in spite of my jealous despairing feeling, there was something of sorrow mixed up with it for her!

For she had always seemed to like

poor Harry's merry ways, when I never could get a smile from her; and she'd go and sit with Mrs. Bantam for long enough when Harry was there, while if by chance I went, it seemed like the signal for her to get up, and say her young lady wanted her, when most likely Harry would walk back with her; and I went and told it to my pipe.

If he'd only known how I'd loved him," she sobbed again, "he'd have said one kind word to me before he went, not a look nor a sign? Ah! Isaac, Isaac! I shall never see you more!"

What—what? What was it choking me? What was it that sent the blood I had felt gushing up in a dizzy cloud over my eyes, so that I could only gasp out the one word "Lizzy!" as I started to my feet, and stood staring at her in a helpless, half-blind fashion; for it seemed as though I had been mistaken, and that it was possible after all that she had been crying for me, believing me to be dead; but the next moment I was shrinking away from her, hiding my wounded face with my hand for fear she should see it, for leaping up hot and flush-cheeked, and with those eyes of hers flashing at me, she was at my side with a bound.

"You cowardly, cruel, bad fellow!" she half-shrieked; "how dare you stand in that mean deceitful way, listening to my words? Oh, that I should be such a weak fool, with a stupid, blabbing, chattering tongue, to keep on kneeling and crying there, telling lies, every one of them, and then to get away with a bound!"

I think it was a spite that was on my face then, as she gave me a fierce thrust on the wounded arm, when I staggered towards her. I know the pain was as if a red-hot hand had grasped me; but I smiled! all the same, and then, as I fell, I heard her cry out two words, in a wild agonized way, that went right through to my heart, making it leap before all was blank; for I knew that those two words meant that, in spite of all my doubts, I was loved.

"O Isaac!" she cried, in a wild frightened way, and then, as I said, all was blank and dark for I don't know how long; but I seemed to wake up to what was to me then like heaven, for my head was resting on Lizzy's breast, and, half-mad with fear and grief, she was kissing my pale face again and again.

"Try—try to forgive me for being so cruel, so unfeeling," she sobbed; and then, for a moment, as she saw me smile, she was about to fly out again, fierce-like, at having betrayed herself, and let me know how she loved me. Even in those few minutes I could read it all; how her passionate heart was fighting against discipline, and how angry she was with herself; but I saw it all pass away directly, as she looked down at my bleeding face, and eagerly asked me if I was very much hurt.

I tried to answer, but I could not; for the same deathly feeling of sickness came on again, and I saw nothing.

I suppose, though, it only lasted a few minutes, for I woke like again to some one using great exertion, and then I felt that I was being moved; but, for the life of me, for a few moments I could not make it out, till I heard the faint buzz of voices, when I found that Lizzy, the little fierce girl, who seemed to be as nothing beside me, was actually, in her excitement, carrying me to where she could get help, struggling along panting, a few feet at a time, beneath my weight, and me too helpless and weak to say a word.

"Good heavens! look!" I heard some one say the next moment, and I think it was Miss Ross; but it was sometime before I came to myself again enough to find that I was lying with a rolled-up cloak under my head, and Lizzy bathing my lips from time to time, with what I afterwards learned was her share of the water.

But what struck me most now was the way in which she was altered; her sharp, angry way was gone, and she seemed to be changed into a soft gentle woman, without a single frown or thought, but always ready to flinch and shrink away until she saw how it troubled me, when she'd creep back to kneel down by my side, and put her little hand in mine; when, to make the same comparison again that I made before, I tell you that there, in that besieged and ruined place, half-starved, choked with thirst, and surrounded by a set of demons thirsting for our blood—I tell you that it seemed to me like being in heaven.

TESTING A COUNTERFEIT.—"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the next reply.

AGRICULTURE.

The Rape Plant.

In Fond du Lac and Calumet counties, Wisconsin, some of the German farmers have introduced the cultivation of this oil-producing plant, so generally cultivated in Europe. The quantity marketed at Fond du Lac in 1860 was 4,000 bushels, and in 1866 over 20,000 bushels. About two gallons of oil are made from a bushel of seed. The "Prairie Farmer" says: The average yield of rape seed by good farmers has been from ten to eighteen bushels per acre; though some have raised as high as thirty-five bushels. The price for a series of years has ranged from \$2 to \$2.50 per bushel. So far from impoverishing the soil, it is found that the ground, the year after a crop of rape is taken off, will yield from five to eight bushels more of wheat than it will if any other grain be sown. The soil is also in excellent condition for almost any other crop. The chaff is relished by cattle, and when it is mixed with roots, it makes excellent food. The straw may be used for bedding purposes. The rape-seed cake—the portion that remains after the oil is expressed—is a most valuable food for cattle. As a food for dairy cows it has long been celebrated in Europe. The cake has been sold this year at from \$16 to \$20 per ton.—New England Farmer.

Destruction of Our Forests.

The "Morning Chronicle" publishes a letter from Mr. Josiah Deacon, of Antigonish, calling attention to the above subject. He thinks much good has been done by the Agricultural Societies, but they do not keep pace with the wants of the times and lateral branches, such for instance as forest scenery, are totally ignored.

There are two agencies engaged in the destruction of our forests: fire and man; then comes the wasteful modes of felling the forests; for pine timber, once so abundant, is no longer to be found in any quantity; it has all been felled and shipped, and we must now seek pine shingles and clapboards in New Brunswick.

Then much good timber is needlessly burnt when clearing land for cultivation; we even see that process annually pursued for the sake of a few acres on most farms for potato culture.

The effect of all these destructive influences causing a scarcity of lumber for building purposes, and of cordwood and fencing poles, had already been felt in many districts for some years past. Considering the destructive fires which have raged in the woods during the last summer, and that a new element of destruction has appeared to sacrifice for a trifling consideration the very large hemlock trees remaining, the stripping of them for the sale of the bark to the manufacturer of hemlock extract, employed in tanning leather, I beg to submit that it is time to devise some measure, legislative or other, in order to preserve forests from further wasteful destruction.

Many years since the wasteful destruction of the forests in Russia gave rise to the forming of a useful Forest Society, at St. Petersburg, from which I had the honor of receiving three medals; any one curious in such matters may see the papers which accompanied the said medals—one written in French, the other in Russian.

Having been thus largely engaged in forest culture, I am writing on a subject from practical experience, and not from theory.

I might dwell on the effects of the destruction of all trees, on water courses, on the climate, the deficient supply of water, the immense falling off of the quantity of fish in most of the rivers, its effects on the fisheries, and on agriculture,—they are matters well known to the public and I can hardly write this much. I leave it to more able persons than myself to devise a cure for this evil, only beg leave to say that something must be done and that quickly."

A PHILADELPHIA doctor says that washing horses in the morning in water in which one or two peeled onions are sliced, will keep all the flies at a distance. It is worth trying.

Top-Dressing Meadows.

An agricultural correspondent, Mr. D. R. Sperry, of the Chicago "Tribune," says: "The best time to top-dress the meadow is immediately after the crop of hay is taken off, more especially in a dry season. But then we do not always know the time to do the work. In that case the winter will answer a good purpose. Last winter I top dressed several acres, hauling out the manure from the stable once or twice a week. The result is two to two and a half tons of hay to the acre, against less than half the amount on that not thus treated. Then again, the hay is early. I shall expect a heavy after-math for soiling during October and November. Ten acres of meadow top-dressed will turn more hay than twenty without it. Will owners of small farms please make a note of this?"

Buttermilk.

Persons who have not been in the habit of drinking buttermilk consider it disagreeable, because it is slightly acid, in consequence of the presence of lactic acid. There is not much nourishment in buttermilk, but the presence of the lactic acid assists the digestion of any food taken with it. The Welsh peasants almost live upon oat cake and buttermilk. Invalids suffering from indigestion will do well to drink buttermilk at meal times.

Remedy for Palsies.

If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of water, with a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it. This vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach. But for fear some of the poison may remain, swallow the white of one or two eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee—these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any other dozen of articles known with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not a pint of sweet oil, lamp oil, drippings, melted butter, or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

A BACHELOR on Twenty-seventh street had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case, and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a drug-store. Translated, the prescription read: "Seventeen-years-of-sick-with-a-woman in it." After the drug-store, through laughing, the bachelor proposed to a lady that evening, and was married in two weeks.

EYES AND HEAD.—James H., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton, out of curiosity. In the course of the conversation the Duke said to the poet, that he thought the blindness was a judgment upon him, because he had written against Charles I., the Duke's father. Milton replied, "If your Highness thinks that misfortune are in place of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes—he lost his head!"

LENGTHENING A BED.—"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it is plenty long, sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

EATON RAVINE has a magnetis spring so charged with electricity that a man, after drinking a quantity went into a blacksmith shop, and while talking with the blacksmith, sat down on the anvil. When he got up the anvil stuck fast to him, and he had to have it amputated. The people are going to build a hotel there, and drive all the blacksmiths away.

SILENCE has settled on the name of Napoleon III.—more astounding than even the Prussian victories. He is dead, civilly and imperially.—Where will he drag his despoised, worn-out carcass? For a fortnight his name has been pronounced in the Chamber, and he is as much disregarded as the Pope.

A TOLEDO servant girl discouraged a burglar by throwing him out of a four story window, and he hasn't got into a house since, except the six foot one the city undertaker made for him.

Chignecto Post.

SACKVILLE, N. B., SEP. 1, 1870.

The War.

It has been a couple of months that the French armies, 400,000 strong, splendidly equipped, commanded by experienced generals and armed with weapons like the chassepot and the mitrailleuse, should in a few days have been defeated, beaten back, disarmed and ignominiously compelled to take measures for safety. The secret is now out. It would have been surprising had the French not been defeated. The truth is, the French in nearly every conflict were overwhelmed with numbers. The French army was 400,000 strong—on paper. Instead of being prepared to be mightily defeated, instead of being the sole possessors of the most deadly gun known, the Dreyse rifle has proved itself at least a match for it. Then, undoubtedly, the French have been entirely out-generalled; the rapid concentration, the obstinate fight and the lightning movements of the Prussians, appear to have disconcerted all French plans; and thus from the first, resistance has characterized their movements. Is it then wonderful that the Prussians are steadily advancing toward and will soon be knocking at the gates of Paris? The want of foresight and preparation by Napoleon, at a time when he declared that every department of the service was ready for war, will not be excused by the French people. Even the valor of her soldiers has made this war more hideous for France. The slaughter at Metz was dreadful, six thousand only survived out of four thousand. At Verdun, where the French determinedly threw themselves against a concealed foe, impossible to conquer, there was fearful carnage.

At this distance from the battle scenes, it is impossible from the telegrams to trace out the designs of the respective generals, and inform our readers where the next battle will be fought, the result and the hour the particulars will arrive; though this task is a trifling matter to some of our contemporaries. Strasbourg has not yet fallen. Marshal Bazaine, with his sixty thousand men, are hemmed in at Metz, and unless McMahon, with his 170,000, succeeds in diverting the attention of the Prussians to allow him to escape, or in engaging the army of the Crown Prince and defeating it, the capture of Bazaine is a matter of time. From the latest telegrams we may suppose a battle has been fought.

Paris is arming and preparing for a siege, and under the military government of Trochu, all available resources will be skillfully managed; but if the victorious Prussians are once before its walls, its fall may almost be counted upon.

That Louis Napoleon is politically dead is generally assumed. Unless success come speedily to the French arms, he must abdicate. The government of the country already is practically carried on independently of him. A revolution, and appointment of a Military Dictatorship, would give the army and people confidence in themselves and strength. She has latent resources enough and men to beat back the Prussians from her soil. Between the ages of 20 and 10 France has seven millions of men. The demands by the Germans that Napoleon be removed; that France pay the expenses of the war and yield up the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine; the prospective capture of Paris; and the despair wrought by so many reverses and losses, cannot but stir the French heart and nerve their hands to desperate deeds of valor.

Chignecto Isthmus Canal.

Alex. Munro, Esq., is engaged on the survey staff. His practical knowledge of the country and his well known attainments will make him a most valuable acquisition. We understand the surveys are proceeding satisfactorily. Three routes, one up the Annapolis river, the second up the Port Lawrence marsh, and the third up the Great marsh, are being examined. One difficulty to be overcome in the construction of the work is to procure a sufficient supply of water. It has never yet been proved that that exists. Careful measurements of the available streams and lakes are being made to that end. The work anyway is not so heavy as has been supposed, because only two miles of land separate the flow of the tides between the Bay of Fundy and the Straits, and the highest point of land above high water mark does not exceed seventy feet.

Intercolonial Affairs.

We understand all the Railway Commissioners on this part of the Intercolonial are to be in Sackville on the 1st inst. It is to be hoped they will not be in quite such a hurry as when last here, and they will see for themselves how the Intercolonial is progressing. They will then be in a position to judge how many years before the road will be completed, and about what time the money borrowed in England will be expended.

Earthwork from the Missisquoi to Amherst is being thrown up and nearly completed. The Missisquoi Bridge is progressing favorably.

Mr. Fleming, Chief Engineer of the Intercolonial, arrived at Dorchester on Tuesday night, by special train. Mr. Fleming has been inspecting Eastern Extension.

Section No. 10 (Ferguson & McBeau) is to be re-let, it having been thrown up by the Contractors. Sections No. 21, 22, and 23, are advertised for tenders. When these sections are let, the whole road will be under contract.

Drowned at Sea.

On Saturday last, off the Joggins, John Burns, son of Mr. Hiram Burns of Westmorland, accidentally fell overboard from the schooner "Ebon", and, sad to relate, before assistance reached him, was drowned. We understand he was pulling on a rope, which broke; the vessel having a deck-load of lumber, there was nothing to prevent his going overboard. Every possible effort was made to save him, but he went down as the vessel's boat was nearing him. Mr. Burns was in the 18th year of his age—a fine sturdy young man. We deeply sympathize with his numerous relatives and friends.

Geological Survey.

We understand that Mr. Hartley, successor to Sir William Logan, is about, with his staff, commencing a geological survey of the County of Cumberland, and will arrive at the coal beds of Spring Hill during the present week. Coal speculators of that region are hence on the alert, and stock in that department will probably soon commence to go up or down.

Chancery Suit.

The Equity case between the Estate of the late J. F. Allison, Esq., and the Estate of the late Hon. Wm. Cane involving the ownership of some \$14,000 Westmorland-Bank Stock will probably be concluded this week. The hearing is before Judge Wetmore, St. John, and has already occupied nearly five weeks. Messrs. Palmer and Geo. R. Bedford, counsel, and C. W. Weidon, Solicitor, act for Plaintiffs; and Messrs. Kaye and Duff, counsel, and C. Miller, Solicitor, act for Defendants.

Agricultural Meeting.

On Friday afternoon last a meeting was held at Bowes' Hall for the purpose of stirring up interest with regard to the forthcoming Provincial Exhibition. Although well advertised, the meeting was not extraordinarily large. S. Sharpe, Esq., of Westmorland, was called to the chair, R. Bell and Josiah Wood, Esqrs., of Sackville, and R. C. Wray and S. Treuman, Esqrs., for Westmorland, were appointed a committee in addition to the Executive Committee, to inspect the cattle, articles, &c., of proposed exhibitors, and to give any information on the subject when necessary. It was decided that exhibitors might leave their articles at H. Treuman, Esq., Westmorland, or J. L. Black and Jas. D. Dixon, Esqrs., Sackville. The arrangements for the transmission of stuff are very liberal. Free railway and steamboat transit to cattle and articles, and a free pass to the necessary attendants of cattle are given. Hay for feed and saw dust for bedding also furnished free. Oats and meal provided on the grounds at cost prices. It is to be hoped this wealthy farming County will be well represented in the way of fat cattle, butter, &c.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—A philosopher in the West, grown into admiration of the Cherry Pectoral, writes Dr. Ayer for instructions under which sign he shall be bled, which blighted, and which comited, and under which he shall take Ayer's Pills for an affection of the liver; also under which sign his wife should commence to take the Sarsaparilla for her ailment. He adds that he already knows, to wear his calves under Tarant, change his pigs in Scorpio, cut his hair in Aries, and sink his feet in Pisces or Aquarius as their condition requires.

Schoolmasters, start for Wisconsin, and visit Mr. Ham when you get there. *Lowell Daily News.*

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Despatches to "Chignecto Post."

FROM EUROPE.

Very Latest from the Seat of War!

LONDON, Aug. 31 p. m.

The following official news has first been promulgated in Paris.

The march of the Prussians on Paris seems to be arrested. Marshal McMahon continues his movements. There has been no serious engagement yet. Châlons has been evacuated entirely by the Prussians. Railroad trains go freely now as far as Rheims. The National Guard of the Seine, Marne and Aisne are organizing to offer vigorous resistance. A person who left Strasbourg on Friday last says that one part of the town has suffered much, but the garrison is supplied with plenty of provisions and munitions of war, and the citizens are determined to resist to the last.

Private French advices report that McMahon by his tactics has succeeded in separating the forces of his opponent, and will deliver battle to-day with the most confident hopes of success.

The London "Times" to-day says that McMahon is now endeavoring to retreat on Soissons, having failed in his attempt to relieve Bazaine at Metz. The mails only are carried between London and Paris.

BERLIN, Aug. 31.

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During a discussion in the Corps

Legislative, Jules Favre informed the

Deputies that in his opinion the

recent French losses were due to the

leaders, and after denouncing them,

wanted to know whether it was for

the dynasty or the nation we are

fighting.

LONDON, Aug. 27.

A Carlisle despatch says there

was a severe artillery battle at Kehl

and Strasburg Wednesday night,

lasting until Thursday morning.

A large part of the arsenal in

Strasbourg was destroyed, and many

fires occurred in the city.

A fourth army, under the Prince

Royal of Saxony, is forming to co-

operate with the third army in the

movement on Paris.

The best information about Bazaine's

army, now proves that he is shut

up at Metz, and makes his strength

about 60,000.

McMahon's army cannot exceed

100,000 really good troops, the re-

maining being raw troops.

The Prussian force left at Metz or

within supporting distance, is com-

puted at 250,000, after deducting

100,000 sent to reinforce the Crown

Prince.

The Prince Royal of Prussia has

issued a proclamation to the people

of France, wherein he says:—"Prus-

sia makes war against the Emperor

and not against the people of France.

The people have nothing whatever to

fear.

The Prince announces his purpose

to instantly restore the lines of

travel which have been interrupted

or destroyed by army movements, so

that labor and commerce may every-

where be resumed.

All the French officials have been

requested to remain at their posts,

and their personal safety will be

guaranteed.

The Prince further says that the

only surplus food that will be taken

for German troops will be that only

which is not required by the peace-

ful French.

Letter from Dorchester

They seem determined to adopt the go-ahead principle in this vicinity. Witness the superfluous whitewashed appearance presented by Mr. Wilbur's (our enterprising hotel keeper) outshouses. This whitewash was invented and patented by a photographer of genius, and its application about the corner has changed its appearance, metaphorically speaking, from the state of a grub to that of a butterfly.

The road leading to Dorchester Island, on which that splendid two hundred and fifty dollar bridge is so conveniently erected, is in a very bad condition. I observe you sometimes call the attention of the Board of Works to these matters. Cannot something be done? Is the whole county to be continually assessed, and no money granted or given for bye roads, except to special favored individuals.

The culvert on Palmer's Pond, on which so much time, money and labor have been expended fruitlessly, has at last been effectually finished, and put in proper working order. A depth of four feet of solid masonry forms the bottom; the walls are of a corresponding consistency, and a breakwater of heavy stones substantially laid at the entrance, has been added.

The Sheriff of Kings and three Commissioners, charged with the important duty of erecting a court house and gaol in that county, at the new site lately selected by the Governor, passed through here on a tour of inspection last week. They seemed to think *overdone* house no extra, and *overdone* gaol no extra, and expressed surprise that we would consider a Westlandian is contented with such a structure. The gaol, they thought, might be modelled after the one at New York, and the house, as a little point would do no harm, and also preserve the wood.

Nix Nax.
Dorchester, Aug. 24, 1870.

Judgment in the Bennett Prosecution for Heresy.

As the prosecution of the Rev. Vicar of Frome have given notice of their intention to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it may at first sight appear that the judgment delivered by the Dean of Arches on Saturday can be of little consequence. Sir R. St. Phillimore has not undertaken to declare the doctrine of that church of England as to the nature and conditions of the Real Presence in the Eucharist; but he lays it down that "to describe that presence as objective, real, actual, and spiritual, is certainly not contrary to the law," and therefore Mr. Bennett's case was, and the Church Association have to pay its own costs. Mr. Bennett not having appeared to defend himself during these proceedings has no costs. In all probability some thousands of pounds have been spent in the prosecution, which has this only reached its first stage, and it certainly seems a pity that it should be so difficult to make out what the Church of England does teach on a subject to which many of her children attach importance. To many impartial minds accustomed to take a broad and practical view of the great interests of life, it will seem strange that any class of persons should think it worth while to contend about such a subject as this. But those who have looked into the real object of this contention, it may be disclosed, is the pretension of a considerable number of priests of the Church of England to pay its own costs. Mr. Bennett's case was, and the Church Association have to pay its own costs. Mr. Bennett not having appeared to defend himself during these proceedings has no costs. In all probability some thousands of pounds have been spent in the prosecution, which has this only reached its first stage, and it certainly seems a pity that it should be so difficult to make out what the Church of England does teach on a subject to which many of her children attach importance.

After the Battle of Boscawen.
Dorchester, August 29.—Via Loughborough. I witnessed the battle. The Prussians won at a fearful cost. The Mittrillenses doing terrible work. Four villages and the battle-field are still strewn with the dead. From the front I can see the French on Mont St. Quentin, overlooking Metz from the east. Metz is surrounded, and it looks as if preparation was being made by the Prussians for a siege. Gen. Sheridan, with a force of 20,000 men, and the King's headquarters, witnessed the battle. The King returned here last night, and the Crown Prince visited him to-day, coming from a direction which indicates that the forces are not far from Boscawen. The Prussians are building a railway from Boscawen to this point. The French are being driven back, and taken prisoner in the last battle, while passing through this place. The citizens crowded around him with tears in their eyes, and kissed his hands. There are rumors of peace negotiations, caused, perhaps, by the English Consul's messenger appearing at headquarters. Prisoners still pour in. Last night three arrived, 2000 prisoners, and 36 officers, and 1000 more soldiers, and 51 officers were brought in, among the latter Gen. Pléville. The loss of the French during the week cannot be less than 50,000 in killed, wounded or taken prisoners, at Compiègne, Vionville, and Gravelotte; they are known to have lost 15,000 in each battle, including at the latter place, 4000 prisoners.

Garrison of the Capital.

General Trochu's preparations are very effective. The garrison of the capital will number 80,000 men; detached for forts, 30,000; Custom Guards, 20 regiments of infantry, one battalion of foot and Chasseurs, four divisions of 18,000 men, 8000 snipers are already enrolled and 2000 more are on their way.

Paris letters from Paris predict a sure victory of the population and the expulsion of Bonaparte from France, and the creation of Trochu as dictator, and the eventual restoration of the Orleansists.

A rumor has been circulated to the effect that the Emperor Napoleon is about to abdicate in favor of his son, the Prince Imperial, and a regency with the Empress Eugenie at its head.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

Dr. Russell's Account of the Battle of Woerth.

THE BATTLE AN ACCIDENT.

The "Times" has received a short letter from Dr. Russell, its well-known war correspondent, who is now, it seems, with the Crown Prince's army. He writes from the headquarters at Soultz les Forêts on Sunday.

Everything confirms that the impression that the great battle of Woerth was an accident, and the belief gains ground that McMahon, like Donay, had no idea of the force to which he was opposed when he attacked it. At the Prussian headquarters it was a surprise, and the last post firing, which extended along the ridge over the Woerth rivulet (a few yards broad and a yard deep), was not considered serious till the French displayed a great line of artillery on the ridges and opened a furious cannonade. Had the corps on the Prussian left kept more in front, and had the Bavarians coming from Weissburg pressed on more rapidly and come on the French left, their camp would have been almost impossible. As it was, when the heavy cavalry, repulsed in their charge, rode round through the battalions in the rear, masses of men threw down their arms. Their fighting at Nechwiller was grand. The Prussian generals say they never witnessed anything more brilliant.

But the Prussians were not to be deceived. With tenacity and great and fierce resolution they pressed on over the rivulet, up heights where the vineyards dripped with blood, and checked again and again, still pressed on with furious intrepidity which the enemy could not withstand. A desperate fight of six long hours, during which the battle raged in full splendor. It lasted, indeed, for thirteen hours, and at one time the French gained ground and got down on to the ridge on the left; but the main stress of the war was on a narrow front of some two and a half miles along the stream at each side of Woerth, and the final stand was made by Reischaffen and Nechwiller, from which the French retreated by several roads through a very difficult country, by Neiderbrunn, &c., on Bilsch.

The Prussians, like generous enemies, admit the gallantry which could not resist them, and the old soldiers say that nothing in the hottest of the fighting at Konigsgrenz could at all compare with the fighting at Woerth. It is quite true that the French were in far inferior numbers. Could McMahon, too, have been surprised and involved in a battle so that he could not withdraw his men? He handled his troops beautifully, and a change of front under fire, when he retired his left and took up a new line for his guns, is spoken of with admiration by his enemies. Bilsch, or Bilsch, in which his routed corps fell back, defends the post of the Vosges in conjunction with Plankbourg, Petite Pierre, and Lichtenburg, but as M. Lavallée points out, the Vosges may be turned by Mayence and Sarrelouis.

After the Battle of Boscawen.
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Extra Shoe Nails, Tacks, &c.

ARE MANUFACTURED BY

S. R. FOSTER,

AT THE

NEW BRUNSWICK

Nail, Shoe Nail and Tack Works.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: George's street, St. John, N. B.

(Near Yeat's Iron Warehouse)

All Goods on the Tack List of superior make and finish, are kept constantly in stock, and supplied at the lowest market rates. Orders solicited. Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. Please send for our price list. July 21-6m

For Sale.

THAT Valuable Dwelling and Business Stand, owned by the subscriber, and store being at present occupied by Duggan & Bowser. The premises are conveniently arranged, and situated in the most central part of Sackville, rendering them a desirable investment for a business man. E. B. DIXON.

July 21

SUGAR, DRIED APPLES & BEANS.—30 lbs. Mach's Crushed Sugar; 20 lbs. White Beans; 20 lbs. Extra Dried Apples. For sale by GEO. S. DEFOREST, 11 South Wharf.

SHAD—60 lbs. No. 1 Shad, packed expressly for Family use. GEO. S. DEFOREST.

July 21

City Hoop Skirt

FACTORY.

79 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Second door above Waverly House.

DAVID MILLAR.

Agent for James Popham & Co. Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, and the London and Lancashire Hat Manufacturing Company. Orders solicited. July 14

WATCHES & CLOCKS.

RECEIVED per steamer City of Baltimore, one case French Clocks and Bronze Hunting Lever Watches from the manufactory of Gustave Garnier, Locle, Switzerland—a low priced article, which we can confidently recommend. Orders solicited. July 14

PAGE BROTHERS, 4 King street.

F. A. Barteaux,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines,

PATENT MEDICINES, DYE WOODS AND DYE STUFFS, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,

Toilet Articles, Brushes, &c., &c.

24 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Ships' Medicine Chests filled and refitted. Particular attention given to the preparation of Physicians' Prescriptions.

July 21

BLAIR BOTSFORD, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction, on the Last MONDAY in December next, at the Court House in Dorchester, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, p.m.:

ALL the right, title, interest, claim and demand of William Barnes, his personal right and right of entry, both at law and in equity, in and to all the following real estate, to-wit:

All that certain half lot of Wood Land, owned by the said William Barnes and Josiah Tingley, situate in the Parish of Sackville, and bounded on the north and east by the late Leighton Bower, and on the south and west by the River, containing four acres more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by the Sheriff of the County of Dorchester, in pursuance of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province, at the suit of Henry B. Allison, Executor, and Anna E. Joseph and Mary his wife, against the said William Barnes.

Also, that certain piece of Marsh Land situate on Great Marsh of Sackville aforesaid, and bounded on the north and east by the said William Barnes and Josiah Tingley, on the north and east by marsh land owned by the said Josiah Tingley, and on the south and west by the River, containing four acres more or less.

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