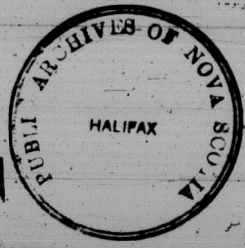


# CHICAGO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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

No. 14.

## Literature.

### BEGUMBAGH.

An Episode of the Indian Mutiny.

CONTINUED.

XI.

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

"Orderly in sight."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And why not?" I said gruffly.

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

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

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

I felt just then that I should have much liked to have a few words with Lizzy Green, but I had no chance, for it was a busy time with us. Capt. Dyer felt strongly enough his responsibility, and not a minute did he lose in doing all he could for our defence; so that, after an anxious day, with nothing more occurring, when I looked round at what had been done in barricading, and so on, it seemed to me, speaking as a soldier, that as far as I could judge, there was nothing more to be done, though still the feeling would come to me that it was a great place for forty men to defend, if attacked by any number. Captain Dyer must have seen that for he had arranged to have a sort of citadel at the north end by the gateway, and this was to be the last refuge, where all the ammunition and food and no end of chatties of water were stowed down in the great vaults, which went under this part of the building and a good deal of the court. Then the watch was set, tumbled this time, on roof and at window, and we waited impatiently for the morning. Yes, we all of us, I believe, waited impatiently for the morning, when I think, if we had known all that was to come, we should have knelt down and prayed for the darkness to keep on hour after hour, for days, and weeks, and months, sooner than the morning should have broke as it did from a rabble of black faces, some upon white clothes, some over the British uniform that they had disgraced; and as I, who was on the west roof, heard the first hum of their coming, and caught the first glimpse of the ragged column, I gave the alarm, setting my teeth hard as I did so; for, after many years of soldiering, I was now for the first time to see a little war in earnest.

Captain Dyer's first act on the alarm being given was to double the guard over the three blacks, now Captain Dyer start and look strange; for there was a shadow came across where we were kneeling; and the next instant he was standing between Miss Ross and the wounded man.

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Lieutenant Leigh did not like this, and he frowned; but Captain Dyer was his superior officer, and it was his duty to obey, so of course he did. Now, our position was such, that, say, a hundred men with a field piece could have knocked a wing in, and then carried us by assault with ease; but though our enemies were full two hundred and fifty, and many of them drilled soldiers, pieces you may say of a great machine, fortunately for us, there was no one to put that machine together, and set it in motion. We soon found out, for, instead of making the best of things, and taking possession of buildings—sheds and huts here and there, from which to annoy us, they came up in a mob to the gate, and one fellow on a horse—a native chief, he seemed to be—gave his sword a wave, and half-a-dozen sowars round him did the same, and then they called to us to surrender.

Captain Dyer's orders were to act entirely on the defensive, and to fire no shot till we had orders, leaving them to commence hostilities.

"For," said he, speaking to all the men, "it may be a cowardly policy with such a numerous set in front of us, but we have the women and children to hold the foe at bay, and when we do fire, to make every shot tell. Beating them off is, I fear, impossible, but we may keep them out till help comes."

"Wouldn't it be advisable, sir, to try and send off some despatch?" I said; "there's the trooper's horse."

"Where?" said Captain Dyer, with a smile. "That has already been thought of, Smith; and Sergeant Jones, the only good horseman we have, went off at two o'clock, and by this time is, I hope, out of danger. Good heavens! what does that mean?" he said, using his glass.

It was curious that I should have thought of such a thing just then, at a time when four sowars led up Sergeant Jones tied by a piece of rope to one of their saddled horses, while the trooper's horse was behind.

Captain Dyer would not show, though, that he was put out by the failure of that hope; he only passed the word for the men to stand firm, and then sent me with a message to Mrs. Colonel Mainer, requesting that every one might keep tight away from the windows, as the enemy might open fire at any time.

It was quite right, for just as I knocked at Mrs. Mainer's door, a regular squandering, scattering fire began, and you could hear the bullets striking the wall with a sharp rattling, bringing down showers of white lime-dust and powdered stone.

I found Mrs. Mainer seated on the floor with her children, pale and trembling, the little things the while laughing and playing over some pictures. Miss Ross was leaning over her sister, and Lizzy Green was waiting to give the children some thing else when they were tired of the pictures.

As the rattle of the musketry began, it was soon plain enough to me who had the stoutest hearts; but I seemed to be noticing nothing, though I did a great deal, and listened to Mrs. Bantem's voice in the next room, bullying and scolding a woman for crying out loud and upsetting everybody else.

I gave my message, and then Miss Ross asked me if any one was hurt, to which I answered as cheerfully as could be that we were all right as yet; and then, taking myself off, Lizzy Green came with me to the door, and I held out my hand to say "good-bye," for I knew it was possible I might never see her again. She gave me her hand and said "Good-bye," in a faltering sort of a way, and it seemed to me that she shrank from me. The next instant, though, there was the rattling crash of the firing, and I knew now that our men were answering.

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

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

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

"Gone?" says Captain Dyer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Poetry.

### The Faithful Lovers.

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

'Twas by the chimney corner we were sitting,  
"Mary," said I, have you been always true?"  
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,  
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you;  
But for the three years past I'll tell you what  
I've done, then say if I've been true or not."

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

Till Captain Clifford came from Alder-  
shot:  
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new,  
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps.  
I met him at my uncle's Christmas tide;  
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,  
He gave me his first kiss—and here she sighed."

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

"Lord Cecil Fosnotto, only twenty-one,  
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!  
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!  
And often was his arm about my waist—  
That was to lift me up or down. But who would count that unfaithfulness? Do you?"

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah! how he sings.  
We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!  
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings.  
When we were lost in Cheelden woods together."

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

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

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

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

### A Lesson to Lovers.

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

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

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

## AGRICULTURE.

### United States Crops.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Cabbage Worm.

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

### Remedy for Potato Rot.

In an essay on potato culture, Dr. H. Compton considers the potato rot as considerable length. Having found that dry rot was remedied by an application of sulphuric acid, it occurred to him that it also might destroy the fruit mildew. An application of plaster, which is composed of lime and sulphuric acid, was made with the happiest results. On the potato, mildew the application was found equally efficacious as a preventive, and if timely applied, after the middle of August, as a cure also. The Doctor adds: The vines should be watched closely, and on the first appearance of the disease plaster should be applied; not merely plaster broadcast, but dashing it over and under the vines, bringing it in contact with the stalks, using a hand-funnel to three or four hills. Plaster for this purpose should be very dry and powdery, and should be applied when the air is still. One application is seldom sufficient; it should be renewed as often as circumstances require. Examine the vines about three days after a cold night, or about the same length of time after a heavy rain. If the leaves begin to curl and wither, apply plaster at once; and, in short, whenever the vines show any signs of drooping; be the causes bites of insects, excessive humidity of the atmosphere, or sudden change of temperature, drooping from any cause whatever indicates the approach of mildew, which should be promptly met with an application of plaster. As before stated, plaster the vines as soon as they are up, again after the last ploughing and hoeing; after that, one, two or three times, as circumstances indicate. By this method the vines are kept of a bright, lively green, and the tubers are kept frost-free until growth is stopped by frost. Another point gained is that potatoes so grown are so sound and free from disease, as to be easily kept for spring market.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Letter from Dorchester.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chignecto Post.

SACKVILLE, N. B., AUG. 13, 1870.

The War.

On Sunday a battle was fought on the left bank of the Moselle, in which Napoleon claims the victory. The following is the despatch:

Paris, Aug. 13.

The following important despatch, to the Empress Eugenie is just made public:

LONGUEVILLE, Aug. 11, 10 p. m.—The army commenced to cross to the left bank of the Moselle this morning. Our advance guard had no knowledge of the presence of any force of the enemy. When half of our army had crossed over the Prussians suddenly attacked us in great force, but after a fight of four hours they were repulsed with great loss to them. (Signed) Napoleon.

On Monday morning the Prussians claim a victory before Metz.

Brussels, Aug. 13.

King William has sent the following telegraphic despatch to Queen Augusta, announcing the defeat of the French at Metz:

HENRY, Aug. 13.—Our armies have proved victorious in a great battle which has just been fought before Metz. Our 1st and 7th army corps were engaged in the fight, behaving gallantly. I have received no further details of the conflict. I proceed at once to the battle field.

(Signed) WILLIAM.

Except these two battles both armies had previously been quiet, but active enough—the French, of course, acting purely on the defensive, in concentrating their forces on their second line of defence. The Prussians have made some very important movements; so important that the French probably have to retire from their position at Metz and Nancy to the fortified camp of Châlons, which is nearly midway between these cities and Paris. To understand the great advantages already obtained by Prussia, it is only necessary to state that the French intend resting on Metz, Nancy and Strasbourg, and from thence pushing their armies forward with magazines and supplies in their rear. These towns are all strongly fortified. A New York paper says that

is a strong fortified city, the capital of the department of the Moselle, and situated at the confluence of the Moselle and Sûre, 170 miles due east from Paris, on the Paris and Strasbourg Railway. It is one of the strongest and most important fortresses in Europe. It has a citadel on the right bank of the river, one of the largest in France, with a cannon foundry, and an armory containing 80,000 stand of arms. It has also a military hospital capable of containing 1,500 patients. It is one of the great manufacturing centres, vast numbers of its population of 60,000 being employed in the manufacture of woollen cloth, muslins, thread and machinery. Metz is one of the old Roman cities, and is covered by no less than six of its famous roads. At one time it was the capital of the kingdom of Austria. It eventually passed into the hands of the Emperor of Germany, who strongly fortified it in order to raise a barrier against the ambition of France. In 1632 it claimed the protection of France against the German Emperor, and has since remained incorporated in that kingdom.

NANCY.

lies twenty-nine miles south of Metz, on the left bank of the Meurthe, and on the southern bank of the Paris and Strasbourg Railway. It is the capital of the Department of the Meurthe and has a population of nearly 5,000. Nancy was captured by Charles the Bold in 1475, who lost his life in again laying siege to it a few years after. Its citadel, which is very strong, still exists, though the town fortifications were destroyed by Louis XIV.

STRASBOURG.

lies on the frontier of France, seventy-two miles north of Basel, and the Rhine. It is very strongly fortified in a triangular form, it is enclosed by bastioned ramparts, strengthened by numerous outworks, and has seven gates. At its eastern extremity, Vieux, occupied a strong pentagonal citadel. The fortifications are surrounded by a system of sluices, by means of which all the adjacent country can be laid under water if the necessities of war demand it. In the tenth century Strasbourg was part of the dominions of the German Emperors but afterwards shook off their yoke and became a republic. It was joined to France in 1681. Its manufactures are important and various, and its general trade with France, Germany and the South of Europe, very large.

Ehrenbreitstein is situated on the Rhine, immediately opposite to Coblenz. This strong fortress is built on the face and summit of a rocky height, 458 feet in elevation, and is Prussia's great military stronghold. It was taken by the French in 1799, and after the peace of Lunéville, the fortress was demolished, but was restored by the Prussian Govern-

ment after the peace of 1815. It is capable of accommodating a garrison of 11,000 men, and presents a most imposing appearance to travellers on the Rhine steamboats.

Metz, last week the headquarters of Napoleon, has been invested, and the Prussians claim a victory before it. It is also reported communication between it and Paris is interrupted. Nancy has been abandoned by McMahon. Strasbourg has been entirely cut off from French communication, is being bombarded, and cannot long sustain the energetic siege maintained by the Prussians. Besides these successes in the field, Prussia gains some prestige by her liberal treatment of Frenchmen in Germany, by her respecting the rights of French non-combatants, and by the circular of Count Bismarck, in which the independence of Holland and South German States is guaranteed, and she disclaims that Prussia means territorial aggrandizement.

Land Damages in Cumberland.

We understand that much indignation is felt by the land-holders in Cumberland, who had their valuable marsh and other lands taken about eighteen months ago for railway purposes, and who up to this time have not received a cent for lands so taken, nor have they even been informed how much they may at some distant day expect. This ought not to be, and we trust that the Government and Parliament will hold the Commissioners strictly responsible for any failures on the Railway, which judgment and foresight could have avoided. It is no excuse to say the surveyors were incompetent; if so they ought not to have been appointed, or, if appointed through a mistake, ought to have at once been dismissed. Westmorland could have supplied men well qualified for the work. To take eighteen months to value a strip of land about 100 feet wide, is really ridiculous. We believe there are only some eight or ten miles on Section No. 4 which go through valuable land, the rest being nearly all wilderness; so that this folly is to us unaccountable. There must be something wrong.

Branch to the Landing.

A large amount of lumber lately has been brought down from Menamcook by rail to be shipped from here. It has to be trucked from the station to the wharves, involving, of course, considerable expense. The necessity of laying rails from the station to the Landing is every day becoming more apparent. The expense would be very light, and some steps ought to be taken to push the matter along. We believe a petition has been presented to the Commissioners setting forth the advantages of this branch line, but so much red tapeism has already crept into our infant Government—there are so many surveys, reports, references to officials, orders, &c., to be made before a spade can touch the work—it is a question whether our merchants had not better at once construct the work themselves.

The Crops and the Weather.

The weather the past week has been very propitious for the haymaking operations of our farmers. The crops, so far, look very favorable. Potatoes are free from rot; oats, barley, buckwheat, &c., all look well. Even English hay, which a few weeks since, it was generally thought, would only be half an average crop, many farmers find the superior quality will quite balance the deficiency in quantity.

The St. John Caramen.

At the Westfield Station some days ago we had the pleasure of seeing the famous Paris crew. Their triumphs do not appear to have in the least spoiled them. They are diffident and avoid rather than court observation. Such entire absence of the "blow" amazingly increases one's confidence in their pluck and muscle. They practice three times a day, twice in the morning; each time they row something over half an hour. Their new boat arrived a few days ago with the maker, Elliot, of Green Point, New York. The "Globe" proposes that an expedition similar to the "Coit Excursion" which was such a success, be organized and proceed from Shediac to Montreal to witness the race. We observe that return tickets to Montreal will be issued in St. John good from 9th to 23rd September, for \$14 gold.

CHESTER.—"Excelsior" of Upper Sackville and the College Club are to have a friendly match on Saturday next, on the agricultural grounds.

War Map.

We present our readers this week with a map of the Seat of War. We have printed it on good firm paper in preference to, inserting it in the Post, in order that it may be more convenient and permanent for purposes of reference. But few explanations are necessary. The boundaries of countries are represented by heavy broken lines. Heavy unbroken lines, railways, and with spaces or loops unfinished railways. Roads and rivers are indicated by light lines. Flags denote fortified towns. The names of some places will have to be guessed at on account of the variations in the spelling of names; thus, Treves is also Trier, Speyer, Spire or Spiers; Mainz on the map is also Metz and Mayence.

Yachting.

England's yachtsmen are not overwhelmingly successful in their matches with our American cousins, notwithstanding the recent race across the Atlantic when the "Cambria" (English) came in a little over an hour ahead of the "Dauntless." In 1851 the "America" completely defeated all opponents in English waters, and won the Queen's cup. This cup has since remained in the United States. On the 8th instant another race took place for it. The "Dauntless" came in second, the old "America" fourth, and "Cambria" eighth, among twenty-five opponents. The "Cambria" was half an hour behind the winner. The "America" is considered the finest yacht in the world. English yachtsmen must come across the Atlantic to learn something of the art of modelling vessels.

Cumberland Enterprise.

The "Gazette" announces the formation of the "Oxford Woodmen Manufacturing Company," for the purpose of making furniture, &c. The capital is fixed at \$10,000, in shares of \$1.00 each. A large portion of the stock has already been taken. First business meeting will be held on 26th inst.

A company to manufacture woollen cloth, &c., with a capital of \$20,000 in shares of \$20 each, is being formed, to operate on the Maccan River, 18 miles from Amherst. Excellent water power exists there. Three hundred shares have been already taken up.

Intercolonial Railway.

We are glad to learn that the railway from here to Amherst will be completed sooner than we anticipated. The bridge across the Missisquoi is rapidly approaching completion. The Contractors, Messrs. Grant & Sutherland, have also their Aboldeux on the line nearly completed, and they confidently expect to finish their contract within their time, to the satisfaction, we believe, of all parties concerned. From present appearances of the work, we have no doubt but that by the 1st November the cars can be run to Amherst. Will the station house there be ready? What say the Commissioners? Let there be no delay on that account.

Nova Scotia News.

The Prince's Lodge at Halifax has been sold for \$10,000.

A new Presbyterian Church was opened at Bedford, Halifax, last Sunday.

A monster picnic, of the Presbyterians and Wesleyans, was held at Kentville on 16th.—Reporter.

Mr. James Ritchie, of Liverpool, was on Sunday week tossed a distance of eighteen feet by a bull, and considerably injured.

Londonderry was visited by the great thunder storm that occurred a few Fridays ago. Every room in the house of Hon. W. A. McLellan was injured, but the inmates all escaped.

At Digby, on the 6th inst. a young man named James Dunn observed three girls in bathing being carried away by the tide; he ran a quarter of a mile to the spot, plunged in, and succeeded in bringing them one by one to land; the last one was nearly exhausted. Such proofs of bravery and endurance are rare.

The "Eastern Chronicle" publishes a letter to the N. S. Amexation League from Nevada, U.S., signed by 81 former residents of Pictou, Cumberland, and other counties. We notice several familiar names.

Drowned on the 15th at Truro, Mr. George Christie. He was taking for salmon near the bridge. It is supposed he got entangled in the net. Water was only four feet deep. Decayed leaves a wife and two children.

On the 9th inst. at Bathurst, Geo. Peck, employed at Ferguson & Co.'s mill, was killed by a heavy load of edgings being dumped upon him.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Despatch to "Chignecto Post."

St. John, Aug. 18.

Very severe fighting near Metz Sunday and Monday.

Prussians claim victory.

No official report from Emperor.

French army concentrated at Etamp, 12 miles East North East of Verdun.

"Times" says French army received finishing stroke at Metz.

Emperor is at Chalons organizing siege force.

Gold 12 3/4.

LATE WAR NEWS.

Telegrams from Paris of August 16th claim that the Prussians were repulsed before Metz after four hours fighting. All night masses of the people marched through the boulevards and principal streets, shouting joyfully. The Emperor and Prince Imperial have arrived at Verdun.

News from London of 15th say disturbances have taken place at Marseilles and Lyons, and crowds collected in the streets, shouting, "Down with the Emperor." Proclamations establishing Republics hourly expected in both Italy and France.

Brussels, Aug. 13.

The action of England in securing the neutrality of Belgium from violation has aroused the strongest feeling of gratitude in Belgium.

Immense crowds gathered yesterday in front of the English Embassy, and cheered for the Queen and Government of England.—Special Telegraph.

The London "Shipping Gazette" states that, in the view of those whose opinions deserve respect, the war is virtually closed.

PRALZBURG, the key of the Vosges Mountains, 25 miles from Strasbourg, has surrendered to the Prussian Crown Prince.

ADMIRAL Farragut, died at 12 o'clock to-day, at Portsmouth, after a long illness.

A Mr. ELLIOT, an English Banker, was arrested at Metz, while visiting his brother on suspicion of being at Metz in the interests of Prussia. He was taken under guard to Châlons, where he was subjected to a court-martial, and, being declared guilty, was shot as a spy.

The correspondent of the "London Daily News" was mobbed at Metz. A military force was despatched for his protection, and after considerable difficulty he was rescued and sent to Dijon.

London, Aug. 13.

The "Times" this morning says in a fortnight the Emperor has more perfectly undermined his throne than his enemies have in a score of years. Reassured by the plebiscite he has thrown away the votes of the people and his dynasty.

The "Spectator" thinks that the next battle must decide the fate of the Empire, and the popular faith in the Emperor is vanishing.

The "Post" contradicts the evening papers of yesterday, and asserts that the Prince Imperial is with the Emperor.

It is said that a telegraphic blunder caused Marshal McMahon's disaster. Marshal Failly was directed to move on to Limbourg; he found Karibach in the telegram so received.

Advices through Prussian channels from St. Avold to Friday state that the Prussians have taken 71,000 prisoners.

The Saarbrück fight was more demoralizing to the French than it has been supposed. The pursuers found arms and equipments on the road with millions of francs.

London, Aug. 11.—A proclamation has been issued declaring that the North West Coast of Germany from the Island of Hattum, a low island in the German Ocean off the coast of Hanover, southward, to be in a state of blockade from to-day. Ten days of grace are allowed vessels belonging to neutral nations to leave the German ports.

A special despatch from Hagenau, dated to-day, says that Marshal McMahon's army evacuated Nancy, yesterday on the approach of the Crown Prince's army, and retreated across the Moselle to the frontier of Toul.

The French destroyed a fine bridge of seven arches, which spanned the river.

The forces of the Crown Prince now occupy Nancy and Frouard, at a junction on the Paris and Strasbourg Railway.

The Prussians attacked Point a Mousson, driving the French, but subsequently fell back to the main body.

The head quarters of the united armies of Frederick Charles and General Steinmetz are at Herry, on a direct line with Saarbrücken, and within 20 miles of Metz.

Large quantities of stores were captured in the environs of Metz. General Frossard's division lost all its supplies.

A special despatch from Carlsruhe to-day says that Strasbourg was bombarded with red-hot shot on Friday, and the bombardment was resumed Saturday. The besieged asked for a parley and were given forty-eight hours to decide whether they would surrender.

(Special Despatch to Telegraph.)

Two great battles were fought on Sunday, one at Paggy, eight miles east of Metz; and one at Logneville. The first encounter occurred before the French had drawn off their forces to cross the Moselle.

The Prussians, 60,000 strong, under Steinmetz, attacked the French rear guard under Marshal Bazaine, furiously, by flank and rear, and pushed the French to the very verge of the works.

The French then retired behind the entrenchments and made a determined stand and resisted the Prussian assault.

The second contest then ensued, which resulted in the repulse of the Prussians, in an almost hand to hand encounter on the walls of the outer line of works.

The Prussians, though stubbornly contesting their ground, were beaten off by the French masses supported by the fortifications.

The French then made a reconnaissance on Monday of several hours, penetrating the French outposts without resistance.

McMahon's communication with Metz is cut off.

Strasbourg is invested and short of provisions.

Private despatches confirm reports of French defeat with heavy loss. French situation very critical.

The French main army is moving to the Metz and Chalons.

The health of the Emperor and Empress is bad.

Disturbances are breaking out in Paris and Algeria, and hostility against the Emperor is openly manifested.

Paris is despondent.

Belgium voted twenty millions to fortify Antwerp.

The Belgium army is moving to Holland and Luxembourg.

The British army is rapidly recruiting.

The Prussians have about a million men in the field.

The Battle of Worth.

PARIS, Aug. 11.

It is stated that at the battle of Worth the French charged the Prussians eleven times. McMahon was for fifteen hours in the saddle with out food, and finally fell fainting in a ditch, but was accidentally discovered and revived sufficiently to direct a retreat of the fragments of his army on foot.

The pursuit of the enemy was vigorous at first, but soon became a mere reconnaissance. McMahon, after being twenty-five hours in the saddle, passed the day—Sunday—at St. Avonne, which has since been abandoned and occupied by the Prussians.

The Death of General Douay.

The "Moniteur" gives the following account of the death of Gen. Douay at the battle of Weissenburg:—

The General was from the beginning in the thickest of the fight. When he saw the day was lost, after he had done all he could to retrieve it, when not even a battalion was left him, he called his aids, one by one, gave them orders and sent them away. As soon as the last was gone the General, spurring his horse, rode some distance to the front, dismounted, and taking a pistol from the holster, shot the animal. Then turning around he slowly walked towards the enemy. The soldiers vainly tried to stop him. Amid terrible fighting he deliberately walked on. The retreating soldiers, aroused by the spectacle, turned again upon the enemy, but fell in heaps around their General, who still pressed forward. Almost disengaged from the enemy and Gen. Douay, almost alone, fell dead.

The Murderer Breen.

It is understood that the man Breen, charged with the murder of Doyle in P. E. Island, landed in Richibucto early in the week, and took the road up the Richibucto river, intending probably to go through by Salmon river and cross to the States.

This is a route sometimes taken by fugitives from Justice. A warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Clarke, who proceeded on Tuesday in pursuit of Breen.—St. John Telegraph.

The Exhibition Building at Fredericton is already completed, except painting. Our readers will observe the Exhibition advertisement in another column and the attractions held out therein. We will refer again to the desirability of our farmers and manufacturers competing for prizes, and patronizing the enterprise by their presence. Fredericton has long been famed for its hotel accommodations. Besides all the old houses, the "Queen," a splendid new hotel, kept by Mr. Orr, is unexcelled in the Province. The vastly increased facilities for cheap travel, by railway and steamboat, is rather an inducement to see the country we live in.

The upper St. John has been visited by Messrs. Boyd, C. E., and Mahood, C. E. Mr. Mahood is making calculations of the expense of building a lock at Little Falls. Mr. Boyd hopes to make such a favorable report as will lead to a thorough survey next summer.—Fredericton.

Local and Other Matters.

A TEA MEETING is shortly to take place in connection with the new Presbyterian Church in Sackville.

It is pleasing to note the gradual decline in the price of flour in the Upper Provinces.

Rev. Mr. STERLING, Congregational Minister at Keswick Ridge, died on the 7th inst.

The Rifle Competition at Fredericton is to take place at the Nashwaak.

Messrs. H. CURRIE & Co., St. John, will please accept our thanks for a handsome map of New Brunswick.

A LITERARY and Dramatic Club is about being formed at Dorchester. Success to the enterprise.

Our fourth page: Editorial matter—"Local Legislation" and "Property in Halifax." On first page, Dorchester correspondence, &c.

On the 5th inst. Carleton County was visited by a terrific thunder storm, accompanied with hail, which greatly damaged grain, &c.

The house, store, barn, &c., of Mr. S. N. Raymond, of Aberdeen, were destroyed by fire on the 8th inst.

A public meeting will be held next week in connection with the coming Provincial Exhibition, of which due notice will be given.

SALEM CHAPEL was crowded last Sunday on the occasion of Rev. T. Todd's preaching the obituary sermon of the late Captain Titus Anderson.

The "Maggie A. Carvell," Mr. Hickman's new vessel, was launched in fine style Thursday last. On the same day a brig was launched at Shepody.

Mr. RIVERS' mill, Indiantown, was burnt down on the 21st March last. The 1st inst. the mill had been rebuilt, and commenced sawing. It employs 150 hands.

The Temperance Entertainment at Moncton, under the auspices of Eureka Division, S. of T., on Thursday last, was well attended. More than three hundred took tea, and music and dancing were the evening's amusements.

St. John has recently been agitated by the report that human remains had been discovered at Red Head. The place has been searched unsuccessfully, and it now appears that a man named Stoker started the rumor to prevent people going on the ground to pick bones.

The Tea Meeting at Jeddah on Thursday last, we are glad to learn, was very successful. We were unable to attend ourselves, but it is said the affair passed off pleasantly and profitably, having realised about \$170.00.

The Arcadia Washing Machine, advertised in another column, is of Nova Scotia invention and manufacture. It is simple, cheap, and answers the purpose well. We understand it has had very heavy sales in Nova Scotia.

A BAPTIST Ministers' Institute was formed in St. John on Tuesday night, Rev. J. E. Bill chairman. A thoughtful and argumentative lecture was delivered on the occasion, by Rev. Alvah Harvey, D. D., on "The Consciousness of Departed Spirits." Other lectures are to follow.

HYMENAL.—There was a large gathering at the Wesleyan Church to witness a ceremony chronicled in another column. At the conclusion of the services Mr. Dickson and his bride left for Canada. As one of the numerous friends of both parties, we wish them every happiness.

WRONG ADDRESS.—Complaints are frequently made by subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly. Any such will please write us, and give the name of the W. O. or P. O. to which their papers should be addressed. Delay and loss of newspapers very often occur from a wrong address.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.—"A Discourse About the State of True Happiness" is the title of a work handed us by Mr. W. Stewart. The discourse consists of "certain sermons delivered in Oxford, and at Pauls Crosse, by Robert Bolton, Bachelor in Divinity," &c. It is "imprinted by Felix Kyngston," in the year 1625.

In the Council Chamber, Judge Wetmore is taking evidence in the Equity Sittings, in a matter in which the Crane Estate and the Allison, of Sackville, are interested, involving the real ownership of a large amount of Westmorland Bank Stock. There is a strong array of legal gentlemen engaged in the case. The taking of evidence proceeds slowly.—Telegraph.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bay Verte Canal.

SACKVILLE, Aug. 16.

To Editor of Chignecto Post:

Sir,—I notice in a late number your paper that our 600 good and true who patronized Dr. Toth's credit of having the Bay Verte Canal surveyed. I myself, that Mr. Burpee, who deserved some little credit for a vote through Parliament for a winter, and a final has just told that one of the senators assured that it was owing solely to his once with the Government the matter was not shelved. Now, upon you to have this matter settled once, and before the canal is opened for traffic, or else we may another such row as we had, opening of our railway here, so many more but for their infatuation would have been left in the cold, and Gideon would not have been cheated out of his mill, will, no doubt, remember with difficulty these, as who should to Sackville will write these, who all thought had the most with having it within sight of Baylyn said nothing and did not care away any champagne in bottles differ with you, however, in support that Dr. Tupper had anything to do with this survey; I am quite satisfied, if so, that he would have employed engineers of the Lower Province and not imported them from a great distance, and before the canal is near where Bay Verte lay and not require an interpreter to tell with them and a pilot to tell which Province they were. It is this important business is carried a little to far in the papers departments.

The Bay Verte Canal has succeeded about half-a-dozen already, by quite as competent engineers as any that can be imported from Montreal or even Quebec, Ottawa. Your old servant, Wm. C. Weir, Secy.

[Our correspondent is slightly in error. The Dominion Government appears to exercise such consummate skill in delaying public works measures, that we hardly expect the engineers to survey the would be here much before summer. The speedy arrival of Engineers was something unprecedented, and totally unaccountable unless attributed to the fresh let into the Cabinet. Naturally gave Dr. Tupper the credit for survey at this time.—Ed. Can. to Post.]

FIREWORKS papers complete roadways there.

Two towns and several villages were recently destroyed in Greece on an earthquake.

Reverend shooting of a Lo Banker by the French at Châlons-Friday is contradicted by despatch from Paris.

The County Island steamer "Tully" was run into by a schooner New York harbor, on the evening the 12th. Ten persons were drowned. The captain and pilot were drowned.

A riot occurred at Red River, Dalhousie, on the 10th inst. A throng of riotous youths were engaged in it, but the matter was without the interference of the police.

A MURDEROUS assault was made on John, on Monday night, by drunken seamen, who mistook Mullin for some one else. The men were made with a knife and iron and are very dangerous. May and mate, and Cox, steward, of "Earlyrice," are in custody, on suspicion of being the guilty parties.

AFRICAN WINES.—It is not generally known that Cape Colony produces the most delicious wines on the face of the earth. A received as a remittance by neighbors Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. contains several varieties raised among which the Constance commands the highest price of any in the world. Almost the crop of it is consumed in the Cape of Europe, this rare exception sent to them in exchange for new medicines, which have about the staple remedies of S. Africa.—Boston Journal.

Old Father Time.

Old Father Time, with step sublime, Is speeding on his way. In every clime, he thinks no crime, To change your locks to gray.

Gray, gray, gray! To change your locks to gray!

The Magic Comb, within your house, The power of Time defies. This wondrous thing, will beauty bring, Make joy from sorrow rise. Rise, rise, rise! Make joy from sorrow rise!

O, then draw near, without a fear, No more in sorrow roam! This very hour, just try the power Of the Patent Magic Comb!

Comb, comb, comb! Of the Patent Magic Comb!

Old Father Time, in every clime, Is speeding on his way. In every clime, he thinks no crime, To change your locks to gray.

Gray, gray, gray! To change your locks to gray!

Your locks no more are gray! Gray, gray, gray! To change your locks to gray!

One Comb, sent by mail to any address on receipt of \$1.25. A liberal discount on orders for 5 or more. Address S. R. Foster, No. 9 George Street, St. John, N. B.

[illegible]

## This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint horizontal lines, possibly from the scanning process or the original paper's grain. There are a few small, dark spots scattered across the surface, which could be dust or foxing. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

