

# CHIGNECTO POST.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

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No. 36.

## Literature.

### The Jabez Morse Papers.

CONSULED.

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

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

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

Mama, Papa and I were at the Fort this evening, and the fate of the rebels was discussed by the officers. Mama nor I took any part in the conversation, but listened attentively to what was said. Major Batt was in favor of ravaging the country with fire and sword; but the Colonel opposed the policy of such a course, as he disliked its cruelty, by punishing the innocent with the guilty, and he turned towards Mama and asked her if she did not agree with him.

It most certainly coincide with my own feelings, for nothing is more unjust to the wives and children of these misguided men, to turn them out in the wilderness, and without food, clothing, and shelter, than to leave them in the hands of the rebels, who would never have run without the sword. They were led by designing men, who are the real offenders, and upon them the punishment should fall. Without presuming to offer an opinion, I can only help thinking that your position as commander of the forces, is to you how after the scattering of the rebels to effect more for your country, by issuing a proclamation calling upon the inhabitants of the country all to come in, on the oath of allegiance, and an amnesty for past offences, and acts of severity. It is better to be loved than terror, and now, by the power of inspiring dread, by clemency that the Government can forgive their repentant hearts.

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

"It would be a matter of much interest to me," said I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## The American Desert.

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

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

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

## Desolation of Alsace.

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

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

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

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

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Yours truly,  
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A MAN with a new patent medicine, warns the public against drinking those simmering compounds of liquid Devils, those mixtures of concentrated Death, called "Biters."

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## The Tender-hearted Engineer.

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

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

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

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

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