

LETTER VI.

Wherin young John Smith describeth the desperate siege of the logging camp, and the memorable capture of the loggers.

Smithville, Down East, in the State of Maine, March 24, 1839.

Dear General,—I've jest got another letter from my son John, down in our disputed territory, and as I know you feel anxious to hear how they get along down there, I hasten to send you a copy of it. It is as follows:—

Our Disputed Territory, pretty near the Line, March 20, 1839.

Dear Father,—Tell mother I aint shot yet, though we've had one pretty considerable of a brush, and expect every day to have some more. Colonel Jarvis has taken quite a liking to our little Smithville detachment. He says we are the smartest troops he's got, and as long as we stick by him, it isn't Sir John Harvey, nor all New Brunswick, nor even Queen Victoria herself, can ever drive him off of Fitzherbert's farm. Perhaps you mayn't remember much about this Fitzherbert's farm, where we are. It is the very place where the British nabbed our Land Agent, Mr. McIntire, when he was abed, and asleep, and couldn't help himself, and carried him off to Fredericton jail. Let 'em come and try to nab us, if they dare; if they wouldn't wish their cake was dough again, I'm mistaken. We've got up pretty considerable of a little kind of a fort here, and we keep it manned day and night—we don't more than half of us sleep at once, and are determined the British shall never catch us with both eyes shet.

But I 'spose mother's in dreadful fidgets to know about the brush, that I mentioned in the first part of my letter, so I must make haste and get along to it. It wasn't exactly a scratch with the British soldiers, but something jest about as bad, and I don't know but a little worse, for it was along with them thieving trespassers, that's been cutting down our trees, and stealin' our logs. And I think I should as lives run my chance among soldiers as among thieves.

That night arter we got here, when the sentries was all placed round the fort, and the things all put up for the night, Colonel Jarvis asked us to go in and sit down and have a chat. So we did; and he asked us all about our march down here to our disputed territory, and what the news was at home, and if we see the governor as we come along, and if he sent any word to him, and so on. Sargent Johnson told him all about it, and told him the governor was terrible arnest for him to hold on to the logs; and said he mustn't never flinch a hair, nor give up an inch of our disputed territory, let what would come, and he must put a stop to their cutting down our timber.

Colonel Jarvis said, the Governor might let him alone for that. If Sir John Harvey got hold of any of them logs, he would have to get up arlier in the morning than ever he did yet.

"Now, Sargent Johnson," said the Colonel, "you are a smart officer, and you've got a smart little company here; and bein' you've jest come into the service, it wouldn't be no more than fair that you should have a chance to take hold of some kind of a job that should be an honour to you and your company, and show to the people of the state what sort of grit you are made of. I think its very likely there's some of them ere thieving chaps about here in the woods yet, cutting down our timber; and you may take your men in the morning, and load up your guns and go off on a cruise, and see if you can ketch any of the rascals, and bring 'em and their teams off here prisoners of war; and the rest of us 'll stay here and guard the fort while you are gone. If the rascals set out to fight, don't show 'em no quarter, but take 'em, dead or alive, and bring 'em off to the fort."

Sargent Johnson told him, "that was jest sich a job as we should like, and we'd be out in the morning bright and airly, and go at it."

Accordingly, as soon as it was daylight in the morning, I turned out and gave Sargent Johnson a touch, and told him 'twas time to be starting. He was on his feet as quick as a wink, and told me to call the men and tell them to get ready. In a few minutes we got our breakfasts, and put some dinner in our knapsacks, and seed that our guns was all well loaded; and after the Colonel told us which way we better go, we marched off, and struck right into the woods.

We had rather tough getting about, pretty much all the forenoon, scratching about through the bushes, and climbing over logs and stones, and working our way through the swamps; but towards noon we began to come along into the timber land. And, my stars! sich great whapping pine trees, as straight as a candle, and tall as a liberty-pole, and standing all round as thick as the bean-poles in our garden, I guess you never see.

"Ah," says Sargent Johnson, "this is the place where them thieving chaps picks their huckleberries. We shall get upon the track of some of 'em bime-by!"

At last we come to a pretty considerable of a kind of a little river. Sargeant Johnson told us to keep a sharp look out now, for they hauled the logs into these small rivers and brooks, and in the spring, when the ice broke up, they would shoot 'em along into the Aroostook river, and then scoot 'em away off down the St. John's river, and carry 'em off to England, and nobody knows where. We followed the river up a mile or two, and I was away ahead a little ways of the rest, and at last I heard a sharp kind of a click, like the sound of an axe chopping wood. I listened a spel, and then I heard it again; and I told Sargeant Johnson we was close upon 'em, for I could hear 'em chop. At that we

stopped and listened, and we could hear 'em as plain as day. Sargeant Johnson then told us to see that the primin' in our guns was all right, and to follow him as still as mice. So we crept along as careful as if we was going on eggs. Bime-by we got on to a little piece of rising ground, where we could look down towards the bend in the river, and there we see 'em as busy at work as a thief in a mill. They had a little log cabin for themselves, and another one for their oxen; and one chap was just driving the oxen in, to give 'em some hay, and the rest was going in to dinner; all but the one that we heard chopping; and he was digging his axe into the side of a large pine tree, as big round as a hogset. Bime-by one of 'em come to the door and hollered to him and told him to come into dinner, for the beans was all turned out and growin' cold. But he said the beans might go to pot for what he keered, for he wouldn't come in ill he got his tree down any how. So he kept his axe a going, click, click, and we kept still and looked on. We see the tree was pretty nigh off; and bime-by we heard a crack, and then a little louder crack; and we looked up and see the top begun to lean and tremble a little—it was a monstrous great big tree—and the cracks came quicker and louder; crack, crack, double crack, and the old tree begun to whisk through among the tops of the other trees with a roaring sound like a hurricane, and then, in two winks of a hum-bird's eye, it went crash on to the ground like a clap of thunder, and made all smoke again.

"By king," said Sargent Johnson, "if that's the way they steal our timber, I think it's a caution."

After the tree was down, the chap stuck his axe into the stump, just as when any body's readin', he puts his finger on where he left off, and then he went into the camp to dinner.

"Now," says Sargent Johnson, "now's the time; while they are at dinner we'll surround the camp, and take 'em by surprise."

We looked down on to the bank of the river, and we see two or three everlastin' great piles of logs, as big as two or three houses, that they had cut, and hauled, and rolled down the bank. This made some of our company feel a little blue, for fear they might be too many for us; and they asked Sargent Johnson if they hadn't better wait till they come out of the camp, so we could see how many there was of 'em. For there was only eleven of us, and by the great pile of logs they had hauled down to the river, there might be a hundred of them.

Sargent Johnson said he didn't care if there was five hundred; he'd surround their camp and take 'em prisoners. And says he,

"If any of you is cowards, you may turn about and go back now, and them that stays will have the honour all to ourselves."

At that they coloured up some, and said they was no cowards, but was ready to go as far as he would.

So Sargent Johnson then gave us off the plan of the campaign. And says he—

"You see there is a door in the cabin, and it stands a little ways open; and you see there's holes cut out through two sides of the cabin for windows. Now we must creep as still as midnight, so that they shan't see us nor hear us, and when we've surrounded the cabin, I'll give a little bit of a low whistle, and in a moment two of you must poke your guns right into them windows, and I'll step right into the middle of the door with my sword in one hand and my gun in 'tother, and two more of you must spring right behind me and poke your guns in over my shoulders, one over my right shoulder and 'tother over my left shoulder; and the rest of you must stand off, all ready to fire, about two rods from the camp, as a core deserve. Colonel Jarvis says it's always best to keep a core deserve, when you are going to make an attack. And as soon as I've got in the middle of the door, and staring of 'em right in the face, I'll sing out to 'em like thunder—'Now you rascally stealing chaps, now I've got you; now if you don't give up in a minute, we'll shoot you down like squirrels.' And I guess that'll fetch 'em tu. If it dont, and they set out to fight, why then we must fight, that's all; and that's what we come down for."

After Sargent Johnson had given us our orders, we told him we understood 'em, and would stick to him through thick and thin. So we crawled along towards the camp as fast and as still as we could. We had to climb right over that thunderin' great big tree that they jest fell, because it was sich a bad place to get round ary end of it. But at last we got along up within three or four rods of the camp, and Sargent Johnson made a sign for us to halt, so we might all get ready and come to look around, one was missing, for there wasn't but ten of us. And come to look round to see who it was, it was Billy Wiggins. Sargent Johnson looked cross enough, and a little surprised too; for he said, for all Billy was such a fumbling, clumsy little chap, he never thought he was a coward. At that I looked back the way we come, and I saw Billy's head bobbing up and down behind that great pine tree, as he was jumping up with all his might, and trying to climb up on to it. I seed in a minute what the difficulty was; he couldn't get up on to the tree, and he didn't dare to holler, for that would muster 'em out of the cabin. So I ran back and jumped up on to the tree and got hold of Billy's hand and hauled him over. And we pretty soon got all ready to make the attack. Every man had his gun panted towards the cabin, and all ready to pull. I and Jonathan Downing was to stand behind Sargent Johnson and pint our guns over his shoulders; and Seth Josslyn was to stand to one window and Billy Wiggins to 'tother. As soon as we was all ready, Sargent Johnson gave a little, easy whistle, and we all sprung to our places; but before Sargent Johnson had time to begin to speak, Billy Wiggins' gun—I guess there must be some-

thing the matter with Billy's forefinger, for his gun blazed away like lightning into the cabin window, and his ball went splash right into a window, and his ball went splash right into a window, and all in the same breath log on 'tother side. And all in the same breath the rest of our guns was all pokin' in on every side, and Sargent Johnson was bawling out to 'em with his roaring voice and calling of 'em "stealin' rascals." Oh, father! I wish you'd been there. If you ever see a flock of mice in the buttery nibbling round a pan of meal, and see the old cat jump right into the window and see the land right down in the middle on 'em, and see how them mice went it, you might guess a little how them prisoners of ourn jumped and sprung round and screamed. As I was looking right in over Sargent Johnson's shoulder, I could see the whole on't. There was six of 'em, and they was all setting round the table eating their dinners. They had a great large milk-pan in the middle of the table full of baked beans and three or four pounds of fat pork on the top of it; and a kettle of soup on one end of the table, and bread and potatoes and so on, all over the table. And when the thunder-clap broke upon 'em all to once, they all sprung right up as if they'd gone out of their skins; and the table went like a lock of hay in a whirlwind. It bounced up in the first place almost to the roof of the cabin; and when it came down, the beans flew from one side of the room to the other, like shot in a pepper-box; and the soup-kettle and the bread and the dishes and the potatoes I couldn't keep the run of.

After the first scream was over, and they see they wasn't killed, one of 'em sprung and ketched a handspike that they had to stir the fire with, and another ketched up a stool that they had to set on, and another run behind the door and brought out an old gun. But when they see our guns pokin' in round so thick, they spring into the corners and squat down behind the barrels, and begun to holler "don't fire! don't fire!" At last after they begun to get still a little, so he could be heard, Sargent Johnson told 'em to lay down their arms. At that, one laid down his handspike, 'tother one his gun, and things begun to get considerable quiet.

Then Sargent Johnson asked 'em if they was willing to surrender themselves prisoners of war. At that, one of 'em that seemed to be the head man among 'em, a short, thick, fat man, with a red face and a blueish nose, stepped forward and asked Sargent Johnson what he wanted. The sargent told him they must deliver themselves up as prisoners of war and be carried to the American camp.

"And then what is to be done with us?" said he.

"Well, then, you'll have to be sent to Bangor, to be tried for stealing the logs on our disputed territory," said Sargent Johnson.

"Well, then, we'll die first," said he, and he sprung back and ketched up the gun. But when he looked round and see the rest of his men was as white as a cloth, and quivering behind the barrels, and see our guns all panted right at him, he see 'twas no use. And says he, "Captain don't fire, I'll give up!" And he brought his gun and gave it to Sargent Johnson. Then Sargent Johnson ordered 'em to come out two by two, and we took and tied them together by two, so we could guard 'em easy; and then we went to the hovel and took out the oxen. There was two yoke of oxen and a hoss; and we yoked 'em up and loaded all the provisions they had in the camp, and started off for our fort. Jonathan Downing drove the oxen; and Billy Wiggins—Sargent Johnson said Billy was sich an unlucky kind of a feller he had no patience with him; but after all, he said he didn't know but what his gun goin' off so, did about as much good as any thing—so on the whole, bein' he had sich short legs, he said Billy Wiggins should ride the hoss.

So when we all got ready, we marched off towards our fort, and got back jist about sunset. And as we was coming up the hill towards the fort, they all came out to meet us and give us a salute. I guess you never see a man more tickled than Colonel Jarvis was. He hopped up and down and slapped Sargent Johnson on the shoulder more than forty times; and declared if the oxen was only fat enough, we'd have one of 'em roasted whole the next day for dinner.

But I can't say any more to-day; so give my love to the folks, and I remain your loving son,

JOHN.

Dear General, so much for my son John's second grist. Don't you think he grinds it out pretty well for a boy that isn't seventeen years old yet.

Comparison of the British Achievements in Afghanistan, in 1839, with those of the Russians in Turkey, in 1828.—The late glorious capture of Ghuznee suggests to us a comparison between the achievements of the British army in Afghanistan, in 1839, and those of the Russians, in Wallachia and Bulgaria, in 1828. So marked a difference has never been recorded in ancient or modern history, whether we consider the difficulties which presented themselves in either campaign, or the losses sustained by the respective armies. Sir John Kean marches across a comparatively unknown and nearly unexplored country, accompanied by auxiliaries, whose fidelity is suspected, and surrounded by tribes, whose treacherous intentions are undoubted, should a favourable opportunity occur for displaying them. He leads his little army a harassing and hazardous march, three months' distance from its resources, leaving doubtful allies in his rear, with masked foes on either flank, ready to attack him in case of a reverse. He occupies town after town; causes Shah Shoojaool-Moolk to be proclaimed every where; and finally carries by storm the strongest place in Central Asia, defended by a numerous garrison, with a loss of only 200 men. Afghanistan is notorious for the natural difficulties which it op-

poses to the passage of an army. The Afghans are celebrated among Asiatics for their warlike skill; yet British energy and talent have surmounted the former without a check; and British valour has defeated the élite of the latter, entrenched and confident, after a few hours' fighting. Our gallant troops have traversed the footsteps of Alexander the Great, of Tamerlane, and of Genghiz Khan, supported solely by their own courage; no civilised nations gazed on their progress; no eloquent press cheered them on, and sung their anticipated triumph.—The Russian army, in 1828, on the contrary, was favoured by every aid which prestige, preparation, vicinity to its own resources, and the presence of its sovereign, could confer; while intimidation, weakness, and internal dissensions on the part of Turkey, apparently insured immediate success.—Headed by the Emperor Nicholas and the Grand Duke Michael, the Russians crossed the Pruth 140,000 strong, and at the distance of a week or ten days' march from their frontier commenced operations by the siege of three wretched fortresses—Brailow, Silistria, and Varna—to which we may add the entrenched camp of Schumlah. The Grand Duke Michael sat down for two months before Brailow. He stormed the place once, and was repulsed with a loss of 5000 men killed and wounded. He repeated the attempt, and succeeded, with nearly an equal sacrifice. The Emperor, in person, at the head of the Guard, assisted by Wittgenstein, Woronzow, and Deibitsch, and co-operated with the fleet, undertook the siege of Varna. Five months were spent before this bicoque, and it fell, at last scarcely a house was left standing, or six feet of wall remained entire; but in the meanwhile the strength of the imperial corps was diminished by twenty thousand men. Silistria and Schumlah resisted all the efforts of their besiegers; and, when winter set in, the wreck of this mighty force retreated, in as pitiable a state as Napoleon's army exhibited on its retreat from Moscow; discomfited by fortifications scarcely deserving of the name, and by a handful of irregular troops, in a country, be it observed, whose inhabitants were co-religionists of the Russians, and on the very borders of their empire. Further sacrifices were incurred in the following year, before the Russian army reached Adrianople. We have only to reflect a moment on the Russian campaigns of 1828 and 1829, in order to feel more than proud of our gallant countrymen in Afghanistan; we have only to turn to the sufferings and losses of the Russians—(amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand men)—during a war carried on within twenty day's march of their own country, and supported by a fleet, in order to appreciate the skill of Sir John Kean, in leading his little army, with undiminished numbers, a three month's march, through almost unknown districts. The effect of Sir John Kean's victory will be immediate, and ought to be lasting.—United Service Gazette.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND MR. HEAD.—After the Bishop of Exeter's charge at Honiton, Mr. Head waited on his Lordship at the Inn, when the Bishop asked him if he would avow the pamphlet bearing his name. Mr. Head said as his Lordship refused to hear him in a church, he should not answer him in a tavern. The Bishop behaved with great mildness and kindness to Mr. Head at this interview. Mr. Head has since written a letter to the Bishop of Exeter, charging him with endeavouring to force doctrines upon the Church not contained in the Bible, which should be the only rule of faith, and founded upon misapprehensions of the prayer-book, by which he contends that no clergyman is really bound. He further says, that the Bishop is knocking down the walls separating Roman Catholicism from the Church of England. The Rev. gentleman concludes with asserting that he stands on Protestant grounds in the step he has taken, and that the part sustained by the Bishop is calculated to produce disaffection to the Queen.—Cambridge Advertiser.

PRAYING A PHYSICIAN INTO PRACTICE.—Dr. Mead was the son of a dissenting minister; and whenever he was called out of his father's church, which was often the case, the preacher would stop in the middle of his discourse, and say, "Dear brethren, let me offer up a prayer for the safe recovery of the poor patient to whom my son is gone to administer relief." It is not said how much this circumstance tended to the celebrity of this once eminent physician; but we have little doubt that it brought him many a patient.

Hahnemann, the father of homœopathy, who is now 85 years of age, has so many patients in Paris, that he is compelled to turn a portion of them over to his wife, a lady who, having been cured, or having fancied that she was cured by homœopathy, married her Doctor under the impulse of admiration and gratitude, and now assists him in his labours.

PREVENTIVE OF SMUT IN WHEAT.—A writer in the Mark Lane Express says—As I drill nearly all my wheat on Lord Western's system, I always endeavour to be at home, and attend to the practical part myself, and make it an invariable rule to wet the wheat myself, and attend to the drill, a thing of very great importance to all farmers. At some future period I will give you an account of my mode of farming, where I have doubled my crops and stock within a very few years. At present I shall confine myself to my mode of wetting wheat to prevent smut. The blue stone costs 8d. a lb. and that is sufficient to wet one quarter of wheat. Many farmers do not use half that quantity, but as the expense is trifling, and I find it answer, I use it pretty freely. I put about 20 to 30 gallons of cold pump water into a tub, adding two gallons of lime, stirring it well; roll 2 lbs. of blue stone, and dissolve it in boiling water in a bason, and mix it with the liquor; I then put it in a bucket, adding the wheat, stirring and skimming off all