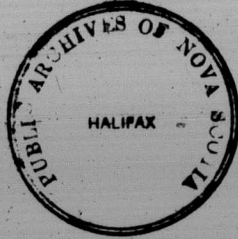


# CHIGNECTO POST.



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## Literature.

### The Fight at Dame Europa's School.

Showing how the German Boy Thrashed the French Boy; and how the English Boy looked on.

### The Present Popular English Story.

CONCLUDED.

"Oh, but you might be sure that I should do nothing unfair," said William, reproachfully.

"I have never attacked anybody," he continued, fumbling in his pockets for the Testament and bringing out by mistake a tobacco pouch and a flask of brandy, which, however, he was fortunately quick enough to conceal before the Dame had caught sight of them.

"That's all my eye," said Louis. "I don't believe in your piety.—Come, take your dear little relative off, and give him one of the snug corners that you bagged the other day from poor Christian."

"Oh, Louis," began William, looking as black as possible. "You know I never bagged anything. I am a domesticated, peace-loving boy."

"Very much so, indeed," cried Louis with a sneer. "His lessons in domestication, I suppose, that you have been taking from the Brummagem Bazaar, for the last six months or more; the fellow that brought to a friend of mine that, though he used to be the clumsiest fellow I ever set eyes on, he had made you as sharp as a needle with your fist."

"A friend of yours, you said, did you say, dear? Perhaps that was the Sheffield slasher, who told my dear Mark that he had made your arm strong enough to throw a ball or a stone more than a hundred yards."

"Come, come," interposed the Dame. "I can't listen to such angry words. You live monitors must settle the matter quietly among yourselves, but no fighting, mind. The day for that sort of thing has quite gone by."

And the old lady toddled out, and left the boys alone.

"I wouldn't press it, Bill, if I were you," said John in his deep growl voice, looking out of his shop window on the other side of the water.

"I think it's rather hard lines for Louis, I do indeed."

"Always ready to oblige you, my dear John," said William; and the new boy's claim to the garden was withdrawn.

"What shall I do, now, Mark?" asked William, turning to his friend.

"It seems to me that there is an end of it all."

"Not a bit," was the reply. "Louis is still as savage as a bear. He'll break out directly, you see if he doesn't."

"I have been grossly insulted," began Louis at last, in a towering passion, "and I shall not be satisfied unless William promises me never to make any such underhand attempts to get the better of me again."

"Tell him to be hanged," whispered Mark.

"You be—no," said William, recollecting himself. "I never use bad language. My friend," he continued, "I cannot promise you anything of the kind."

"Then I shall lick you until you no, you psalm-singing humbug!" roared Louis.

"Come on!" said William, lifting up his hand as if to commend his name to Heaven, and looking sanctimoniously out of the white of his eyes. And it was well for him that Louis did not take him at his word; for while one hand was lifted up the other was encumbered with a bundle of books which he was carrying to his summer-house, and it could not have required much to knock him down. But Louis did not feel quite well. He had taken a pill that morning, and he put the attack therefore till he should meet his adversary again.

Meanwhile, by Mark's advice, William ran off to the Brummagem Bazaar, who put him up to all the best dodges, and exercised him in

the noble art to such good purpose that on his first encounter with Louis after breakfast the next morning he hit out a crashing blow from his shoulder and knocked his enemy down. Louis was soon on his legs again, and he too did good execution with his fists; but he was clearly overmatched, and at the end of the first round he had been punished pretty severely.

"Hot work, isn't it, my boy?" said William, chaffing him as he mopped the perspiration from his steaming forehead. "This is what you call your baptism of fire I suppose, ay?" Then he wrote home to his mother, on the back of a half penny post card, so that all the letter carries might see how pious he was:

"Dear Mamma, I am fighting for my Fatherland, as you know I call my garden. It is a fine name and creates sympathy. Glorious news! Aided by Providence, I have hit Louis in the eye. Thou may'st imagine his feelings. What wonderful events has Heaven thus brought about! Your affectionate son William."

Then he sang a hymn, and went on with the second round.

Meanwhile, the other monitors looked quietly on, not knowing exactly what to do.

"Oughtn't I to interfere?" asked John, addressing one of his favorite fags.

"No," said Billy, who was head fag, and twisted Johnny round his finger, "you just sit where you are. You will only make a mess of it, and offend both of them. Give out that you are a neutral."

"Neutral?" growled John. "I hate neutrals. It seems to me a cold-blooded, cowardly thing to sit by and see two big fellows smash each other all to pieces about nothing at all. They are both in the wrong, and they ought not to fight. Let me go in at them."

"No, no," said Bobby, a clever, fair-haired boy, who kept John's accounts, and took care of his money. "You really can't afford it; and besides, you've got no clothes to go in. There is not a fellow in the school who would not laugh at you if you stood up in his garden. Sit still and grind away, old chap, and make some more money, and be thankful that you live on an island, and can take things easily."

"Well," said John, sulkily, "I don't half like it, though certainly my clothes are not very respectable, and there is no time now to mend them. But look here, Bobby; I mean to go across and help to sponge the poor beggars, if they get mauled."

"You may do that and welcome," replied Bobby. "You will make no enemies that way, and it may cost you perhaps eighteen pence in ointment and plaster. But bless you, Johnny, if you were to rig yourself out well enough to hold your own against Louis or William, you would have to fork out a ten pound note or more."

John went on with his work in rather a grumpy humor, for he has always been looked up to as the leading boy in the school, and he did not like to play second fiddle. He felt sure that if he had been half so natty and well got up as he used to be, he might have stopped the fight in a moment. For the next half hour he cursed Billy and Bobby, and all the other little sneaks who had wormed themselves into favor with him, by teaching him to save money. "Hang the money!" growled Johnny to himself; "I'd give up half my shop to get my old prestige back again." But it was too late now. Nevertheless, he had his own way about the sponging, and certainly he did behave well there.

At the end of every round that was fought, he got across the stream and bathed poor Louis's head, for he wanted help the most, and gave him sherry and water out of his own flask. "I'm so very sorry for you, my dear Louis," said he, as the boy, more dead than alive, struggled up to his feet again.

"Thank you kindly, John," said Louis; "but," he added, looking somewhat reproachfully at his friend,

"why don't you separate us? Don't you see that this great brute is too much for me? I had no idea he could fight like that."

"What can I do?" said John. "You began it, you know, and you really must fight it out. I have no power."

"So it seems," replied Louis. "Ah, there was a time—well, thank you kindly, John, for—the sticking plaster."

"Come on!" shouted William, thirsting for more blood.

"Vive la guerre!" cried poor Louis, rushing blindly at his foe. Well and nobly he fought, but he could not stand his ground. When he did hit, indeed, he hit to some purpose; but seldom could he reach out far enough to do much damage. Foot by foot and yard by yard he gave way, till at last he was forced to take refuge in his arbor, from the window of which he threw stones at his enemy to keep him back from following.

Louis was plainly in the wrong. He ought to have calculated the boy's strength before attacking him, and he deserved a licking for his rashness. But he had had his licking now; and when William, who talked so big about his peaceable disposition, and declared that he only wanted to defend his "fatherland," chased him right across the garden, trampling over beds and borders on his way, and then swore that he would break down his beautiful summer-house, and bring Louis on his knees, everybody felt that the other monitors ought to interfere.

But not a foot would they stir. Alick looked on from a safe distance, wondering which of the combatants would be tired first. Joseph stood shaking in his shoes, not daring to say a word, for fear William should turn upon him, and punch his head again for him; and John sat in his shoe, grinding away like a nigger at a new rubber and a pair of oars which he was cutting out for Louis's boat, in case he wanted to take advantage of the brook—for which service Louis would pay him handsomely, and William abuse him cordially.

"I can't help it," said John, apologetically, "I'll make a rudder and some oars for you, too, and a boat besides, if you want one—that is, of course, if you will pay me well."

"But I don't want to," answered William, angrily. "I have got no water to float it in, as you very well know." By which it will appear that John did not make many friends by his neutrality. "And just look here," continued William, "do you know where these cuts on my forehead came from? Why, from stones which you pitched across the water for Louis to throw at me."

"Can't help it, Bill; it is the law of neutrality."

"Neutrality, indeed! I call it brutality." And so William went across the garden, leaving Johnny at his work—of which, however, he began to feel thoroughly ashamed.

"Come and help a fellow, John," cried Louis in despair from his arbor. "I don't ask you to remember the days we have spent in here together, when you have been sick of your own shop. But you might do something for me, now that I am in such a desperate fix, and don't know which way to turn."

"I am very sorry, Louis," said John, "but what can I do? It is no pleasure to me to see you thrashed. On the contrary it would be better to have a near neighbor well and cheerful than crashed and miserable. Why don't you give in, Louis," said John. "It is of no mortal use to go on. He will make friends directly if you will give back the two little strips of garden; and if you don't he will only smash your arbor to pieces, or keep you shut up there all dinner-time, and starve you out."

Give in, old fellow. There's no disgrace in it. Everybody says how plucky you have fought."

"Give in!" sneered Louis, "that is all the comfort you have for a fellow, is it? Give in! Why would you give in, if that great brute was in front of your shop, swearing he

would break it down? No disgrace, indeed! No, I don't think there is any disgrace in anything that I have done; but though my dear, dear arbor that I have spent so many weeks in building should be pulled down about my ears, and every flower in my garden rooted up, I would not change places with you, John, sitting there sleek and safe—no, not for all the gold that ever was coined! Give in, indeed? *Mon Dieu!* that I should ever have heard such a word as that come across our little stream!"

So Johnny began to discover that if he looked on the scene of the game, they do not always get the most enjoyment out of it. But the bell now rang for dinner, and he followed the rest of the boys with some anxiety, not being quite easy in his mind as to the account he would have to give to Mrs. Europa of what had been going on.

"Louis and William are very late to-day," observed the Dame, when dinner was half over. "Does any one know where they are?" And then bit by bit she learned from some of the boys sitting near her the whole story.

"And pray, John, why did you not separate them," demanded the Dame.

"Please, ma'am," answered Johnnie, "I was a neutral."

"A what sir?" said she.

"A neutral, ma'am."

"Just precisely what you have no business to be," she returned.

"You were placed in authority in order that you might act, not that you might stand aloof from acting. Any body can do that. I might as well have made little George here a monitor, if I had meant him to have nothing to do. Neutral, indeed. Neutral is just a fine name for coward!" Besides, there is no such thing. You must take one side or the other, do what you will. Now, which side did you take, I wonder?"

A little ran round the room, and the little boys began to whisper to one another something which appeared to be in their small estimation an excellent joke. It was good fun to them to see a monitor badgered, even if they should get paid for it afterwards.

"What are you saying?" said the dame.

"Both sides, eh? Well, and how did you manage that, Master John?"

There was some more stirring and whispering, and shuffling about on the floors, and then a chorus of voices said, "Please 'em he sucked up to both of them."

"Just what 'neutrals' always do," said Mrs. Europa; "sneaked up to both, I suppose, and pleased neither. Ah, no doubt," she continued, gradually gathering information, "offending Louis by preaching at him that he was in the wrong; and offending William by supplying him with stones. Now, I tell you what it is, John, I have long watched your career with pain, and have seen how you are content to sacrifice everything—duty, and influence, and honor—for the sake of putting by a few paltry shillings. You have been badly advised. You have chosen to have about you a set of fags who are no credit to anybody, simply because they make better hangers-on for you in the things you sell to the other boys; and you see the consequence. If such fellows as Ben and Hugh had been your fags, you know very well that this disgraceful scene would not have taken place at all."

"You would have been sufficiently well trained and well equipped to command the respect of the other monitors, and the two rivals would not have dared to come to blows."

There was a time when if you but held up your finger, the whole school would tremble. Nobody cares one farthing what you do or say. And why? Because you have grown both a sloven and a scoundrel, and boys despise both the one and the other. You ought to have prevented the fight from the very first. Failing in this, you ought in conjunction with the other monitors, to have stepped in the moment the boys had proved their relative strength, and struck a fair balance between them. Instead of doing so you sit coolly in your shop, supplying the means of carrying on the fight, and coining a few wretched coppers out of your schoolboy's blows and wounds. You have been a bad friend to both of them. Well, some day, you may want friends yourself. When you do I hope you will try to remember the old General tried the most heroic composure. He stood upright, facing his executioners, and holding his hat in his

hand. Instead of firing upon him by a platoon volley, as is the military custom, his executioners fired upon him one after another. As each ball struck, the body of the victim became convulsively agitated, but still remained firm in its place as a statue. After the 11th shot the General was still erect, looking steadily upon his executioners, and yet looking his last. At last the 15th ball struck him beneath the right eye and brought him to the ground. General Leconte was brought to the same spot soon afterwards. He was very pale, kept his hand half folded upon his chest, and muttered a few words of protest. The firing party in his case was composed of soldiers belonging to the 88th Regiment of the Line. "It is thy turn," they cried; "thou gavest the order to fire upon the people." An instant later and General Leconte had fallen dead. A lieutenant of the 203rd Battalion present at these massacres could not refrain from exclaiming, "To shoot them" without hearing them, it is to be horrible.

"Many persons have been shot without ceremony of a trial early this morning. On the Boulevard last night there were large crowds discussing the condition of affairs, but as the day had turned against the Government no one had the courage to express strong opinions against the rioters. On the contrary, there was a very general sympathy manifested in their favor, and as in most of the groups were National Guards of the rebellious battalions, there were loud and fierce denunciations of the authorities. The universal sentiment was that *Thiers*, *Vivier*, *D'Audelle*, and others should be shot if they could be captured. To go from one group to another and listen to the curious combination of baseness and imbecility which characterized the utterances of the speakers, was interesting as a psychological study, for it left one in doubt whether the centre of the centre of the insanity was not sweeping over the surface of men's brains, and suggested the horrid idea that the whole population was going mad either under the intoxication of success or the influence of terror; it sufficed but for a dozen armed men to sweep down the centre of the Boulevards for the mob to scatter in a panic, and then close rapidly back and jabber frightened nonsense or extreme revolutionism. Every now and then some excited rebel would let loose a torrent of invective against everybody and everything, and the servile crowd would listen in altered murmurs of approval; or bands of half-drunk Line and National Guards, linked fraternally, would roll down the Boulevards singing at the pitch of their voices obscene hymns about *Boulogne*. The soldiers, having distinctly refused to support the Government in Paris, were now practically unusable, and there was no alternative left but to leave it to govern itself according to its own sweet will. The *Bourgeoisie* have made their own choice. The *rappel* was beaten incessantly from 5 p. m. till midnight yesterday. Three proclamations urging them to fight in defence of their liberties and property were issued without avail.

"I have just returned from a tour of exploration. A *cordon* of sentries prevented all entry into the Place Vendôme, in which were lately the Headquarters of General D'Audelle, now in the hands of the opposition. The chief of the Commandant-in-Chief 'Henry' has moved on from the low palloose in Montrouge, in which his quarters were held, to his new palatial residence. At any rate, the premises are sacred, so I went down another street to the Rue de Rivoli, which was deserted; all the sentry boxes at the *Tuilleries* and *Louvre* empty, and the porter himself profoundly perplexed. I walked into the once jealously guarded precincts, but he remonstrated; although there was not a soul in the building, he felt that he had still an abstract duty to perform towards it. He had seen many changes of occupants, and was the only person to whom the Palace might really be said to belong, as he, at all events, was stationary. I went on towards the Hotel de Ville, where the street began to be more thickly peopled, until we found ourselves in a crowd round a barricade. All the avenues to the Place in front of the Hotel de Ville were strongly barricaded on a peculiar system, which allows for a passage for foot passengers through the centre, the middle section of barricades being advanced and overlapping the two side sections. Boys, learning in early life the art of governing Paris, were actively engaged in constructing these erections, at which, now and then, a passer-by, if he looked especially misanthropic, was called upon to assist in placing a stone. Presently the sound of legions was heard, and caused some commo-

tion, and a body of National Guards and line mixed, the latter unarmed but preponderating in numbers, came shouting along, waving their caps, and were warmly greeted by those at the barricades. These are the occasions when it is prudent for the most anti-democratic of men to raise his hat and shout, and an old lady who had been standing near me, abusing the whole movement in a low tone to her daughter, waved her handkerchief, and shrieked, '*Vive la République*,' with her conscience trembling in her vagitations. Just opposite where we stood were the marks of three recent bullets on the face of a house; a few shots were first, but without injury or necessity, so far as I could learn, about ten o'clock last night. In the midst of these demonstrations an 'ugly rush' occurred, and we knew some poor wretches were probably being hounded to death; they were overtaken and hustled, and finally, secured just as I reached the mob, and I discovered a couple of *seignants de ville* with clothes rent and haggard countenances, staggering along, the pictures of agonizing terror. There has been little mercy shown to any one the mob fancies ought to be killed as yet. An episode of this kind makes the crowd suspicious of everybody; there is a contagion in the idea that may vent itself most inopportunely. This time the topic which agitated them was the idea that the Prussians might come and bring order into Paris, a notion which some scouted in the old style. "Let them come; not one will ever leave," &c.—language which a painful experience has deprived of a good deal of its former effect. It is significant to observe how many soldiers lounge about the streets, delighted to be emancipated from all control, generally arm-in-arm with a "National."

Vendôme drew a large crowd later in the day, and was almost filled with National Guards, relieving each other, and marching in and out of it with bands playing and colors flying. It is a beautiful day, and, although nearly all the shops are shut, there is a great deal of movement in the streets, and all fear of violent outbreaks on the part of the mob for the present seems removed. The people take it as they would fever and ague, as an intermittent complaint which they cannot avoid, and to which they are becoming accustomed; the women especially seem to be in their element, they go about with babies wherever barricades are to be built, or police agents are downed, and are a good deal more courageous in every way than the men, which, indeed, would not be difficult. Today for the first time I saw an angry alteration in a crowd, for one of the remarkable features of a political discussion is that the disputants seldom quarrel, one side generally leading in the majority, and his opponent not having the courage of his opinions, when there is the possibility of being shot for entertaining them; but in the middle of the Place Vendôme two perfectly well-dressed women formed the centre of a group, and were only prevented by their husbands from tearing each other's eyes out. They terminated the discussion to the great satisfaction of the by-standers, by each calling her own husband a coward and walking off with him in opposite directions, contemptuously.

The whole town is barricaded to such an extent that movement, except on foot, is impossible. The main line has become completely a military position, and no one, except in uniform, is allowed to pass along many of the streets in that quarter or up to the heights. Pick and shovel are at work all day, and gangs are busy throwing up earthworks, erecting batteries, or making barricades. Numbers of public places are occupied militarily, while the ugly grated mouths of mitrailleuses point down many of the streets. The word as you pass the barricades in process of erection is '*Votre pays citoyen*,'—a command which must instantly be obeyed with polite effusion, and as if you really enjoyed it. It would not be safe for an officer in uniform to walk about the streets of Paris at present. General Chanzy arrived yesterday from Tours. Information of his approach having reached the insurgents who had possession of the railway station, they proceeded to the train, when it stopped at the Fortifications for the delivery of tickets, and finding the unsuspecting General, presented their revolvers at his head before he had a chance of successful resistance and carried him off as a prisoner. He is now in the hands of the Central Committee, and his fate also seems made fixed."

### The Paris Revolution.

#### The Marler of General Thomas.

Below we present some extracts from a London *Times* correspondent, under date of 17th ult., detailing some of the sights and scenes in the streets of Paris at the commencement of the recent Reign of Terror, when the troops of the line fraternized with the disloyal "National Guard."

"Having heard that one of his former *adversaries* had been seized by the insurgents, General Clement Thomas determined to look after him, and with that object reached the Place Pigalle about 5 o'clock. He was in plain clothes. One of the insurgents having recognized him by his full white beard, went up to him and said, 'Are you not General Clement Thomas?' 'No,' was the first reply. 'I do not think I am mistaken,' said the insurgent. 'Though you are easily recognized by your beard.' 'Well, suppose it is I,' replied the General finally, 'what then? Have I not always done my duty?' 'You are a wretch and a traitor,' said the insurgents, seizing the old man by the collar. Others came to his aid, and the dragged the General towards the Rue des Rosiers, where the Central Republican Committee of Montmartre held its sittings. The fate of the unfortunate Clement Thomas was decided off-hand. At 6 o'clock a body of National Guards charged with his execution led him into the garden. In that trying moment the old General tried the most heroic composure. He stood upright, facing his executioners, and holding his hat in his