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Literature.

MIGGLES.

BY BRET HARTE.

The meal was a culinary success. But more, it was a social triumph, chiefly, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of any concealment on her own part, so that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of our journey, of the weather, of each other, of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles's conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she employed expletives, the use of which had generally been yielded to her sex. But they were delivered with such a lightning of eye and teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the moral atmosphere.

Once, during the meal, we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles, in reply to our questioning glances, "would you like to see him? Before we could answer she had opened the door, and disclosed a half grown grizzley, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner of Yuba Bill, "that's my watch-dog," said Miggles, in explanation. "Oh! he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers flattered into a corner. "Does he bite?" (the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Joaquin. "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on Yuba Minor, "you were in bad luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night. Where was he?" asked the Judge. "With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you: he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us,—of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The Judge, I remember, said something about Uua and her lion; but Miggles received it as she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited,—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration, I know not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything to Miggles's favour in the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, the re-just over, a chilliness radiated from the two lady passengers that no pine boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and, suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You boys, will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added; "for their ain't but the one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say, that hardly had the door closed on Miggles than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicious surmises and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hustled that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing with the serene indif-

ference of the Past, in his passionless eyes upon our wordy counsels. In the midst of an exciting discussion, the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But, not apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a moment before. Coming into the room she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew the blanket over her shoulders, and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own, and turned her eyes upon the fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at our previous curiosity kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof, wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into monitory brightness, until, in a full of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head, and, throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group, and asked:—

"Is there any of you who knows me?"

There was no reply. "Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me there, and everybody had a right to know me. I kept the Polka Saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again, and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly:—

"Well, you see, I thought some of you might have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim here—she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofa, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctor came and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life—for Jim was mighty free and wild like—and that he would never get better, and could not last long anyway."

They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital for he was no good to any one and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said "No." I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody—gentlemen like yourself, sir, came to see me—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way of travel, you see, and I brought my baby here."

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had, as she spoke, slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience, hiding in the shadow behind it, as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed, and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:— "It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get a woman to help me, and a man I durstn't trust; but what with the Indians hereabout, who'd do odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The Doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles you're a

trump—God bless you!' and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the lost time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go. 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here!' And I thought he went away sad—and—and—" and here Miggles voice and head were somehow both completely lost in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted, and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then there's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk and so, I don't feel like as I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the firelight, "Jim—why boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times, when we're sitting alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord," said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the Judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?" "Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I do now of own accord."

"But you are young yet and attractive—"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in—Good-night, boys;" and throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth: we each sought our blankets in silence; and presently there was no sound in the long room but the patter of the rain upon the roof; and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed. The stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely gure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptise with a shining flood the lonely head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half reclining on his elbow between them and his passengers, with savagely patient eyes keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep; and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me and "All aboard!" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was evident that she wished to avoid a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, as solemnly setting him back after each hand-shake. Then we looked for the last time around the room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked and we were off!

But as we reached the high road, Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-by." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, madly lashed his horses forward and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached North Fork, and the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then, the Judge leading, we walked into the bar-room and took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged gentlemen," said the Judge, solemnly taking off his white hat. They were. "Well, then, here's to Miggles, God bless her!" "No thanks," replied the Judge, "but perhaps he had."

How a Train came to be Stopped.

The following car scene was taken from the notes of a jolly conductor on the Central Railroad. "Is this Palatine Bridge?" inquired a sleepy passenger as the train halted at a station a little east of that place. "No," replied the conductor who happened to be passing just then. "On went the train, and when the next station was reached, the same inquisitive passenger started up and inquired a little louder than before, 'Is this Palatine Bridge?' "No," shouted the conductor, with a little harshness in his manner. On dashed the train and soon halted at Station No. 3. "Is this Palatine Bridge?" came with certain emphasis from the same inquisitive seat. "Now see here," said the conductor, "you will keep quiet, I will tell you when Palatine Bridge is reached. With this assurance the sleepy and rather troublesome passenger quietly settled down for an undisturbed nap. Palatine Bridge was reached at length, and the cars made their usual halt; but it was until they were in motion again that the conductor thought of his promise to warn his solicitous passenger of his arrival at his supposed place of destination. Ring, ring, went the bell, and down went the brakes; and the conductor rushed to Jenkins and seized hold of his shoulders, telling him this was 'Palatine Bridge.' Jenkins started up, rubbed his eyes, as if in no special haste. 'Come, come,' says the impatient conductor, 'come, wake up and off.' 'Is this Palatine Bridge?' yawned Jenkins. 'Yes,' said the conductor, 'come, make haste and get off.' 'Oh! I don't want to get off,' said Jenkins, 'but you see, the doctor told me to take another pill when I got to Palatine Bridge.' The cars went on.

For the Ladies.

A new style of ladies' hats that is out, is said to "resemble a pen wiper with a fringe, and to be quite becoming."

Amongst the many horrible incidents connected with the late civil war in Paris—now happily brought to a close—there was no feature more revolting than the terrible factory exhibited by the women. Instead of being the ministering angels of mercy to the sick and wounded, we are told they fought like tigresses; and that even after the white flag of surrender had been exhibited by the rebels, they were yet found pouring petroleum into the cellars and throwing in lighted fuses to fire the city. Who can say that the fate meted out to them—instant death—was not well merited?

MARK TWAIN at a FASHIONABLE BALL.—Mark Twain has attended a fashionable party, and tried his hand at describing the toilettes. Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *robe de chambre*, made expressly for her and was greatly admired. Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the centre of attraction for the gentlemen, and the envy of all the ladies. Miss G. W. was tastefully dressed in a *robe de chambre*, and was greeted with deafening applause wherever she went. Mrs. C. N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume, and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by everyone. Miss R. P. with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl button. The charming Miss M. E. B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall. How beautiful she was! The radiant and sylph-like Mrs. F. wore hoops. She showed to great advantage, and created a sensation wherever she appeared. She was gayest of the gay.

Dorchester and Moncton Canals.

For the benefit of our readers we condense Capt. Crawley's report of this survey of the above routes. We would give the Report *in extenso*, but as there is constant reference to plans and maps which even the most enterprising country paper cannot reproduce, we trust the following will be found a faithful and intelligible *resumé*. He commenced first at the bridge across the Sealook River and terminated at Dorchester Island, a distance of 25 1-4 miles. He proceeded 1 1-2 miles up the Sealook to Underwood's Brook, and then ran in a south-westerly direction towards the marshy meadows and Cariboo Plain, through which the Sealook winds. He crossed the River and continued to the Memramcook, and turning more southerly he followed the course of the Memramcook. To carry a Canal by this route it is necessary that there should be an ample supply of water upon this summit level, and that it must be looked for on the low ground which the Sealook flows. There appear to be two probable methods of creating this desideratum. The first is to dam up the Sealook River where it enters the gorge, after leaving the Cariboo Plain, and thus to raise the waters to such a height as to fill the Canal and Locks, terminating the summit level. The second is to convert the water so raised by the dam into a Reservoir only and not for purposes of navigation. With reference to the first of these methods, admitting that the Spring Freshets would fill the Canal to the extent required in the first instance, the next point for consideration is, will the Sealook River, uninfluenced by the Freshets, maintain this supply for it is evident that unless an full supply is constantly kept on vessels could not pass. Across the low ground the current is, scarcely perceptible, the width of the River is 33 feet and depth averaging 3 feet. This would afford very insufficient accumulation of water, and when allowance is made for leakage and evaporation, which would be considerable over so extensive a surface, he does not consider it safe to depend upon so inadequate a supply. With reference to the second method of acquiring head water, he says a Reservoir must be sufficiently low to collect flood waters from an ample surface of country, and so high as to enable the whole of the water in it being drawn into the summit level of the Canal. The position of the Sealook River is not such as to comply with the first of these two conditions stated, because there is not elevation of land sufficient to afford an ample surface from which to collect flood waters under ordinary circumstances; and only in cases of freshets would the supply be adequate. The question is then, can sufficient freshet water be collected for the working season? Can it be made available? An accurate survey alone will solve the question.

To make such a Reservoir comply with the above condition, it would be necessary to find a route so much lower than the marsh, which would form the bottom of the Reservoir, that these marshes should be on a level or rather above the surface water of the Canal. He did not think such a route obtainable without an enormous quantity of excavation and at the expense of lengthening the Canal several miles. A minor difficulty is the grand one of finding water at the summit level; the upper part of the Memramcook is a succession of rapids, very shallow with a bottom of sandstone; the winding nature of the river, which would render it preferable to cut the Canal nearly the whole way, and the necessity of carrying the Canal nearly half a mile into Shediac harbor, to secure a proper depth of water. The next line was from Shediac to Moncton, distance 15 1-2 miles. He states the only dependence to be placed for water on the summit level was in a mill pond near Moncton. The mill pond is 10 feet higher than high flood tide in Shediac Harbor and 113 feet higher than that tide in the Petitcodiac. He thought it probable that a more level course than that he had adopted might be formed between the two points, but not without passing over an elevation equal to that of the mill pond. Admitting however that a Canal might be found whose surface water would be even 20 feet lower than that of the mill pond, it would require 19 locks of 10 feet lift each, and with regulating locks, the cost of lockage alone would be £210,000. In short Capt. Crawley dismisses the latter route somewhat summarily, and says in his concluding paragraph that "the most natural channel of communication is evidently from the Head of Cumberland Basin to Bay Verte."

USEFUL ITEMS.

The following is highly recommended as a polish varnish:

One ounce white resin and one seedlac dissolved in half a pint of alcohol. Lay on with a brush, warm; and warm the work if possible; at any rate, have it thoroughly dry.

To season non-resinous wood, boil it a few hours. Boiling takes the sap and shrinks the wood, one-tenth. A tree felled in July will season in a month if the branches are left upon it. The leaves draw out the sap and then die.

The way to clean and restore the elasticity of a cane chair bottom is—Turn up the bottom, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane work so that it may be thoroughly soaked. Should it be dirty use a little soap. Let it dry in the air, and it will be as tight and firm as when new, provided the cane is not broken.

How to Broil Without Burning.

In broiling a beef-steak, whenever the coals blaze up from the dripping, a pinch of fine salt thrown upon them will instantly extinguish the flames. By carefully attending to this matter, you may have your broiled steak or chicken crisp, but not scorched, and juicy, yet well done.

FOOD MEDICINES.—Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, the patient, rose with a wonderful sense of rest, refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed and cooled by the lemonade and the fast. His theory is that food can be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. For example, he instances cures of "spitting blood" by the use of salt; epilepsy and yellow fever, water; kidney affections, celery; poison, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, poulticed cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, onions, etc.

Temperance Items.

There are only 603 beer saloons in Milwaukee, which does not quite give one to each hundred of her people.

KING THAK-MEAT, of Fiji, has adopted a novel method of supplying himself with drink. He has fitted a number of his subjects a bottle of champagne each.

ONLY 176 of the 339 towns in Massachusetts voted at the late special election whether malt liquors shall be sold therein. Of these 159 towns voted "No," and 17 voted "Yes."

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.—The 17th annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, took place in Baltimore, Md., on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th ult. The Order shows a net increase of about 50,000 (total membership 100,000) during the past year, with receipts to the amount of \$17,000. The rapid spread of the Order in the British Isles and on the continent of Europe, is without a precedent in the history of the temperance reform. In England there are over 100 Lodges, with 10,000 members, and in Scotland 500 Lodges, and 50,000 members. The city of Glasgow alone containing 118 Lodges. A Grand Lodge has been organized in Ireland with 50 lodges. Lodges are being organized in Prussia, Germany and Holland. The jurisdiction of Nova Scotia and Canada exhibited a large increase in membership. The following are the officers for the coming year:—John Russell, R. W. G. T. Michigan; John Aikman, R. W. G. T. Kentucky; Anna Raymond, R. W. G. T. N. Jersey; George Hunt, R. W. G. T. England; J. S. Spencer, R. W. G. T. Ohio; John Campbell, R. W. G. T. Missouri. Representatives were present from 40 Grand Lodges, including England, Scotland, Canada, and Nova Scotia.

A REAL PRIZE FIGHT.

"Mill" between Collins and Edwards.—A drawn battle.

We ask no apology in clipping the following from the N. Y. "Herald," as long as these exhibitions do exist it is not well for any newspaper to attempt to conceal them from the public eye:— "It has lately become so much a matter of dispute as to whether pugilism was not to be reckoned among the deliberate swindles of the age that the fact of a fight having really to a certain extent, come off, will be read gladly by those interested in

the "science." There is very little connected with pugilism which claims respect beyond the exhibition of brute courage which it affords. Courage, it may be remarked, even in the case of a criminal who dies game upon the gallows, is always sure of some honor. In

THE CASE OF TIM COLLINS AND BILLY EDWARDS.

will be found two of the denouement of "feather weights" doing a phantom erudit to their peculiar race of beings. After much beating about Long Island Sound and among the bushes, trees and meadows of Long Island, in spite of official interference and official ill will, a fight of two hours and twenty-three minutes was enabled to "eventuate" yesterday afternoon within ten miles of New York. There is no doubt that this was entirely due to the roughs, rowdies, bullies, gamblers and pimps, who make a muck for such exhibitions, knowing nothing about it.

There were about two hundred persons "round the ring," and it was satisfactorily noticed that Antey and his bosom friends of watch-sighting, root-busting, "going through" fraternally were absent. The next weighty business was

AFTER the usual dispute this was finally settled. A gentleman known by the peculiar alias of "snatchem," otherwise George Lowe, was chosen by all parties as referee.

Now the two men threw off their coats and advanced to shake hands, which they did. Any one who has shaken hands with a prize fighter, highly trained, knows what a hard, angular grip this is. The salutation, which is a tribute to the only muscles left to the ring, did not last more than a second, but it showed fully what might be expected to follow. Neither was a big man, but it was evident that Edwards is morally a heavier one. His head is small, with a full, hawk-like look about it. His eyes are set far back in his head, his nose is prominent, hooked, and yellow, his face bears a starved, pinched look. The skin is yellow and tough-looking, and seems stretched like parchment over his features.

Tim Collins, his antagonist, showed far differently. About half an inch less than his compactness. His face is not inviting; it has a hard, red look suggestive of much pugilistic treatment. The eyes are not apparently so quick in perception as Edwards', but have a straight, perceptive glance. His nose exhibits a double curve, doubtless artificial, and there is a firm, vicious look about his wide mouth. His ears are prominent, particularly the left, which has a certain spongy appearance, due to the performance of a former fighter he had a twenty-four difficulty with.

The two men toed the scratch boldly, with smiles on their faces, and set about work as if they meant it.

ROUND 1.—After some sparring, in which they moved freely round feeling for an opening, Tim left out his "left money," but Billy bonomed out of reach. Coming close together again, Collins caught the first swing on his clothes-rack, countering the quick on the right jaw, still seem ed pleased and visited Tim twice on the left cheek, and then right and left, on side and side and jaw, catching it on the loosebox himself. Billy now got home twice on the shoulder, and Tim, by a clever duck, got cleverly away from a stinger, but went to his mother from a thump on the left collar bone. First knock down claimed for Edwards. This lasted five minutes.

ROUND 2.—Opened with more cautious sparring. Sharp exchanges of counterstrokes followed without much damage,—one on Tim's jaw, and the other on Billy's neck. Billy followed Tim into his corner, struck out viciously, but missed; the men now came into close-quarters, and Collins again went down. Betting, \$100 even (no takers) on Billy.

ROUND 3.—Hard to work, Edwards stopped Tim three times in ineffectual visits to his bread basket.—Close puzzling, Collins catching it on the chin before closing to wrestle, when Edwards fell under him. ROUND 4.—Edwards trapped it on his back case at the start, Collins missed his return. Tim again struck viciously, only putting a head on the atmosphere. Sparring, dodging and dancing for some time, when Tim wiped a dust spot of Billy's arm and partially arrested a buffer on his windbag. After some "play," and several pretty steps, the Collins boy came home heavily on the whistler, and squarely knocked Billy horizontal. Edwards complained of having broken his left hand.

At the ninety fifth round the fight was postponed. Both men were arrested that night at New York.