

Postal Chat - Chat.

MONEY ORDERS. The following is a comparative statement of Money Orders drawn and paid at the Post office, St. John, in February, 1866 and 1867:—

	DRAWN	PAID
1866—	\$1526.60.	\$13394.25.
1867—	1943.38.	18396.09.

A ROW ABOUT A POSTAGE STAMP.

The following incident which a French exchange brings us as having taken place in Paris, is so good, and contains such a capital moral for the edification of people prone to find fault with the Postmasters, that we translate it with pleasure:—

The widow Richard is an old lady addicted to making "bulls," and is of a piece with the good woman who poured out the coffee to feast upon the grounds. It was a blunder something of this character she has just committed, for which she has come to answer at the police office.

The cause of the hubbub had occurred in one of the city Post Offices of Paris, where the clerk, whose duty it was to attend to unpaid letters, was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed in, in great trepidation. This woman was the widow Richard.

"Sir," she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anger, "how does it happen, I should like to know, that when one has prepaid the postage on a letter, the person to whom it is sent is made to pay for it again?"

"How it happens, madam?" cried the clerk, "why it don't happen at all."

"Well, I say it does happen, and what's more, that it happened to day—there!"

"And I tell you again that it is impossible that it should be so."

"But it is a person of my acquaintance to whom I wrote yesterday, and whose letter I prepaid, who says she had to pay for it too. She was furious about it, and I don't wonder she was; for I wrote to her concerning my own affairs, and she had to pay the postage. It's downright robbery, I say!"

"Mind thereupon the widow kicked up such a rumpus that it was found to be necessary to call in a policeman, and take her before a magistrate. Instead of pacifying Madam Richard, this proceeding nearly threw her into the last degree of exasperation. Although the officer requested her to assume a proper line of conduct, the widow persisted in her fury,—and tamped and screamed most uproariously.

"To be told, too, that I don't know what I done with it!" she cried.

"Done with what?" inquired the magistrate.

"The receipt," answered the widow: "the receipt which proves that I prepaid the letter." So saying, she fumbled in all her pockets.

"There, she exclaimed suddenly. "I've got it! Here it is!"

And she exhibited triumphantly to the magis-

trate—what can you imagine it was? a Postage Stamp! The poor lady had taken it as a receipt for the money she had paid to the clerk, and had treasured it sacredly, instead of passing it on to the letter.

The blunder was duly explained to her amid the laughter of the spectators. She promptly acknowledged her fault, and regretting she had given away to her anger, begged the Court to deal leniently with her. She pleaded her ignorance as the cause of the storming and abuse of which she stood convicted.

The Court took the culprit's general good conduct into consideration, as well as her contrition, and fined her 16 francs only.

[WRITTEN FOR THE STAMP GAZETTE.]

JACQUES CARTIER.

By WAIF.

Without, to-night, 'tis drear and cold;

The earth is shrouded deep in snow—

Within, amid the glowing coals,

I trace the lines of long ago.

Ah, yes; the wild winds rave and wail,

As the past flits before my gaze,

Like misty, Ossianic ghosts,

Or echoes come from by-gone days.

I see a navigator bold

With youthful vigor in his veins;

To brave an unknown coast he leaves

The vine-clad slopes and dewy plains

Of his own native land. He sails

With two small crafts of sixty tons

Until he anchors 'mong the isles

Whence the majestic Lawrence ruins.

We call this country "new"! and yet

Three centuries are nearly o'er

Since Cartier's glances swept the scenes

The savage only knew before.

We call this country "new"—and yet

That navigator's fame has laid

So long within the folds of Time,

His name has barely escaped its shade.

Did he go home when age had tamed

The young blood throbbing through his frame?

And on St. Malois light a pyre

With hope and trust beneath its flame?

When did he sink at last to rest?—

Alas, the fierce winds hurrying by

Are beating 'gainst the window panes,

Yet keep the secret as they fly.

Amid the city's lofty walls,

In the lone hamlet's grass-grown street,

You see a face they say is his,

Where'er Canadian Postals meet.

He opened wide their river's gate,

And thence he rode upon its wave.

'Tis well that Canada should keep

His name from fading—like his grave.