

CHALLENGE POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO. 367.

Original Poetry.

(Written for the Post.)
TO SPRING.

O, welcome, welcome, smiling Spring,
Dear, dear, to this heart of mine,
How many memories thou dost bring,
Of long ago, when purest love
Was borne on fancy's wing,
As sweetly as a song,
Thy balmy breeze.

O, welcome, welcome, smiling Spring,
Sweet goddess of the vernal shade,
Where wanderers seek the cool retreat,
And where the sunbeams play;
Where birds and blossoms sing,
And where the zephyr's breath
O'er the green grasses blows,
O'er the green grasses blows.

O, welcome, welcome, smiling Spring,
And praise to His name on high,
Who sends thee hence, O'er the sea,
His praises to the sky;
And pray, that when our Winter here
Is past, His mercy may bring
Up to that lovely, cloudless sphere
Where souls enjoy eternal Spring.
Botsford, July 6th, 1877. J. F. C.

LITERATURE.

FORTUNE-TELLING BY CARDS.

(From Harper's Bazar for August.)

L. OLIVER AND SPADERS.

Reinette Pillsbury was in trouble

and trouble for her was an entirely

new experience. A crisis had come

in which she herself must decide, and

in whichever way the decision was

made, it must prove disagreeable to

two persons—to her mother and the

Duke of Brunswick, or to De Witt

Bruce and herself. Of course his

name was not really the Duke of

Brunswick; that was a nickname that

De Witt had given little Mr. Good-

enough on account of the diamonds

in which he delighted to array him-

self. The Duke was an honorable

gentleman, something past fifty-five,

with no affectation of wit or wit-

ness, except the half-regretful, half-

romantic remembrance of a first love

who looked like Reinette, and who

died long, long ago.

The fortune on whose search he had

started out for love of her, he had

gone on piling up mechanically, for

want of something else to interest

him, but the old love lay in his heart,

like a pressed rose in an old letter,

faded and dead, but filling the place

with a perfume faint but sweet and

suggestive. He had come to see

them ever since she could remember

this odd, quiet little man, with his

diamond studs, diamond ring, dia-

mond sleeve-buttons, and piercing,

diamond-like eyes, and Reinette ac-

cepted all his quaint little courtesies,

and loved him as though he were a

favorite uncle. And De Witt had

come upon the stage, and they had

grown up in a matter-of-fact way;

at school, at play, as children, they

were inseparable, never the least

spice of flirtation or coquetry, but

always the most natural and frank-

est of intercourse.

Reinette had often wondered how

it would seem to have a lover, and

wished that she might know; but now

that a sudden revelation had come,

she said to herself, in real perplexity

and pain, that to have two lovers was

the most dreadful thing that could

happen to a girl. To-night there

would be the usual little weekly car-

party, and the Duke and De Witt

would come and play cards with

her mother and herself, as they had

done every Thursday evening for

more than a year past. It was the

only society accomplishment that

Duke had, and they loved to make

him feel at home, and brighten his

little week with one cheerful evening.

De Witt did not care especially for

cards, but there never was an occa-

sion when he was not ready to oblige.

It seemed to Reinette that De Witt

was always the friend in need; it was

he who arranged the shadow, pan-

toimes, and called off the quadrille

and led the German, introducing such

elegant figures, and was always on

hand to carry the baskets at a picnic

and put up the swing; he always es-

corted home the young lady who

lived the farthest off, and took the

hottest dinner to dinner. He could

"converse," too—a rare accom-

plishment among the young men with

whom Reinette was acquainted, and

was often set to entertain very literary

and I should think you

use a spade instead of

ways of ships, there's enough of

Mike, replied Mike.

"That's why I'd have one on the

door, you see. You are a regular

king of spades yourself, Mike."

"King of spades, is it?" said

Mike, reflectively, leaning, as he

spoke, upon his own. "Sure I can't

be after denying that I've done as

pure a lot of work with that same

as his honor your father, maybe; and

its many a time I've myself said

there never was a man better named

or more of an honor to his profession,

as a custom-house man—had luck to

Mike, is it? Sure, from first to

last I think my spade would be after

holding its own with any of his pills.

It was startling in life that I was in

cheerful okkypashun of a grave-dig-

ger in the old country, in the parish

of Kilmanny—and kill many it did,

what with the bad water from the

bog, and the soldiers-a-poppin' down

on us for Fanianism, and the little

rows the boys were always getting up

amongst themselves to discourage

low spirits at the wake of one of their

friends who had died of starvation,

or been knocked in the head, maybe,

by a custom-house man—had luck to

him!—for trying to smuggle a drop

of mountain-dew for his reverence

Father O'Toole."

"And were you a grave-digger

after you came to America?" asked

Phil.

"Bedad, no! I was drafted the day

after I got my naturalization papers—

bad luck to them!—and sent off to

the Potomak along with Mikkilin.

After that I was so used to my

spade, I look at it with a bit of

first it was a market garden; I was

ill I threw over the vegetation part,

and was head-man to a flowerist on

the Avenue."

"And that was where the Duke—

Timothy Mr. Goodenough—found you,

the Duke wanted a gardener, and the

Duke—I mean Mr. Goodenough—

said he always bought the beautiful

bouquets which he brought Reinette

at one place, and he thought you had

more to do with caring for the flowers

than the proprietor himself."

Mike gave a long sigh, which ended

in a whistle, shook his head, and

planting his spade firmly in the

ground, went on with his work.

"What's the matter, Mike?"

"Only that some little granchous-

is for sale now with a genuine little

shanty with two rooms and a bit of

a shop on the road lined to it, where

two people might be as easy and com-

fortable as I like, and where a handy

girl might sell seeds and flowers and

be after making bouquets for balls

and weddings and funerals, and

crosses and wreaths of mortals for

the seminary; but, bedad, the last

price he'd be after taking in money

down, barter the thousands to run

interest, is eight hundred dollars, and

it's only five hundred we got between

us."

Phil had no idea who the handy

girl was, so indignantly referred to,

and he was satisfied at the thought

of Mike's leaving that he did not ask

"But what will our own little garden

do?" he asked.

"Oh, as to the loikes of that, you

won't make me at all this winter, and

could come every week and do all

that's wanted in the spring-time.

Don't you be after pickin' them

oranges, Master Phil; it's just ravin'

your ma'll be, and they ain't ripe,

nyther."

"Dingy diddle, my mammy's maid

She stole oranges, I am afraid."

sang Phil, who had lately taken part

in some pantomimes from Mother

Goose, and for whom, in consequence,

each event of life suggested some

quotation from that classic author.

"Shall it, is it? Sure, it is, isn't

Mary Ann would be after doing the

loikes of that, and don't you be say-

ing anything that you couldn't do without

as easy as you could do without me,"

says Mike. "Well, what she said next

knocked the surprise clean out of me.

"It's the shamrock," says she, "the

little three-leaved shamrock, the em-

blem of old Ireland, and I'd give

my life for the old country," says

she. "Then you ain't a bit of an

Oranger," says I. Well, I don't ex-

actly mind what she said next—some

blarney or other—but I do mind that,

just as I was after kissin' her, your

ma dropped down on us like a thou-

sand of bricks."

"I declare," said Phil, "you could

not make it more like the book if you

tried."

"The King of spades."

Which vexed the queen full sore."

And Reinette, from her hiding

place in the arbor, heard it all. So

Mary Ann had been having her

troubles too, and the cards had told

her so. If her own could be

decided in some such way! Then

the thought came to her that the

same rules held good when diamonds

were trumps as when a spade happen-

ed to be the card turned, and that so

the game of life is played in very

much the same way, be the player a

poor day-laborer or a very king of

diamonds. Mary Ann's game had

been played with spades and clubs,

while hers were the red cards.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Grant in England.

A REVELATION OF THE TRUE INWARD-

NESS OF THE THING.

(From the New York Sun.)

The following letter received in

this city from an Englishman of

distinction, as familiar almost with

the United States as with England,

has been handed us for publication.

It opens the way, no doubt, for an

interesting series of social re-

velations.

LONDON, June 30.—Well, General

Grant has come and gone, and he

hearted, dined and wine to his

boon's content and beyond, another

link has been forged in the chain

which binds together the two great

branches of the Anglo-Saxon race—

I believe that the proper way of

putting it—but, as always happens

on such occasions, there is a dis-

agreeable undercurrent left behind

of tales told out of school, which

suppose will be sure to find their

way to the light of day sooner or

later.

Perhaps, therefore, there is no

objection to my telling you that

people were not universal in their

view with the ex-President's ways

and that they were pretty universally

disgusted with the ways of some

of the people who made social capital

for themselves out of his visit or

belonged to his suite.

In the first place, his silence at most of the

dinners which he attended was some-

thing absolutely appalling. On two

occasions he literally never spoke

one word from the soup to the salad.

At another dinner he was almost

silent, and he was not alone in

the company by objecting to the

Duke of Cambridge to take pre-

cedence of him—this, doubtless, at

the instigation of Pierpont.

Worst of all the stories current,

however, is that in the Princess of

Wales' drawing room at Marlborough

House he pulled out an enormous

cigar and was going to light it when

somebody stepped up and prevented

him. However he must not be too

harshly judged for this, for when Mr.

Seward was here, twenty years ago,

and was taken by Mr. Dallas—in full

dress, with ruffled shirt—to a private

concert at Buckingham Palace, he

insisted on inflicting himself with

the fumes of a huge Havana just be-

fore he went, in spite of a civil hint

from Mr. Dallas that the Queen has