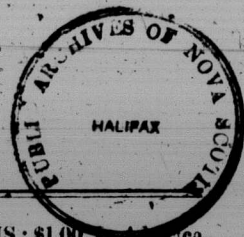


CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1871.

No. 2.

Literature.

The Express Ticket.

One of the pleasantest journeys I ever took, was made a short time back, in company with a total stranger, but who proved to be the most chatty, most communicative person I ever met with, although his code of morals was undoubtedly rather lax. We got in at the London terminus, and as he almost at once asked me where I was going, we found we were each bound to the same large city. I fancied he had been dining rather generously, from his face, which was a little flushed; he had plenty of excellent cigars, and was very liberal with them; and ere we had ridden half a dozen miles he produced a pack of cards, and asked me to play. I declined; and he said with a smile, "Afraid of strangers with cards?—Well, you are quite right; but we shall do no harm to each other."

I hastened to assure him that I was under no suspicion as regarded himself, but that I did not care for cards.

"There you are to blame," he returned; "you should always suspect strangers who want you to play at cards. Why should a man carry a pack with him, if he does not intend to profit by their use? Take my advice and always be on your guard."

"But then," I said, with a smile, "by your own rule you would lead me to suspect you."

"You would not be far wrong if you did," he replied with a very meaning nod; "I only wished to play for a cup of coffee at the refreshment table; but I have played in railway carriages for very different stakes—and won them. However I am all right to-night, and don't want to win any body's money. I cleared eight hundred over the Leger, and that will last me some time."

I congratulated him on his good fortune, and said I wished I had been as lucky.

"If it shouldn't do you more good than it will me, you needn't mind," he returned; "light come, light go; but still it is better to have a few hundreds in your pocket than to be without a penny to pay your fare, as I have been on this very railway."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, as he made a pause here; "that must have been awkward."

"Awkward! I believe," you he said. "But there! a man with his head screwed on the right way need never be at a loss in a rich country like this. I hadn't a penny—at any rate I hadn't a tenth part of the required fare—with me; I was bound to keep an engagement a long way down the line, and I had not a friend who would lend me a sixpence; and here I found myself, one evening a quarter of an hour before the train started. Something like a fix, eh? What should you have done?"

"Well," I replied, "I hardly know. If I had a watch—"

"But I hadn't," he interrupted, "nor anything else that would fetch two pound seven, the price of a ticket. A first-class ticket, of course, I mean; I had made up my mind to ride first-class; I like it best, and, under the circumstances, it was just as feasible as any other."

"Then, perhaps, I should have gone to the station-master or superintendent," I said, "and told him all about it; and if that wouldn't do, I must have stopped in London."

"Then it wouldn't have done, you may swear," he replied; "station-masters are not so soft as that. Well, now, I'll tell you all about it; and it may be of use to you to know some day what is possible to be done in such a fix."

I nodded my thanks, and he began:

"I need not tell you how I came to be so placed—speculative men are often in such a position; we always get out of it some how, however, and I did this time. When I arrived at the station, there was the train, with the engine waiting a little way off, blazing and hissing away;

some of the passengers had taken their seats, but most of them were walking up and down, or having a parting glass with their friends, or looking at the book-stalls. How I envied the shabbiest of them all! for he, whoever he was, had got his ticket, and I could not get mine. If the train had gone right through, I would have taken my seat, and chafed dropping out before they stopped; but I knew they examined tickets half-way, so that would not do. If the journey had been all by the same engine, I would have lain at the back of the tender on the coals, as I did once to a place nearly a hundred miles down the line; but I knew they changed engines; so this again wouldn't do. I saw one person on the platform whom I recognized; but as he was a clergyman—a dean, in fact—who was always preaching against us racing men, and had once actually persuaded the towns-people to put their races down, I knew he was of no use. Yet I couldn't keep away from him; he had a sort of fascination for me. I may call it a presentiment that he was to get me out of my hobble. Well, the bustle increased; the station gets just before an express starts. The engine came back, and was hooked on; the porters ran about with their barrows of luggage; the passengers left the refreshment rooms and book-stalls, and clustered round the doors of the carriages; the dean got into a compartment by himself, and there was I walking up and down in the darkest part of the platform, and only five minutes left.

"I paused for a moment before a little room where I saw the guards go in and out, and wondered whether one of the men would let me ride with him, if I told him of a good thing I knew—I really did know of in-for the Cambridgehire; when, all at once splended idea struck me. It was the very thing! The door of the little room was half open, so that I could see no one was in there, and several coats and caps, belonging to the guards, were hanging on the walls. I glanced down the platform; every railway official seemed up to his eyes in business—no one was looking that way. I popped into the room in an instant—had put on a coat and cap which fitted me beautifully—and was out again in a few seconds. There was no time for reflection, nor did I need any; my mind was already made up, so, pushing past the people with the air of a regular guard, born and bred, I put my head into the carriage where the dean sat, and said, 'Tickets, if you please.' The old gentleman was reading a book; he looked round, pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and, exclaiming, 'Dear me! I had quite forgotten,' he handed out his ticket, which I very coolly pocketed, and was moving away, when the old gentleman said, 'This is a new rule, to take tickets at starting, isn't it?'

"Yes, Sir," I answered, touching my cap; 'only been in force this month, Sir.'

"Oh," he said, and began reading his book again.

"At this instant the bell for starting rang, and the guards began to ball out, 'Any more going on?' but there was plenty of time for me. I dashed back to the little room, but hang me if there wasn't a guard in there, feeling among the great coats, and swearing horribly, as I could hear, at some of his mates for moving his particular coat out of its place. I stood behind the long double ladder they wheel about to clean the lamps, took off the poor fellow's coat and cap, and flung them by the door, put on my own cap and hurried across the platform as though I had just come from the refreshment-room. The station doors were closed, but a guard, catching sight of me, shouted, 'Now Sir, this way, or you will be too late!' He opened a carriage door and pushed me in, just as the engine sounded its whistle and the tug came which moved us on. I was in the carriage with the dean! There was nobody

else there, as I well knew, and I really felt very uncomfortable. 'I didn't at all suppose he would recognize me, but yet there was a sort of feeling which made me wish that the guard had put me any where else. However, there was no help for it now, and I made up my mind to see at once if there was any danger of recognition; so the first time he put down his book, although it was only to cut some leaves, I offered him a newspaper. He declined it; but I had obtained an opening, and I followed up my offer with a few remarks about the weather, and so forth—quite enough to let me see that he did not at all remember my voice. I couldn't sleep, but I pretended to do so; and on we went, scarcely another word having been spoken on either side, until the train slackened speed; and I knew we were near the station where they examined the tickets, and where, of course, the murder would be out. When the carriages drew up alongside the ticket-platform, and I could hear the familiar cry of, 'All tickets ready,' I feigned to be reading my paper very intently, although, in reality, I was watching and listening with all my might. I saw the dean look up curiously when he first heard the shouts; he listened, too, with a puzzled air, and took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if that would help him to understand it; however, I have no doubt he thought the notice did not apply to him, so he calmly put his glasses on again. At that moment a guard—a regular guard this time, I thought to myself—looked in, and of course said, 'Ticket, if you please.' I gave him mine which he merely glanced at and returned; and then I screwed myself into a corner, as much out of the light as I could manage. The old clergyman had, of course, done nothing.

"Now Sir, if you please," said the guard.

"Eh?" returned the dean, looking round, and pushing up his spectacles, which seemed to be a habit with him.

"Tickets, Sir, tickets; look alive, if you please, Sir," answered the man.

"Tickets! tickets!" echoed the dean; 'mine is all right. I have given it up.'

"Not to me, sir, said the guard; 'and no one else has been near this carriage.'

"Oh, but I gave it up before we started," explained the old gentleman; 'it's a new rule—has only been in force this month.'

"Upon my word, I thought I should have burst with laughter to hear the dean explained so innocently."

"New rule, Sir?" said the guard.

"No such thing. We examine the tickets here, and take them at your journey's end."

"Now, Popkins!" shouted a superior of some kind; 'haven't you finished with that carriage yet?'

"Come, Sir, look sharp with that ticket," urged the guard.

"What do you mean?" demanded the clergyman, who was clearly getting angry. "What do you mean, Sir? I have given up my ticket to one of your men, and I am rather inclined to think it was yourself."

"Popkins was now" shouted at again very angrily, and his answer brought two or three others round the carriage door.

"Now, what's all this delay about?" said a man in a very swaggering tone (I suppose he was in some authority there)—"what's all this about Popkins?"

"Why," said the guard, "this party hasn't got a ticket. He says he gave it up at London; and, not satisfied with that, says he gave it up to me."

"Oh, that won't do," said the chief officer, very harshly; "we must have your ticket or your money, or else we shall remove you from this carriage. We have these games tried on us very often."

"Do you, indeed?" said the old gentleman. "Do you, indeed?"

"There is my card, Sir, and I shall leave you to take your own course."

"Well, when they saw who he was, they naturally cooled down a bit, and grew more civil; but by this time the other passengers had got anxious, and were putting their heads

out of the windows, and asking what was the matter.

"Perhaps this gentleman," says the guard, meaning, of course, myself, "who must have been in the carriage at the time, can tell us something about it. You didn't give up your ticket, Sir, because I just examined it."

"Unfortunately," said the dean, speaking before I could answer, "this gentleman was not in the carriage; he came in just as the train was starting, and the collection of the tickets."

"The men looked at one another, and I could see that they did not believe the story at all.

"I am afraid, Sir, you are under a great mistake," said the chief one; "and we shall be compelled to write to you for this money, if you do not pay now. We can't keep the train here all night; so you must do as you please, as, of course, we can have our remedy against you."

"The old gentleman looked angry, or rather, and, pulling out his purse, exclaimed: 'There, Sir, there is your money; but, rely on it, you will hear from Jesson & Jesson, my solicitors, Sir, on the matter. It is an atrocious robbery!'

"You will have your ticket given you at the next station," said the other. "I will not delay the train by going to my office now; I will send word on by the guard. But depend upon it, Sir, you are in error; you are, indeed. All right forward!"

"Error, Sir? error?" exclaimed the dean. "You shall see, Sir: you shall see. I don't care for your ticket. You may make me pay again, if you please, when I get to my destination. I believe this company is capable of anything; but I will teach them a lesson. This gentleman shall be my witness of the transaction. I will take your card, Sir. The men cleared from the window, for the engine whistle sounded, and off we went. 'Oblige me with your card,' Sir, continued the dean. 'I need hardly ask you if you ever saw so nefarious a proceeding?'

"Never, Sir," absolutely scandalous!" I replied. "But do you think it will be worth your while to take any further notice of it? It will involve you in a great deal of trouble."

"Trouble, Sir! What do I care for that?" demanded the dean, indignantly. "It is my duty to expose such conduct; and I will do it. I will thank you for your card, Sir."

"I felt it would be dangerous to refuse a card; so I expressed my sympathy with him, and gave him the card of a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance, which I luckily had in my pocket. Then the old gentleman seemed to be brooding over his injury, and scarcely spoke another word. When we came to the refreshment-station the guard brought him his ticket, which he took without a syllable, and at our next station we both got out. I saw his carriage was waiting for him; and I have no doubt Mrs. Dean had all particulars before an hour was over. As for my friend whose card I gave, I never heard whether the dean had tried to find him out or not; in fact, although I called him my friend, we were by no means friendly. You think the whole transaction rather fishy, eh?" ejaculated my companion, interrupting himself.

"I think it downright dishonesty," said I, frankly, "unless you paid the dean."

"Oh, I did that," responded he. "I sent the old gentleman a post-office order in the name of my foreign friend. I'm a betting-man, and up to a whit, but I'm as straight as a die for honesty."

Well, well, I wonder where my communicative friend is now. I dare say the pitcher has gone once too often to the well in his case, as with the thousand other clever fellows we read of in their appropriate histories.

TEXAN HORSES.—There is a breed of horses in Southern Texas known as the red fox. They are the large medium pony, being a cross between the Spanish horse and mustang pony. They are distinguished by a streak along the back, from the mane to the tail, of the deep color of the red fox—the body of a lighter color. The limbs are the lightest form and finish—bodies rather long and round; the whole build indicating great speed. They are kindly disposed, but of high mettle. They perform good service under the saddle, but are especially valuable in harness. They trot like dogs, and with a prairie country before them, will leave eighty to a hundred miles behind them in a day.

The biography of a western senator closes in the following style: "He cannot propel himself through the 'muddy pool' of politics at a higher rate of speed than that of a rudderless pollywog through a kettle of cold mush."

Poetry.

A VIEW AT MONTREAL.

(Written for "Chignecto Post.")

A view from the Tower, of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, at Montreal.
The fair Canadian City,
That rose upon my sight:
With lofty spires and stately towers,
I viewed with wrapt delight.
And the broad and noble river,
Where shone the sun's bright gleam—
Reflecting all that glorious scene—
With mid-days radiant beam.
The view was beautiful and grand!
And my mind turned to the past—
I seemed so strange that the City's site
Was once a forest vast.
Where the hunter's foot alone disturbed
The stillness of the place;
As he trod the lonely desert path,
With a firm and stealthy pace.
Or chased the deer to its covert deep,
And listened for the foe;
While alone the war-whispers fearful
Might the hallow'd sabbath know.
And Indian warfare marked the spot,
Where rose the sacred fane;
Whose elegance and grandeur tells,
That God in peace here reigns.
Where once 'twas solitude profound,
And o'er the waters music's sweet;
The sound of convent bells.
Temples of learning—Arts' high domes,
Arise on every hand;
The heart with admiration owns
It is a favored land.
Where Religion, Wisdom, Science,
Most concentrate the place;
Till of the days long past and gone,
We scarce can find a trace.

For the Ladies.

The woman's club—The broomstick.
A new color, called blue green or peacock green, is very fashionable for bonnets and costumes this season.
A former lady of honor to the Empress Eugenie has done something very unkind to her fallen mistress. She has married the Private Secretary of the Count of Paris, the head of the Orleans family.
A newly-married man complains of the high price of "ducks." He says his wife recently paid for three of them—a duck of a bonnet, a duck of a dress and a duck of a parasol. He says such dealings in poultry will ruin him.
At a church fair at Kansas City, a set of bedroom furniture was voted to a young lady, with the understanding that, if she was not married in a year, the furniture should be returned to the church. She is now on the war-path, armed with a bedstead.
WOMEN AND POLITICS.—Bonaparte once said to Madame Condorcet, widow of the Philosopher, and a noted politician of her time: "I do not like women who meddle with politics." To which she instantly replied: "Ah, general as long as you men take a fancy to cut off our heads now and then, we are interested in knowing why you do it."

An innovation in the way of female decoration has been introduced in the fashionable circles of London, which even the universal adoption of short skirts could hardly have been led on to expect. It is said that certain lovely damsels, tired of bracelets, necklaces earrings and tiaras, have accepted and promulgated the Eastern fashion of wearing anklets. They are already for sale in the prominent jewelry stores, and many of them are superbly fashioned, being wrought in gold and silver and enriched with precious stones. They generally have little tinkling bells attached.
They tell a good story of an old-fashioned miser: He was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row in the morning he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones; he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully around to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter and told him the circumstance, giving him ten shillings for the owner. The owner never called. The miser bought his own boots!

USEFUL ITEMS.

CRANBERRIES.—The acid of the cranberry is so decidedly beneficial in all bilious affection, by its stimulating effects upon the liver, that attention to its culture should be encouraged. One acre of land, suitably prepared, will yield two hundred and fifty dollars worth of cranberries.

It is said that bleeding from a wound, on man or beast, may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

An excellent poultice to relieve the pain of a bone felon, or runaround, is made by beating a raw onion to a soft pulpy mass, and applying it to the affected part. It will certainly mitigate if not entirely relieve the pain, and often cures the trouble at once.

A few iron nails placed in a vase with flowers will keep the water sweet and the flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated from the plants combined with the iron.

SURFACE water that flows off the land instead of passing through the soil, carries with it whatever fertilizing matter it may contain, and abstracts some from the earth. If it pass down through the soil to drain, this waste is arrested.

UNIFORMITY OF THE CURRENCY AFTER THE FIRST OF JULY:—

100 N. S. Cy will be worth only.	97c.
2 do	2.92
3 do	3.89
4 do	4.87
5 do	5.84
25 do	24.33
50 do	48.67
100 do	97.33

CLEANSING VARNISHED PAINT.—In cleansing paint which has been varnished, there is nothing better than weak tea. All the tea leaves from several drawings should be saved and boiled over early in the morning of the paint-cleansing day. If boiled in an old tin pan or pan, the tea can easily be strained off for use. Wet a flannel in it and wipe the oak-grained paint, and you will be surprised at its brightness. No soap is needed, no milk; the tea is the most capital detergent ever invented. Wipe the paint dry with a soft cloth, dry to a fine, and the tea can be used again. While varnished paint is cleansed as rapidly with it as grained.

The most important thing to insure good luck in soap-making, is strong lye. In putting up a leach, put in a little straw first, next a pint of lime, then fill with hard-wood ashes. Do not be in too great hurry to get the lye to running; but give it time to draw the strength from the ashes; put your grease into the first lye that runs through, set it over the fire and boil slowly until all is dissolved; add a handful of resin, and pour into your barrel. If you put in two or three pounds of soda and one of borax, it will make your clothes wash easier and look very white. Now fill up your barrel with hot lye, and stir it well, and your soap is made.

To succeed in growing plants in dwellings, it is necessary to keep the air around the plants at a moderate temperature, say from 50° to 60°. And as moist as possible, by having the plants stand on damp moss, sand or other material that will all the time be giving off moisture among the leaves. Any plant having leaves large enough—as the beautiful waxy camellia, the India rubber plant, century and others, are greatly benefited by occasionally sponging the leaves with water, by which means the dust that accumulates on them is removed—a fruitful source of trouble to house-plants. Where sponging is not applicable, as with small-leaved sorts, or those of a wholly or rough surface, a syringing, or what is better, an hour or two in a warm rain, will have the same effect, and be vastly beneficial to the health of the plants.

A FOND father, blest with eleven children, and withal a very domestic man, tells this story: One afternoon, business being very dull, he took the early train out to his happy home, and went up stairs to put the children to bed. Being missed from the smoking-room, his wife went up stairs to see what was going on.—Upon opening the door she exclaimed, "Why, dear, what for mercy's sake are you doing?" "Why," says he, "wifey, I am putting the children to bed, and having them say their little prayers." "Yes," says wifey, "but this one of our neighbor's children all undressed," and he had to redress it and send it home. After that he calls the roll every morning and night.

LATE EUROPEAN NEWS.

PRESS DESPATCHES.
FRANCE.
PARIS, May 9.
A despatch announces the capture of fort d'Issy. Clamart has become so unhealthy from the presence of unburied bodies that the troops were obliged to evacuate. Fort d'Issy was abandoned in a panic. The Versailles lists are preparing for operations against Fort Vanvres. General Douai crossed the Seine on Monday night and entrenched three hundred yards from the Enciente, where he can batter down the Bridge at Neuilly.
MAY 10.—A treaty of peace was signed to-day at Frankfurt between Prussia and Russia. M. Thiers, in a circular, congratulates France on the capture of Issy and says the reign of the infamous faction in Paris is drawing to a close. Bismarck consents to reduce the indemnity twenty millions pounds. There is wrangling between Central Committee and Committee of Public Safety. The resignation of the latter body is insisted on by the Committee. Sub-Committee of Organization has issued a proclamation that no quarter shall be shown to besiegers.
MAY 12.—Government troops assailed to-day and carried the convent of Issy. Committee of public safety at Paris have a Council Martial sitting to try and furnish those guilty of treason. Central Committee is about to retire. The paper "Socialist" proposes their immediate execution.
MAY 13.—Fighting continues around Paris. Fifty thousand Versailles troops at St. Germain are to join Gen. Douay for an attack on Paris. Naval combat at Ant and Viadict. One insurgent gunboat sunk. Six papers suppressed in Paris. Columns, statues, &c., to be destroyed Monday.
The bombardment continues; several breaches have been made in the walls of Paris. There is indubitable evidence that there is a widespread conspiracy in Paris for the overthrow of the Commune. In the Commons Viscount Enfield said Government was not prepared to state the exact terms of the Treaty of Washington. Disraeli, therefore, postponed his question in relation thereto. In the Lords, Russell notified that he would move an address to the Queen against the ratification of the Alabama Treaty, if the arbitrators are bound by rules other than the law of nations and English municipal laws.
MAY 16.—A telegram of to-day says, Government troops have entered Paris through the breaches at Forts Maitlot and Anteuil. The entry of the troops at Port du Jour is imminent. Paris returns a feeble fire. The sounds heard are similar to those of a street fight. The Berlin Royal Guards have been ordered to return, and make a triumphal entry into Berlin within a month.
ENGLAND.
The London "Times," in an editorial on the Treaty of Washington, says: "Neither England nor Canada ever raised the question of exclusive privilege in the navigation of the St. Lawrence. The only difficulty is to the plan of adjustment of the Alabama claims. The 'Times' trusts the treaty will be ratified and become a final solution of all difficulties between the two countries."
In the House of Lords a bill was introduced for the Confederation of the Leeward Islands in West Indies. In the Commons Viscount Enfield announced the Treaty had been signed by the Joint High Commission, but did not disclose its conditions. Miall moved the dis-establishment of the Church of England in a speech of great eloquence, seconded by Leatham, White, Bruce, Palmer, Disraeli, Gladstone, opposed it. Defeated by a 285 majority.
The struggle at Paris approaches an end. The besiegers are now under the walls of the city exchanging shots with the communists, who line the ramparts. Breaches are made in the walls, and the Autenil gate is entirely destroyed. The bombardment is incessant. There is indubitable evidence that a widespread conspiracy exists in the city for the overthrow of the Commune. Gen. Dombrowski's orders are not obeyed, and some of the National Guards refused to fight. And yet there is every appearance of the intention of the Commune to make a desperate defence. The most significant news is that M. Beslay, who is called the "Father of the Commune," has resigned from the Committee in disgust.