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No. 1.

Literature.

DOLLY'S HAIR.

"Then I may call to see you at your own house on Thursday evening, Dolly?"

Gerald Wayne stood on the doorstep, his handsome face looking handsomer than ever in the glow of the wintry sunset as he eagerly awaited his companion's answer. It came at last, slowly given, and with an aggravating hesitancy of articulation.

"Yes—I suppose so. That is, if you want to, very much," she added, with a shy sparkle in her long lashed eyes. "I'm going to be desperately busy about the Fair, you know. We're fourteen rag-dolls to dress, besides a dozen china ones, and three of wax—Parisian—such beauties, with eyes that open and shut, and real hair on their heads. We're dressing them after the Bazar patterns, and you can't think how cunning they are!"

"But you can spare me a few minutes, Dolly," pleaded Mr. Wayne.

"Yes, perhaps so, if you'll come early."

And with this niggard crumb of consolation and encouragement Gerald Wayne was forced to be contented as he strode away down the street, while Dolly Estcourt went back to her seat in Mrs. Charles Duer's bay-window, where half a score of other girls, as deft-fingered and light-hearted as herself, were busy among rain-bow bits of silk and scraps of satin and lace and tulle, making a huge heap of dolls, of varied sizes and materials, look as ridiculously like fashionable ladies in this present stage of the nineteenth century as possible. While, between a cunary singing merrily overhead, and a plump baby cooing in Mrs. Duer's lap, and all the half-dozens ladies talking at once, it was only to be wondered at that the pines of glass did not fly straight out of their mullions.

"Oh, Dolly, I'm so glad you've come back," said Edith Briarwood, a dimple in her cheek. "Here's the Empress Eugenie's got to have a penny bit, and Kate Jones has cut up every bit of the silver-spotted tulle for Cinderella's ball-dress train. What shall I do more?"

"Oh, I can get some more, I suppose; it will spoil the dress-pattern; but I suppose, dolls must be dressed, if the skies fall! Now, Sara, please hand me the piece of blue velvet, and I'll engage to cut more bonnets off it than any other girl present, be the other whom she may!"

And Dolly Estcourt sat down to plan and calculate, with her cherry lips pursed daintily up, and her pretty golden head poised on one side in a way that would have made a photographer's fortune if he could only have reproduced her just as she was *per camera*.

For Dolly Estcourt was quite pretty enough to excuse the infatuation concerning her which possessed the souls of two young men—Harry Duer and Gerald Wayne. Fair as the peachy cup of a white morning-glory, with blue, liquid eyes, where pupil and iris seemed to melt together into the deepest of sapphires, and shy dimples nestling in her peachy cheeks, she would have formed the poet's prettiest ideal of a genuine blond. While from the coils of shining hair that were confined at the back of her head in a piquant net one long loose curl had been allowed to escape, and hung like a spiral of glittering spun-gold upon her left shoulder.

That was Dolly Estcourt. Do you marvel that men worshipped her, and women loved the consciousness of her magnetic presence? Some people have a natural brightness to be loved and possess friends—and to this heritage Dolly had been born.

And while she cut and clipped and stitched away, transforming the staring dolls into sultans and *filles de regiments* and Neapolitan peasant girls, she was thinking furtively of her interview with Gerald Wayne, and blushing as she recalled his eager

glances and not-to-be-misinterpreted words.

"But I'm glad for all that," thought Dolly, "that I pretended to misunderstand him when he hinted for me to give him a little bit of my curl," and she glanced lovingly over her shoulder at the aforesaid tress.

"Though there really would have been no harm in it" (Dolly didn't mean the curl, but the appropriation thereof), "and he did want it so much, poor fellow! But I don't think it would have been quite womanly!"

And Dolly remembered, not without a pleased thrill of feminine vanity, how Harry Duer had boldly asked her, scarcely a week ago, for a lock from the shining luxuriance netted away, and thought how much easier it had been for her to say "No" to him!

"It's quite a different thing to refuse Gerald," she thought, growing rosier than ever, as she asked herself the why and the wherefore of it. But, perhaps, it was the reflection of the pink silk which was making Queen Victoria's dress upon her lap. "I do wonder," she mentally added, "what he wants to see me on Thursday evening for?"

As if she didn't know! *Girls will be girls*—that's the only excuse we have to plead in favor of undisciplined heroines; and so they will probably remain until the world's end!

"Oh dear, dear," Mrs. Duer, a sister-in-law of the identical "Harry," at whose residence the little sewing-circle had congregated, "these rag-dolls look like frights, in spite of their beautiful white linen faces, and all the pains I took to paint their eyes and complexions with the very choicest of water-colors!"

"That's because they haven't any hair," said Miss Briarwood, viewing the bald initiations of humanity with a troubled countenance. "Kate Jessup's dolls all have real black hair sewn on; she had hers cut off, in the fever, you know—and they look lovely curled on a hot pipe stem! I wish we had had the fever, some of us," she added with a laugh.

"But I should think we might spare a little hair to make the dolls look decent, without having the fever as a preliminary circumstance," observed Miss Estcourt. "Come, girls, each of you contribute just a little lock, and our dolls will be a great deal nearer Kate Jessup's."

But the damsel thus appealed to set up a unanimous cry of dissent. Cut off their tresses, indeed!—rob the splendors of crimps, chignons, and curls, *a la Cour de Napoleon* to beautify a parcel of staring dolls! It was an unheard-of, inadmissible thing, they all agreed, in twittering voices.

"You're a lot of selfish things!" cried Dolly Estcourt, standing up in their midst, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. "As if it wouldn't grow again. Give me the scissors!"

And Dolly calmly sheared off, close at the roots, her own pet curl, containing flossy gold enough to deck at the least computation, the pates of a dozen dolls.

"Oh, Dolly, how could you?" cried the amazed and breathless spectators.

"How could I? Why shouldn't I?" she demanded. "There, Mrs. Duer, keep that until I come to-morrow, and I'll divide it up into little wigs, and curl it nicely."

And Miss Estcourt tied on a bewildering little fabrication of ribbon and white zephyr wool, with ribbon rosettes the color of her own eyes, and tripped off through the twilight.

"That was Dolly Estcourt's. We wanted some real hair for the rag babies, and nobody else would give us any, so Dolly cut off hers. Was it not nice of her?"

"Awful nice!" responded the young gentleman. "Come, let's go up stairs. I'm tired of this sort of thing!"

And how was innocent, unsuspecting Mrs. Duer to know that Harry had broken the eighth commandment, and was off with Dolly's curl in his pocket? Nor would the larceny probably have been discovered as promptly as it was had it not been for an *enfant terrible*.

"Mamma," said Master Ferdinand Duer, *etait* five years, and clad in vicious-looking knickerbockers, "which of the dolls is Uncle Harry going to dress?"

"Uncle Harry? what on earth do you mean?" questioned his mother. "Cause he had that curl hanging out of his pocket when he went away!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mrs. Duer, as she ran to the work-table to verify her son's words. "He's an unprincipled pirate! But I will have it back again to-morrow morning before ever Dolly knows it!"

But before the morrow dawned the curl was destined to effect all the mischief of which it was capable! Miss Estcourt appeared at Mrs. Briarwood's "silver wedding" that evening minus the curl. To be sure its duplicate, shining and burnished and closely curled like the other, drooped over her right shoulder; but the curl was gone, and only a little clipped end hung maliciously below her net, refusing to be tucked up, or pushed back, or disposed of in any practicable manner, and Gerald Wayne marvelled much thereof!

"I want to ask you a very important question, Miss Estcourt," he said, unable to repress the thirst for knowledge that undid Mother Eve. "You'd better not," answered Dolly, saucily, burying her nose in her bouquet of violets and cream-colored rose-buds.

"But I do want so desperately to know what you have done with your curl!"

"Ah," smiled Dolly, audaciously, shaking the curl's successor, "that's precisely what it isn't your business to know."

And she would not vouchsafe another word.

When Gerald Wayne was half way home, Harry Duer overtook him, and slipped his arm through his own, in a half-fellow-well-went sort of way.

"Come to my room and have a smoke," said Harry, and Gerald, not knowing exactly what else to say, said "Yes," and accompanied his rival to a pretty sitting-room in a quiet part of the city *en route* to the opera-house, and "handy to the stages," those *quatre-vingt* years of young New Yorkers.

"Not a bad-looking den for a bachelor's," demanded Mr. Harry Duer, as he passed to Gerald Wayne his box of Havana cigars, and poked the anthracite fire to make it blaze up into a hospitable glow.

"Very nice," said Gerald, absently, as he looked round on the tulle walls hung with spicy French engravings, and the leather-covered table piled with bronze scarabæus ink-stands, nutmegmagazines, meerschaum pipe-cases, and scented notes of invitation, and nestled his feet into the deep purple pile of the velvet rug. "Very nice for why—hallo!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Harry Duer, stooping to pick up the scattered contents of the box of cigars, which Wayne had let fall in his amazement and consternation. "You haven't seen a ghost, man, have you?"

"Dolly Estcourt's curl!" gasped Mr. Duer, staring hard at something feathery and golden that lay on a pile of newspapers, tied with a blue ribbon, and fastened with a piece of the yellow ribbon that comes round bundles of cigars!

"Exactly so," answered Mr. Duer, with his hands in his pockets and his head on one side, as he, too, gazed complacently at the sunny lock. Gerald crimsoned to the very roots of his hair—his eyes flashed at the idea of Dolly's false poetry.

"Did she give it to you?" he asked, sternly.

"Now come, old fellow," responded Duer, with the demon of mischief entering into his heart, "don't be crusty! You shouldn't ask questions—do you think I'm going to kiss and tell? How else do you suppose I came by it?"

"But Dolly was almost sorry he had indulged in his ruling proclivity for 'larks' when he saw Gerald Wayne rise up and stalk out of the room without another word, apologetic or otherwise."

"Upon my word and honor," he said to himself, "I believe that young man's a gone case! I've a great mind to call him back and tell him the truth! No I won't, either—no need for him to make such a fool of himself!"

And Mr. Duer, smoked his cigar by himself, chuckling internally at the thought of the misconstruction under which poor Gerald Wayne was laboring the while.

No Thursday evening came, and with it, no Gerald Wayne, to the mansion in West Twenty-eighth Street of Ediths Estcourt, Esq., the father of the blooming Dolly. And that young lady sat turning the pages of her book and watching the little mantle clock until she was in a hopeless maze of perplexity. Eight—nine—a quarter past nine, and still no familiar ring at the door-bell! What could it mean?

Gerald was generally as punctual as the City Hall clock.

"He never'll come unless he likes," thought Dolly, with a rush of scarlet blood to her cheeks and an ominous quiver of her lower lip, as she glanced down at the blue silk dress she had put on because Gerald liked blue, and took out from her hair the knot of fresh blue violets that were fading so fast in the warm, furnace-heated atmosphere of the room. "I am sure I don't want to see him."

But that was a folly, and Dolly knew it very well indeed, as she felt softly by herself with the fading violets in her lap!

Meanwhile Mr. Gerald Wayne, resolved no longer to be the plaything of an idle coquette, "he" having termed it in his own mind, had strolled listlessly around to Mrs. Charles Duer's mansion, where, of course, as every body was busy putting the last touches to the contributions to the Fair, nobody wanted to be bothered with him! So he appropriately do young men often find their visits, never finding out from the Alpha to the Omega thereof that they are in the way!

"Mamma'll be down in a few minutes," said Master Ferdinand, standing in the doorway. "Mamma says will you please to excuse her a little while? She's very busy, and says I am to entertain you until she comes!"

"Very well," said our hero, who, forgetting his own extremity, doctored little boys in knickerbockers and bottom boots.

"They're jolly busy up stairs," said Ferdinand, standing first on one leg and then on the other. "They're sewing the hair on the dolls' heads!"

"Are they?" said Mr. Wayne, still without any symptoms of lively interest.

"It's Miss Dolly Estcourt's hair," went on Master Ferdinand. "Is it?" Mr. Wayne looked up now and left off poking the fire. "Yes, it is," said Ferdinand with all a child's relish in imparting a piece of news it has picked up *en route*. "They couldn't sew it on before, because Uncle Harry had stolen it away. I saw it hanging out of his coat-pocket, and I told mamma; and she said he was a principled pirate, and she made him bring it back next day, before Miss Dolly found out it was gone. Mamma said, Miss Dolly would be awful mad! Where is you going, Mr. Wayne? Mamma'll be down in a minute!"

Mr. Wayne to himself—and he believed it!

Dolly was still sitting alone with the knot of faded violets in her lap, and something bright and sparkling on her cheek like a tear, when the door-bell unexpectedly pealed, and the next instant Gerald Wayne came rapidly into the room.

"Miss Estcourt! Dolly!" he exclaimed.

Dolly was on her dignity in a minute. "What did you wish to say to me?" she asked icily.

"I—I wanted to ask you to marry me! Dolly, I love you to distraction; and if you'll only promise to become my wife I'll be the happiest man in New York to-night!"

Thus, clumsily, he laid his heart at her feet; and Dolly, sensible little Dolly, who saw the rare pearl shining through its verbal incrustation, retented, and if she didn't exactly promise, at least did not say "No."

And then Gerald Wayne told her how nearly he had lost his chances for happiness, until Master Ferdinand Duer's lip-lazard revelations had opened his eyes to the real state of things. And Dolly frowned a little at Harry Duer's imprudence, and laughed a good deal at her lover's insane jealousy, and altogether thought the whole thing was "as good as a newspaper story."

"And I say, Dolly," said Gerald, as he stood at the door taking an unwilling leave, with the knot of withered flowers fastened into his button-hole, and both Miss Estcourt's hands in his, "I'll go to the Fair to-morrow and buy up every one of those dolls, but I'll have that lock of hair in my possession once again!"

"Nonsense!" said Dolly.

"But I will, though," asserted Mr. Wayne.

And he was as good as his word!

Report of the Joint High Commission.

The Treaty.

WASHINGTON, May 8.

The following is an authoritative official statement of the result of the labors of the Joint High Commission.

The Treaty is to be known as the Treaty of Washington for the adjustment of claims of inquiry alleged by the United States on account of the escape of Confederate cruisers from British ports, and depredations committed by those vessels during the late rebellion in this country.

A tribunal of arbitration is constituted, to consist of five arbitrators, one appointed by the United States, one by Great Britain, and the other three each by a designated sovereign of Europe or America. The treaty establishes special rules of national duty and obligation in addition to the generally received public law, which, although not admitted by the British Commissioners to have been in force at the time, are yet, it is agreed, to retract and to govern the decisions of the tribunal.

The arbitration of this tribunal may either award damages in the default of the gross, at its discretion, or it may refer this duty to a board of assessors sitting in the United States, who shall report from time to time, the payment to be accordingly.

curing their fish subject of course, in respect, to the local rights of private property; and the same liberty is granted to British subjects on the Eastern coasts and shores of the United States north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude.

The liberty is not to include, on either side, shell fish or salmon or the shad fisheries or other fisheries in rivers and at the mouths of rivers.

It is also agreed further that fish and fish of all kinds, except of the infant lakes and their rivers, and except fish preserved in oil, the product of the fisheries of the United States or the Dominion of Canada or Prince Edward Island, shall be admitted into each country respectively free of duty.

The privileges thus conceded to the United States are obviously most important ones.

It is asserted by the British Government, but not admitted by the United States, that the privileges accorded to the United States are of greater value than those accorded to the subjects of Great Britain; and to prevent and avoid controversy on this point, it is agreed that a mixed Commission, with an umpire appointed by a designated friendly power shall determine whether there shall be any compensation for such alleged excess of privileges, and, if so, how much ought to be paid by the United States.

Next comes the various questions of navigation and commercial transit which are discussed by declaring the navigation of the rivers St. Lawrence, Yucan, Porcupine and Stillere for ever free and open to the citizens or subjects of both countries by providing for the equal use of the Welland, St. Lawrence and other Canal in the Dominion on the one hand and Lake Michigan and the St. Clair River Canal on the other, by providing for the free transit of merchandise to and from as well in the British possessions as in the United States, and abolishing the provisional export duty on American lumber on the river St. John.

All the provisions concerning the fisheries and commercial transit are, of course, subject to contingent upon their being approved by the Congress of the United States, and the Parliament of Great Britain, and Canada, and the Legislature of Prince Edward Island.

By these various stipulations all the privileges of fishery, navigation and transit accorded to the United States by the Treaty of 1851 are once more obtained, and in a better form and without the burdensome condition of that treaty in the matter of reciprocal importations.

The balance of the treaty relates to North Western boundary, which submits the question to the Emperor of Germany.

Legislative Correspondence.

FREDERICTON, May 6, '71.

The Session is rapidly drawing to a close. The School Bill has passed the Lower House, and by such a large majority that the Legislative Council will not do otherwise than assent to it. The Estimates will be brought, probably, before what I am writing is in press, and then the rest is short work. There will be of common Law Procedure Bill this Session, and the lawyers will perse the even tenor of their ways, untroubled by dreams of special pleas. But if nothing more is done, there has already been enough accomplished to make the session of 1871 memorable. History viewed in the workshop is not usually seen to advantage, and we scarcely ever appreciate correctly the relative importance of events, as they transpire. To the next generation however it will be manifest beyond all doubt, that the session which gave non-sectarian schools to New Brunswick, was one of the most important in her whole history, and the names of Geo. E. King and his colleagues and his supporters, who fought it out manfully will be held worthy of lasting memory. Our Legislative tempests have been succeeded by a delightful calm, which enables our sage lawmakers to indulge themselves in fun and practical joking. A Bill was introduced by Mr. Napier specifying the different articles of personal property which should be exempt from seizure under execution, and he handed it to a young member, Messrs. St. John to inspect. The chairman was reading the Bill, section by section, when he suddenly stopped, and it was discovered that an addition had been made to the articles of domestic utility which the introduction of the Bill had not mentioned. Up on the cause of the chairman's hesitation being understood, the house was convulsed and progress reported. The same gentleman has been recommended by several honorable members to one of the vacant seats in the Executive, and of course it will receive due consideration at the hands of the Executive. I must not

however forget the good service done by Dr. Palmer in clearing the question of Sectarian Schools. The Bill had been fought out on the broad question of sectarian or non-sectarian schools. The members of Government were more decided in their expressions in the Legislative than was the Bill itself; as under the provisions of the Bill it was possible for any board, if so minded, to arrange with Schools already established in popular districts to grant aid to such as separate schools. Dr. Palmer, finding the battle won, was determined to secure the fruits of the victory, and moved a section which was carried by a majority of ten that no school taught under that act should be sectarian. The section scattered your members. McQueen voted for it, Hamilton against it. Moore did not vote at all. Landry opposed it. McQueen's consistent votes have raised his character in the House.

The resolutions for better terms for New Brunswick have passed unanimously.

The Great Bear Race.

The Hon. Thomas R. Jones, recently by the English mail of Thursday, a letter from Renfrew, the Champion Sculler, which contains the following:

WESTGATE ST., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, April 10th 1871.

Dear Sir:—As stake holder in the match between James Renfrew, Champion English, Crew and Robert Fulton's Crew of St. John, New Brunswick, I forward you a bill on the Bank of England for the sum of £250, being our first instalment in accordance with the terms of the said match, articles for which have been signed on both sides. Accident has delayed the transmission of the articles and accompanying deposit for a few days, and we hope that you will notify to us the receipt of the enclosed at the earliest possible moment.

With best respects, I remain, dear Sir, Yours truly, J. J. W. for JAMES RENFREW.

Champion Sculler of England.

The articles duly signed were also received by Dr. Walker.

Fat Men.

It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if a man was a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat; a good plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Then men, the world over, are the men for work and endurance, wirey and hardy, and live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and as proof, fat people are never well at a time—are not suited for hard work. Still, there is a medium between fat as butter-ball and as thin as a jellyfish, as a fence rail. For mere looks, moderate roundness is most desirable—to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time, a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous laughing mood, and live chiefly on aluminates, such as boiled cracked wheat, oat, corn, barley and rye meals, with sweet milk and butter milk, and fat meats. Sugar is the best fattener known.

As Ohio paper thus describes an effort by one of Ohio's Legislative exponents: "Mr. Aiken, the anti-homosexual, thrilled the House on Saturday with one of his most majestic efforts: A short-horn reporter describes the scene as indescribable. Ladies on the back seats were obliged to climb up to the back of the chairs to escape the torrents of eloquence and things. The speaker was so charged with the electricity of eloquence that his sharply-pointed spick-stail coat frequently stood at an angle of sixty degrees, and trembled like an aspen. The orator most of the time resembled an irresponsible victim in galvanic slippers. He heaved and plunged and squealed like three hundred pounds of petticoats on her first pair of scales."

A new invention, patented by John Boyd, of Halifax, N. S., has just been brought under our notice. It is a combined clothes washer and wringer, and can be used in a common wash tub or any tub made to suit it. It will wash soiled spots from clothes without interfering with the clean part. It will not tear the clothes nor take the buttons off, and it can be regulated by turning a screw, to wash all sized articles from a pocket handkerchief to a blanket. It can be got up cheap so as to be within the reach of all, and will be found to be a valuable and labor-saving invention.—Ottawa Free Press.

