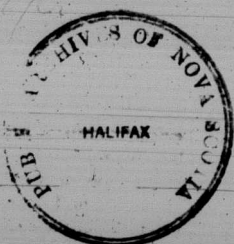


# CHIGNECTO Post.



WILLIAM C. MILNER,  
Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

No. 26

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**International Hotel.**  
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)  
200 Prince William Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and furnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American Hotel, and the Street Car running to the Fredericton outpass every fifteen minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbor, and the surrounding country.

The Proprietor having had an extensive experience in Hotels and Steamers, feels confident that those who patronize him will go away dissatisfied.

H. S. HINES, Proprietor.

**HARRISON & BURBIDGE,**  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARIES, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 4 Ritchie's Building,  
Princess St. - St. John, N. B.

**T. F. SHEPARD & CO.,**  
Marble & Freestone Workers,  
Point Du Chene,  
WESTBOROUGH, N. B.

**MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,**  
Tables, Chimney Poles, and Counter Tops, Shelves and Brackets  
Made of the best Materials, and cheaper than any other establishment in the Province.

Any orders left with him will be filled with dispatch.

**A. FORD,**  
Agent,  
July 5th, 1871.—jus Sackville, N. B.

**George Nixon,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**PAPER HANGINGS,**  
Brushes and Window Glass,  
66 King St. - St. John, N. B.

**NEW ERA**  
Nails, Shoe Nails, and  
**TACKS.**

The Goods Manufactured at  
**S. R. FOSTER'S**  
Standard Nail, Shoe Nail  
and Tack Works,  
George's street, St. John, N. B.,  
are pronounced by the Merchants and Dealers of Canada, England and Australia, to stand unequalled for

**QUALITY FINISH AND DURABILITY.**  
For Price Lists and Samples, Please address as above.

Orders solicited: prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

Special attention given to the wants of the SHOE TRADE.

**Dixon & Fawcett,**  
General Dealers in  
British, Canadian & W. I. Goods,  
FLOUR, MEAL & COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Sackville, N. B.

**Thos. R. Jones,**  
IMPORTER OF  
British and Foreign Dry Goods,  
CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &c.  
10 KING STREET,  
June 23 St. John, N. B.

**OURBIE & LOED,**  
Confectioners,  
AND  
FINE BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,  
45 Dock St. & 81 King street, St. John.

We beg to inform our friends and the public generally that we have on hand our usual large and varied assortment of

**Pure Confectionery!**  
In all its branches, which we will dispose of at our usual low rates.

**D. R. MOELMON,**  
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,  
AMHERST, N. S.

**CONTANTON & HAND—A nice assortment of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.**  
Agent at this place for the Celebrated RADOLLET WATCHES.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

**ALBERT J. HICKMAN,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,  
Dorchester, N. B.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**E. McINTOSH,**  
Tin-Smith.  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

**CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a quantity of Machine-made STOVE PIPE, TIN, WARE, COOKING, HALL, & PARLOR STOVES.**

**JOB WORK**  
promptly attended to. Having the latest improved machinery I am enabled to fill orders cheaply and at the shortest notice.

Oct. 11—oct 12 if.

**Paints. Paints.**  
**THOMPSON'S**  
White Lead, Zinc Paint,  
AND  
**PAINT MANUFACTORY,**  
60 PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale Only.  
oct 5

**CARD.**  
**Samuel Legere,**  
BUTCHER,  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

**WOULD** respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Sackville that he has opened a shop for supplying all kinds of FRESH MEAT, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

oct 19—2m

**PIANOS,**  
**CABINET ORGANS.**

**GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT**  
**Pianofortes,**  
Cabinet Organs,  
Agent for the Celebrated  
WM. BOURNE & HALL & SONS' PIANOFORTES,  
—AND—  
**The Smith American Organ,**  
ACKNOWLEDGED  
The Best in the World.

A large assortment on exhibition at 77 Prince Wm. Street.

C. FLOOD, St. John, Agent for N. B.

aug 31

**"WEED"**  
**SEWING MACHINES!**

Manufactured by the  
**NORTH AMERICAN**  
**SEWING MACHINE COMPANY**  
At St. John, N. B.

**W. S. CALHOUN,**  
General Agent,  
54 King Street.  
St. John, N. B.

aug 10—1f.

**MARBLE & FREESTONE**  
**WORKS,**  
**DORCHESTER, N. B.**

**H. J. McGRATH,**  
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
**Grave-Stone & Monumental Work**  
Executed in the best style and at short notice.

Having improved facilities for executing the above work, I can furnish it cheaper than any other establishment in the Province and in the very latest styles.

**Bernard & Co.,**  
Real Estate and Money  
**BROKERS,**  
Princess street, - St. John, N. B.

Farms and houses to let and for sale. Bonds mortgages and other securities bought and sold.

17—sep 22

**Albert J. Hickman,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,  
Dorchester, N. B.

At last three carriages rattled down to the wharf. Several huge trunks

## Poetry.

**WIDDER SPRIGGINS' DAUGHTER.**

There was a beautiful Summer morn,  
When things were up and comin',  
And all among the pinks and roses  
The bumble-bees were hummin';  
I took an early half-mile walk,  
As every body's order,  
When in the cowpath I was met  
By Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Her eyes were black as David's ink,  
Her cheeks were red as fury,  
And one smock of her luscious lips  
Would bribe a judge or jury.  
I bow'd—she curtsied just the way  
Her nice old Mar had taught her;  
She smiled—and oh! my heart was gone  
To Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Says I, "My dear, how do ye do?"  
Says she, "I reckon finely;"  
Says I, "Of all the girls I know,  
You look the most divinely."  
I snatched a kiss—she slapped my face,  
In fact, just as she order:  
"Behave yourself, how dare you sir!"  
Cried Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Just then an old rampageous sheep  
Who had been feeding near, sir,  
Squarred off, and like a ton of bricks  
He took me with his head, sir;  
I landed in a pond, chuck full  
Of frogs and filthy water,  
And then she stood and laughed and laughed,  
That Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Frather guess I crawled out quick,  
A lawyer chap has got her;  
While I'd a bright torch so lately lit  
Out in that frog-pond faded.  
Well, she was married yesterday,  
A lawyer chap has got her;  
So I'll forget, if not forgive,  
The Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

CHORUS:  
Widder Spriggins' Daughter,  
Another feller's got her;  
So her good-bye, without a sigh,  
To Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

**Literature.**  
**Caught by an Heiress.**

There was quite a pleasant little thrill of excitement on board the Mississippi steamer Columbia, bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, as she lay at the quay of the form-city (do they call it a quay at New Orleans, or a levee, or a crevasse, or what?) just before starting on her voyage.

Some few passengers professed to know all about the matter. Their accounts, of course, did not agree in many particulars; but they all generally bore out one conclusion. The young heiress had only recently become enriched. The death of a distant relative, who had amassed a huge fortune in South America, had made her, quite unexpectedly, an heiress. She had been brought up in a New Orleans convent, her mother being dead. Her father was travelling with her. Several on board were acquainted, more or less, with the father; not one ever professed to have seen the daughter.

While a general and keen anxiety was felt to see the heiress, the ladies were much more eager on the subject than the gentlemen. Men are very seldom curious about a woman whom they have not seen; women are just the reverse. The men on board the Columbia who felt or professed the greatest desire to see the expected heiress were Colonel Sharpe, the Hon. Captain Deedes (of England), and Phil Pembroke, a handsome young American, who had gone creditably, not perhaps very splendidly, through his university course, and had not yet quite found out what to do with himself in life.

Colonel Sharpe thought that something could be made out of the heiress or the father, somehow. Captain Deedes thought he might have a try for the girl and her "tin." Phil Pembroke was anxious to see what the mysterious young lady might be like. In the weary hours before the steamer's departure these three had been thrown together a good deal, Colonel Sharpe had won two bets of the Britisher, and played cards with him, but found that in the latter matter sport the Britisher could hold his own.

At last three carriages rattled down to the wharf. Several huge trunks

and boxes and valises are taken on board. Then comes an elderly gentleman handing in two ladies, both young, apparently: then a smart French damsel, evidently a lady's-maid; and then a colored man carrying a little dog in his arms. The ladies have their veils down, and nobody can make anything out of them. The whole party passes in, and presently disappears, absorbed into staterooms.

The elderly gentleman and the ladies did not appear that night, and there was considerable disappointment among the company in consequence. Colonel Sharpe offered to bet drinks that the taller lady was the heiress. Captain Deedes would not bet, for he assumed with a yawn, that it must be so, seeing that the smaller of the two had shown in passing a very pretty foot and ankle; and girls with lots of money were almost always sure to be "beef to the heels." Phil Pembroke thought that as the taller girl passed, him he had caught through her veil the gleam of two very bright eyes; and he hoped these belonged to the heiress, although, as he said, rather grimly, within himself, it didn't much matter to him; a woman with beauty and fortune would not be likely to give herself much concern for a poor devil like him.

The morning rose beautiful and bright over the yellow waters and the rich green shores. The heiress and her party had emerged from the state-rooms, and were graciously mingling with the general company. The heiress was really a very handsome girl—tall, pale, quiet, with a transparent complexion, long, straight nose, and magnificent fair hair. The other girl was a bright, pleasant, little thing, without much pretension, or without any pretension to beauty, but with a pretty and compact little figure—just the person to be a very trim and agreeable teacher or mistress in a well-kept school, apparently. The father was a rather handsome, very gentlemanly, gray-headed man, who talked willingly and agreeably enough, but had, every now and then, an odd and uncomfortable way of looking uneasily about him, as if he had something on his mind, or were in fear of some manner of detection.

Capt. Deedes made his way to the lady through the papa, to whom he offered a cigar as a propitiatory sacrifice. Colonel Sharpe disdained such timorous and roundabout ways. He boldly approached the young lady with two green volumes of Mrs. Southworth in his hand, and taking off his hat with a splendid flourish, and looking wonderful things out of his beautiful dark eyes, he blandly offered her those masterpieces of the modern school, and presently he was seen to offer her his arm, and to use an expression adopted by himself, "tote" her up and down the deck.

Phil Pembroke, now piqued into trying his fortune, easily found a way of initiating an acquaintanceship with the heiress. Her name, by-the-way, he had heard to be Miss Rosetta Alexander. Now Mr. Phil was fond of pretty names for women, and "Rosetta" preposited him. Rosetta's face was certainly very handsome, and she received his advances—evidently those of a gentleman—with ready courtesy and apparent good-humor. She had a bland, sweet smile, which she turned freely upon the young man as they talked commonplace together; and Phil began to think she was a charming girl, and that he was very likely indeed to fall in love with her. That sweet, gentle smile! How willing it turned to him! How it brightened and transfigured a commonplace as a moon-beam does a puddle!

Still the young man began to find that they were only talking commonplace. That white forehead, those eyes, that smile, must have a fine intellect behind them. *Pauza majores*—he soon began to try higher themes. He talked of the scene, of lovely scenes in general; of nature, of the ocean, the desert, the Alps; of places he had seen, and places he longed to see. Miss Rosetta turned her sweet

smile on him, and blandly assented to all he said.

Phil soon politely bowed himself away. "I can't fall in love with a smile and a fortune," he said to himself. "My British friend may try his chance and welcome, if he will. She ought to marry Lord Dundreary."

In withdrawing he nearly stumbled over a lady, and he stooped to make an apology. She was the companion of Miss Alexander. She was a plain little girl enough, but she had good eyes, and a very expressive mouth—too expressive, Pembroke thought just then, for she seemed to be laughing at him.

"She has seen my discomfiture," he thought. "And it amuses her." Pembroke's apology led to an interchange of words. The woman spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which had at least some character in it, and attracted our somewhat discouraged youth. He uttered a commonplace or two, but to his amazement the girl cut him short by calmly saying:

"Thank you. But suppose we meet each other on the deck or the stairs a few times more, and look at each other without speaking, until we get better acquainted?"

"Why so?" asked puzzled Pembroke.

"Wouldn't it be a better way of opening an acquaintance than a parade of commonplaces that no one cares about?"

"Well, I suppose people must begin with commonplaces. It's like moving the pawns in the beginning of a game of chess."

"Is it?" I thought there was some purpose generally in every movement of the pawns. But, indeed, the beginning of a game of chess is very dull to me, and I am always longing to get it over."

Some people can talk commonplaces, observed Phil, thinking of his recent interview.

Somewhat else came up, and this saucy little lady got out of the odd discussion.

"A strange girl," Phil said to himself; "made cynical, I suppose, by seeing a pretty idiot preferred to herself by every man just because that idiot has money and she has none. I must talk to her again."

He did talk to her again, and again. He found her piquant, bright, brilliant of intelligence, and, for all her occasional sharpness of speech, full, too, of good feeling, tenderness, and sensibility. He began to think her pretty, and more than pretty. The brave Colonel Sharpe was highly amused at our hero for his having taken up with the companion, in default of the heiress, and offered to bet drinks and cigars that before the steamer reached St. Louis Pembroke would find himself compelled to fall back upon the waiting maid.

An amazing amount of incident, romance, love-making, passions, and marriage-making, may be crowded into a voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis, and yet not seem crowded either. This voyage, thanks to an unusual strength of current in the river, was slower and longer than usual. By the time the steamer had reached Memphis Phil Pembroke was in love with Miss Rosetta, and by the time the steamer had reached Cairo he knew it.

Meanwhile Captain Deedes had become hopelessly discouraged in his pursuit of Miss Rosetta Alexander. He frankly owned that he could never get anything more out of her than "Yes," and a sweet smile; and that everybody else got just as much, and he had, therefore, no way of testing his progress. Colonel Sharpe had the running all to himself, and seemed mightily satisfied. The very evening when the steamer touched at Cairo Shape whispered to Deedes, in exulting accents, "I've made it all right with the heiress! She's said Yes; and if papa don't consent, I'll run away with her from St. Louis!"

Captain Deedes started, turned away, wondering within himself whether he ought not to warn the papa, began to feel heartily ashamed of having given any manner of sanction to Colonel Sharpe and his

schemes; but ended by smoking a cigar moodily, and saying nothing.

One thing had puzzled and even pained Phil Pembroke a little during the voyage. He could not help now and then detecting little glances of mutual confidence passing between Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts, his daughter's companion, while no such glances ever passed between Mr. Alexander and his daughter. Could it be possible that Mr. Alexander was weak enough to think of giving his daughter a young step-mother, and that Miss Roberts, who seemed so noble, was capable even of momentarily humoring such an idea? He put the thought away, and would not harbor it.

The voyage was drawing to a close. Soon the party would all separate, perhaps never to meet again any of them, unless Phil should say some words to the one whom alone he profoundly longed to meet again—such words he had not yet spoken.

Late in the evening—in the night, indeed—he came on deck. The deck seemed almost deserted, and he was glad of it. He walked moodily along and watched the darkening shores and gliding trees, where now and then a fire-fly was gleaming. Suddenly he saw close to him at the stern of the boat, two figures were seated, a man and a woman; and the woman was lying with her head on the man's shoulder, and his arm was around her neck. Phil started and would have turned back unseen, but it was too late. He felt the blood rushing to his head, and he seemed to see lightnings dancing before his eyes; for the pair he saw were Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts.

He heard the whisper of a hasty word or two—and yes, indeed, even something like a half-suppressed laugh, and then Mr. Alexander coolly rose and walked away; and Miss Roberts called to him—Pembroke—by name, and made way for him to sit beside her.

He obeyed, with rage and scorn boiling in his breast, determined to show this worthless girl, this mercenary coquette, how little he cared for her. As he sat by her he could see that she was still laughing—aye, laughing in his very face.

"Mr. Pembroke."

"Madam!"

"Good gracious, what a solemn and melodramatic sound! You are angry with me?"

"I have no right to be, Madam."

"And you say so in a tone which seems to imply that you have all the right in the world. Pray, Mr. Pembroke, don't be angry; I can hardly help it. You would laugh if you only knew all."

"I don't ask to know anything."

"No, of course; but you are longing to know, all the same. Well, Mr. Pembroke, I ask you just for once to believe me without knowing. I can guess what you have been suspecting, and I won't laugh if I can help it; but you are quite wrong. Mr. Alexander is more dear to me than any other being almost on earth; but I have not been flirting with him, or trying to marry him. Do you not believe in me?"

She laid her hand gently on his, and looked into his face with eyes so pure and so noble that every darkness of thought and hard suspicion were swept from Pembroke's heart, and he pressed the hand to his lips, hardly knowing what he did, and said:

"I believe in you—I love you!"

Then his whole tale of love poured itself into her unresisting ear; and although for awhile she said no word, he knew that she loved him.

She looked up at last, and said:

"You know what my position is—that I am a poor, dependant girl."

"I do; thank God for it! I am poor too. How should I dare to approach you if you were rich? Let me be poor together—for awhile; I shall make my way. I know it now, and win or lose, we shall be happy."

There was a moment's pause. Then the girl looked bravely into his face, and said:

"Mr. Pembroke, I am no coquette and no brute. I am not ashamed to own that I feel to you as I never shall to any one else; but if I freely pledge to you my undying love, it can and shall be only on one condition."

"Any condition you will—only name it quickly."

"That nothing you may hereafter, or soon, hear about me, nothing I now have to tell you, shall induce you to withdraw your offer of love."

Wild thoughts went through Pembroke's agitated mind. Perhaps there was something in the girl's birth, parentage, family history, which she feared he might regard as a stain, and by which she therefore would test the strength of his love. How idle a doubt! What did he care for anything but her own purity and truth; and of these his whole instinct, heart and soul, assured him.

He passionately protested that nothing on earth could divide him from her if she would but promise him her love and her hand. He would wait as long as she pleased—years, if she would only give him the pledge that her heart was his.

A bright smile crossed her face even while tears were in her eyes, and she said:

"I have been playing a foolish trick—a mad whim of mine—and I have entangled you! My name is Rosetta Alexander, and Mr. Alexander is my father, and the young lady with the sweet smile, whom you wouldn't make love to, is Virginia Roberts, my waiting maid, the handsomest, best, and sturdiest girl under the sun! I am quite ashamed of all this absurd masquerade; but I have only lately become rich—and I suppose it has turned my head—and I have not long come out of a convent, and I heard that all men were so mercenary, and I thought it would be such capital fun to see people making love to Virginia for her supposed fortune! Papa would try to get me the moon if I cried for it, and so he consented, very unwillingly, to go into the scheme, and very awkwardly he played his part; and—that's all—except that you are fairly trapped, and can you ever forgive me?"

Pembroke did forgive her, although he was, for the moment, honestly disappointed to find that he was not marrying a poor girl. She, with her quick and subtle instincts, would probably in any case have divined the truth and nobleness of his character; but it appeared that Mr. Alexander and she were already well acquainted, through friends, with our hero's antecedents, and the manly promise of his independent, honest nature. Mutual love did all the rest, and the affection that grew up in six days will last true and bright forever.

Captain Deedes was invited to the wedding. Colonel Sharpe (who was not invited) always offered to bet drinks that Pembroke knew the whole secret from the beginning. He considered himself an injured man, and plays euchre more steadily than ever.

**ON DRAINING.**  
**HOW DRAINS ACT ON AND AFFECT THE SOIL.**

Land which requires draining gets out a sign of its condition, more or less clear, according to its circumstances, but always unmistakable to the practiced eye. Sometimes it is the broad binner of standing water, or dark, wet streaks in plowed land, when all should be dry and of even color; sometimes only a flitting rag of distress in curling corn, or wide cracking clay, or feeble, spindling, shivering grain, which has survived a precarious winter, on the loc weeds that have stretched its crown above a wet soil; sometimes the quarantine flag of rank growth and dank miasmatic fogs.

To recognize these indications is the first office of the drainer; the second, to remove the causes from which they arise.

Land which requires draining, is that which at some time during the year (either from an accumulation of the rains which fall upon it from