

CHIGNECTO POST.



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WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

No. 34.

BUSINESS CARDS.

International Hotel.
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)
180 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 Harbours, and the Street Cars running to the Fredericton, and passing every five minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbour, and the surrounding scenery.

Proprietor having had an extensive experience in Hotels and Steamers, feels confident that none who patronize him will be disappointed.

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MACHINE-MADE STOVEPIPE, TIN-
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promptly attended to. Having the latest
improved machinery I am enabled to fill
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White Lead, Zinc Paint,
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PAINT MANUFACTORY,
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Oct 5

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inhabitants of Sackville that he has
opened a shop for supplying all kinds of
FRESH MEAT, and hopes by strict atten-
tion to business to merit a share of public
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A large assortment on exhibition
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aug 31

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Executed in the best Style and
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Having improved facilities for exe-
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the Province and in the very latest
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Albert J. Hickman,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,
Dorchester, N. B.

may 13

Literature.

MISS OR MRS. ?

A Christmas Story, in Twelve Scenes.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir Joseph Graybrooke - Knight.
Richard Turlington - Of the Levant
Trade.
Launcelot Linzie - Of the College of Sur-
geons.
James Deane - Of the Roll of Attorneys.
Thomas Wildfang - Supernatural Sic-
kness.
Miss Graybrooke - Sir Joseph's Sister.
Natalie - Sir Joseph's Daughter.
Lady Winwood - Sir Joseph's Niece.
Angela Sorrell - Lady Winwood's Step-
daughter.
Dorothy - Period: The Present Time. Place: Eng-
land.

FIRST SCENE.

AT SEA.

The night had come to an end. The
new-born day waited for its
quickening light in the silence that
is never known on land - the silence
before sunrise, in a calm at sea.

Not a breath came from the dead
air. Not a ripple stirred on the motion-
less water. Nothing changed but
the softly glowing light; nothing
moved but the lazy mist, curling up
to meet the sun, its master, on the
eastward sea. By fine traditions, the
airy veil of morning thinned in sub-
stance as it rose - thinned, till there
dawned through it the first rays of
sunlight the tall white rays of a
schooner yacht.

From stem to stern silence possessed
the vessel - as silence possessed
the sea.

But one living creature was on
deck - the man at the helm, dozing
peaceably with his arm over the use-
less tiller. Minute by minute the
light grew, and the heat grew with
it; and still the helmsman slumbered,
the heavy sails hung noiseless,
the quiet water lay sleeping against
the vessel's sides. The whole orb
of the sun was visible above the
water-line when the first sound pier-
ced its way through the morning sil-
ence. From far off over the shining
white ocean the cry of a scabbard
reached the yacht on a sudden out of
the last airy circles of the waning
mist.

The sleeper at the helm woke, look-
ed up at the idle sails, and yawned
in sympathy with them; looked out
at the sea on either side of him, and
shook his head obstinately at the su-
perior obstinacy of the calm.

"Blow, my little breeze!" said the
man, whistling the sailor's invocation
to the wind softly between his
teeth. "Blow, my little breeze!"

"How's her head?" cried a bold
and brassy voice, hailing the deck
from the cabin stateroom.

"Any where you like, master, all
around the compass."

The voice was followed by the
man. The owner of the yacht ap-
peared on deck.

Behold Richard Turlington, Esq.,
of the great Levant firm of Pizzutti,
Turlington, & Branca! Aged eight-
and-thirty, standing stately and stur-
dily at a height of not more than five
feet six, Mr. Turlington presented to
the view of his fellow-creatures a face
of the perpendicular order of human
architecture. His forehead was a
straight line, his upper lip was an-
other, his chin was the straightest
and the longest line of all. As he
turned his swarthy countenance east-
ward and shaded his light-gray eyes
from the sun, his knotty hand plain-
ly revealed that he had earned his
own living at one time or another in
his life. Taken on the whole, this
was a man whom it might be easy to
respect, but whom it would be hard
to love. Better company at the of-
ficial desk than at the social table. -
Morally and physically - if the ex-
pression may be permitted - a man
without a bend in him.

"A calm yesterday," grumbled
Richard Turlington, looking with
stubborn deliberation all around
him. "And a calm to-day. Ha!
next season I'll have the vessel fitted
with engines. I hate this!"

"Think of the filthy coals and the

infernal vibration, and leave your
beautiful schooner as she is. We
are out for a holiday. Let the wind
and the sea take a holiday too."

Pronouncing these words of re-
monstrance, a slim, nimble, early
headed young gentleman joined
Richard Turlington on deck, with
his clothes under his arm, his towels
in his hand, and nothing on him but
the night-gown in which he had step-
ped out of his bed.

"Launcelot Linzie, you have been
received on board my vessel in the
capacity of medical attendant on
Miss Natalie Graybrooke, at her fa-
ther's request. Keep your place, if
you please. When I want your ad-
vice, I'll ask for it." Answering in
those terms, the elder man fixed his
colorless gray eyes on the younger
with an expression which added
plainly: "There won't be room
enough in this schooner much long-
er for me and you."

Launcelot Linzie had his reasons
(apparently) for declining to let his
host offend him, on any terms what-
ever.

"Thank you!" he rejoined, in a
tone of satirical good humor. "It
isn't easy to keep my place on board
your vessel. I can't help presuming
to enjoy myself as if I was the owner.
The life is such a new one - to
me! It's so delightfully easy, for
instance, to wash yourself here. On
shore it's a complicated question of
jugs and basins and tubs; one is al-
ways in danger of breaking some-
thing or spoiling something. Here
you have only to jump out of bed, to
run up on deck, and to do this!"

He turned and scampered to the
bows of the vessel. In one instant
he was out of his night-gown, in an-
other he was on the bulwark, in a
third he was gamboling luxuriously
in sixty fathoms of salt water.

Turlington's eyes followed him
with a reluctant, uneasy attention as
he swam round the vessel, the only
moving object in view. Turlington's
mind, steady and slow in its opera-
tions, set him as a problem to be
solved, on given conditions as fol-
lows:

"Launcelot Linzie is fifteen years
younger than I am. Add to that,
Launcelot Linzie is Natalie Gray-
brooke's cousin. Given those two
advantages - Query: Has he taken
Natalie's fancy?"

Turning that question slowly over
and over in his mind, Richard Tur-
lington seated himself in a corner at
the stern of the vessel. He was
still at work on the problem when
the young surgeon returned to his
cabin to put the finishing touches to
his toilet. He had not reached the
solution when the steward appeared
an hour later and said, "Breakfast
is ready, Sir!"

There was a party of five round
the cabin table.

First, Sir Joseph Graybrooke. In-
heritor of a handsome fortune made
by his father and his grandfather in
trade. Mayor, twice-elected of a
thriving provincial town. Officially
privileged, while holding that dignity,
to hand a silver trowel to a royal
personage condescending to lay a
first stone of a charitable edifice. -
Knighthood accordingly, in honor
of the occasion. - Worthy of the honor
and worthy of the occasion. A type
of his eminently respectable class.
Possessed of an amiable rosy face,
and soft, silky white hair. Sound in
his principles; tidy in his dress;
blest with moderate politics and a
good digestion - a harmless, healthy,
spruce, speckless, weak-minded old
man.

Secondly, Miss Lavinia Gray-
brooke, Sir Joseph's maiden sister.
Personally Sir Joseph in petticoats.
If you knew one you knew the other.

Thirdly, Miss Natalie Graybrooke
Sir Joseph's only child.

She had inherited the personal ap-
pearance and temperament of her
mother - lead many years since. -
There had been a mixture of Negro
blood and French blood in the late
Lady Graybrooke's family, settled
originally in Martinique. Natalie
had her mother's warm, dusky color,
her mother's superb black hair, and
her mother's melting, lazy, lovely

brown eyes. At fifteen years of age
(dating from her last birthday), she
possessed the development of the
bosom and the limbs which in Eng-
land, rarely attained before twenty. -
Everything about the girl - except
her little rosy ears - was on a grand
Amazonian scale. Her shapely hand
was long and large; her supple waist
was the waist of a woman. The in-
dolent grace of all her movements
had its motive power in an almost
profusion of physical resource. This
remarkable bodily development was
far from being accompanied by any
corresponding development of char-
acter. Natalie's manner was of the
gentle, innocent manner of a young
girl. She had her father's sweet ten-
der ingrained on her mother's vari-
able Southern nature. She moved
like a goddess, and she laughed like
a child. Signs of maturing too rap-
idly - of outgrowing her strength,
as the phrase went - had made their
appearance in Sir Joseph's daugh-
ter during the spring. The family
doctor had suggested a sea voyage
as a wise manner of employing the
fine summer months. Richard Tur-
lington's yacht was placed at her dis-
posal - with Richard Turlington him-
self included as one of the fixtures
of the vessel. With her father and
her aunt to keep up round her the at-
mosphere of home - with cousin
Launcelot (more commonly known
as "Launce") to carry out, if neces-
sary, the medical treatment prescrib-
ed by superior authority on shore -
the lovely invalid embarked on her
summer cruise, and sprang up into a
new existence in the life-giving
breezes of the sea. After two hap-
py months of lazy coasting round
the shores of England, all that re-
mained of Natalie's illness was re-
presented by a delicious languor in
her eyes, and an utter inability to
devote herself to anything which
took the shape of a serious occupa-
tion. As she sat at the cabin break-
fast-table that morning in her quaint
made sailing dress of old-fashioned
mink - her inbred child-likeness of
manner contrasting delightfully with
the blooming maturity of her form -
the man must have been truly arm-
ed indeed in the modern philosophy
who could have denied that the first
of a woman's rights is the right of
being beautiful; and the foremost of
a woman's merits, the merit of being
young.

The other two persons present at
the table were the two gentlemen who
have already appeared on the deck
of the yacht.

"Not a breath of wind stirring!"
said Richard Turlington. "The
weather has got a grudge against us.
We have drifted about forty or five
miles in the last eight-and-forty hours.
You will never take another cruise
with me - you must be loquacious
to get on shore."

He addressed himself to Natalie,
plainly eager to make himself agree-
able to the young lady, and plainly
unsuccessful in producing any im-
pression on her. She made a civil
answer; and looked at her tea-cup,
instead of looking at Richard Tur-
lington.

"You might fancy yourself on shore
at this moment," said Launce.

"The vessel is as steady as a house
and the swing-table we are eating our
breakfast on is as even as our din-
ing-room table at home."

He too, addressed himself to Natalie,
but without betraying the anxiety to
please her which had been shown by
the other. For all that, he diverted
the girl's attention from her tea-cup;
and his idea instantly awakened a re-
sponsive idea in Natalie's mind.

"It will be so strange on shore,"
she said, "to find myself in a room
that never turns on one side, and to
sit at a table that never tilts down to
my knees at one time, or rises up to
my chin at another. How I shall
miss the wash of the water at my ear,
and the ring of the bell on deck, when
I am awake at night on land! No
interest there in how the wind blows,
or how the sails are set. No asking
your way of the sun, when you are
lost with a little brass instrument

and a morsel of pencil and paper.
No delightful wandering whenever
the wind takes you, with the worry of
planning beforehand where you are
to go. Oh how I shall miss the dear,
changeable inconstant sea! And how
sorry I am I'm not a man and a
sailor!"

This is the guest, admitted on
board on sufferance; and not one
word of it addressed, even by chance,
to the owner of the yacht.

Richard Turlington's heavy eye-
brows contracted with an unmistak-
able expression of pain.

"It is this cold weather holds," he
went on addressing himself to Sir
Joseph. "I am afraid, Graybrooke, I
shall not be able to bring you back
to the port we sailed from by the end
of the week."

"Whenever you like, Richard," an-
swered the old gentleman, resignedly.
"Any time will do for me."

"Any time within reasonable limits,
Joseph," said Miss Lavinia, evidently
feeling that her brother was conceal-
ing much. She spoke with Sir Joseph's
amiable smile and Sir Joseph's softly
pitched voice. Two twin babies
could hardly have been more like
one another.

While these few words were being
exchanged among the elders, a private
communication was in course of pro-
gress between the two young people
under the cabin table. Natalie's
sneakily slipped foot felt its way
cautiously inch by inch over the
carpet till it touched Launce's foot,
Launce, devouring his breakfast,
instantly looked up from his plate,
and then, at a second touch from
Natalie, looked down again in a
violent hurry. After passing to make
sure that she was not noticed, Natalie
took up her knife. Under a
perfectly acted pretence of toying
with it absently, in the character of
a young lady absorbed in thought, she
began dividing a morsel of ham left on
the edge of her plate into six tiny
pieces. Launce's eye looked in sid-
elong expectation in the divided and
subdivided ham. He was evidently
waiting to see the collection of mor-
sels put to some telegraphic use, pre-
viously determined on between his
neighbour and himself.

In the mean while the talk pro-
ceeded among the other persons at the
breakfast-table. Miss Lavinia
addressed herself to Launce.

"Do you know, you careless boy,
you gave me a fright this morning?
I was sleeping with my cabin window
open, and I was awoken by an awful
splash in the water. I called for the
stewardess. I declare I thought some-
body had fallen overboard!"

Sir Joseph looked up briskly; his
sister had accidentally touched on an
old association.

"Talking of falling overboard," he
began, "reminds me of an extraordi-
nary adventure."

There Launce broke in, making
his apologies.

"It shouldn't occur again, Miss La-
vinia," he said. "Tomorrow morn-
ing, I'll oil myself all over, and slip
into the water as silently as a seal."

"Of an extraordinary adventure,"
persisted Sir Joseph, "which happened
to me many years ago, when I
was a young man. Lavinia?"

He stopped, and looked interroga-
tively at his sister. Miss Graybrooke
nibbled her head responsively, and
settled herself in her chair, as if simu-
lating her attention in anticipation
of a coming demand on it. To per-
sons well acquainted with the brother
and sister these proceedings were
omnibus of an impending narrative,
protracted to a formidable length.
The two always told a story in couples,
and always differed with each other
about the facts - the sister politely
contradicting the brother when it was
Sir Joseph's story, and the brother
politely contradicting the sisters when
it was Miss Lavinia's story. Separat-
ed one from the other and thus re-
leased of their own habitual inter-
changed contradiction, neither of
them had ever been known to attempt
the relation of the simplest series of
events without breaking down.

"It was five years before I knew
you Richard," proceeded Sir Joseph.
"Six years," said Miss Graybrooke.
"Excuse me, Lavinia."

"Let us waive the point." (Sir
Joseph invariably used this formula
as a means of at once conciliating his
sister, and getting a fresh start for
his story.) "I was cruising off the

Mersey in a Liverpool pilot-boat.
I had hired the boat in company with
a friend of mine, formerly a notions
in London society, under the nick-
name (derived from the peculiar
brown color of his whiskers) of Ma-
hogony Dobs."

"The color of his liveries, Joseph
not the color of his whiskers."

"My dear Lavinia, you are think-
ing of 'Sourgrass Shaw,' so called
from the extraordinary liveries he
adopted for his servants in the year
when he was sheriff."

"I think not, Joseph."

"I beg your pardon, Lavinia."

Richard Turlington's knotty fin-
gers drummed impatiently on the
table. He looked toward Natalie.
She was idly arranging her little
morsels of