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VOL. 7.-NO. 32.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 334.

## LITERATURE.

### The Phantom Light.

An Exceedingly Thrilling but True  
Ghost Story.

Christmas Number of the London Society.

It was about 11 o'clock at night. Nellie and I were sitting by the bow-window in our drawing-room, which she threw wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, most refreshingly welcome, after the sultry heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety darkness that belongs only to a perfectly moonless, starless night.

Just below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long, straight line of the promenade, with its asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by a shadowy row of white posts connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embankment lay the wide, desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles and miles on either hand.

The tide was far out, so far out that only a sort of pale-gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sand-banks off the Southport coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuary of the little Ribble, the steady light from the Lytham Light-House kept watch and ward over the dangerous Horse Bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal on which many a good ship has gone to its doom of shipwreck and death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window, her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the misty, soft darkness outside. It was as dark inside as out; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still is it!" she said dreamily. "What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on everything!"

As if to contradict her words, a faint sound like a far off voice seemed suddenly to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked, much startled.

Some one calling down on the sands," I said. "The intense stillness carries the sound a great distance at night."

"I heard such a wild legend this morning," she went on presently, "connected with those great deserts of sand that stretch over towards Lytham. Old Joe, the boatman, says that they are haunted by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I said sceptically. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "It is a most pathetic, dreadful legend. Years ago before there was a town here at all, people used to cross the sands between here and Lytham on horseback. One stormy evening a traveller had crossed as usual, and had almost reached the shore, when suddenly a bright light appeared, hovered for a moment over a spot a few yards away, and then vanished. At the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with terror, and broke loose, throwing his rider to the ground. When he recovered himself he found, lying on the ground at his feet, the body of a beautiful young girl. She was quite dead with a ghastly wound in her side, from which the blood had flowed all over her white dress."

"That night an awful storm arose. A ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank, and only one man, the captain, was saved. He was taken to the same house where the traveller had already found shelter, and by some mistake was put into the room where the murdered girl was lying. At the sight of her he gave an appalling shriek, and fell down senseless. As soon as he revived he was questioned, and confessed that the young person was his wife, whom, in a moment of rage and jealousy, he had stabbed to the heart and flung into the sea. And she had given up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore, and the murderer and his victim were face to face. And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the place where she was first found. It seems to rise from the sand and goes echoing and waiting along, calling, calling, as if in mortal agony. The old boatman says that people have followed it, believing some one in peril, and have been lured on and on, till the tide has overtaken them and they would be drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said with a shudder. "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that whoever hears the voice is in risk of great sorrow, or trouble, or some kind of sorrow, or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken a tone of awe. The still and sombre darkness, the midnight hour, and the weird melancholy legend had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentiment of dread and evil.

We kept our places by the window looking into the deep velvety darkness, with the far-away, solitary light from the light-house gleaming like a red spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from those lonely sands, a moaning, piteous voice, wailing and imploring as if in unutterable anguish. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, now falling, a lonely, desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a lost soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance in a faint low sob, when Nellie suddenly sprang back into the room.

"Oh Jean, look!" she cried, "the phantom light!"

I leant out of the window, gazing out along the promenade. Flashing through the sombre darkness like a great star was brilliant and beautiful light. It came rapidly towards us from the right, apparently floating in the air, and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a steady forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings, and misty, undefined form, while a sharp, rustling, whirling sound accompanied its progress.

As the phantom approached the desolate moaning rose again from the sands, and swept along in low, shuddering cries, dying away as sad and piteous as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Nellie fearfully, "what is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses, and an icy grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold, a chill, eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shapes, at which I dared not look, lest they should take form before my eyes.

"There it is again!" cried Nellie, shudderingly.

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant star-like light again floating towards us, this time from the right hand.

It came on swiftly, with the impenetrable fantastic shadow in the air above it, and when exactly opposite vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible benumbing terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several times, the light alternately appearing from the right and left, and always vanishing when exactly opposite to us, and always accompanied by the moaning voice.

Again the low, wailing sound from the sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to humanity. No words were uttered, but the agony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Oh, Jean, Jean, here it is again!" cried Nellie, cowering back into my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom light appeared. This time it came on more slowly, glancing to and fro unsteadily, while the shadowy form behind it seemed more grotesque and misty than ever.

"On, Jean, if this is true! If it comes to foretell some loss, or some trouble!" sobbed Nellie, weeping softly.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say reassuredly. "It cannot be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills, but not through—"

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice down below in the darkness. "You will frighten somebody into fits with that lantern dodge of yours. You and your confounded bicycle look like some horrible ghostly spectre, sitting along in the dark. You gave me a precious start I can just tell you now."

Both Nellie and myself jumped to our feet, and gazed incredulously out of the window.

Down below in the road, a yard or two to the right, the phantom stood, stationary at last. In the glare before it a young man was standing, while behind loomed the great mysterious shadow, robbed of all its terrors in a moment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in the mostly unheeding slant. "You see, Jack the asphalt's splendid to practise on; but a fellow has no chance in the daytime for those confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark lantern and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the wits of all the old maids on the promenade," returned the other. "You look most horribly like some goblin from the lower regions, with your dark lantern flashing in front, those noiseless wheels and your long legs and arms spread out like great wings behind."

"The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned irreverently, but I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will be going to be put off tomorrow; we are going to have an awful storm. Listen! How the wind sighs and moans in the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough weather. What a rage Gregory will be in!"

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nellie and I looked at each other rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

Women From a Colorado Standpoint.

Colorado Springs Gazette.

We were surprised to hear one of our young men utter these words a few days ago: "I have recently given up all ideas of the woman folk, and can back her perfectly. I am more at home in this line than hostess in the fair sects. Angels in petticoats and kiss-me-quickies are pretty to look at, I give in, but they are as slippery as eels; when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you find yourself at the wrong end of the line—you're ketching yourself; and when you've stuffed 'em with fruits, pastry, doggerel, and lots of jewelry, they will throw you away as they would a cold potato. Leastwise that has been my experience. But I've done 'em 'em now. The Queen of Sheba, Pompey's Pillar and Lot's wife, with a steam engine to hold 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

Boston Girls.

Anna H. Husted in Burlington Hawk-Eye.

The school-girl, too, has her individuality that is remarkable. She knows the name of Boston girls is already an honor to the last; you will not catch her "making eyes" or being "gunning handkerchief flirtations." She is too demure for that, but for all that she is the most bewitching flirt in creation. She wears eye-glasses upon her nose, and generally she carries a music roll or a strap full of books well covered, but the Boston maiden knoweth well all the feminine allurement, and woe betide the youth who dare encounter them. Oh! these Boston girls! I defy you to find in any other city such troops of glowing cheeks, such armies of snowy temples and broad foreheads shaded by such lovely tresses! I rejoice in their beauty, and exult in New England with its rare genius for training such wits and mothers as those whose influence has made our land peculiarly a land of happy homes!

An Unfortunate Wise Man.

New England Journal of Education.

A gentleman made application for a school in Maine, presenting himself to the board for examination as to his qualifications. Arithmetical questions were proposed. The teacher stumbled and halted, but finally made out to cipher out the answers. Said the gentleman: "Can you locate Boston?" He answered: "I know all about it, probably just as well as you do; have heard of the place several times, but can't somehow or other seem to locate it."

With a view to helping him out, the committee said: "It is the capital of a State, is it not?" "Yes, I believe so." "What State?" "Well I know, probably as well as you do, what State Boston is the Capital of, but you see, I haven't got the flow of language to express it."

A very modest young lady who wanted a pair of garters addressed Bange thusly: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

This income of the Czar is \$25,000 a day; the Sultan, \$18,000; Emperor of Germany, \$8,200, and Victoria, \$6,270.

## Up Among the Bones.

Midnight in a Dissecting Room.

From Philadelphia Times.

Away up several flights of stairs that wind silently past mysterious doorways and creak a little, as though in solemn protest against the belief that they too are dead and far removed from any of the scenes suggestive of life; just beneath the roof of a sombre edifice that spreads at night a mantle of gloom upon the streets and alley-ways below, converting shadows into ghastly shapes and making dancing monsters of the huge telegraph poles that pierce the clouds thereabouts, is the dissecting room of Jefferson's Medical College.

The building itself is an old one, and though familiar to the great mass of Philadelphians, has been frequently the source of speculation among the Centennial sojourners in the city. Its deep cellars, wherein are spacious vaults for the pickling of the remains of deceased men and women, are rarely penetrated, even by the most enthusiastic searchers for the marvelous, and few of the thousands who have graduated from the old school can do so without conjecture at the weird secrets its greasy walls have hidden all these years. There is one old fellow to whom has been entrusted, these thirty years, the custody of the dead, but he has grown so misanthropic by long continued intercourse with the speechless tenants of the vaults that he has become as one who lived and moved in another world than this. The name of this extraordinary individual is "Jimmy."

It is probable that at some remote period of his life he was "Jimmy" Jones, or possibly "Jimmy" Smith, but by "Jimmy" alone and unadorned, he has been known and called for so many years that all recollection of ever having any other distinguishing title seems to have escaped his mind. Whatever the lifeless lot which has been his, he has faced, with his melancholy, every trace of animated expression from his countenance. His sunken eyes suggest the coffin and the ice box, and his bald, bumpy head recalls the weather-beaten tomb-stone among which the festive "Durdles" was wont to star-gaze. To him also are assigned the bones of the bodies after dissection, and between their articulation and the hoisting from the pits below of new subjects for the student's knife the round of his daily pleasure is made complete.

CRONIES.

Old Jimmy has but one companion of the living sort, and his name is "Tony." He is a little, greasy old soul, resembling somewhat a small-sized soap-boiler on legs. Like his superior in office, he rarely speaks, and then only when he addresses "Jimmy." The conversations of these two are never lengthy, certainly never of a remarkably humorous turn. They talk to each other, when they talk at all, on business subjects. "Jimmy" will say "business, Tony," in a tone which suggests that his own stock is diminishing, and Tony, in reply, says, "bones it is, Jimmy," and shuffles off to the dissecting tables for a fresh invoice. And thus the monotony of old Jimmy's life remains undisturbed by discussion just as long as the bones hold out, and little is his concern about the action of the Returning Boards, if he knows anything about them at all, which is doubtful.

Last night was the eve of "Jimmy's" birthday. How many years before Providence had presented him to the cold embrace of the world it is not supposed he knew. Whether he did or not, he certainly didn't communicate his knowledge to anybody, and all they could do who watched the old man as he sat in his accustomed place in the corner, scripping away at the joints that lay before him, was to marvel at his origin and guess at the causes which had made of him so queer and silent a bald-headed mope. As 10 o'clock approached the students laid away their instruments, covered the butchered bodies at which they had been working and left the room. They departed in a body, for such is the custom. It is not thought healthy to remain long in a dissecting room after the lights are out—all but one—and the sickly rays that came from it scarcely penetrated the heavy atmosphere beyond the outlines of the table behind which Jimmy sat and picked his bones. No sound save the struggling of some stray rat in the plastering and the occasional drip, drip of the water from the slaps whereon the bodies lay, interrupted the monotony of the

old man's scratching at the bones. The hours dragged slowly along. The rat had found a foot-hold and was silent, and the scraping of Jimmy's knife was growing fainter and fainter and at length died away altogether, leaving nothing but the splash of the water to break the awful silence.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A neighboring clock had just ceased tolling the hour of midnight when there was a noticeable movement on slab No. 4. Jimmy raised his head quickly, rubbed his eyes and stared, and the hair on his head, had there been any there, would have stood straight up at the terrible sight he was about to see. At first there was a creaking noise as if the stretching of bones that had long been inactive, followed by the dragging from a lacerated body of the white sheet that concealed it from view. The head that was thrown back over the top of the slab began slowly to rise, and the body itself, impelled by some force within, sat upright. It was the body of a man—a very old man—and the matted locks that fell about its fleshless face, and the horrible condition of its knee-joints and the scraggy muscles that fell from its neck and arms made it fearful to look upon. It turned face about until the sockets began to drink in the light of old Jimmy's lamp, and then the wheeled arm fell upon the paralyzed junior. Its legs dangled from the slab, and when Jimmy came to tremble a hollow chuckle came up from the depths of its bottomless stomach, and then, folding its arms akimbo, the dead man said:

THE GHOST'S SPEECH.

"In me you behold all that remains of one who was once counted by fashionable society. I was once beautiful to look upon—prettier than Adonis and more graceful than Beau Hickman. Ladies sought my society because I was learned, a conversationalist, and had traveled round the world. In an evil hour I was tempted to take a glass of wine. The momentous occasion was at one of the monthly meetings of the Alms-house Board. From that moment I was a drunkard. When my capital began to grow small I took to brandy, then to whisky, and at last to beer. I used to drink a keg of beer a day—sometimes two. Then I began to 'see things,' and one rainy night, while trying to extricate myself from a nest of rattlesnakes, I cut my throat with a razor. Not having a friend in the world I was taken to the Morgue, and while there Coroner Goddard held an inquest on me. 'I'll never forget it. The verdict was 'no guilty, but don't do it again.' The night I died I became heir to \$6,000,000, but being unable to go to Vigo I had to bear with the loss of the money silently. Then Taylor carried me afterwards to the Morgue, and they thrust me in the Potter's Field like a dog. They said they would leave me there for a while to see whether my rich relations would call for me. I suppose I had been buried about ten minutes when Taylor came after me, threw me into a wagon and drove me to the cellar of this dreadful place."

DOWN IN THE CELLAR.

It was there, two weeks ago to-night, you old bald-headed wretch, that first I beheld you! [Jimmy drew back into the corner.] Aye! don't shrink, for I mean that you shall bear your fate like a man. You have been fooling around the lead and scraping bones just thirty years too long, my fresh old cove, and now your last hour has come. Jimmy ventured to give expression to his thoughts, but all he could say was: "Bones, Tony."

"I'll bones Tony you, said the subject, of the same time sticking his forefinger and thumb into his fifth rib, just at the top of the viscera (you know), and drawing forth a little silver whistle. He put the instrument to his lips and blew a little blast. In a moment there was a creaking that was ear splitting. Winding-sheets flew around in wild confusion, and an army of mutilated bodies sprang from the tables and rushed to the side of their ghastly chief. "We would know, you old vivified wretch, how old you are. 'Speak! for every moment is your last!'"

The perspiration poured down the old man's face and ran in great rivers into his boots. There was a short interval of silence, and then the ghastly army cried aloud, speak!"

"I'm ninety seven," said "Jimmy." And then he felt a strong hand upon his shoulder, and looking up, beheld old "Tony" standing over him, with a dinner-knife in his hand, and pointing to the morning rain clouds without. "I've been dreamin', Tony," said "Jimmy." "No," said "Tony." "Yes, I had a awful dream. 'How was it?' asked "Tony." "But it's just the stuff to-night, and I'll tell you." Certain.

The look a man gives his wife when he suddenly awakes in the morning and finds her going through his vest pockets, is not a studied expression, but it is excellent in its way.—Dunbury News.

A Chinese official named Man-Hap was found to be a defaulter to the government and fifteen minutes after the figures were balanced he had no head on him.

A man's reputation for sobriety often hangs upon a breath.

## Business Cards.

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Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's.

Sackville, July 20, 1876.—6m

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Dental Notice.

Dr. Anderson, Dentist,

Will return to Sackville next week where he expects to remain permanently, from date. He guarantees satisfaction, at moderate charges.

Sackville, Sept. 26th, 1876.—4f

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We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply.

sp17

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Saw Factory,