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"MUTUM IN PARVO."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 2. NO. 16.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER, 1866.

[PRICE 5 CTS.]

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

LOST!

BY WAIF.

CHAPTER VI.

After Guy Sinclair had reached Paris he took an early opportunity to look over the American newspapers which he had received on the eve of leaving Liverpool. Almost the first article that caught his attention was a singular advertisement headed *Lost*, the particular commodity on this occasion being Miss Percy's Connell. On referring to the date of the paper he found it to be the very day of his departure from New York. If he had only remained another day! If well, there is ever an 'if' lurking among the plans, speculations and pleasures of life; and often, very often, changing its whole current—changing it from green meadows and tree-shaded banks to dark and unknown channels. I entertain such a dislike to that small conjunction (or transitive verb as *exact* grammarians call it) that I feel inclined—while Guy is looking at the notice I have just mentioned—to write an essay, or homily, perhaps just to relieve my mind a little concerning this ghoul that has been feeding on the hopes of humanity ever since that old Prince Cadmus, introduced its compeers into the world; and before, too; I dare say. But a second thought warns me that the Timbrophilic community will not probably look with especial favor on digression in the form of a sermon, even though it has such a prolific text; so I must restrain my grudge against this particular part of speech, and presume that Guy Sinclair, Jr., has as good a right to meet it in Paris, as you or I, my friend, has in St. John. I am sorry to say, that though Guy was conversant with all sorts of platonisms, he did not look with more fear at his 'if,' than you with the *penchant* for rare specimens from the postal departments, did just now when I proposed writing a homily. A conclusion seems to come in here naturally enough which is, that a man who don't know the difference between Plato

and the "Emperor of all the Russias" can bear disappointment just as well as the most learned philosopher extant—I use the word *extant* at a venture, because it is to be supposed that such progressive times will soon leave that class of individuals in the division known as *obsolete*. Our young tourist was to overcome with his misfortune in having left New York a day sooner than he fancied he ought to, that it was some time before he thought of looking at the number of the office where the Connell was to be taken when found. His heart bounded with delight when he recognized the street and number where his friend, Ellis Blair received litigiously inclined members of the United States. Guy thrust his regrets aside as speedily as possible—his mental and physical man was improving, certainly—and he wrote a letter to his far off friend with as much impatience as he might have done to the fair owner of the Connell herself. I am not sure 't dat it at all, in th's case; Ellis must have been in communication with his unknown innamorata, and consequently was a being to be revered with only a secondary veneration. The image of our ex-Postmaster-General smiled encouragingly as Guy removed his *Stamp*—alas! his no longer—from the square where he had placed it in so prophetic a manner. Were I to hint that Guy looked sorrowfully into the Postmaster's smiling face—that he went further and touched it to his lips (I have no intention whatever of starting any kind of scandal about Postmasters in general or particular, as of course any one may see) very likely you would smile at such a weakness—very likely you would be quite oblivious of any such weakness on some such occasion yourself; and might feel inclined to place my hero below the standard aimed at by model young men. Regard for Guy's honor, then, compels me to be silent concerning this hint; and I can only allow every one to interpret it as they please. Our young friend certainly placed the Connell in the letter he had just written, and the Post Office at Paris was obliging enough to forward it with all necessary dispatch. In the mean time Guy employed himself in various ways; the most particular one seemed to be a regular at-