

# CHIGNECTO Post.



Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1872.

No. 35.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**International Hotel.**  
FORMERLY LAWRENCE.  
100 Prince William Street.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**HANCOCK & BURDIGE,**  
Solicitors and Attorneys-at-Law,  
100 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**W. F. THORNTON & CO.,**  
Marble and Freestone Workers,  
Point du Chene,  
WEST HIGHLAND, N. B.

**MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,**  
Tables, Chimney Pieces, Table & Counter  
tops, Sashes and Brackets  
Made of the Best Materials, and cheaper  
than at any other establishment in the  
Province.  
Samples may be seen at A. FORD'S—  
and orders left with him will be filled  
with dispatch.  
A. FORD,  
July 26th, 1871—105 Sackville, N. B.

**George Nixon,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**PAPER HANGING,**  
Blushes and Window Glass,  
60 KING ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.  
nov 24 - 1y

**NEW ERA**  
IN  
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.,  
is pronounced by the Merchants and  
Consumers of N. B., England and America,  
to be unequalled for  
QUALITY, FINISH AND DURABILITY.  
For Price Lists and Samples, please ad-  
dress as above.

Orders solicited, prompt attention and  
satisfaction guaranteed.  
277 Special attention given to the wants  
of the SHOE TRADE. apr 6

**Dixon & Fawcett,**  
GENERAL DEALERS IN  
British, American & W. I. Goods,  
FLOUR, MEAL & COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Sackville, N. B.  
H. R. FAWCETT.

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

**CURRIE & 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.  
dec 29 C. & L.

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

CONSTANTLY ON HAND—A nice assort-  
ment of  
**Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.**  
Agents for the place for the Celebrated  
BAIRD & WATCHE.  
Repairs done with neatness and dis-  
patch.  
SHOP DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE  
Baptist Church.  
may 12

## 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 U.

**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 atten-  
tion to business to merit a share of public  
patronage.  
oct 19—2u

**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,  
aug 31 Agent for N. B.

**"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 exe-  
cuting the above work, I can furnish it  
cheaper than any other establishment in  
the Province and in the very latest  
styles.  
apr 13

**Besnard & 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.  
1y—sep 22

**Albert J. Hickman,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,  
Dorchester, N. B.  
may 12

## 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.  
LAVINIA—Of the College of Sur-  
geons.  
JAMES DICAS—Of the Roll of Attorneys.  
THOMAS WILDFANG—Superannuated Sea-  
man.  
MISS GRAYBROOKE—Sir Joseph's Sister.  
NATALIE—Sir Joseph's Daughter.  
LADY WINWOOD—Sir Joseph's Niece.  
ANGELA } Lady Winwood's Step-  
DOROTHEA } daughters.

PERIOD: The Present Time. PLACE: Eng-  
land.

#### FIRST SCENE.

AT SEA.  
Continued.

Sir Joseph went on with his story.  
"We were some ten or dozen miles  
off the mouth of the Mersey—"  
"Nautical miles, Joseph."  
"It doesn't matter, Lavinia."  
"Excuse me, brother; the late  
great and good Doctor Johnson said  
accuracy ought always to be studied  
even in the most trifling things."  
"They were common miles, La-  
vinia."  
"They were common miles, Jo-  
seph."

"Let us waive the point. Mahog-  
any Dobbs and I happened to be be-  
low in the cabin, occupied—"  
Here Sir Joseph paused (with his  
amiable smile) to consult his mem-  
ory. Miss Lavinia waited (with her  
amiable smile) for the coming op-  
portunity of setting her brother right.  
At the same moment Natalie laid  
down her knife and softly touched  
Lance's hand under the table. When  
she thus called his attention the six  
pieces of ham were arranged as fol-  
lows in her place: Two pieces were  
placed opposite each other, and four  
were ranged perpendicularly under  
them. Lance looked, and twice  
touched Natalie under the table.  
Interpreted by the Code agreed on  
between the two, the signal in the  
private meant, "I must see you in  
private." And Lance's double touch  
answered, "After breakfast."

Sir Joseph proceeded with his  
story. Natalie took up her knife  
again. "Another signal coming!"  
"We were both down in the cabin,  
occupied in finishing our dinner—"  
"Just sitting down to lunch, Jo-  
seph."  
"My dear! I ought to know."  
"I only repeat what I heard, bro-  
ther. The last time you told the  
story, you and your friend were sit-  
ting down to lunch."  
"We won't particularize, Lavinia.  
Suppose we say, occupied over a  
meal?"  
"If it is of no more importance,  
than that, Joseph, it would be surely  
better to leave it altogether."  
"Let us waive the point. Well,  
we were suddenly alarmed by a shout  
on deck, 'Man overboard!' We  
both rushed up the cabin stairs, nat-  
urally under the impression that one  
of our crew had fallen into the sea—  
an impression shared, I ought to  
add, by the man at the helm, who  
had given the alarm."  
Sir Joseph paused again. He was  
approaching one of the great drama-  
tic points in his story, and was  
naturally anxious to present it as im-  
pressive as possible. He considered  
with himself, with his head a little on  
one side. Natalie laid down her  
knife again, and again touched  
Lance under the table. This time  
there were five pieces of ham ranged  
longitudinally on the plate, with one  
piece immediately under them at the  
centre of the line. Interpreted by  
the Code, this signal meant two im-  
portant words, "Bad news." Lance  
looked significantly at the owner  
of the yacht (meaning of the look, "Is  
he at the bottom of it?") Natalie  
frowned in reply (meaning of the  
frown, "Yes, he is"). Natalie im-  
mediately pushed all the pieces of ham  
together in a little heap (meaning of  
the heap, "No more to say").

"Well?" said Richard Turlington,  
turning sharply on Sir Joseph. "Get  
on with your story. What next?"  
Thus far he had not troubled him-  
self to show even a decent pretense  
of interest in his old friend's perpet-  
ually interrupted narrative. It was  
only when Sir Joseph had reached his  
last sentence—intimating that the  
man overboard might turn out in  
course of time not to be a man of the  
pilot-boat's crew—it was only then  
that Turlington sat up in his chair,  
and showed signs of suddenly feel-  
ing a strong interest in the progress  
of the story.

Sir Joseph went on.  
"As soon as we got on deck, we  
saw the man in the water astern—  
Our vessel was hove up in the wind,  
and the boat was lowered. The mas-  
ter and one of the men took the oars.  
All told, our crew were seven in num-  
ber. Two away in the boat, a third  
at the helm, and, to my amazement,  
when I looked around, the other four  
behind me, making our number com-  
plete. At the same moment, Malog-  
any Dobbs, who was looking through  
a telescope, called out, 'Who the  
devil can he be? The man is float-  
ing on a hen-coop, and we have got  
nothing of that sort on board this  
pilot-boat.'"

The two persons present who hap-  
pened to notice Richard Turlington's  
face when those words were pro-  
nounced was Laurence Linzee. He  
—and he alone—saw the Levant  
trader's swarthy complexion fade  
swarthy complexion fade slowly to a  
livid ashen gray, his eyes the while  
fixing themselves on Sir Joseph  
Joseph Graybrooke with a furtive  
glare in them like the glare in the  
eyes of a wild beast. Apparently  
conscious that Lance was looking at  
him—though he never turned his  
head Lance's way—he laid his el-  
bow on the table, lifted his arm, and  
so rested his face on his hand, while  
the story went on, as to screen it ef-  
fectually from the young surgeon's  
view.

"The man was brought on board,"  
proceeded Sir Joseph, "sure enough  
with a hen-coop—on which he had  
been found floating. The poor  
wretch was blue with terror and ex-  
posure in the water; he fainted  
when we lifted him on deck. When  
he came to himself he told us a hor-  
rible story. He was a sick and des-  
titute foreign seaman; and he had  
hidden himself in the hold of an  
English vessel (bound to a port in  
his native country) which had sailed  
from Liverpool that morning. He  
had been discovered, and brought  
before the captain. The captain, a  
monster in human form, if ever there  
was one yet—"  
"The breeze!" he cried; "the  
breeze at last!"  
"As he spoke, he wheeled round to  
the cabin door, so as to turn his back  
on his guests, and hailed the deck.  
"Which way is the wind?"  
"There is not a breath of wind,  
Sir."

Not the slightest movement in the  
vessel had been perceptible in the  
cabin; not a sound had been audible  
indicating the rising of the breeze.  
The owner of the yacht—accustom-  
ed to the sea; capable, if necessary,  
of sailing his own vessel—had surely  
committed a strange mistake! He  
turned again to his friends, and  
made his apologies with an excess of  
polite regret, far from characteristic  
of him at other times and under  
other circumstances.

"Go on," he said to Sir Joseph,  
when he had got to the end of his  
excuses; "I never heard such an in-  
teresting story in my life. Pray go  
on."  
The request was not an easy one  
to comply with. Sir Joseph's ideas  
had been thrown into confusion—  
Miss Lavinia's contradictions (held  
in reserve) had been scattered be-  
yond recall. Both brother and sister  
were, moreover additionally hinder-  
ed in recovering the control of their  
own resources by the look and man-

ner of their host. He alarmed, in-  
stead of encouraging, the two harm-  
less old people, by fronting them al-  
most fiercely, with his elbows squared  
on the table, and his face expres-  
sive of a dogged resolution to sit  
there and listen, if need be, for the  
rest of his life. Lance was the per-  
son who set Sir Joseph going again.  
After first looking attentively at  
Richard, he took his uncle straight  
back to the story by means of a ques-  
tion, thus:

"You don't mean to say that the  
captain of the ship threw the man  
overboard?"  
"That is just what he did, Lance."  
The captain declared he would have  
no idle foreign vagabond in his ship  
to eat up the provisions of English-  
men who worked. With his own  
hands he cast the hen-coop into the  
water, and (assisted by one of the  
sailors) he threw the man after it,  
and told him to float back to Liver-  
pool with the evening tide."

"A lie!" cried Turlington, address-  
ing himself, not to Sir Joseph, but to  
Lance.  
"Are you acquainted with the cir-  
cumstances," asked Lance, quiet-  
ly.  
"I know nothing about the cir-  
cumstances, I say, from my own ex-  
perience, that foreign sailors are  
even greater blackguards than Eng-  
lish sailors. The man had met with  
an accident, no doubt. The rest of  
his story was a lie—and the object  
was to open Sir Joseph's purse."

Sir Joseph mildly shook his head.  
"No lie, Richard. Witness pro-  
ved that the man had spoken the  
truth."  
"Witnesses? Pooh! More liars,  
you mean."  
"I went to the owners of the ves-  
sel," pursued Sir Joseph. "I got  
from them the names of the officers  
and the crew; and I waited, leaving  
the case in the hands of the Liver-  
pool police. The ship was wrecked  
at the mouth of the Amazon. But  
the crew and the cargo were saved.  
The men belonging to Liverpool  
came back. They were a bad set, I  
grant you. But they were examined  
separately about the treatment of the  
foreign sailor, and they all told the  
same story. They could give no ac-  
count of their captain, nor of the  
sailor who had been his accomplice  
in the crime, except that they had  
not embarked in the ship which  
brought the rest of the crew to Eng-  
land. Whatever may have become  
of the captain since, he certainly  
never returned to Liverpool."

"Did you find out his name?"  
The question was asked by Tur-  
lington. Even Sir Joseph, the least  
observant of men, noticed that it  
was put with a perfectly unaccount-  
able irritability of manner.  
"Don't be angry, Richard," said  
the old gentleman. "What is there  
to be angry about?"  
"I don't know what you mean  
I'm not angry—I'm only curious.  
Did you find out who he was?"  
"I did. His name was Goward.  
He was well known at Liverpool as a  
very clever and a very dangerous  
man. Quite young at the time I am  
speaking of, and a first-rate sailor;  
famous for taking command of unsea-  
worthy ships and vagabond crews.  
Report described him to me as hav-  
ing made considerable sums of money  
in that way for a man in his position;  
serving firms, you know, with a bad  
name, and running all sorts of des-  
perate risks. A sad ruffian, Richard!  
More than once in trouble, on both  
sides of the Atlantic, for acts of  
violence and cruelty. Dead, I dare-  
say, long since."  
"Or possibly," said Lance, "alive  
under another name, and thriving in  
a new way of life, with more des-  
perate risk in it, of some other sort."  
"Are you acquainted with the cir-  
cumstances?" asked Turlington,  
retorting Lance's question on him;  
with a harsh ring of defiance in his  
brassy voice.  
"What became of the poor foreign  
sailor, papa?" said Natalie, purposely  
interrupting Lance before he could  
meet the question angrily asked of  
him, by an angry reply.  
"We made a subscription, and

spoke to his consul my dear. He  
went back to his country, poor fellow,  
comfortably enough."  
"And there is an end to Sir Jo-  
seph's story," said Turlington, rising  
noisily from his chair. "It's a pity  
we haven't got a literary man on  
board; he would make a novel of it."  
He looked up at the sky-light as he  
got on his feet. "Here is the breeze,  
this time," he exclaimed, "and no  
mistake!"  
It was true. At last the breeze  
had come. The sails flapped, the  
main boom swung over with a thump  
and the stagnant water, stirred at last  
bulbled merrily past the vessel's  
sides.  
"Come on deck, Natalie, and get  
some fresh air," said Miss Lavinia,  
leaving the way to the cabin door.  
Natalie held up the skirt of her  
nankeen dress, and exhibited the  
purple trimming torn away over an  
extent of some yards.  
"Give me half an hour first, and  
then my cabin," she said, "to mend  
this."  
Miss Lavinia detected her vener-  
able eyebrows in merriment.  
"You have done nothing but tear  
your dresses, my dear, since you have  
been in Mr. Turlington's yacht.  
Most extraordinary! I have torn  
none of mine during the whole  
cruise."  
Natalie's dark color deepened a shade.  
She laughed a little uneasily. "I am  
so awkward on board ship," she re-  
plied, and turned away, and slung  
herself up in her cabin.  
Richard Turlington produced his  
case of cigars.  
"Now is the time," he said to Sir  
Joseph, "for the best cigar of the  
day—the cigar after breakfast. Come  
on deck."  
"You will join us, Lance?" said  
Sir Joseph.  
"Give me half an hour first over  
my books," Lance replied. "I  
mustn't let my medical knowledge  
get rusty at sea, and I might not  
feel inclined to study later in the  
day."  
"Quite right, my dear boy, quite  
right."  
Sir Joseph patted his nephew  
approvingly on the shoulder. Lance  
turned away on his side, and shut  
himself up in his cabin.  
The other three ascended together  
to the deck.

To be Continued.

A charming actress who plays  
light parts in one of our theatres,  
and who is also an excellent wife  
and mother, had been annoyed by  
the ever watchful attentions of a  
young down-town jeweler. At last,  
his notes and bouquets becoming too  
frequent, she mentioned the fact to  
her husband who immediately fired  
up and threatened to punish the  
infatuated youth. A powerful athlete  
he armed himself with a cane of the  
genus bludgeon, and left his hotel  
the next morning with the avowed  
mission of giving his rival a few  
blows and teaching him to mind his  
own business. Entering the shop  
where he was employed, he strode  
bustling through and inquired if there  
was a young man there named J—  
— "There is," said the owner of the  
establishment; "he is at the  
window tinkering watches. Mr. J—  
—, you are wanted. As the little  
male J— arose and confronted the  
large man, he trembled and turned  
pale. "Did you send my wife these  
notes?" said he, producing some of  
the offending billet-doux. "I—I—  
yes I did," stammered the culprit,  
trembling in every limb. He saw  
the weapon, and he thought his time  
had come. "Well, well," said the  
broad-shouldered, big-hearted actor,  
reaching over the counter and patting  
the poor, frightened fellow gently on  
the top of the head, "look here,  
buddy, you must not do so any more  
and he left poor J—the tender  
mercies of his fellow clerks.—New  
York Sun.

The Stark County (Ind.) Lehrer  
welcomes a new comer to the town  
of Knox after this fashion: "Miss  
Boty Opplebe intends locating in  
this place soon. She is intelligent  
and handsome, and don't smoke,  
chew tobacco, drink whiskey, pain-  
lessly sweet, wear false dummies,  
or chignons—is opposed to woman  
suffrage, free love, and things that  
squeeze her out of shape. She is not  
on the ferry, and will entertain no  
proposals. Her card announcing  
her visit, will appear in our columns  
when she arrives."

STATISTICS.—Of the 1,000 young  
ladies who fainted last year, 997 fell  
in the arms of gentlemen, 2 fell on  
the floor, and 1 into a water-but.

How AXES AND DRESSES.—This  
description is from the N. Y. Con-  
necticut. The dress is six feet two  
inches high. He took ex-sensory  
Morgan, on the Mary Powell, that  
he was on inch taller than his fa-  
ther, Alexander H. His hair is comb-  
ed straight up and back, and is in  
color a light auburn. His forehead  
is high, gently sloping back, like  
Mr. Bascher's. His nose is regular,  
eyes large and mellow, and lips soft  
and velvet. His mustache is silver,  
and, like his side whiskers, is of a  
golden hue. He is a handsome man.  
Stand him in a crowd of one hun-  
dred handsome men, and he would  
be picked out as the fairest. He is  
a member of the Executive Committee,  
which is composed of the best blood in the  
metropolis. He wears a pair of Paul  
pignon trousers, double-breasted  
cutaway coat, boots, heavy collar,  
and a plain scarf. His large hands  
were unengaged. His head was  
surmounted by a drab crush hat.  
During the entire parade his hands  
remained unengaged. His overcoat  
was snuff color with velvet collar and  
lapels, with smoked pearl buttons.

THE HOLY LAND.—A new expedi-  
tion for the further exploration of  
the Holy Land is now being organ-  
ized, and will leave England next  
month under the command of Captain  
Stewart, R. E. The committee of the  
fund have made arrangements with  
the Association which has been  
started in the United States, in ac-  
cordance with which the latter  
undertakes the survey and exploration  
of the country to the east of Jordan.  
Messrs. Bachin, the Lejeb & Co.,  
whilst the Western district, which  
we generally exclusively call the  
Holy Land, remains in charge of the  
English Society. We have every  
confidence that in a generous rivalry  
each will only provoke the other to a  
speedier completion of the good  
work.

The floor of the court room at  
Kittyloger, in Leitrim, Ireland,  
gave way while a trial was in pro-  
gress; the room was crowded, and  
300 persons were precipitated thirty  
or forty feet; the number killed is  
unknown; some thirty were badly  
injured, most of them fatally.

Four Greek briggs were wrecked in  
the Black Sea and all hands on  
board have perished. A com-  
mission of the French Assembly has  
made a report approving of the project  
for the steam ferry between Dover  
and Calais.

Some time since a Northern Ver-  
mont clergyman visited New York,  
and was invited to fill a city pulpit.  
He knew nothing about quarters,  
chairs, and had never heard a church  
organ. After the first hymn showed  
him what the organ prelude was,  
he announced the second as follows:  
"The audience will now join with  
me in singing a good old Methodist  
hymn, and those fellows running  
that bag of wind in the gallery will  
please not interrupt."

REAR CROCKERY.—A recent  
English work says the royal plate at  
Windsor is kept in a tolerably-sized  
room and an adjoining closet, and is  
valued at £1,700,000 sterling! There  
is one gold service, formed by  
George IV., to dine one hundred  
and thirty guests. Some pieces  
were taken from the Spanish Armada  
some brought from India, Burmah,  
and China. There are thirty dozen  
of plates, which cost twenty-six  
guineas each plate.

A correspondent of the "Chroni-  
cle," writing from Lower Prospect  
(West Halifax) sends the follow-  
ing:  
"I have just returned from a visit  
to Mrs. Countess of Tara's Bay,  
who presented her husband on Fri-  
day last with New Year's gift of  
four babies—three girls and one boy.  
Mrs. C. told me she was ten years  
married, and gave birth to thirteen  
children. The first three single, the  
next three, twins each time, and now  
four. Beat that if you can."

At a social party, where humorous  
bonhomies was one of the games of  
the evening, the question was put:  
"What is religion?" "Religion," re-  
plied one of the party, more famous  
as a man of business than a wit, "is  
an insurance against fire in the next  
world, for which honesty is the best  
policy."

It is cheerful to be sitting in a  
railroad car, going at the rate of forty  
miles an hour, and have a man pass  
through the train and have a tract  
put in your lap entitled "Prepare to  
meet your God."

A letter writer, describing a ball,  
says the feature which made the  
deepest impression on him was the  
"unusual number of very plump wo-  
men foaming over the tops of their  
dresses."