

CHICAGO POST.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1871.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

No. 20.

I AM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

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Poetry.

MARIAN MAY.

May was our hamlet's pride,
A queen to be
All the maid in the country side
So fair as she.

As like silk and her eyes like
I and dark and deep;
Smiled and danced in the broad
Died in rosy sleep.

For scores for her white hand sigh-
ing and low droop;
Any came riding from far and wide,
Sweethearts feign to be.

There had plenty of golden store,
As for him was meet;
Wished no better, and asked no
more,
To lay it all at her feet.

He put his gifts and his vows aside,
And out spake she
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot mate with thee."

Her person he came, with his face so grave,
Gentle and sleek and prim,
And said the best way her soul to save
Was to take and marry him.

But she only opened her eyes full wide,
Wandering, and quoth she,
"Were there never a man in the world be-
side,
You'd be far too good for me!"

The colonel he swore a right round oath—
"Little one, my will;
I've scars and a pension, enough for both,
If you'll share a soldier's life."

He vowed that he would not be denied,
Low on his knee;
But she tossed her head with a pretty pride,
Said "I never will wed with thee."

Robin came back from the sea one day,
Out of the distant West,
And the child-like whom he used to play,
A woman he kissed to his breast.

She smiled and clasped, and she laughed and
cried—
"Welcome, my love," she said;
"For now and for ever, and whatever betide,
I will fare the world through with thee."

Literature.

(Written for "Chicigo Post.")

BY ALBERT J. HICKMAN.

Sketches from the South.

There are plenty of horses here, many of them the property of the gentry, two-spirited, glossy creatures, generally small, but very enduring. Their general motion is pacing or an easy canter. I never saw so many pacing horses before. They are well, sometimes elegantly accoutred, with dainty bridle and cruel curb, elaborately wrought saddle cloth, and saddle with holsters. But a carriage is an expensive luxury, here costing, with two horses and a driver, \$5 gold per hour. As far as I could ascertain there are but two or three in the place, but one of those, perhaps the only one that could be hired, the owner of which consequently possesses a monopoly, and whose prices are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. One day we took a drive through the town and were supplied with a carriage and horses by this person, a colored gentleman, formerly of Virginia, U. S., who has been a resident of this Island, either in one place or another for the last thirty years. He is the keeper of a *bazur*, where, as at Della Torre's, in St. John, you can obtain all kinds of fancy goods. Although he has suffered a great deal by the various revolutions, he is said to be very wealthy. In person he is portly and of gouty tendencies. His manner is suave and agreeable, his intelligence and conversation good, and his information of the history of the Republic under various regimes, a rich store of interest, from which I drew with unflagging zeal, and from which he gave with unending good humor. All this, I suppose, saved the wound made to my feelings by his exorbitant charge for the team, and before we took the road I began to be rather impressed with the idea that his giving it at all was an act of benign condescension on his part, and that the charge of \$5 was only made out of delicate consideration for our feelings, which he knew would shrink from the weighty obligations a lesser charge or none at all would entail upon us. The technical name of the carriage I do not know, but that it was well cushioned and comfortable, I do. It may have been a barouché, but a cover or roof that could be raised over the hinder of the three

seats it contained, would seem, according to the lexicographers, rather to militate against this conclusion. I am in a state of lamentable indecision upon the point, and so leave it to tell you of our drive, which was one of great interest and pleasure to me. We drive first to the north-western corner of the city, near the sea shore, passed through the *Portail St. Josepa*, and saw on our left, just beyond the Arch, *Fort La Mare*, and a little further on ahead of us a plain, low, stone bridge. It was in the immediate vicinity of this that the Emperor Desallines, the first ruler of the country after its achievement of independence from French domination, was shot by a mutinous soldier from the ranks of a detachment of his soldiery, headed by leading conspirators, that went out to meet him on his return from quelling an insurrection in the North, and at this place overpowered and killed him and his escort. From this sanguinary accident the bridge derives its name, *Pont Rouge*, and there was an inscription placed thereon in memoriam of the same. We next drove to the ruins of the palace in the southern quarter of the town, not far from the foot of the mountains. The approach to the place is smooth and level. The carriage moved softly, and as we passed slowly along I had good opportunity to observe everything. On one side there was a spacious parade ground, and the tomb, wherein are enshrouded the bodies of Petion, founder of the Republic of Hayti, and its first President, his child and sister. This is a square, unadorned monument, built of stone, its exterior faced with marble. Running all around its base was a narrow, marble-paved passage, enclosed by a very low brick wall of one or two feet high. I walked around the passage and peered through the one iron-grated window to see three plain, black coffins, carefully placed upon the stone floor of the vault, and pendant from its arched roof, an antique chandelier, to be lighted, I was told, on the occasion of fast days and religious festivals. The stillness of the place was dismal, so very the dust-encrusted coffins; a very dismal convenience seemed the narrow stone steps that led down into this home of the dead, and I gladly turned from the gloom to the sunshine again. Close to the tomb, lying upon the ground some, what defaced and broken, are two marble sarcophagi, richly ornamented with tasteful and suggestive carved work. These were intended to enclose the remains of Petion and child, but arriving from France at a time when the country was in its almost normal state of revolutionary war, were never put to their use, and have lain here ever since. The inscription upon the one intended for the father, ends with the following beautiful and touching eulogy of Marie Madeleine Lachenaiz, her, who in the language of the inscription "*partagea ses destines*," and who dedicated the following memorial to her: "*Ce ne fut qu'a ta mort qu'il se coula mes larmes*."

On the other side of our road were the brick and iron fence and the lofty brick wall enclosing the palace grounds, and everywhere there were sad and desolate ruins of public and private buildings grievous to behold. These ruins are not old. I am not aware that they possess any rich crust of historical association to render them of especial emotional interest, except that one terrible tragedy enacted on the ruins of the palace, which I shall mention hereafter, yet the memory of that incident, together with the suggestive sadness of the ruins and such associations as a sympathetic imagination must have attached to them, all conspired to create a soft brooding influence, a thoughtfulness which deepened into a thrill of genuine emotion when we drove through the great palace gates up to the foot of the steps that are the best preserved part of the palace ruins. On these ruins the cruel but brave Saluave, a wretched fugitive, in turn hunted, driven at bay, starving, and his arms shattered, captured, summarily tried and condemned, was wound

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So fair as she.

There are plenty of horses here, many of them the property of the gentry, two-spirited, glossy creatures, generally small, but very enduring. Their general motion is pacing or an easy canter. I never saw so many pacing horses before. They are well, sometimes elegantly accoutred, with dainty bridle and cruel curb, elaborately wrought saddle cloth, and saddle with holsters. But a carriage is an expensive luxury, here costing, with two horses and a driver, \$5 gold per hour. As far as I could ascertain there are but two or three in the place, but one of those, perhaps the only one that could be hired, the owner of which consequently possesses a monopoly, and whose prices are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. One day we took a drive through the town and were supplied with a carriage and horses by this person, a colored gentleman, formerly of Virginia, U. S., who has been a resident of this Island, either in one place or another for the last thirty years. He is the keeper of a *bazur*, where, as at Della Torre's, in St. John, you can obtain all kinds of fancy goods. Although he has suffered a great deal by the various revolutions, he is said to be very wealthy. In person he is portly and of gouty tendencies. His manner is suave and agreeable, his intelligence and conversation good, and his information of the history of the Republic under various regimes, a rich store of interest, from which I drew with unflagging zeal, and from which he gave with unending good humor. All this, I suppose, saved the wound made to my feelings by his exorbitant charge for the team, and before we took the road I began to be rather impressed with the idea that his giving it at all was an act of benign condescension on his part, and that the charge of \$5 was only made out of delicate consideration for our feelings, which he knew would shrink from the weighty obligations a lesser charge or none at all would entail upon us. The technical name of the carriage I do not know, but that it was well cushioned and comfortable, I do. It may have been a barouché, but a cover or roof that could be raised over the hinder of the three

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