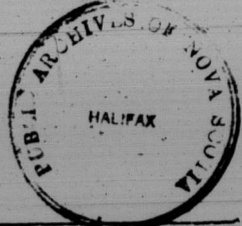


CHICAGO POST.



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TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. 11

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

No. 20.

Poetry.

MARIAN MAY.

May was our hamlet's pride,
A queen to all the country side
So fair as she.
She was like silk and her eyes like
The dark and deep;
She smiled and danced in the broad
Fields in rosy sleep.
Her scores for her white hand sigh-
ing and of low degree;
A sweet heart riding from far end wide,
Sweet hearts feign to be.
She 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 she was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot mate with thee.
The person he came, with his face so grave,
Gentle and slow 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,
Where there never a man in the world be-
side.
You'd be far too good for me!
The colonel he swore a right run I out-
side of the distant West,
And the child who whom he used to play,
A woman he clasped to his breast.
She smiled and kissed, and she laughed
and cried—
"Welcome, my love," said she;
"For you and for me, and whatever betide,
I will face 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, fine-spirited, glossy creatures, generally small, but very enduring. Their general motion is pacing or an easy canter. I never saw so many paces horses before. They are well, sometimes elegantly accoutred, with dainty bridles 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 these, 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 *bazar*, 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 unflagging 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 barouche, 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. Joseph*, 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 memory 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 carried slowly along I had good opportunity to observe everything. On one side there was a spacious parade ground, and the tomb, wherein are enshrined 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, macled-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, carelessly 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 were 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 Lachenaie, her wife, who in the language of the inscription "*partagea son destin*," and who dedicated the following memorial to him: "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 upon 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 arm shattered, captured, summarily tried and condemned, was bound

to a stake and remorselessly shot. The incidents of his overthrow, capture and death may not be fresh in the minds of your readers, and I will mention them briefly. The insurgents captured Cape Hayti and two government war steamers there, and then steamed for Port au Prince. Through some treachery they effected an easy capture in the night of *La Terreur*, another government war steamer stationed at the latter place, and under cover of the darkness, effected a landing in the town and commenced the work of taking it. They gradually fought their way inch by inch up to the palace, taking in their course all the surrounding forts except one, and being in the mean time reinforced by their land army under Saget, the present president. They held each position gained, by barricaded hastily thrown across the streets. Saluave, himself, a man of undoubted bravery and military ability, proven in many a hard fight, is said to have been basely deserted by his followers, who fled at each successive approach of the Cacons, until at last he was forced to retire within the limits of his palace grounds. Here with his most faithful adherents he made a most obstinate resistance, the place being further defended by a small fort built by his own direction into the front wall of the enclosure and by him called *La tour de Saluave*. Calling to his aid the enemy resolved to bombard the palace. In the meantime Mr. St. John, the English chargé d'affaires here at that time seeing that the fortunes of the president were irretrievably failing, and that soon all would be lost to him offered him, refuge in H. M. S. "Defence," at that time stationed here, the protection of a guard of marines to escort him on board. The same offer was extended to him by the representatives of other foreign nations, of which there were also armed vessels lying in the harbor. But all these offers were contemptuously and persistently refused by the President. There was something noble and heroic in his refusal as he was apparently resolved to fight to the last. He seems to have hoped for reinforcement from his friends without his advancing upon the city, could he but sustain himself a little longer, and to have trusted with his assistance to yet bring a smile from fickle fortune and bring himself a day of terrible retribution for his reserves. *Fort Napoleon* on the hill in the rear of the town was still untaken, its natural position strong, and its commander a person on whose fidelity he implicitly relied. On Sunday morning, one or two days after the commencement of the fighting the Cacons were reluctantly compelled to shell the palace from the caps from *La Terreur* and the work of destruction was done. One shell penetrated that portion of the palace used as a magazine, and the whole structure blew up with a deafening crash, involving in its ruin a great many neighbouring buildings, some considerable extent around. The president who had withdrawn from the palace at the right time, retired hastily with a mere handful of followers among whom were his ministers and devoted generals in the direction of Fort Nationale, but his last hope vanished, when as he approached it, the white flag of the rebels was run up on its pole. He turned aside, and with his followers fled to the interior, I tending to cross the frontier and put himself under the protection of Baez, the Dominican president, who was friendly to him. Fairly over the line he encountered a fresh enemy in Cabral, the guerrilla chief of the mountains and his wild warriors. The implacable rival of Baez, he was equally unfriendly to Saluave, who had assisted the former by money and arms. Driven back and between the fires, (for the Haytiens had been swift upon his track) the president with his devoted band made a truly heroic resistance in the desultory, but warfare that followed. Mounted on a powerful steed, the president attempted alone to break through the lines of his enemies, but after a desperate struggle, in which he killed one of those opposed to him and wounded more, he was overpowered with numbers, badly wounded and dragged from his horse by one of Cabral's men. His generals and ministers were also captured. He was delivered up to the new government for a compensation, and in a few short weeks after his flight was brought in triumph back on horseback and pinioned to the capital and led to deep sympathy felt for him, but none openly expressed. Before he was brought in his generals were shot before his eyes. When arraigned before the tribunal he proudly repudi-

ated the jurisdiction of the Court to try him, the lawfully elected President of Hayti. He said in effect he knew he was judged to death, and that it was useless to yield his sentence by a formal trial. He received his sentence to death with haughty stoicism, calmly made his will at once, and was then led out to be shot, up the carved steps that lead in two broad easy flights up the raised foundation of the ruined palace to the marble-paved ground floor, still almost unimpaired in some places. He was taken and tied to a painted wooden post, fixed there for the purpose, his face towards the firing party. Exhausted and haggard, his face unshaven and torn by his passage through "the bush," suffering from a string, he yet stood erect and gazed with unflinching courage into the faces of those who were to shoot him. At the word "a bis Saluave" the soldiers fired. For a moment he hung limp and drooping by his right arm, then slowly sunk down dead, still hanging to the post. An officer advanced and shot him again through the head. He was cut down and his body placed in a rude cart and buried in some unknown place by the sea shore. (To be Continued.)

RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.

A few months ago I was nominated for Governor of the great State of New York, to run against Stewart L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman, on an independent ticket. I somewhat felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was, good character. It was easy to see by the newspapers, that if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secret, there was a muddy undercurrent of discontent "riling" the depths of my happiness—and that was the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said: "You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed of—not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them?" It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all, I could not recede. I was fully committed and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over the papers at breakfast, I came across this paragraph, and I may truly say I never was so confounded before: "PERJURY.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for Governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses, in Wakawak, Cochinchina, in 1863, the intent of which perjury was to rob a poor native of a meagre plantation-patch, their only stay and support in their bereavement and their desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffrages he asks, to clear this matter up. Will he do it?" I thought I should burst with amazement! Such a cruel, heartless charge—I never had seen Cochinchina! I never had heard of Wakawak! I didn't know a plantation-patch from a kangaroo! I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more: "SHOWFACIT.—Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochinchina perjury." [Mem.—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as "the infamous perjurer Twain."] Next came the "Gazette," with this: "WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for Governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow-citizens (who are suffering to vote for him) the living circumstance of

his cabinmates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, these things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his "trunk" (newspaper he called his traps up), they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail and then advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he do this?" Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life. [After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as "Twain, the Montana Thief."]

I got to picking up papers apprehensively—much as one would lift a desired blanket which he had some idea might have a rattle snake under it. One day this met my eye: "THE LIE NARRATED.—By the sworn affidavit of Michael O'Flanagan, Esq., of the Five Points, and Mr. Kit Burns and Mr. John Allen, of Water street, it is established that Mr. Mark Twain's vile statement that the lamented grandfather of our noble standard-bearer, John T. Hoffman, was hanged for highway robbery, is a brutal and gratuitous lie, without a single shadow of foundation in fact. It is disheartening to victims men to see such shameful lies resorted to, to achieve political success as the attacking of the dead in their graves and defiling their honored names with slander. When we think of the anguish this miserable falsehood must cause the innocent relatives and friends of the deceased, we are almost driven to incite an outraged and insulted public to summary and unlawful vengeance upon the traducer. But no—let us leave him to the agony of a lacerating conscience—(though if passion should get the better of the public and in its blind fury they should do the traducer bodily injury, it is but too obvious that no jury could convict and no court punish the perpetrators of the deed.)"

The ingenious closing sentence had the effect of moving me out of bed with dispatch that night, and out at the back door, also, while the outraged and insulted public "surged" in the front way, breaking furniture and windows in their righteous indignation as they came, and taking off such property as they could carry, when they went. And yet I can lay my hand upon the Book and say that I never slandered Governor Hoffman's grandfather. More—I had never even heard of him or mentioned him, up to that day and date.

[I will state, in passing, that the journal above quoted from always referred to me afterwards as "Twain, the Body-Snatcher."]

The next newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following: "A SWEET CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents last night, didn't come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places—suffering lying in great agony, and so forth and so forth, and a lot more of the same sort. And the Independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge and pretend that they did not know what was the real reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominated their standard-bearer. A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a state of beastly intoxication. It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last! This is a case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands in thunder-tones: "WHO WAS THAT MAN?"

It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any kind.

[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say that I saw myself confidently dubbed "Mr. Delirium Tremens Twain" in the next issue of that journal without a pang—notwithstanding I knew that with monotonous fidelity the paper would go on calling me so to the very end.]

By this time anonymous letters

were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common: "How about that old woman you kicked off your premises which was begging. Po. Twain." And this: "There is things which you have done which is unbeknownst to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dols. to yours truly or you'll hear thro' the papers from HANCOCK ASH." That is about the idea. I could continue them till the reader was surfeited, if desired.

Shortly the principal Republican journal "convicted" me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic paper "nailed" an aggravated case of blackmailing to me.

[In this way I acquired two additional names: "Twain, the Filthy Corruptionist," and "Twain, the Loathsome Embracer."]

By this time there had grown to be such a clamor for an "answer" to all the dreadful charges that were piled on me, that the editors and members of my party said it would be a tactical gain for me to remain silent any longer. As if to make their appeal the more imperative, the following appeared in one of the papers the very next day: "BEHOLD THE MAN!—The Independent candidate still maintains silence. Because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply proved, and they have been endorsed and respected by his own eloquent silence, till at this day he stands forever convicted. Look upon your candidate, Independent! Look upon the infamous Perjurer! The Montana Thief! The Body-Snatcher! Contemplate your incarnate Delirium Tremens! your Filthy Corruptionist! your Loathsome Embracer! Gaze upon him, ponder him well—and then say if you can give your honest votes to a creature who has earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dares not open his mouth in denial of any one of them!"

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to "answer" a mass of baseless charges and mean and wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On to top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the founding hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering. And at last, as a due and fitting climax to the shameless persecution that paddy rancor had inflicted upon me, nine little stalling children of all shades of color and degrees of raggedness were taught to rush on to the platform at a public meeting and clasp me around the legs and call me "Pa!"

I gave up. I handed down my colors and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, and so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it, "Truly yours,"

"Ouch a decent man, but now MARK TWAIN, I. P. M. T. B. S. D. T. F. C. and L. E."

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD is not bad at repartee. During the Commune period in Paris he was one morning seated in his cabinet, when two fellows entered and asked to be shown to Citizen Rothschild. "Gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?" "Well, this is what we have got to say: you have millions of money, and the people want bread; you must share it out—Share! Very well. How many are you in France?" "Perhaps thirty millions." "And how much money do you suppose I have?" "Say a hundred and fifty millions." "Will, then, among thirty millions that makes five francs a head. You are two; here are ten francs for you, and now we are quit." The men were so confounded by the argument, and by the rapidity with which the whole incident occurred, that they took the money and disappeared.

A newspaper in the literature of the million. One man in a hundred reads a book; ninety-nine in a hundred read a newspaper.

The discordant elements of which the Tory party in the British parliament is composed and the bitter antipathies existing among its leaders are among the curious things in British politics. The Tories and the Tory party are impatient of Disraeli and his leadership. Two of the men of great ability, the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Carnarvon, left the Derby cabinet because they could not "abide" him, now they neither speak to nor consult him on party matters, though compelled for the present to follow his lead. The Duke of Buckingham and Marlborough, still measure their ground with him, but neither speak to nor consult him on party matters, though compelled for the present to follow his lead. The Duke of Richmond (Disraeli's lieutenant in the Upper House) likes every body, and I want to bring his conciliating friends together, but is the weakest and least consistent of them all, and is quite unable to establish an opinion on any of the great questions. He is only less defeated than Disraeli. Lord Salisbury also is a weakling, having been carried to power, by Disraeli, when the latter became Premier and being succeeded by the upstart Cairns, absolutely abhors both Disraeli and Cairns, deriving some of his hatred to the former from his Lady Chamberlain, who had a memorable tiff with Mrs. Disraeli, since which the two dukes have been very bitter as feminine enemies. The new Lord Derby rather inclines to Disraeli, a weakness he inherited, but yet finds it necessary to keep on good terms with the Marquis of Salisbury, whose stepmother he once was a year.

Mr. A. F. Stewart's regal mansion, the progress of which has engrossed the attention of Fifth Avenue promoters for so many years, is now rapidly approaching completion, and the next great sensation in New York upper circles of society will be the opening reception of this magnificent mansion. With the exterior, with the Corinthian columns, Ionic—sculpture ornamentation and French proof-mat persons who have the gift of sight are familiar. But few have any but the most remote idea of the gorgeousness of the interior. On entering, the visitor sees first a vestibule of solid marble. The floors, walls, staircase, ceilings, are all of the purest Italian marble, so superbly polished that the effect is almost that of a chamber of crystal. Beyond the vestibule is seen the entrance to the picture gallery, with its wealth of paintings and its floor of inlaid light from a domed ceiling fifty feet in height. There are also statues, chandeliers, and a great variety of beautiful furniture, all of the most superb description. The reception rooms and parlors are overwhelmingly arrayed with mirrors reaching to the ceiling and framed with mosaic work. The chairs and sofas will be of light and inlaid wood, and upholstered with blue satin, and the carpets are to be of indescribable magnificence. The music-room, dining-room, breakfast-room and sleeping apartments will be furnished in the same elaborate and tasteful manner, with peculiarities appropriate to each. From subterranean to the topmost floor everything is consistent, complete and solid, and the whole edifice is a fitting residence for New York's merchant prince.

If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? Not *Spectator*, no *Observer*, but as many *Times* as you like. No doubt she would like to have it done with *Dispatch*, no *Register* or *Journal* kept of it, and for him not to *Herald* it or mention it to a *Recorder*, nor *Chronicle* it abroad in the *Advertiser*. Her lips should be the only *Register*, and the *Sun* should be excluded as much as possible. Should a *Messenger* get it, the *World* would so know it, for *News* is now carried by *Telegraph*, where it was formerly done by the *Carrier*, who was always ready to *Gossip*. In this act, the *Press* upon her lip should be light, and the *Carina* perfect. Done in this style, by a good-looking *Mail*, with no *Argus* eye to witness it, she would doubtless like it. All the *Year* *Book*, and in all parts of the *Globe*, without desiring it announced in the *Intelligencer*.

A recent circular, issued by Postmaster Burt, of Boston, shows that there are daily mailed in his office an average of one hundred letters without stamps upon them, stamped with revenue stamps, or insufficiently prepaid. More than half of these letters are from banks, insurance offices, and business men. The average daily number of letters handled in the Boston office is 120,000.