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# LA VIOLETTA

## Literature

## Literature.

(Written for "Chignecto Post.")

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**Sketches from the South.**

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BY ALBERT J. HICKMAN.

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*Concluded.*

**THE CURRENCY.**

*Concluded.*  
THE CURRENCY

I have spoken handsy already of currency of the country. There is much of curious novelty in the fact that I know I may be pardoned for briefly referring to it again. Government issue of paper bills of different denominations from 100 to 100 *Gourdes* was put into circulation by virtue of a legislative enactment made and passed in the year 1827, or in the 23rd year of the existence of the republic. Originally they were of course at par with French money, but from the many interferences with which the country has been ravaged, and other causes, they have become fearfully and wonderfully depreciated at present. The value of the *gourde* has fluctuated very much at different periods in the history of the country. I have been

...t in the time of She  
...valent of one gold d

prices as low as sixteen dollars, a ton. In the time of Jefferson the depreciation of the bills was very much less than under the present system (the equivalent of a gold dollar being from 400 to 450 dollars when at the time of my visit), but under the regime of Salnave, which was continuous intestine war, they depreciated to such an extraordinary extent that \$100 (Gold) was worth 400 Haytian. And yet the common people prefer to be paid with the money rather than with gold or silver, the value of which they seem to understand but very imperfectly. They are reliably informed that in the country they positively refuse to take money for coffee, or other produce, and from the difficulty I had in satisfying them of its value, when attempting to use it for any purchases, I was convinced me that to a great extent this was true. Their singular

gence would seem to g

city the full import of great  
belly panics and changes, their  
cause and effects. Their *gourde* or  
coin seems to represent to them a  
main value fixed rather by the or-  
gan and usual prices of the articles  
they have to sell than the value of  
gold (I am speaking now of the com-  
mon people) consequently they do  
not slow to appreciate the effect that  
the changes have in altering the  
real value of the circulating paper-  
medium, and to regulate themselves  
thereby. Thus when exchange was  
the extraordinary rate last month  
they, they still sold turkeys in the  
market for 600 *gourdes* (equal at the  
time of my visit to \$1.50, gold)—  
the usual price for such articles—  
and to but 15 cents (gold) rather a  
striking difference. A few wealthy  
speculate firms in Port au Prince  
speculate by their speculations the  
value of gold within certain limits  
the possession of a vast amount of  
capital and the use of now ordinary  
business shifts that are bound to  
be the depreciation or advance of  
gold, but which it would be tedious

## RESOURCES

and February last, shew the export duty paid in the open port of Jaconelle upon the article of coffee alone at the rate of 2 1-2 c. (gold) per pound or \$2.50 per 100 lbs to have been \$110,000, making a clear shipment of 44,000 lbs in that time from that one port. I was told that the greatest shipment of coffee ever made in any one year was about 72,000,000 lbs, producing at the present import

above mentioned a revenue of \$1,800,000 (gold). In a prosperous year the united external and internal revenue has amounted to \$6,000,000 (gold)—a golden age to the State-burdened Ministers, through whose hands it passed, and to whose ministerial fingers doubtless a great deal of it stick. What unequalled picking and stealing has there been here. An expatriated Emperor or President invariably carried away with him to the land of his exile the wealth of a rajah. The very "brief state" which the people accord to those in power is compensated for by years of *otium cum dignitate*—a retirement made sunny by the memory of former greatness, and a present reality of easy affluence and its luxurious incidents. During my stay there the majority of foreign vessels of which there were a good many in the harbor were loading with logwood for the United States, France and England. The export duty is this staple is \$1.00 (gold) per 1,000 lbs and the supply would seem to be inexhaustible. This may also be said to be true of such valuable woods as mahogany, rose and satin woods, etc., with which the Island abounds, the trees adorning everywhere the surface of the country, lending beauty to fair, plain and picturesque mountain's side, and crowning richly the lofty mountain peaks. Some one or two vessels were being laden with cotton, of which there is also a considerable quantity shipped, the quality of which is said, however, to be inferior to that of the Southern States or India as the plant producing the finest grades of cotton cannot be successful, grown here. The export duty on this article is \$1.50 per 100 lbs.

THE "HORNE

While speaking of the vessels in port I may mention the ex-rebel cruiser "Lloriet," used in the late American war, now the property of the Cuban insurrectionists, which vessel having successfully accomplished the landing of some arms and ammunition for the insurgents upon the coast of Cuba, and coming here to coal and repair on her return was closely blockaded by Spanish steamers successively relieving each other. She is a long, low-built craft, Clyde built, and capable of great speed. I was invited on board of her and found her officers courteous and hospitable, and the vessel, as far as I could judge, a model for her purpose in point of machinery and general equipment. It was rumored that the Haytian Government propose buying her. It is wonderful what perils these Cubans are willing to undergo that they may be rid of Spanish thralldom. One of the most daring and indefatigable of their number has again and again risked his life and those of his followers in a frail boat of about twenty tons carrying arms, etc., to the insur-

**THE GOVERNMENT.**

The form of Government in Hayti is of course Republican, the number of members in the lower house seventy-two, the number of Senators, thirty-six. If my information be correct, these servants of the public are very well paid, the Senators receiving \$125.00 (gold) per month for the year round, the members of the popular branch \$200 (gold) per month for 3 months every year, and a like sum for every additional month if the session is prolonged. The Senators, I was told, are chosen by vote from the people's representatives, of which there are a sufficient number elected to give each house its complement of members so that the Senate is, in effect, elective. Its members sit for 12 years. The 7th Article of the Constitution of the Republic originally framed by Dessalines and his Generals at a time when the treachery and cruel excesses of the French rulers were fresh in the memory of every person and had been terribly retributed by the maddened negroes, provides 'that no foreigner can hold land in the Republic, so that the only shift the alien can make in such a case is to buy the land in the name of some friend, who receives the title and protects the real purchaser in his possession' by giving him satisfactory security. This original constitution is said to have been signed by Dessalines and his generals with their blood, a savage memento of the cruel times that ended in the inauguration of an independent Republic, a fitting symbol of the bloodshed and anarchy which was to be chronicled in the future history of this beautiful but wretched country.

A considerable source of revenue in Hayti would seem to be the different business licenses that the law requires: the speculator who purchases coffee in the country, the wholesale and retail city merchants, the ship-owner, wishing to do a coasting trade, must each obtain and pay liberally for a license permitting his particular trade operations. There is regular monthly steam communication between Port au Prince and New York, the like communication fortnightly with England, the steamers of this last line visiting St. Thomas, Kingston, Jamaica, and other ports. There were three steam vessels of war belonging to the Government in the harbor during my stay there, also Spanish, and French war steamers. The population of Port au Prince is about 30,000.

Very early one morning in April we bade the town good-by, without many regrets, and made sail for Nassau. It was oppressively hot, and the sails flapped listlessly about as we moved slowly down the harbor. Down by the frowning, gloomy warships, their bells tolling the half hours, by the Island, against which the swell flung itself with majestic, awesome sound that seemed a grand requiem of nature, by the light-house, and the great white hulk used as a floating warehouse by the fishing boats, and the low palm-fringed shore upon our left, we sailed weirdly out to sea in the gray, uncertain light of the hour, and now when I think of the many curious sights I saw in this to me so strange town, of the grand mountains that sentinelled it, of the queer, roluble people that thronged its streets, and idly talked and drank and lounged about its *cafes*, of its suggestive civilization at

one step and its more suggestive primitiveness at another, of the rush and hum of labor in the early morning, of the growing fierce heat, by day tempered by the grateful sea-breeze, of the half-deserted streets at midday, when people withdrew from the angry glare of the sun to enjoy a siesta within their cool houses, of the rumbling thunder and the driving rain by night, of the many hospitable, courteous gentlemen, both foreigners and natives, that I met there, of its history, its rulers, its plotters, its menicantes, can you wonder that my sojourn in Port au Prince seems to me sometimes only a very vivid dream.

## THE CHICAGO CALAMITY.

THE EXTENT OF THE DESTRUCTION.

[From the Boston Journal, Oct. 10.]

SUNDAY, Oct. 8.—Chicago, proud in the consciousness of greatness, wealth and power; the metropolis of a vast section of the country; the wealthiest city of its years ever seen; the glory of its citizens and the admiration of all sister municipalities.

MONDAY, Oct. 6.—Chicago, humiliated in the dust; its choicest, costliest edifices leveled to the ground; a fourth part of its people homeless and destitute.

Such is the difference achieved by a few short hours in one of the finest and most remarkable cities on the continent. On Sunday prosperous and secure; on Monday swept by a conflagration almost more cruel, more terrible, more remorseless than any similar visitation that the world has ever witnessed. It is a sad sight to behold the fall of a large city under any circumstances; but when that fall is of the terribly sudden character of the one that has so recently startled us, the spectacle becomes perfect.

ly awful. When early yesterday morning the toll was brought to our midst, the intelligence that the centre of the great Western metropolis had been swept to ashes by one terrific conflagration, it was very generally hoped that the fears of the people might have exaggerated the extent of the catastrophe, and that subsequent news would show that, after all, the worst of the disaster had been left intact. These hopes, however, were doomed to speedy disappointment. As message after message flashed in rapid succession, after the first heavy tidings, it became painfully apparent that not only had the calamity not been overestimated, but that half the truth had not been told. One hundred and thirty-five streets were reported to be in flames, until it was evident that the fire had taken deadly hold of the very heart of the city, burning to the earth the proudest and richest structure contained in the entire munici-

And this was not all. A baptism of blood accompanied the baptism of fire. Not only was property to the value of scores of millions of dollars helplessly destroyed, but human life was not spared. Thousands upon thousands of the ill-fated residents were cast into the streets without food, clothing or shelter, while, in a sadly large number of instances men, women and children fell victims to the devouring element, as they labored to arrest the progress of the destroyer, or sought to fly to some place of refuge and safety. The scene must, indeed, have been, but to think of it is to shudder, and infinitely too terrible to be described for even a moment.

blow. It is in all the catastrophe is the most appalling one that has ever swept over our continent, its results appearing beyond a doubt to consummate the practical destruction of over three hundred thousand inhabitants. Many lives have been lost, millions of dollars' worth of property has been reduced to ashes, and, despite the most efficient efforts of the West, the great metropolis of the West has in the course of a very few hours been swept out of existence. All the railroad depots, all the leading hotels, all the newspaper offices, all the wholesale establishments, the Court House and most of the public buildings, all the theatres, nearly all the leading retail stores, most of the bridges, and many of the churches, the hundreds of dwellings; all seem to have fallen before the fell destroyer. So cruel a blow has never so completely paralyzed a large American city. It seems almost too awful in its majesty to conceive. Two days ago as proud, and apparently as secure, as any city in the land; now a smoking waste, its beauty and grandeur reduced to a few ruins. Many of its residents hurried to a dreadful and untimely death. Great in her growth, Chicago has been terribly given in her fall; and in the hour of her tribulation, as in the hour of her

prosperity, she presents a scene wonderful in every phase.

Great quantities of breadstuffs have doubtless been destroyed. The receipts of wheat at the Lake ports for the past two months are said to have been without precedent. One account says in the short space of 61 days, 14,936,000, bushels—or more than one-third of the entire receipts of wheat for the year 1870-71—have been shipped. It is also said that has been the rush of Grain to Chicago that the elevators having contracted their storage room to the railroads, refuse to discharge Grain from Canal boats; and on Friday 25 boats, having 400,000 bush. of grain on board were waiting sale and discharge; some having been waiting over a week. The receipts of grain, by rail,

The New York, averaged 100,000 bushels of grain, or the 9th rank in the banks of Chicago have been loaded heavily on Grain, which has been destroyed, and to supply their wants have borrowed from New York. Hence there is certain to be a tight Money market in the face of this great distress. It reported, that already a combination has been formed for buying, holding, and reselling stocks. It is the grand carnival of the bears; the despatches are being used with fearful effect to depress stocks, more especially those of Western roads, and as a consequence, the decline is tremendous. Of course any estimate of probably loss to railroads would now be premature in this panic. The Chicago market, however, who place the losses as high as \$120,000,000, basing estimates on news received, and their knowledge of the Western country. At all events, the fires have caused a deadly panic.

**NEW YORK, Oct. 12.**  
There are fears that 200 persons have perished in the Wisconsin fire. Plenty of food at Chicago, and the authorities have telegraphed no more needed at present. The water has been again let on, and all inhabited portions of the city supplied. All railroads out of Chicago are arriving free the homeless to other places. The Common Council have fixed the price of bread at 8 cents for 12 ounces, with a penalty of ten dollars for violation. The police continue to capture and deal summarily with thieves, burglars and incendiaries. The Bank vaults generally have been found safe, and the Banks resume. The Insurance offices have been wiped out.

A SUDDEN FORTUNE.

F. from the New York Sun. Oct. 6.

Two men walked down the flight of stone steps leading into Bismark Hall, a noted concert saloon at the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets. One of them was evidently a gentleman and an alien. He was a man of portly presence, with light hair, whiskers and a mustache, and a coat of grey velvet. His coat was edged with costly fur, and from the diamond rings which sparkled on his fingers it was to be presumed that he was wealthy. The other was a younger man, an American, with dark, curly hair, and a sharp, hard expression of face. The first was Herr Graf von Reischel, a wealthy resident of the city of Breslau, in the province of Silesia, in Prussia, and the latter was the manager of a down-town detective agency. The two men entered the saloon and sat down at a table. The distinguished appearance of Herr Reischel caused three or four of the waiter girls to come forward to wait on the party. One of them was a fine-looking brunette, with long, purple-black hair falling down over a

She seemed to attract the attention of the detective particularly, for he eyed her all over, from head to foot, and finally told her to bring him a bottle of wine. She brought it, he brought her a glass, and they sat down at the table. The detective said: "My young friend, what's your name?" and the girl in a German accent replied, "Minnie White." The detective threw a quick glance at his companion, and both rising from the table went up to the bar and spoke a few words to Mr. Moller, the proprietor. Moller at once seemed to treat Herr Reichsel with the utmost deference, and the party went to a private room off the saloon, where they remained for five minutes, when Mr. Moller put his head out of the door and said, "Minnie, *come here*." The girl went, thinking the party was about required to leave. She was alone in the room as the door was instantly closed behind her, and Herr Reichsel, advancing to her said, "Minna Paltersburg, I have come all the way from Breslau to see you." The girl seemed struck with an electric shock. She almost shrieked out, "Ach, Gott im Himmel," and sank into a chair in a swoon. When she recovered she turned on Herr Reichsel and said:—

"Who are you that seek to know

"so much about me?"

The answer came quickly. I was never in Ellguth, and so you cannot know me; but my name is Von Reischel, of Breslau, and I am the administrator of

**YOUR UNCLE FRIEDRICH'S WILL.**

"What!" said the girl; "is my uncle dead?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and you are his heiress."

The last answer meant that the poor concert saloon girl is the possessor by the death of her uncle of a fortune of over \$100,000.

A LATE London paper gives the details of a case which one would scarcely suppose could occur in the nineteenth century, and in a civilized country. An Irish gentleman, named Mr. Alfred Manders, who is possessed of a private property of £20,000 a year, and who is partner of the well-known firm of Manders & Co., brewers at the instance of his brother and the said wife, was placed in a private lunatic asylum at Finsbury in April, 1869, and still remained in confinement there on the 18th of August last, although there is every reason to believe that he is quite sane. During the whole period of his incarceration, extending through twenty months, he was not visited either by his brother or his wife. After long time he contrived to communicate with his solicitor, a Mr. Lewis, who went to the asylum and demanded an interview with him, but was refused by Dr. Duncan, the proprietor. A clerk of Mr. Lewis having been sent to the asylum for an interview with Mr. Manders, the latter was thereafter debarred from taking exercise in the pleasure grounds. Finally, on the 18th of August, a writ of habeas corpus was taken out directing Mr. Duncan to produce his prisoner, so that the necessary steps might be taken for maintaining his mental condition and testing the legality of his proceedings.

It has been predicted that with reason—that the immense weight of false hair worn by ladies of the present day will result hereafter in an entire lack of any growth of the natural hair, and that the scalp cells will be hopelessly destroyed. This is, however, a matter of no kind of consequence. Art exceeds nature. Lute is made up into chignons and switches in astonishing quantities. Cotton thread and silk and sundry other article serve the same purpose. The hair is made to grow on a head-covering, a very moderate sum of money will procure a substitute, such as it is. Doubtless it will keep the scalp warm, if that is the point. A few ladies still have a prejudice in favor of simply what hair they can grow themselves, but the majority will not wear a wig for a reasonable price. Every one to her own taste in this Free country—*Harpur's Weekly.*

**BRIEF ITEMS.**—A snake 5 feet long and girthing 5 inches, was killed near Salmon River, N. S., a few days ago. After a long struggle and five refusals, the Colonial Office has confirmed the Australian law, allowing marriage with a deceased wife's sisters. —The Truro Boot and Shoe Factory's Capital has been increased from £25,000 to £40,000. —York Point recently beat Lower Cove, St. John, in a four-oared contest. —Messrs. Dobois & Sutherland, merchants, at Bathurst, have suspended liabilities over £60,000; £12,000 of which owing to a large firm on Market Square. The hoof and mouth disease has appeared in Colchester, N. S. The Potato Crop in King's N. S., is a failure. —A fruit show at Wollville takes place on 12 and 20th inst. —The Testimonial to Sir John A. MacDonald has reached \$64,000, which has been invested. —Ben Bulbin has been distanced in the International Race, by Washburne. —The new going the decoration of the Government by 638 to 436 votes. —Benjamin bows gracefully to the decision of his party. —Prince of Wales has been on a visit of pacification to the Irish people, who, with grateful consideration, met the attention of Royalty with three riots, a Fenian demonstration and an attempt to blow up the Prince of Wales. —On the other hand visit the Princess Louise in Scotland has been very satisfactory.

A TERRIBLE fire has been raging on the coast of Lake Michigan, between Manitowoc and Annapee, the flames sweeping up every thing, and sweeping houses, barns, stores, and piers in their course. The losses in Kewanee County, Wisconsin, will reach \$250,000. The farmers are burying their household goods in the ground to save them.

SEXTON Wilson, since his return from Europe, has had a friendly gathering of people at home, and told them of his European experiences. He says: "The late war, about which so much was written, turns out to be a small affair compared with ours. The Prussians lost but 18,000 killed, and the French army had 300,000 taken prisoners. The Germans are slow—great drinkers, but powerful physically. They don't drink whisky, but beer. They don't drink beer, but beer. They don't invite friends to visit them at home, but at the restaurants. There is the best music to be found in the world at Vienna, at the gardens—Strawinsk, etc. Full 40,000 soldiers were sent at liberty after the review of Munich, and only saw three or four drunk. They all desire to emigrate to this country, but are too poor to come. They get \$2.50 per week for twelve or thirteen hours' work. No eight-hour law there, but an American would do twice as much work in the same time. They are very slow and steady." Senator W. visited the House of Lords and Commons, dined with many of the nobles, and received more invitations than he accepted. He thinks the House of Commons is the only really body in the world, having strict parliamentary law in usage. Forty constitute a quorum.

Deacon Sam followed with an austere wave of the head while his persuasion.— "The Deacon" always made it a point to tell his customers that the money which he got for "isters" did not be- long to him. "The good father made the isters," said the Deacon, "and the money is His'n. I'm only a stoat- ar!" They do not say the Deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on an hundred in his peculiar method of doing business for some- body else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from his home, with a suspicious look of currency in his hand. Some one had given him a bad one, and he wasn't going to tolerate it. What was fixed up? "Why, Deacon," said one of his customers who he had tackled about it, "What's the odds! What need you care? 'Tisn't yours, you know; you are only a steward! It isn't your loss." The Deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his pistol, and said: "Yass, that's so; stand by and see!" He then charged out of fifty cents over his man's ear. "I don't biter no such feelin'."

THE WELL-KNOWN lord has married a very accomplished lady, the widow of a late marquis. The latter was greatly her senior, but the marriage was, nevertheless one of free choice on her part. It is said that when an objection was raised to it on the score of age, some relative urging the match was slow enough to tell her father that she was "happy to be married," "Oh, if that's all, I care not," and "any one would like to marry papa."

"HEAR, HEAR."—Two old women were at an election, listening to the speeches. When the crowd suddenly burst into a laughter at something that had been said upon the platform, and often old women clapped their hands, and cried, "Oh, Mamma, you're a good 'un!" she said, "that was a good 'un," and said, "Matty?" inquired her friends, "Oh," replied she, "I don't know what it was, but somebody's catch't it."

LOUIS NAPOLEON shows no abatement in his proverbial restlessness and in his rage for power. A conspiracy for his restoration has been discovered, in which Ploire, ex-Prefect of Paris, is implicated. M. Thiers is in great anxiety, not only on account of the exposure of a plot, but also in constant fear of assassination.

**METHODISTS IN LONDON.**—The work of Methodist chapel building in London is going forward vigorously. During the past year 255 buildings were completed at a cost of \$1,111,120, and a debt of \$262,420 canceled. The amount raised for these purposes is given at \$1,030,300. The movement to multiply Methodist temples in this city has also resulted in a subscription of \$130,000, and the erection of four buildings.

**Mrs. Mile**, an English lady, has obtained a divorce, but is compelled to allow her husband £500 a year.

**An Exchange says**:—The present abundance of fruit brings the cholera epidemic within the reach of the humblest cottage.

Certain Missouri hogs are so fat that in order to find out where their wads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then juggle the sound.

The Mount Genis tunnel was opened on a Sunday; twenty-two carriages ran through it, and the journey occupied 20 minutes, the distance being eight miles. It took fifteen years to pierce the tunnel.