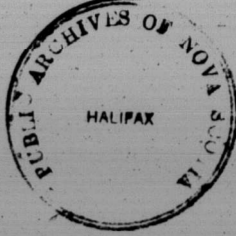


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Vol. II

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1871.

No. 21.

Poetry.

LINES

ADDRESS TO THE ONE WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

There's beauty in the merry laugh
That rings out gay and clear,
Bespeaking goodness in the heart,
Which knows not sin for fear.
The fear that checks the true impulse,
Upspringing from the mind,
Lest a cold world should harshly judge,
With meaning most unkind.

There's music in a merry laugh,
Melodious, rich and grand,
Can far surpass the organ's peal,
The master's mighty hand.
For while the electric sounds arise,
The listeners to enchain,
Perchance the power that called them forth
Was born of grief and pain.

The world has changes, well we know,
A time must come to mourn,
But in the present shake of gloom,
And laugh dark thoughts to scorn.
For when skies look bright and fair,
In glorious morning light,
Anticipate the tempest wild,
The storm-king's threatening might?

'Tis time to weep when loving friends,
Who bleed life's early day,
Become estranged at Fortune's frown,
And coddle turn away.
When hearts on which our own reposed,
Decide our faith's fond trust,
And radiant hopes that light our path
Are mingled with the dust.

But until then the merry laugh
Must ring out clear and light,
The building fills in summer time,
To silver frown and bright,
And "in our own peculiar way,"
A way unknown to thee,
We'll pass the pleasant sunny hours
In joyous laughing glee.

MARABITA.

Literature.

Sketches from the South.

BY ALBERT J. HICKMAN.

Continued.

Such are the incidents of this tragedy, that I gleaned during my stay here, and I mention them among other things to show how much of painful interest centres in the palace precincts. One word more of Salnavé. I said he was cruel. But he has many vindicators here and it would seem to be generally admitted that he was a man of great force of character, of undoubted bravery and administrative ability. Certainly the revolution that overthrew him appears to have been the result of faults upon both sides.

THE PALACE.

The foundation of the palace shows the main building to have been long and spacious, its length, fronting the street with two lateral wings and one in the rear. Built originally many years ago, it had been added to by successive rulers, with the usual effect of irregularity in appearance and an absence of architectural pretensions. Intelligent foreigners, English and American, bear witness to the elegance of its interior furniture and adornments. Especially does it appear that this was the case in the times of Shemouque, the Emperor, and Jiffard, the President, who proceeded Salnavé respectively, and under whose respective régimes the republic was very prosperous. Its only remnants of grandeur now are its length and breadth, its foundation with paneled front, its marble slatted ground floor and steps leading up to the main building, and either lateral wing. The precise spot upon the floor where the post was fixed and Salnavé shot, was pointed out to me by a friend in this place. A stranger, I naturally forgot his errand in memory of his long struggle against adverse fate, culminating in the cruel retribution that met him, and felt a pang of sincere sympathy for the unfortunate president. The grounds of the palace are quite extensive, and were beautifully laid out and made attractive by cool, shady fountains and a rich variety of trees and flowers. Among the trees which remain are seen stately cabbage palms, the beautiful but sad immortal, orange and almond trees, &c. Conspicuous among them all, a great branching mango tree famous for rich green and sweet soft shade, its leaves all in a gentle flutter, at being moved by the breeze among its guarded branches. One of the foun-

tains is exhausted and dry now, the other at the rear of the palace as lavish as ever in its cool overflow.— There is yet another, I believe.

"To the right of the palace looking outwards and running in a straight line across the grounds to Le Tombeau de Salnavé, before mentioned, as built into the front wall are the regular brick arches, very thick, and still uninjured which formed the lower part of a fine large building devoted to the departments of the several ministers. The front wall of enclosure is massive and very high, built entirely of brick, covered with mortar. The palace gates do not lack a share of honest state, too.— The pillars of the large ones in the centre, partake of the massiveness of the same materials. They are lofty too, and nicely capped. The gates, themselves, large and small, are made of iron pickets, and a piece of graceful iron ornamentation tapers up, surmounting the whole structure in the centre. Further on towards the north the wall lessens in height, and finally becomes a non-picketed fence, with a base of brick and mortar painted, and square pillars of the same, with peaked tops. This fence forms the principal line of enclosure of the palace ground, on a part of the front or western side, and on the northern and eastern sides, running to the gates within the rear of the palace. On the southern side of the front gate, the front wall stretches away in the full proportions and, encloses in its course the spacious grounds of the barracks at the south, which buildings were uninjured by the fire. Passing through the gates in the rear of the palace you meet with a lofty fort, apparently for some time in disuse, verily breaking through the cracks in the wall and carpeting in a wild way the interior.

THE SCENERY.

Walk a very little further on still in the rear of the palace, and in a northerly direction, and you will see a rare bit of prospect which generous memory still lets me see if not with almost the rich distinctness of actual vision, assuredly with more dreamy pleasure. A long low grass grown mound is on the right hand, and on its other side is a deep broad ditch, almost dry. To the eastward lies a majestic plain, the grand parade ground. Perfectly level, a surface of noble extent, of vivid greenness, and short close grass, it might be a cricketer's paradise. A graceful carriage road winds over it, and clumps of beautiful trees are scattered here and there. A grand serenity pervades the place, a divine language, whose sedative influences seize stealthily hold of the senses. The plain seems to bask and doze in the afternoon sun, guarded by the rugged, yet beautiful mountains that tower proudly up from its edges to the south and east, and by Fort Nationale on the hill to the north, which seems like some great natural monster, crouching in the green undergrowth that covers the summit and face of the hill, waiting with a cruel gleam in its eyes, ready to spring upon any intruder.

Majestic sentinels are these mountains which surround the town. I never was tired of looking at them in any phase of their appearance, whether patched with gold by the glorious sunlight, their sleepy nooks and little hills all radiant in their yellow beauty or at gloomy night-fall when the sun had vanished, and a thick, sullen vapor wrapped itself about their summits and lent them an additional frown, and later when the twinkling lights of a hundred little houses on their sides flashed out brightly to tell of humanity's existence away up there in the gloom.—

SUNDAYS AT HATTI.

In the latter part of the afternoon on Sunday, the parade ground is animated by the presence of pleasure-seekers of all classes of society, ladies and gentlemen either walking or riding upon horseback. A discordant braying of stray donkeys is painfully observable, and a certain large number of questionable shady individuals, who pay clamorous attention to a cockpit at the north-west-

ern extremity of the ground, who appear to have very hazy ideas as to the sanctity of the Sabbath. These individuals further observe the Lord's day and satisfy their spiritual longings by drinking *tafia* and playing dice. The game is an old and time-honored one, having for its authority the recommendation of kings and princes, and it is probably owing to the climate that it has lost its secular character here, and become an instrument of grace, yet I fear that many who read this will yet be incredulous as to its saving effects.— One thing is certain, that they play it with profound devotion and great dexterity always catching the dice with the box in the most surprising way, and carrying on a war of words and gestures, that with honest New Brunswickers would inevitably end in a fight, but here is concluded only by a prolonged succession of grunts and shrugs, interrogative and exclamatory, and the most abundant expectation all around. "I may remark here that the Haytien is a very garrulous fellow indeed. In this particular there is an unmistakable resemblance between prince and peasant. The essence of all pantomime is Haytien. It amused me very much one day to see an offender being taken by some policemen to what I suppose we would call the station. To the number of five or six they surrounded the prisoner and the injured party walked along with them. They were shabby looking functionaries and wore a monotonous uniform of blue drill. They carried short sticks, but only in this respect were they like the policemen we are accustomed to. They argued the point with the prisoner, and allowed that individual great freedom of speech, and a large circle for the unrestrained motions of his arms and legs and head, all of which were the source of his logic, and derived additional piquancy from the fact that his hat was crownless, and that his extremities had struggled far beyond the restraints of mere art, his torn pants' legs fluttering down as far as his knees, and the sleeves of his shirt being left hopelessly behind a little below the shoulders. Apparently this shirt was of lace, of large figure and eccentric pattern.

Although it was Sunday this rare party would stop occasionally and execute a kind of war-dance, which gave additional relish to the discussion, and ended in the usual flourish of national grunts. Then the march was resumed, and long after they were hidden from view I judged from the sounds I heard that the majesty of the law was still being jealously vindicated by its officers. In our drive through the town we visited the public fountry, which was also uninjured by the fire. We did not get out of the carriage, but saw that it was a spacious building, apparently well designed for its purpose, and built wholly or in part of iron. Its machinery is capable of doing any kind of work even to the forging of cannon. On our return home we passed two plain-looking yellow buildings of brick, the counterparts of each other, and each bearing the name *Tribunal Civil*. One of them is devoted to the trial of civil and the other of criminal causes. In this last Salnavé was tried. We also passed an exceedingly pretty little Protestant Church, partly hidden among trees, where I was told a body of Episcopalians worship in the enjoyment of complete toleration. I have thought it unnecessary to mention that almost all the people here are Catholics. The Cathedral here is situated in the central part of the town, and is a plain, unhandsome building, quite spacious. The steps, which run all along its front, are thronged with penitents, or persons desiring confession, idlers, mendicants, and street vendors.— It fronts on the corner of a large open square, devoted to another market, larger in the ground it covers than the first, and if possible more fertile in derelict booths. They looked very weak kneed when I last saw them one Sunday afternoon. I felt very sorry

for them in their desertion, and were it not that the ruins lacked grandeur, I perhaps might have grown pathetic. As it is Volney's beautiful sentiment, yet remain unrivalled, and the world will have lost an invaluable acquisition to its literature. On one side of this square are two square enclosed fountains, the waterjetting out of their sides. Some of the finer portions of the town have been destroyed by fire, during the different revolutions, and insurance companies now positively refuse to take a risk at the most extravagant of premiums.

MINISTER OF MARINE.

The day following my arrival at Port au Prince I had the honor of an interview with His Excellency, the President. My friend and I were accompanied by the Haytien Consul. He first took us to see P. Monplaisir Pierre, the Minister of War and Marine. We went through a low, stone building, with a railed enclosure on either side, at the further end, one of which is occupied by the Minister when affixing his signature to the correspondence, or otherwise attending to the business of his department, the other by his chief assistants. Outside the rails were desks occupied by various subordinates, and benches for the accommodation of such unfortunate as from any cause had to wait the time and convenience of the Minister or his subordinates. From this place we entered upon a small yard, with a few dispirited Bananas and a tangled vegetation enjoying a *green old age*, with a delicious freedom from care. The place was enclosed by a high brick wall. Through it there was a flagged pathway that led, in a few steps to a wooden house, the residence of the Minister, and where he generally receives his intimates and persons on private business. The house is also within the enclosure made by the wall. The rooms were ushered into was airy and comfortable, with a high ceiling. The furniture was indifferently good, perhaps a trifle sparse. Yet I am not sure, on second thought, that the size of the room and the absence of carpets, which are never seen in the West Indies, did not give this effect. We were introduced to the Minister with much ceremony by the Consul. Politeness on his part, and bad French on ours, made the first few moments painful, but the Minister had an open, assuring countenance, which soon put us at our ease. Shall I describe him? He is a tall, unhandsome negro, very black. He is gaunt and long-armed, with high cheek bones, and a head that might supply an important link in Mr. Darwin's chain.

All these features prove his *présumé* and undiluted. Ethiopian, as he apparently is, I am bound to say that he is a man of respectable intelligence although personal appearance are rather against him. The Consul and my friend had business to talk with him. They did the principal part of the talk upon one side, and the Minister "kept up his end of the stick" in that line with wonderful vigor. The conversation was frequently and most unkindly interrupted by a small boy, whom I learned was the Minister's son and rejoiced in the euphonious name of *Joseph*, also by the occasional expostions of stray hens and chickens which wandered in through the open doors. Joseph was a boy, I should judge, of between three and four years of age. He was coolly clothed in a shirt and a pair of half boots. His face was very pretty, but fitful, apparently caught the idea that to be the Minister of Marine's son invested him with peculiar importance, in consequence his manners were as cool as his clothing; and he trotted about in a reckless, indifferent way, that showed, unquestionably, he was a child of blood. Among other things observable in the room were several rifles of the Chassepot, Snider, and other patterns. I saw him, (the Minister) several times afterward, and shared in several conversations between him and my friend in reference to the business before mentioned. We generally had an interpreter when business was talked. To finish with the Minister, in social conversation he is bland and polite. In a matter of business

he is a most unpleasant man to talk to, because he overwhelms you with loud torrents of talk and alarming gesticulation. Be careful not to have a money claim of any value against the Government, of which he is one of the heads, especially for the following reasons.—The Government don't properly understand the great law of compensation. They apparently think that their dignity and honor are enhanced by successfully avoiding the restrictions of such an equity. Consistent supporters of this philosophy, they never pay any considerable claims unless they can help it. Diplomacy with them runs into bad faith and statesmanship into theft, for it is a notorious fact that many of the Chief Executive officers, and Ministers of the Republic have appropriated to their own use large portions of the public money unaccounted for. This element of picking and stealing in high places gloriously survives the slaughter of men and principles at each revolution and change of party. Through the various mutations of Government, it has been preserved as a crown jewel might be, and never was it more attentively acted upon than under the rule of the late President Salnavé, when it is said a Minister, not satisfied with the proceeds of much golly speculation, being entrusted by the President with a large sum of money to buy a war steamer and armament at New York, forgot either to execute the Commission or to return the money, and has not since been heard from. I would be doing injustice to the present Government did I not say that some members of it are, or seem to be honest men. For the President, of whom I will speak shortly, I entertain the highest respect, or the Minister of Marine, etc, I am compelled to say I do not.

(To be Continued.)

[We owe an apology to Mr. Hickman for several printer's errors in his sketches of the South last week. Among the most noticeable of them is the mis-spelling of "in memoriam" and "equal," and the beautiful French quotation, "*Ce ne fut qu'à moi que tu fis ceder mes larmes*," by introducing the words *moi* and *coeur*. The repetition of the words "the following" should be supplied by "this." We make a special note of this as we are generally correct in the typographical management of this paper.—Ed.]

THE RECORDS OF LONGEVITY.

Curious Illustrations.

Physiologists from the days of Galen have established rules and regulations for the preservation of life, which are all included in the mutual laws. Upon a strict observance of these laws, and upon such natural conditions of the parentage, constitution, and form of the individual, longevity depends. Hereditary longevity is regarded by Dr. Noiset as the most important prognostication. Rush said he never knew an octogenarian who could not quote similar instances in his family. From a statistical report of the hospitals and work-houses of London, out of 437 octogenarians 303 were descended from long-lived parents.

Regarding the parentage Bacon makes the curious statement that "those that resemble the mother are longest lived." The same author describes the most favorable organization for old age "as one with head small in proportion to the body, a moderate neck, wide nostrils, large mouth, ears gristly, teeth sound, a raw-boned body, broad chest, large hand, short foot, eyes large, facilities in holding the breath." Medical authorities, as a rule, rely more on the general physique than on minor details. The celebrated Hufeland favors one of the middle size, with a complete harmony of all his parts, senses not too delicate, pulse slow and regular. Lavater lays more stress upon the countenance. He says "every man destined to reach an advanced period in life has a muscular forehead, furnished with a soft skin, and the nose somewhat curved." With respect to the sex, there has been much discussion; but it is certain that women do attain as great age as men, notwithstanding their inferiority of form and sedentary habits. Tisich explains this want of exercise as being compensated for by their talking so much.

The health of the human race is very dependent upon the external conditions of life, especially the char-

acter of location or habitation and a country geographically situated so as to combine regularity of the seasons with a uniform, mild, and moist climate, is the most conducive to the prolongation of life. The most unfavorable localities are those where extremes of temperature prevail. In Iceland and Siberia, both with extremely cold climates, 70 is the standard of extreme age, while in China, with its enormous population, centenarians are so rare that when the Emperor in 1784 assembled the oldest inhabitants of the empire to the number of 3,000, there were only four whose ages exceeded a century. Mountains—our regions, on account of the purity of the atmosphere, offers superior advantages to those of low countries. Scotland, Switzerland, and Wales are conspicuous in this respect.

It is stated that old Lortan's only food was milk and cakes, with brandy. Jenkins appears to have subsisted on salted beef and sour, leavened bread; De Ouzge lived on cornmeal; Parr drank ale and sterry, and many centenarians have been addicted to the use of liquor and tobacco.

Whatever may be the effect of diet upon longevity it is certain that the occupation or profession exerts great influence. Farmers are generally the most favored, having the advantage of pure air, plenty of exercise, wholesome diet and freedom from excitement. Clergymen are long-lived for their lead regular lives. The celebrated Wesley attained the age of 88, having preached 66 years. Failors, shoemakers, printers and watchmakers die young from the confinement of their pursuits. Masons, plumbers and painters are unusually unhealthy, while carpenters and bookbinders are more fortunate; stablemen and divers live long. One would not suppose that those connected with the stage would survive long, and yet there are many instances of very old actors. Garrick lived till he was 63, Kemble 66, Mrs. Siddons 76, C. C. Gibber 86, and Forest is upward of 70. Poets as a class have lived very early; but it is questionable whether this is due to moderate use of the brain or their own excesses; Byron died at 36, Burns at 38, Goldsmith at 41, Spencer at 46, Thomson, at 48, Dante at 59, Tasso at 52, etc.

The pursuit of the arts and sciences seems to favor health, many of the most illustrious men attain great ages. Titon lived to 96; Michael Angelo, 89; Claude Lorraine, 78. Physicians, although exposed to constant risk from disease, usually reach an advanced age. Lawyers are short lived. In short, all professions requiring much study have a tendency to shorten life, and so constitutes the maximum age. With literary men, sleep—the most important auxiliary of health—is too often neglected. Sleep is as necessary after intellectual as physical labor. The loss of sleep has been known to occasion death, as in the case of Lord Littleton, and a newborn infant could not survive twenty-four hours if kept awake. Shakespeare appropriately calls sleep Nature's soft nurse. The married state is more favorable than the single. Buffon declares "that marriage is the proper state of man," and physiologists affirm that nearly all the remarkable cases of longevity were married persons. Old Parr tried wellcock again at the advanced age of 120.

According to the Cologne Gazette, the Prince de Joinville refused recently to become a candidate for the presidency of the French republic as a short cut to the throne. "But," said the prince, "if I were a king I should know how to govern well. The means are very simple. I would have a constitution of two articles. The first should enact that every Frenchman should be a functionary; the second that every Frenchman on reaching the age of five should be decorated."

Statistics collected by English Commissioners of Customs show that during the year 1870 the trade of England was greater than ever before. The imports from foreign countries and British possessions abroad amounted to £303,000,000, and the exports to £244,000,000. The imports from Germany fell off nearly £3,000,000 in consequence of the war, but this was offset by an increase of £3,500,000 in the imports from Holland and Belgium. The exports to Germany fell off £2,470,000, but this loss was partly made up by an increase of nearly £1,000,000 to Holland and Belgium, which was destined, probably, for Germany. With France a larger business than ever was done, though the increase in exports was mainly in munitions of war. The exports to the United States amounted to £28,235,000, an increase of 15 per cent. over those of 1869, while the imports from the United States show an increase of £7,231,000 over those of the previous year.

CLEANINGS.

NEVADA has a saloon called the "Hearse."

The new postal rates begin in England, Oct. 5. A letter weighing one ounce goes for one penny.

AS old lady, writing to her son out West, tells him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

The great tunnel, through the Sierra Nevada is to be five miles long, nineteen feet high and twenty-one feet wide. Its cost is to be \$15,000,000.

He came down town for his morning nip, he raised the glass, he heaved a sigh, and then between each ardent sip, he cried, "Oh, how is that for you?"

SAN JOSE, CALIF., witnessed a fight recently between a pair of antiquated celestial, which terminated in mutual pig-tail entanglement, and eventual strangulation of the twain. Heathen aspirants for fistie honors.

They tell of a man out in Dubuque, Iowa, who, during a moment of fit his semi-self, severed from her cranial surface its hirsute appurtenance, and with the proceeds of the sale thereof, procured a barrel of corn-meal, and saturated himself into a state of clamorous jollity.

As a sutored man in Boston, when reproached for the extravagant charges he had made for certain services, he claimed, "Well, isn't it better to be a hog and get well paid for your work than to be a good fellow and get kicked from pillar to post?" With that man evidently, business is business.

Why will people continue to soak in gin and kindred enormities? Daily evidences of the disastrous consequences of such proceedings are served up to us, and all, like the one from Cobleskill (N. J.) *Index* teach the same lesson, "Steer clear of benzine." This is the sad extract from the *Index*:

One day last week a man in Windsor, Vt., hitched his team to a freight car standing on the track, and went into a benzine shop to take something. Soon he thought he heard something, and looking up the track, saw a freight train moving out, in the rear of which was a whirlwind composed principally of horses tails, wagon-wheels and harness leather. All he saved out of his establishment was a few horse shoes and a wagon tire.

Woes of an English Gallant.

The breach of promise trial has been interesting the British public during the intermission in the Tichborne proceedings, the plaintiff being a veteran maiden named Hubbert, and the defendant an elderly gentleman of Lincolnshire, named Coppington. Mrs. Coppington died and the fair Hubbert, who now brings a suit for breach of promise, a young man of thirty, came to the funeral and stayed a few days. When she went home she beraved widower said to her, "good-bye, Charlotte; don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away." Her conscious heart interpreted these words to mean "wait for your Coppington." She did not have to wait long. The next month he wrote her a letter which ended, "with fondest love and lots of kisses, dear Charlotte, from your ever-loving Wright Coppington," which the learned counsel judiciously observes, "was not bad for the first letter." [Laughter in the court.] He got on beautifully; in his next letter he consults her in relation to some leather belt he is purchasing, not "not caring to please any one but her own dear self." Of course there was "renewed laughter," which was not cured when this conscientious swain, as if realizing that there was something slightly suggestive in that phrase of "kisses," adds, "I mean right." And so proceeding through a wilderness of oiled-leaves, his passion unakes him a poet, and he talks of the strains and the stings of his kisses like a cockney Anacreon. At a later period, when the learned counsel tells us his love was cooling, "he perditionally reinforces his letters with parfat amour. I hope nothing will ever change the love we have had for one another. If I was again you I would give you some good kisses." [Laughter.] I would leave a mark on your dear cheek." [Laughter.] Only a