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Poetry.

DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

BY FRANK CLIVE.

This yar luck sometimes runs in a way
that' surprisin',
There's days, now and then, when a man's
luck am pizen,
And days when the clussest can't lay up a
cent.
Along of things souring to such an extent.
'Twas in Vicksburg, one evenin', that Joe
Bannon struck
One of these yar blamed streaks of ornery
luck;
Which Joe himself 'lowed he was never
tuk down
Any wuss than he was in that ramshackle
town.

For the liveliest muscle and sassiest lip,
Joe kerried the broom on the Mississip:
And—pervidin' he hadn't tuk mor'n a *cag*
in—
He was'a hull team 'n' a dog under the
wagin.
Ye mought seek a month without findin' a
limb
That was able to git away with him.
The night I allude to Joe was on a small
toot,
N' he swore he was spilin' to whop some
galoot!
He went around town' from saloon to shebang,
Sayin', "I am Joe Bannon, 'n' don't keer a
dang!"
Such remarks seldom fails of perjucia' a
snarl,
N' Jo was quite sudden drapped over a
chair.
He was harnessed so lively he had no show,
By a science't pill, which he done it to Joe:
And he everlastin'ly mopped that floor
With Joe, till he didn't prefer any more.

Five times that night Joe tried it on,
But each muss ended like number one,
He was disapp'inted and sad and mad,
Along of the shocks his feelings had had.
Gwoine back to the levee he came acrost
A cripple which one of his legs he had
lost.
Says Joe, "You's a crip, which I know I
kin whop him.
Just for a change I reckon I'll pop him!"
But I'an cuss'd if that crip didn't putty
much
Beat Joe's geranium with his crutch!
Leastwise that is what the two doctors
said—
N' they chucked a half dollar 'n the top of
his head.

How come Joe Bannon to lose his grip?
He didn't been in whiskey that spile't his
trip;
But *hit* was his native element;
It wasn't just luck, I don't want a cent!
—*Buffalo Courier.*

Literature.

Written for "Chignecto Post."

BY ALBERT J. HICKMAN.

Sketches from the South.

The Shores of Hayti--Port Au Prince --Appearance of the Town--Its Markets--Its Filth.

In the month of March last I visited the town of Port Au Prince, Hayti. The strangeness of much that I saw and heard there, and the great interest with which I regarded it all, prompted me to write a sketch of my visit, which you have below:—

In company with a friend and the Haytien Consul for the Bahamas, I left Nassau, N. P. in a fast-sailing schooner on the 22nd of March.—Heavy winds prevailing, we arrived on the 7th at the island of Juagua.—Leaving there on the evening of the 8th, we reached Cape St. Nicholas, Hayti, about 8 next morning, and on the following day at 2p. m. were anchored in the harbor of Port Au Prince. From the Cape to the last-named place we passed the towns of Genavies and St. Marks, the quickness of our passage being regulated by the land and sea breezes, which blow regularly every twenty-four hours, the latter commencing generally between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., the former between 7 and 10 p. m., tempering by their influence the fierce tropical heat which would otherwise be almost insupportable. After being accustomed to the flat, rather low land of such of the Bahamas as I had seen, I was already struck by the bold mountainous shores of the southern side of this Island. Peak after peak of the long mountain range, successively reared itself among the clouds, then there was a confusion and irregularity of outline occasionally seen which gave fearful suggestions of the mighty convulsions that had placed them there, and intensified their grand sublimity. Bathed in sunlight, the clefts and sleepy grassy hollows in their rugged sides, presented so much of calm beauty, suggested so much of sweet rest as was inexpressibly grateful to my senses, pained and harrassed by the rude tossing of a night on a wild sea. Their sides are clothed with a rich verdure of grass and shrubs and valuable trees: stately branching mahoganies, logwoods, lignum vitæ, &c., and here and there the coffee plant growing in wild profusion.

The town of Port Au Prince is situated at the head of a deep bay. On its south and south-eastern side it skirts the base of Mountains, to whose wealth of natural beauty and great breezy heights, the eye wanders in a glad yearning way from the noisy harbor and noisier town. On the south-eastern and eastern side the mountains gradually slope away to the hill at the rear of the town, on which stands Fort Nationale. Another decline leads to the broad hill of almost uniform heighth, whose summit limits a large portion of the town in the rear. About midway in its width the summit falls slightly away again and a rich valley intervenes between it and a mountain range on the north. The town, itself, is pleasantly situated on the slope of the hill, and the low ground at its foot and that of the mountains, over which it stretches away to the sea shore, making on its southern side a long diversion to the south-west, reaching some distance along the southern shore of the harbor.—There would seem to be considerable regularity in its laying out, and the streets are generally straight, wide, and at right angles with each other. The houses are built principally of brick or stone, or "brick between posts," to some considerable heighth, the upper parts, piazzas, &c of wood with slate or shingled roofs. Some of the finer ones are built entirely of brick or of brick and iron, but many of them are low and small. The roofs too differ so in heigth and are so many of them four-sided that at a certain distance the town presents the irregular, straggling appearance of a large country village, rather than the *tout ensemble* of what we are accustomed to dignify with the name of a town. Yet on walking through the streets you are agreeably surprised to find that there are many very fine buildings for residence or business or both, large, spacious, and well-provided with *jalousies* and blinds, to protect their occupants from the burning rays of the sun, and in no way are the desolating influences of the various revolutions more evidenced than in the spectre walls and shattered ruins that mark the place where once stood stately and elegant buildings that have been destroyed by fire. Proud survivors of a cruel time, the walls of the ruined senate house still stand erect and unharmed, but its roof is gone, its windows eyeless, and the interior of the place is abandoned to the rains of Heaven, the glare of sunlight by day and the gloom of darkness by night. But the streets are terribly filthy here now. Heaps of garbage trip the foot and offend the senses, and the sewerage is all above the ground, the water running in shallow, artificial channels with paved bottoms prepared for its reception on either side of the street. When dammed up, as it almost invariably is, in the deep ruts of the unpaved street crossings, it stands stagnant, emitting foul, unwholesome odors.

All this is very repulsive to a person of ordinarily nice tastes, especially to one accustomed, as I was, to the trim neatness and cleanliness of Nassau. The side-walks are either of brick or stone, in some places in very good condition, in others dilapidated and uneven, and everywhere you encounter at intervals vile gutters crossing them from back yards, and treacherous bridges leading from them to the main street, all of which render walking in the daytime particularly disagreeable, and at night, as the streets are unlighted, almost impracticable.

These sidewalks too are obstructed by different kinds of merchandize displayed there for sample and sale. You bow to pass under a screen of dry goods stretched across your path and before you have fairly raised your head on the other side, run against a wretched donkey, pillioned and pannioned, who receives your jostling and grumbling with decorous asinine stolidity and continues his ruminations on the vanity of human nature, &c., always apparently perplexed with the idea that all the flesh he sees around him should be grass. Bags of coffee being weighed for shipment turn you aside, gutters yawn before you; horses and donkeys stand across your track; the venders of small wares chatter in a high discordant note from their respective out-door stands of immemorial right, and you pass along a miserable foreigner, a very nondescript, the curious novelty of the scene not even sufficing to prevent a shock to your tastes and sense of propriety, all too nice for the strange world in which you find yourself. And yet to a stranger unused to the country, there is assuredly a striking novelty in everything that he sees. Stepping ashore at one of the wharves, of which there only three here—two of which are private—crazy, wooden structures, with rotten, treacherous planks that tax all his watchfulness to prevent falling through, he hurries away from the villinous odors *du bord de la mer*, passes through a narrow gate, barely wide enough for his admission and finds himself in the town. He is first attracted by the men and women that he sees around him.—Almost everybody speaks French or Creole and almost everybody is more or less colored. To the grotesqueness and extravagence of the negro character is added the volubility of the Frenchman, and from this ingraftment proceeds *la creme de la creme* of pantomine, intense, illimitable and profound. He is apt to stand amazed at this conjunction of character, and gaze in a rude, ill-mannered way at passers-by. If so impressed it is but for a moment, for other strange fields of variety invite his attention. Little sure-footed donkeys patter along by him, bearing negresses of all ages seated sidewise upon primitive pillions of rushes or banana leaves. They ride jauntily, flog and spur unmercifully, dress scantily, and have a reckless, Bohemian cast of manner, all of which would leave our stranger friend aghast and petrified again were it not that a gallant sable cavalier dashes swiftly up upon a sleek, nettlesome little horse, fat and well-accoutred and capable of great endurance. This diverts his attention and he finds that almost all the gentlemen ride on horseback here, and that carriages or wagons are rarely to be seen, an exception however in favor of a vehicle, just then approaching him in the shape of a heavy two-wheeled cart, drawn by three donkeys or a horse and two donkeys, or mules, &c. abreast, their driver a cruel, noisy fellow, who flogs the poor little brutes into a run, and drives generally at a reckless pace that threatens the safety of pedestrians. Our friend will certainly stroll into the market, and being of an observing turn of mind, will see what we saw there, which is as follows: The market is a large open space with a fountain in the middle, and a number of scattered, melancholy booths, each stuck upon four or more weak legs, and having a bent forlorn look, as if feeling its lack of elegance and varied usefulness. The fruit and produce of various kinds is exposed for sale upon the ground, and the venders thereof principally women, gather around their merchandize sitting or standing, like the witches in Macbeth around the cauldron. They smoke, chatter and gesticulate marvellously. In point of personal beauty they are a failure, nor is their simplicity of manners attractive, for they swagger about in a bold, masculine way, and do not step over ditches daintily at all. They are not clean. The gentle graces do not seem to thrive with them, nor does their womanly presence impart a softer tint to the harsh business incidents of the place, and they are apt to let their angry passions rise at delinquent donkeys and small boys in a way quite wonderful to behold. The whole place is a sea of humanity and donkeys. The latter are to be counted by hundreds, I believe thousands. Babies innumerable kick and crow upon the ground, or lie there in absorbed mental contemplation of nothing. Under some of the booths are sold beef, mutton, &c., under others handkerchiefs, linens, thread, soap, salt, &c. Many, in fact the most, of these last are exposed for sale upon the ground.

Such then is the principal market. a shallow ditch enclosing it on four sides, filled on three of these at least, with foul slime, and water generally stagnant, a place of moist uncleanness, of vegetable offal in various stages of decay, of fierce and intempered heat, of smoke from fires on the ground, of vile dust and viler scents, of loud noise and quarreling. And from amidst all this impurity, well up the pure waters of the fountain. Our stranger friend, as he walks slowly away, will be apt to look back as I did, to see again the graceful spray glancing and gleaming in the sunshine, and to listen to the cool murmur of the water jetting in several places from the stone sides of the basin. The people stoop and drink or fill vessels with water at these jets, crossing, for this purpose, a nasty slough that runs all around the basin, the result of a gross neglect to provide proper channels to carry away the overflow, and once escaped from this the water struggles along through sickly pools and all kinds of obstructions, until beyond the confines of the market, it flows along through the surface drains of the city and away to the sea, bearing with it vast quantities of filth, constantly swelled by the vile outpourings of cross gutters from back-yards, a gentle messenger of health and good indeed, but despoiled of its purity, soiled and repulsive. The reservoirs of this and the other fountains in the city, of which there are some four or five more than I have seen, is a lake in the mountains. I may remark here in connection with the market that beef, mutton, fowls, fruit and ordinary produce are generally much cheaper and better here than in the Bahamas. Beef here, of a very good quality, is worth only 12c. per pound, while in Nassau, a wretched but venerable article sells for 25c. Eggs too, are very much cheaper, selling for 25c. per dozen, one half their price in Nassau, but commend me to the latter place for rich unctuous turtle, which you can scarcely ever see in the market here, and when seen is only to be had for prices very much in advance of Nassau.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE CRIME OF THE PERIOD.

A Visit to a New York Abortionist.

A TIMES REPORTER TELLS A CURIOUS STORY—PERILS OF REPORTING.

The city editor of the New York *Times* tells a rather thrilling story of a reportorial visit he recently paid to the establishment of 'Dr.' Ascher, alias Rosenzweig, who is now under arrest on suspicion of his connection with the 'trunk mystery.' He says:

During the month of July last, I was directed by the "Times'" editor to investigate thoroughly the entire business carried on so extensively in this city by professional abortionists. In order to secure success and avoid suspicion, I was instructed to take a lady with me. After a long, tedious and, in many respects, an unpleasant experience, we unearthed a mass of evidence that, if invailable in a court of law, would drive a score of villains to the refuge of the state's prison.

Among others upon whom we called was 'Dr. Ascher,' at his office in South Fifth avenue, as advertised daily in the "Herald" for months previously. We rang the bell and were promptly ushered into the hallway of an ordinary first-class house of the former period. It was of the kind of dwellings that would have been aristocratic ten years ago. A woman of, say, forty years of age opened the door and led us into the parlor. As we entered the room a young girl emerged therefrom. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, a little more than five feet in height, of slender build, having blue eyes, and a clear, alabaster complexion. Long blonde curls, tinted with gold, drooped upon her shoulders, and her face wore an expression of embarrassment: the presence of strangers. She retreated to the end of the hall, and stood there for a moment, and then went to another part of the house. In a few moments the doctor made his appearance.

'DO YOU WISH TO SEE ME?' he asked

'Yes, sir. We have come to consult you professionally.'

The room in which we were seated was nicely furnished. A fine tapestry carpet covered the floor; at the window was an elegant mahogany desk, against the wall was a long easy sofa, in the centre of the room was a marble-top table covered with books and pamphlets, and chairs were placed about in the usual manner. Folding-doors seemed to separate the rooms, and adjacent thereto was what seemed to be a piano, having a large cover of heavy damask. The man laid down the pipe from his mouth, for he had been smoking, and wheeling an easy chair in front of us, at once began the conversation.

'I suppose you called for medical services?' he asked.

'We called for medical information,' was the answer.

'Exactly; we probably understand each other. You wish to release a lady from difficulty.'

'We come to inquire what you propose to do, and what your charges are for such work.'

'Well, what are the symptoms—tell me exactly.'

'We tell you nothing; but suppose that a lady is ——, and that —— are the symptoms. What can you do?'

'Well, you wish to save her and her family. I can do it without danger. I will not fool you. You know what risk there is in this business. I want $200 down. If there is no trouble, I will see the lady safely through for that sum.'

'But the *result*—what is to be done with that. Are we responsible?'

'No. I will take care of the result,' (with a significant look and motion of the hand to the lips) You need not trouble yourself about that.'

'But,—a young lady and gentleman—what can they do to save their reputation?'

(Sotto voice.) "*I will give you marriage or burial certificates. I have facilities for both.* Is this the lady?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, I must see the lady,' he said, and bowed us out.

Next week I called alone. He was again beclouded in smoke.

'Well, sir,' he began, 'you have not brought the lady?'

'No; I have not."

'I cannot tell you anything without I see her.'

'You told me you could attend to any case; in the far west, for instance.'

'But I must know the person and her peculiarities.'

'I want to know just what you could do in a certain case. Suppose it to be this ——'

[Here an imaginary case was put.]

'Well, that is serious, but I have had lots of them. I can do the worst safely. If the first means fail I must go to the extreme.'

'Do you use instruments, and is it safe?'

'I do nothing but what is safe. I can do more than all these humbugs that pretend and yet cheat.'

'But, in case of the child's death, who is responsible in the eye of the law if a discovery is made?'

'Don't worry about that, my dear sir. I will take care of the result.—A newspaper bundle, a basket, a pail, a resort to the sewer or the river at night. Who is the wiser?'

'But, doctor, if the mother dies?'

'If that should happen, of course you would stand the expense. But you need never fear. The lady can be disposed of without trouble. I can get marriage or burial certificates without trouble. You know Madame Restell and all the others. I have the same facilities they have. We can do the thing up handsomely, and I can save you lots of expense. All these other fellows are humbugs.—But, why did you not bring the lady here? he asked, with an evident suspicion of the visitor and then turning the key in the lock and leaning his ponderous form against the door, he seemed to forbid our egress from the place.

'You seem to hang off,' he continued. 'What do you mean?'

'I don't bring you a case, I ask what would you do under the circumstances I have named?'

'You are a ——sneak and a liar!' he exclaimed, with flashing eyes and an excited manner. 'You are a—— spy, I will split your head for you, you—you————!'

The piano, or table stood between me and the only means of exit, which his bulky form covered. The blinds, too, seemed to be fastened. He was a muscular man, at least three times the weight of myself, and appeared wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement.

'Let me out, sir,' I exclaimed.

'You——, I'll kill you——, (advancing.) I'll give you all you want, you spy, you devil, you villain!'

Matters seemed desperate. I had not expected such a *denouement*.—But I felt that there was but one thing to do—either to be conquered or to conquer, and leave the house I must or suffer violence at his hands.

Perceiving his desperation, I was at once upon my guard. A sudden movement of his hand to his breast pocket startled me into the belief that he was about to draw forth a deadly weapon, and possibly take my life, as he had threatened. In an instant I drew a revolver, the sight of which intimidated him, and in his moment of terror and confusion I escaped.

'I will have you arrested,' he screamed, as I slammed the door shut and hurried to the street. As I passed through the hallway I saw the same girl who left the parlor when I made my first visit to the house. She was standing on the stairs, and it was the same face I saw afterward at the Morgue. I positively identify the features of the dead woman as those of the blonde beauty before described, and will testify to the fact, if called upon to do so, before a legal tribunal.

Our Grandmother's Bonnets.

ABOUT the year 1775 the headdresses of the ladies continued to mount upwards; and it was found necessary so to contrive them that they could be disjointed on entering a carriage, happy those who could thus "off with their heads"—for otherwise, they were compelled to thrust that crowning extremity out of the window, and keep it there for the admiration of all the passers by. Many of the bonnets in favour with the fair sex at this period were completely round, and resembled an open parasol. Our illustration represents two of the most fashionable of these monstrosities which were all the rage in 1787 and 88. What our grandmothers could be thinking about to adopt these huge insanities of dress, or what they would think of the tiny bonnets now worn, could they revisit their grandchildren, we cannot imagine.

No. 1. (November, 1787.)—A *demibonnette* hat. The brim is of canary-coloured taffety, and edged with black blonde. In front of the hat a plume of red and blue cock's feathers. The hair dressed *à la coeffure à l'enfant* (*queen*)! Gown of violet coloured *pekin*, the sleeves trimmed with ruffles of plain white gauze, "pinked" (so our charming friend says) at the edges. Under-corsage of apple-green silk, and round the waist a broad sash tied in a bow at the back of the waist, the long ends flowing behind. Petticoat of white. A *fichu bouffant*, fastened by a gold pin, with a very large head wrought in a cypher. Long gloves of apple-green kid.

No. 2. (May, 1788.)—Hat of the *turban à la reine* shape. The brim is composed of white tafety lined with pink, and the crown is of very light apple-green taffety. In front of the hat is fixed a plume of cock's feathers dyed pink and spangled with silver. Under the hat is worn a cap *à la paysanne* of plain gauze. The hair is dressed *à la coiffure*, that is to say, after the manner of a coiffeur's wig (!). A cravat (also a la Bazile) of gauze is tied in a very large bow in front of the throat. A chemisette open in front, the open part having a full *jabot* of lace, like the frill of a gentleman's shirt. An open gown of white *pekin*, embroidered in green and crimson silk. The collar and sleeves of apple-green silk. The sidebreadths (a young lady a friend of ours gives us this description) of the gown are lined with apple-green silk which is turned over on the outside, as form a cross. The gown, as well as the petticoat worn under it are trimmed with white silk fringe. Shoes of crimson *peau*. A large crimson fan.

THE total value of products of the fisheries of the United States, for 1870, is given in their Trade and Navigation Returns as $35,313,967, by Customs entries, not including that of the whale fisheries, which are given as $2,970,731, but this does not show fish not entered in Customs. Mr. Derby in his Report to the U. S. Government gives the average of $80 for every ton of the vessels employed as giving the total more truly for the mackerel, herring, &c. This on the 91,459 tons of vessels engaged in these fisheries in 1870, would give $7,316,720, as the total value caught, adding $4,970,731, proceeds of whale fishing, gives $12,287,451 as the total product of the American fisheries, by their best authorities, for 1870.

A Savage Murder.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, July 25.—A strange and horrible murder has been perpetrated in the Parish of St. Mary, on the north side of the island. A colored boy, five years old, was sitting on the door-step of his father's house. A negro named William Taylor, who lived in a hut in the yard, called the boy to him. The child, who had a dislike to the man, refused to go. In the house was a negro asleep named Codeah. Taylor called out:

"Codeah! Codeah! catch this boy for me, and bring him to me."

Codeah arose from the bed and chased the frightened child around the house, finally catching him and carrying him in his arms to Taylor. Taylor clutched the boy, and cried out savagely:

"Now I have my little brute.—Sarcess Codeah, what I will do with him."

He entered his hut and came out with a sharp knife in his hand. He deliberately seized the screaming child upon his knees, and drew the knife across his abdomen. He then held up the boy by the neck with his intestines protruding, and slashed him across the thighs and face.—He next threw him down and mutilated him again. Holding the child aloft, he cried out to a woman in the yard:

"See, granny, I've killed the little brute."

Horrible to relate, he glued his lips to the gaping wounds in the child's thigs, and sucked the blood! The child lived for three hours after, in horrible torture. He was perfectly sensible, and able to tell the following story:

"I was sitting at my door mouth playing. Unsle Taylor called me.—I would not go. Uncle Codeah was in the room sleeping. Taylor called out, 'Codeah, come catch this boy—give me.' Codeah caught me and put me into Taylor's hand, and went back into the room." A jury have returned a verdict of wilful murder against William Taylor and Codeah.—*N. Y. Sun.*

VAMORS papers in Massachusetts have begun publishing "engagements."

William Rankine received serious injuries in Gillmore's Mill, St. George, the other day, from which he afterwards died.

SOME one is proving, or trying to prove, that the potato rot is owing to magnetic influences, the rotary motion of the earth, etc But they must mean "potatory."

THIS is a hard season for Canadian boating and betting men. They came to St. John and lost large quantities of money on the boat-race. They won very little at Halifax. They lost heavily at Saratoga: and the "fluke" in the race at Longueil played the mischief with them. Betting is a bad business.

A writer on monkeys tell us a story of one of these female undeveloped species of humanity, who, having lost her infant, adopted a kitten. One day the kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who, much astonished at being scratched, immediatly examined the kitten's feet, and without more ado bit off the claws.

Mormonism does not appear to be making very rapid progress in England. In the Birmingham Conference, composed of eleven branches, the whole number of new members during the last year was only twenty-one. As there were nine deaths and nine excommunications, the net gain cannot be regarded as enormous. The total number of Mormons in the Birmingham district at this time is stated at 840.

An Iowa paper vouches for the fact of a young man with a living head on a dead body. He fell a year ago from a trapeze, and striking upon his shoulders, broke his neck. He is conscious and lively, as to his head, but cannot move any part of his body below his neck and eats nothing. He has learned to write with his mouth, and is trying to learn to paint.