

THE MIRROR

And Colchester County Advertiser.

VOL. II

TRURO, N. S., SATURDAY MAY 30, 1868.

No. 21

The Mirror

Colchester County Advertiser
—Is Published—
ON SATURDAY MORNING,
AT THE OFFICE, TRURO, N. S.,
By RALPH PATRICK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$1.50 in advance;
\$2.00 if not paid to the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrears
are paid up, unless at the option of the publisher.
All communications addressed to Isaac Baird
Box 65 Truro, N. S., will receive due attention, as
heretofore.

Rates of Advertising:

Business Cards	\$7.00
One Square, one year, (17 lines)	8.00
" 6 months	5.00
" 3 months	2.50
" 1 insertion	1.00
Each subsequent insertion	0.25

A liberal reduction made on larger advertisements.

AGENTS:

General Agent—Isaac Baird;
Travelling Agent—F. D. Simpson;
Halifax—W. G. Pender;
Acadian Mines—Isaac Hingley;
Old Barns—Ebon Archibald;
Folley Village—F. Davidson;
New Annan—George Nelson;
North River—Robert Stewart;
Upper Steacie—R. C. Waddell;
Upper Economy—Robert McLellan;
Earlton—Wm. McKay;
Tatamagouche—J. Murphy;
Tatamagouche Village—Robert Purvis;
Tatamagouche Bay—Dobson;
New Annan—Gavin Bell;
Riversdale—J. B. McCully;
Pictou—W. Primes;
Pictou—M. McPherson;
Durham—D. B. Graham;
North Sydney, C. B.—W. D. Dimock;
Logan's Tannery—D. W. McKee.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

M. McPherson,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
PICTOU, N. S.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING.
Executed in the neatest style.
Pictou, April 23, 1868.

CARRIAGE PAINTING,

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a Paint Shop
in part of the building occupied by W. C.
Smith, as a Carriage Shop, and is prepared to do
Carriage, Sleigh, and Sign
Painting.

In all its branches as heretofore, and in the best
style.

Charges Moderate.—TERMS CASH!
L. B. McELHENNY,
Truro, April 25, 1868.

ANDREWS!

LATE OF THE FIRM OF
CUNNINGHAM & ANDREWS,
Has commenced opening a nice
STOCK OF

DRY GOODS

and will be ready in a few days to offer
Pretty good value in the Dry Goods and
Clothing Trade business in Truro,
at the store formerly occupied by
Samuel Rettie, Esq.

Queen Street,
Truro, April 25, 1868.

GREAT ATTRACTION

AT THE
"BEE HIVE."

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds,
(Scottish and Canadian) Beavers and Pilots
all of which we are making up in first
class style, and at extremely low prices.—
Fits guaranteed.

JAMES K. MUNNIS,
118 Upper Water Street
Halifax, Oct 19

CALEDONIA HOTEL.

LOWER WATER ST., HALIFAX, N. S.
JAMES CORDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.

(Successor to the late Thomas Hume)
This is one of the most centrally situated
Hotels in Halifax, being within five minutes
walk of all parts of the city, a great advantage
to Country Merchants and others.
It is also within two minutes walk of
the wharf, at which the steamers of
the Inman line call. Permanent
and Transient Boarders accommodated
on reasonable terms.
Meals ready at all hours.
Halifax, Dec. 7.

Select Poetry.

Lines written on the death of Lena Blanche,
only daughter of N. M. and A. W. King.
A little bud to us was sent,
The name we gave was Lena;
We fed and nursed the little pet—
Nothing to us was dearer.

Just lost enough its tendrils grow
To twine around our hearts;
We never for one moment thought
That we and it was part.

But, oh! one day our Father came
And asked us what we meant:
"Dost thou not know, my children dear,
That flower was only lent."

And then we took our last farewell,
And kissed the little face,
And asked our Father to forgive
Wherein we'd thought amiss,
And then they bore her to the grave.
We never, more shall hear
Those little feet upon the floor—
A sound to us so dear.

Oh, parents! train those little boys—
Those brothers whom she loved—
That they be ready, when He calls,
To dwell with her above;

That you may all, one family,
Our God on earth adore,
And meet at last around God's throne,
With Lena evermore.

May 13th. GRANDMA.

WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SARGE.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is not one that you can find
So very deep as "wishing."
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was something fatter;
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel
As gold can only make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel
As gold can only break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and deep in fashion;
That scorn and jealousy and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish, in fine, that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth,
To be the glorious real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supreme blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

MY HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

We were visiting my father's favorite friend,
A fine cheerful and benevolent gentleman, a great
favorite with both old and young. A good
time we had been having, out of doors all the
time, when not eating or resting. Such delightful
people to visit are seldom seen. Horses and
carriages, houses and lands, all at your service;
we all felt so welcome—so at home.

Now that a rainy day had shut the ladies of
our party in doors we betook ourselves to conversation
to keep up our spirits. The conversation
flagged, however, in spite of their efforts, and we
were fast subsiding into gloom when Mrs. Ver-
nor, our excellent host's sister, proposed to tell
us a story connected with her own life, to which
we gladly assented.

In my twenty-fourth year, commenced the old
lady, I was married to James Vernon, the man of
my choice. I was devotedly attached to him
—so I thought. It seemed to me that I could
cheerfully lay down my life for his sake; and
the only trouble I had after I learned that he
loved me was the fear that he was not so fond of
me as I was of him. I used to torment myself a
great deal with this idea. I became jealous of
every one at whom James looked with any de-
gree of kindness. Often and often did I weep
myself to sleep because of some foolish fancy
regarding the weakness of his love for me, when I
should have been thanking God joyfully that so
good and noble-hearted a man had sought me for
his wife. I tell you of these feelings that you
may see how unreasonable the young can be, and

not know it; and how wrong and selfish they
often are when they think they are only loving
and devoted. Self-love desires that every thought,
feeling and interest of husband or wife should be
subservient to the one in whose heart it reigns;
but true love is ever disinterested, and sharp-eyed
for the good of its object.

My husband and I went to our little home,
and for a few weeks I was as happy as my heart
desired.

But a cloud soon arose in my sky. My hus-
band had a brother, a young lad named Rufus.
He had been serving under a violent and harsh
master, and among companions who were a great
injury to him. He was now sixteen years of
age—a rough, cross-grained, snarling, homely
boy, to whom I had a great aversion. Now I
had always known that James was very anxious
to get Rufus away from the place where he was
so ill-used and unhappy, and where he could
hardly help growing worse and worse each day
he lived. My dear husband had always, both
before and after our union, made me his confidant
in this regard. He never seemed to entertain a
single doubt that I felt as deep an interest in the
fatherless and homeless son of his long-sleeping
parents as he felt himself, and had therefore
poured out to me all his anxieties and sympathies
for "poor Rufus," as he almost always styled the
lad. Generally, while I heard James talk, I felt
to a certain degree as he did; but the moment
that Rufus came into my sight all my interest in
him vanished. There was nothing attractive
about the boy; and he manifested no gratitude
for all the kindness heaped on him by his brother.
This I once mentioned to James.

"Oh! he is too young to realize anything about
the value to me of what little money I am able to
spend for him; and then with such a bringing
up as he has had—poor boy!" "Is no wonder that
he acts and talks as he does. I'm sure I should
have been far worse than he is had I been put
through such a course of treatment as from a
mere baby, he has had. It has given me a heart
sore of years to be obliged to see, and unable to
prevent all that has befallen that unfortunate
child. But, please God, an end shall soon be
put to it. As soon as we get settled, my love,
he shall come here to us. Home—poor child!
he has forgotten what sort of a place that is;
but we will show him its meaning, and set our-
selves to make a civilized being of him."

I never made much reply to these observations,
trusting in my good fortune to avert from me the
calamity of having Rufus in my house. But we
had not been married a month when James told
me—pleasure beaming on his face—that he had
settled with Rufus's master, that the boy was to
leave him the coming Saturday, and come home
to us.

"I have secured him a good place for the
summer, my dear," said my husband, "and in the
autumn I shall send him to school. I mean to
give Rufus an education."

I was made so unhappy and angry by this in-
formation that I could not answer my husband's
word.

"Bringing that great impudent clown of a boy
here for me to wait on," I said to myself; "and
he won't mind a word we say to him, for he
makes nothing of giving impudence to James
whenever he feels like it. That's all the thanks
he gets for all he does for him; it's likely that
I'll get a good deal. All our happiness and
quietness is over now—that's clear. Rufus will
make noise and dirt enough for ten boys. It's
his nature, and then he is so meddlesome—noth-
ing is ever safe where he is. Oh, dear me! I
wish James thought as much of his wife as he
does of his brother. And he's going to spend all
that he can earn in giving Rufus an education—
is he? I may go in rags, no doubt, and work
myself to death to take care of the house and
those two. I do declare it is abominable. I
thought people got married to try and make each
other happy."

"You are trying to make your husband happy.
You are willing nobly to deny yourself for the
sake of doing good, aren't you?"
Somebody seemed to whisper this to my heart.
It was the voice of conscience; but I angrily
smothered it; and taking my hat and shawl went
over to see my mother—When I had accounted
to her for my disturbed looks—

"I thought," said she, "that you expected to
have Rufus with you. I never supposed that he
would be a very agreeable companion until you
had polished him for a year or so, but then I
did not feel at all unwilling for you to have some
occasion for practising self-denial, patience, and
forbearance. You need such discipline; and with
Rufus in the house, you will be likely to have it."
Here I began to sob and cry.

"I think it is hard that even my own mother
should be against my peace and happiness," I
said. "I didn't expect to have Rufus, if you did
think so. I was sure that something would pre-
vent his being forced on my hands. O, dear me!
if I am to be made a slave of I wish that I had
never married."

"Silence! you wicked selfish girl," said my
mother sternly. "I am sorry for the sake of
James that you are married, if this is the way in
which you are going to act out your affection for
him. I am truly ashamed of you, my daughter,
and am thankful that it is before me rather than

to your noble-minded husband that you've made
such an exhibition of the weak and dark side of
our character.

"Suppose that this case was reversed—that you
were an orphan, and had one poor young brother,
the only earthly being akin to you, one who had
been left a babe by the dying mother, whose last
faint gasping prayer was that you would be to it
a friend, faithful unto death; one who had, be-
cause of the abuse and mis-training you were
powerless to prevent, been as a weight upon your
heart, and a millstone about your neck, from the
day he was taken from you at his mother's grave.
Suppose that when you married you hailed with
joy the prospect of giving to this poor boy—the
babe your mother left—a home, and of teaching
him, by kindness and patience, how to become
what he ought to be, would you think your hus-
band loved you if he refused to enter into your
feelings for your brother; if he was angry be-
cause you desired to offer him a home with you?"

I had been growing more and more ashamed of
myself, with every word which my mother had
uttered; my heart ached, too, at the picture of
the desolate orphan which she had drawn; but
I held out a little longer.

"He will be such a plague," I muttered.
"I presume he will—boys usually are—James
himself was once; but if nobody is to bear kindly
with the faults of the young, how are any good
men and women to be reared? I would that my
daughter were willing to help her husband in
the work of training up, to a manhood noble as
his own, his only brother."

"She is, mother, she is; forgive my wicked-
ness, and see if I don't try and do my part for
Rufus faithfully. We will adopt the wild fel-
low; and if he doesn't turn out well it shall not
be our fault. But he never will make such a man
as James is—never!"

"Perhaps not," said my mother with a sly
smile. "I hope, daughter," she added, "that you
did not let your husband perceive your state of
mind regarding the boy—did you?"

"I don't know. I am afraid he saw that I was
not pleased. But I said nothing against his
brother's coming, and now I will tell him that I
shall be glad to have him with us, and that I
will be as kind to him as if he were my own dear
brother. Good bye, mother; I must run back
and talk with James."

My dear unsuspecting husband had not mis-
trusted me. I was in the habit of flying out
and in suddenly; and I suppose he thought that
my leaving him as he did was caused by the smell
of burning bread, or some such thing. He was
heartily delighted at the good will with which I
now entered into all his plans for Rufus. He
took me on his knee, and looked at me fondly
and proudly.

Rufus came with Saturday night. He mani-
fested great satisfaction, but not a shade of gra-
titude, at the sight of the snug little chamber
prepared for him. He made himself fully at
home, and managed to make more trouble and
confusion in one day than a boy ought to make
in seven. When James reproved him he would
throw his cap into his face and laugh till he al-
most choked me; or would get sullen or saucy.
As for me, he made nothing of swinging me
round by the waist until I was so angry that I
could not stand. Oh! he was a trial to faith
and patience. A thousand contrary and self-
willed things, and ten thousand mischievous ones,
we had to bear that summer, but I propped my
patience against that of my husband, and as his
never failed, mine did not, and so the time wore
on.

The boy was happy, and he loved us both—we
knew that. His brother he almost worshipped;
but he did delight to torment and worry him.
It was wicked and unkind, and was the very
hardest thing that I had to bear. But James
forgave all—why should not I? Fall came, and
Rufus went away to school. He was gone all
winter. In the spring he returned to us greatly
improved.

I had felt the need of a new silk dress; but
when I saw what good the money had bought
for Rufus I could not regret the way in which it
had been spent. Your followed year; and at
last our duty to the lad was done. He was
huzzled fifty on the tide of business for him-
self, and was prospering. He was a good and
happy man, and often did he declare to us that
we had made him. He should have been a poor
ruined creature, he said, had it not been for us.
He wished to pay back all we had spent on him;
but James was also prospering in the affairs of
the world, and he refused to be paid in anything
but affection.

Rufus told me, in confidence, that the amount,
principal and interest, that we had expended for
him was out at interest for our eldest son. I felt
that we were more than rewarded for all that we
had done and bore for our brother. But the end
was not yet. Time pays compound interest both
for good deeds and for bad. Yes, time, even;
what then must be the tremendous payment of
eternity?

A commercial storm arose; down toppled the
boldest houses; then in their ruin were crushed
thousands of lesser ones. James and Rufus both
failed. My husband was taken sick—not from
distress of mind, for both he and his brother were
able to cover nearly all their debts, and they had

no fear of starving, or even of suffering deeply,
either in heart or home, by their commercial down-
fall; but, he took a fever, and in two weeks he
died, leaving me a penniless widow, with four
children. Now, what had been my fate had I
earned a brother's hatred in my youth? But I
had earned his lasting love, and he took me and
my children to his home. Prosperity again
smiled on him, and he was able to care for us all
without any great self-denial. He has educated
all my children; they are now married, and
would like to have me live with them; but I feel
this house to be my home—I know that it is
most freely and gladly made as my own. My chil-
dren come to it as if it was mine; and here I will
live and die, with the dear boy, who, after all,
did come to just such a noble manhood as his bro-
ther's was. Girls, do you accept the lesson of
my life?

The tearful eyes and subdued manner of her
auditors assured the dear old lady that her lesson
had not been given in vain.

A FEARFUL STORM.

The telegraph despatches gave but a meagre
report of the remarkable and violent atmos-
pheric commotion which disturbed the inhabi-
tants of Chicago on Tuesday afternoon of last
week. The city was suddenly, at 5 p. m.,
plunged in utter darkness, and the citizens had
to light the gas in all the streets. The dark-
ness was unusually dense and chill, giving a
sensation as though a tremendous hail storm
had passed very near. Three times did the
phenomenon appear and then pass away, leav-
ing at last the sun shining as brightly as ever.
The telegraph wires ceased to work at the
time. In other parts of the State this com-
munication developed into an awful tornado. At Gales-
burg and Shanghai a fearful devastation hap-
pened, with loss of life in the latter place and the
destruction of fifteen dwellings, school-houses,
and two churches. Services commenced in the
Second Advent Church, a new building
completed last fall, at 4 o'clock p. m. As the
people were wending their way from their
farms and cottages to church, the sun was
brightly shining, although clouds were seen in
the heavens. It was a day not now common
in this State at this time of the year. The
pastor of the church, Rev. G. W. Hurd, as-
cended the sacred pulpit and commenced his
discourse, which was not interrupted until it
was nearly through, when the evidences of the
coming disaster began to be apparent. First
it was perfectly still, and then a noise was
heard in the distance as of the roaring of a
mighty cataract. The windows began to shake,
and some one called out from his seat, "Mr
Hurd, a bad storm is coming up." The min-
ister answered, "Never mind the storm; there
is a day coming when there will be a storm
compared with which this will be nothing. We
will be through soon." Just then the hail and
wind commenced breaking in the window light,
and in almost an instant the windows of the
church, sash and all, were torn out.

The only two persons who succeeded in get-
ting out were George Vern and Harrison Wixor
who were instantly killed. The building reeled
like a drunken man, but none could get out.
Wives clung to husbands, children to their
parents, brothers and sisters to each other, and
despair was depicted upon every countenance.
Suddenly the crash came and with a deafening
sound mingled with the shrieks of the pent-up
people, timbers, scantling and all came down
with a sudden crash upon the devoted heads of
the congregation, men, women, and children.
Some had skulls broken, others arms, others re-
ceived internal injuries from which they never
can recover. There are several who did not re-
ceive a scratch, but nearly all were more or less
injured.

Services were to have been held at the same
hour in the Methodist church, but owing to the
non-arrival of the minister the services were post-
poned. Their church was also entirely demolish-
ed.

So awe-struck were the people of Chicago at
the sudden apparition of darkness that in an
editorial the "Republican" observes:—

"Probably no one of the many persons en-
veloped by the darkness which fell upon this
city with such mysterious swiftness on Tuesday
afternoon but felt an indescribable awe at the
sudden visitation. In one moment of time, with-
out warning, as if the sun had suddenly ex-
pended its illuminating power, the light of day began
to fade out of the sky, and night to descend upon
the earth, as it were a mist, while a startling
chillness permeated the air, as if the extinguish-
ment of our central orb had instantly deprived
our system of its boon of warmth."

"What induced this sudden and remarkable
change in the routine of nature? In the absence
of any explanation from scientific sources, we
presume the manifestations to have been those of
a tornado, pendulous in the air, and impetuously
whirling over Chicago.

"We may well shudder when we contemplate
what might have been the consequences if this
fierce and tumultuous struggle of the elements
had taken place amid our streets, instead of ex-
panding its fury and destructive forces far above
our heads.

"A blow might have fallen upon Chicago.