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Select Poetry.

For the Mirror.
A FABLE,
ON THE DEATH OF OUR LITTLE ONE.
In a sweet spot which wisdom chose,
Grew a unique and lovely rose;
A flower so fair was seldom born—
A rose almost without a thorn.
Each passing stranger stopped to view
A plant possessing charms so new:
"Sweet flower!" each lip was heard to say—
Nor less the owner pleased than they.
Reared by his hand with constant care
And planted in his choice parterre,
Of all his garden this the pride
No flower so much admired beside.
Nor did the rose unconscious bloom,
Nor feel ungrateful for the boon;
Of as her guardian came that way,
Whether at dawn, or eve of day,
Expanded wide, her form unveiled—
The double fragrance then exhaled.
As months rolled on the spring appeared,
Its genial rays the rose matured;
Forth from its roots a shoot extends
The parent rose tree downwards bends,
And with a joy unknown before
Contemplates the pet embryo flower.
"Offspring most dear" (she fondly said)
"Part of myself! beneath my shade,
Safe shalt thou ride, whilst happy I,
Transported with maternal joy,
Shall see thy little buds appear,
Unfold and bloom in beauty here.
What, though the lily or jonquil,
Or hyacinth, no longer fill the space
Around me, all shall be
Abundantly made up in thee.
What, tho' my present charms decay
And passing strangers no more say
Of me "sweet flower!" yet thou shalt raise
Thy blooming head, and gain the praise.
And this reverberated pleasure
Shall be to me a world of treasure,
Cheerful I part with former merit
That it, my darling, may inherit.
I taste then the hours which bid them bloom,
And fill the zephyrs with perfume.
Thus had the rose tree scarcely spoken,
Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken—
The gardener came, and with one stroke
He from the root the offspring took;
Took from the soil where it grew,
And hid it from the parents view.
Judge ye, who know a mother's care,
For the dear tender babe she bears,
The parents anguish—ye alone
Such sad vicissitudes have known.
Deep was the wound, or slight the pain
Which made the rose tree thus complain.
"Dear little darling! art thou gone—
Thy charms scarce to thy mother known
Removed so soon!—so suddenly,
Snatch'd from my fond maternal eye,
What hast thou done? dear offspring say,
So early to be snatched away!
What! gone for ever! seen no more!
For ever I thy loss deplore.
Ye dew drops descend, with tears supply,
My now for ever fearful eye:
Or rather come some northern blast,
Dislodge my yielding roots in haste,
Whirlwinds arise—my branches tear,
And to some distant region bear
Far from this spot, a wretched mother
Whose fruit and joys are gone together!
As thus the anguished rose tree cried,
Her owner near her she espied.
Who, in these gentle terms reproved
A plant, tho' murmuring still beloved,
"Cease beautiful flower, these useless tears,
And let my lesson make thee wise,
Art thou not mine? Did not mine hand
Transplant thee from the barren sand,
Where, once a mean unsightly plant,
Exposed to injury and want,
Unknown and unadmired I found
And brought thee to this fertile ground,
With studious art improved thy form,
Secured thee from the inclement storm,
And through the seasons of the year,
Made thee my unabating care?
"Hast thou not blessed thy happy lot
In such an owner—such a spot?
But now, because thy shoot I've taken,
Thy best of friends must be forsaken!
Know, flower beloved, 'e'en this affliction
Shall prove to thee a benediction;
Had I not the young plant removed
(So fondly by thy heart beloved)
Of me thy heart would scarce have thought;
Yea—thy own beauty be at stake,
Nor think that hidden from thine eyes
The infant plant neglected lies—
No, I've another garden, where,
In richer soil and purer air
It's now transplanted there to shine
In beauties fairer far than thine,
Nor shalt thou always be apart,
From the dear sweet one of thy heart;
For 'tis my purpose thee to bear
In future times, and plant thee there

Where they now absent offspring grows,
And blossoms a celestial rose?
Be patient then till that set hour shall come
When thou and thine shall in new beauties bloom.
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore
Together grow, and we'll be rooted more.
These words to silence lushed the plaintive
rose
With deeper blushes redd'ning now she glows,
Submissive bows her unrequiring head,
Again her wondrous gentleness fragrance shed—
Cried, "Thou hast taken only what's thine
own,
Therefore thy will, my Lord, not mine be
done?"

For the Mirror.
EPIGRAM.
'Twas midnight and within my chamber lone
I sat
List'ning to the rain that pitter pattered
Come dashing 'gainst my window pane.
Round my dwelling the night wind sighed
And in tones of pity and of pain
Seemed to say, "twas this night four years ago
She died."
Then I heard the rain no more,
Nor the wind sighing round,
And no more to me it sighed:
'Twas this night four years ago she died.

'Twas summer, and I wandered through a wood
Carpeted o'er with greens. Happy then I stood
With my blue eyed Elinore,
Merrily sang the birds, and o'er
Our heads the tall trees shaded me and Elinore;
Merrily then we wandered,
Or silently at times we pondered,
Pondered we and Elinore:
Pensive Elinore.
Wearied with our walk we rested
On a stone, whose ancient head was crested
With moss and ivy, o'er
Rested we and Elinore:
Tired we and Elinore:
Then I gathered flowers with
Twined them in her golden hair and smiled,
Smiled on Elinore:
Beautiful as a sunbeam was my Elinore.

Around her waist I placed my arm,
Proud it there without alarm
To treading Elinore.
Then in tones of fond endearment,
In which hope and passion blended,
Asked her if she would be mine,
Mine be Elinore.
Then she placed her hand in mine,
Whispered softly, I can never be true but thine,
Thine be Elinore.
Softly sank the setting sun,
As the heart of Elinore I won,
Woe for Elinore.
Then with fondest love I pressed her
To my happy breast, and kissed her,
Kissed my Elinore.
On my bosom sunk her head,
Dearest one I love you, softly said,
Said my Elinore.
With sudden start I woke, my dream had fled,
No more I held sweet converse with the dead;
And as I sat I heard the rain
Pattering 'gainst my window pane.
Again the night wind sobbed and sighed
In tones of pity and of pain:
'Twas this night four years ago she died.
Truro. J. E.

Select Calc.

A NOBLE REVENGE.
"The fairest action of our human life
Is seeking to revenge an injury;
For who goes free without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him death fits;
And 'tis a base conquest truly said,
To win the heart that overcometh the head."
Estelle Campbell was the belle of the factory
girls. None disputed that position with her.
Of all the many employed in the establishment
of Whitwell & Co. all agreed and yielded will-
ingly the palm of beauty and grace to her.
She was respected by her employers, and loved
by her companions; all save one, Mena Morris.
This girl had no pretension to beauty. She did
not care to rival Estelle in her acknowledged
position; she was welcome to all and everything
except the love of the young George Whitwell—
the young Lord, as the girls called him. Mena
loved him. Against all hope she saw his prefer-
ence for Estelle, yet loved on with a determina-
tion to win him from her rival. She was very
agreeable in manner—bright, cheerful, witty;
it was impossible not to listen to her sparkling
fun and graphic descriptions.
George Whitwell had paid her considerable
attention on her entry into the establishment.
She was something different from the other girls,
and they rumor said that she had an old miser
uncle immensely wealthy, and she might be the

address to vast possessions if the old man did not
denude them to some one else.
For some time he wavered between these two,
unwilling to admit even to himself the growing
interest he felt for Estelle—impossible for him to
marry her. She was the sole support of her
widowed mother, with no prospect ahead. In
truth he must admit that she was a fortune in
herself to any man; but he was one of seven
children, and could expect little or nothing from
his father.
Tendence would suggest that if Mena should
come in possession of the old miser's wealth it
would help him immensely; besides, Mena was
very attractive and very fond of him, and no
doubt he would be very comfortable, if not su-
perbly happy. And so he determined to close
his heart against this first pure affection, and
blot out, if possible, the beautiful image from
his mind.
A few days after this his determination was
put to a speedy flight on overbearing a conversa-
tion between his parents to the effect that Mr.
Mason—the model man of the firm—the old
partner who had boasted he had never loved
any woman but his mother—had inquired of Mr.
Whitwell if there was any serious intention on
his son's part respecting Estelle? That he ad-
mitted the young lady very much, and, in fact,
had pretty much made up his mind to ask her to
become Mrs. Mason.

In a moment he knew how much he loved
Estelle the wife of any one else? Never! He
would go immediately and tell her what she was
to him, and, if possible, win her consent to be
his. And so it was he won Estelle, who loved
him passionately.
If it were possible for you to desert me, she
one day said, I should—
Die? he asked, as she paused.
No! Live for revenge! she whispered hoarsely.
Mena never for a moment relaxed her arts to
conquer this man to whom she had given un-
sought her heart. She had a very strong deter-
mined will.
The time appointed for the wedding was fast
approaching. Yet she did not despair. She
would continue to meet him every day, and hold
him spell-bound for a time. Fortune came to
help her. The old miser was dead—died sud-
denly in the street—and Mena Morris became the
sole inheritor of his immense riches.

'Twas the wedding morn. Happy, hopeful,
in her blushing loveliness, waited Estelle.
A few of her companions were the only guests.
It was to be a very quiet affair. She had neither
means nor the will to have it otherwise.
The hour has come, but what detains George?
A carriage drives rapidly up and stops.
Oh! here he is, and his folks with him. I
see his father, exclaimed her bridesmaid.
Old Mr. Whitwell entered alone. Approaching
the blushing girl, he exclaimed:
My poor child! how can I tell you? How can
you bear the dreadful news I bring you?
George—ill—dying? What is it? Tell me
quick; let me go to him, gasped forth the terror-
stricken girl.
Better so; dead to you. Listen child; call
up your woman's pride! He is unworthy of
you. He is now the husband of another. Mar-
ried to Mena Morris, and gone to New York early
this morning, said the father.

One heart-rending sob of agony burst from the
white lips, and she sank like a broken lily.
Friends gathered round with hearts filled with
sorrow and sympathy. Yet no words passed the
lips of any, the eyes only expressing what they
felt for her. They dare not speak—what could
they say?
In an hour she arose from the couch on which
they laid the loving girl a cold hard stricken
woman.
Thinking them for their kindness, she dis-
missed her friends, saying to old Mr. Whitwell:
Do not look so sad. Be sure I shall not sink
under this blow; I have something still to live
for.
The old gentleman went home much relieved,
thinking she alluded to her mother; and said to
his wife:
Oh, she is a good girl—none of your senti-
mental die-away sort.
Five years have passed away, each year adding
to the worldly good of George Whitwell. Truly
time has dealt kindly with him. Is he happy?
Yes; not troubled with a very sensitive or tender
conscience, he goes on, rejoicing in his luxurious
home.
Occasionally a vision of the beautiful Estelle
would come before him—a passing sigh of regret,
perchance, would escape him; but it was soon
lost in visions of gold and gain.
'Tis the fourth birthday of his only child—his
boy, the idol of the household.
'Twas twilight. He sat in his library list-
ening to the peals of childish glee from the adjoining
room. Little Harry is entertaining his friends.
Why is it that now his mind goes back to the
days of his love for Estelle. Visions of the cosy
little sitting-room in the widow's home, of his
beautiful gentle love, sitting with warm soft
hand clasped in his, of her beaming look of hope
and joy, when he saw her the last time—the eve
of his marriage—are before him.

A chill crept over him; he started from his
arm-chair. How long he had thus sat he knew
not. The sound of joy had ceased in the next
room. Lighting the gas and touching the silver
bell, he sinks again to his chair. A servant en-
ters.
Have the children all gone? Where is Harry?
he demanded.
Yes, sir; and little Harry with them to see
the circus-car, with the band playing. I expect
he will be in directly; his nurse is with him,
answered the man.
An hour passed, and then came in the terrified
nurse.
Harry was gone—lost in the crowd. She had
hunted everywhere, but could not find him.
I will pass over the terrible grief of the pa-
rents. The services of the police and most cele-
brated detectives were engaged; rewards offered;
everything that love and wealth could do proved
useless. He was gone.
Months passed on, and again came the birth-
day of their darling. All was gloom now. Mis-
fortune had continued her attendance on the
miserable man. Speculations had failed, and the
riches for which he had bartered his happiness
was dwindling away. But what cared he; only
give him his boy back, and he would willingly—
yes, gladly—till, if necessary, for support.
A ring at the hall door—a servant entered and
said:
The post man, sir.
And, handing a delicate little envelope, with-
drew.
He gazed upon the writing. Surely it was
very very familiar; never but one wrote his name
thus. So tearing it hastily open he read simply
these words:
"I would live for revenge."
But oh, how much more it said to him!
Estelle, Estelle, you have been revenged, he
cried.
All efforts to connect Estelle with his child
failed. She had married and gone to Europe.
His last hope was wrecked. He sought to
drive his sorrow in the wine-cup—to retrieve
his fallen fortunes by the dice-box; and in two
years after the loss of his child he was seldom
free from intoxication.
He subsisted entirely on the sums obtained by
the sale of the one piece after another of the
costly jewels and elegant apparel.
Again we see him sitting alone in the twilight,
his eye wandering over the almost comfortless
room. His brain is clearer than usual; a deep
groan escapes from him, and he exclaims:
Why should I not end this miserable exist-
ence? I am a curse to myself, a burden to the
woman I have reduced to poverty. Yes, yes, it
will be a relief to Mena, and when Estelle hears
of my lost life and miserable winding up will
she not give one sigh of regret? Mena will not
be back for a couple of hours, she said, and I can
be at rest before she returns.

He sank in his chair, and taking from his
breast a small phial, he gazed for a moment on
it, whispered a few words—perhaps a prayer for
mercy—and placed it to his lips. He hesitates
—starts forward. Ah! yes, she comes, a vision
of Estelle. Not the bitter revenged girl, but
soft, gentle, smiling, with a look of deep sym-
pathy, she puts forth her hand and draws away
the fatal phial. No, 'tis no vision—'tis herself—
living, breathing, speaking!
Let there be peace between us, George Whit-
well, she said, softly.
You are satisfied; you relent. See what you
have made me; he bitterly said, but give me
back my boy and I will forgive you.
George Whitwell, as I hope for mercy and for-
giveness from Heaven I did not steal your child,
neither had I anything to do with it, she said.
The note! the note! you sent me on his birth-
day; you cannot do that, he groaned forth.
No, of that I am guilty; a spirit of evil in-
duced me to do it. I knew of your loss, and had
read an account of his being stolen on his birth-
day. I was hard and wicked, and thought to
give you an additional pang of agony by inducing
you to believe I was the cause of your sorrow,
she said.
Why, then, have you come to me to-night?
Why prolong my hours of misery? he asked.
Thank God for his mercy in sending me in
time to save not only your life but your soul.
Did I not say I came to bring you peace? Lis-
ten. I have a story to tell you.
You have heard after my mother's death I went
to Philadelphia, and engaged in the costume
business with a distant relative.
While thus engaged I was thrown in much
with many persons belonging to the stage and
circus companies. My poor pale face met with
many admirers. I had love for none. My heart
was, they said, a marble heart.
One more determined than the rest pursued
me. Each year, on the annual visit of the com-
pany, he would return to me. He was different
from the rest of his class. His perseverance I
could not admire. Each time, when I would
send him off without one word of hope, he would
say:
"While there is life there is hope for me—if
you love no one else?"
A few days before I sent you that cruel note
I had been with a servant who was sent for me

to get up a new dress for one of the female mem-
bers of the circus. It was wanted that evening.
I hurried up to the room, followed by the ser-
vant, and went in without knocking. I thought
I noticed an embarrassment among the occu-
pants, but it soon passed off. I had hardly seated
myself when Mademoiselle B. excused herself,
she said, for a few moments, and taking the hand
of a little girl, was about leaving the room.
I caught a glimpse of the child's face. In a
second the past rushed before me. The child's
face was a miniature likeness of you.
I got through my work, and returned home.
I felt perfectly sure it was your child.
The next idea that took possession of me was
to be near the child. I loved the little one the
moment I gazed in the brown eyes. I deter-
mined to marry the man who had wooed me so
often. I told him of the past, and promised him
only a poor return for his devotion. I knew he
was true and good.

We went to Europe. Every day I became
more attached to little Clarice, as they called the
child. She was the pride of the company, so
apt and so graceful. She was claimed by Master
Rudolph, the principal rope-dancer. I had been
with the company a year when I became a
mother. God blessed me with a little girl. As
the little head nestled close to my breast a strange
warmth entered, melting the ice that had sur-
rounded my heart so long. Yes; my heart
glowed again with love. I knew then what
Mena must have suffered in the loss of her little
one.
As I gazed on the eyes which looked into mine
I thought they were wondering at my hard
wicked heart. My eyes grew dim; I shed the
first tears for many years. I knelt and prayed
to God for forgiveness for the past, and to make
me worthy of the precious boon entrusted to my
care.

I arose a changed woman. I thought my baby's
eyes had lost their wondering gaze, and
now looked satisfied and loving.
Oh! thank God for little children. They
soften the heart; they bring forth all the purer
feelings of our nature; they draw us near our
Maker. I told my husband all my suspicions.
That the little Clarice was your son. I gained
his consent to help me to gain the truth, and, if
possible, restore him to you. He knew nothing
whatever of the child's entry there. He was
told she belonged to Master Rudolph, and
thought it all true.
I had gained considerable influence with many
of the company—particularly Rudolph. He had
been very ill at one time. I nursed him; and
he fancied I had saved his life. My husband
thought I had better appeal directly to him—tell
him I knew the child, and so on.
This I did. At last he admitted the way he
obtained him. He was bribed by the master of
the company, and received five hundred dollars.
The beauty and activity of the boy had met the
eye of the bad man, and he knew there was a
fortune in him. I pleaded long for the child.
I led his mind back to his own childhood, and
his dead mother. I conquered. He would do
his best for me. But how to get over the mat-
ter. He must have time to arrange it.
But heaven willed a speedy decision. There
was terror in the circus camp that night. Mas-
ter Rudolph had received a fatal injury and was
dying. I was sent for. I knew what he wanted.
I immediately sent for an American clergyman,
and proceeded to the dying man. He caught my
hand, and drew me close down to his side, and
whispered:
"Is there any need of exposure? I will leave
him and everything I have to you, to do with as
you choose. Will that do?"
I consulted with my husband. He said it
would be all that would be necessary. The min-
ister wrote the will. It was signed and duly
witnessed. In a few hours the repentant man
had passed from earth. We were in France at
the time. My husband finished his engagement,
and hid adieu to the life he was never satisfied
with, and we listened to our native land.
But my child! Where, oh, where is he?
Wait, she said; and gliding from the room
she soon returned, leading by the hand little
Harry.
The little one seemed bewildered by the ex-
cesses bestowed upon him. He gazed long and
earnestly at the joyous face of the man clasping
him so tightly. He seemed struggling hard to
recall something.
Another figure enters. The boy's eyes expand,
the little bosom heaves, up go the little hands,
and "Mamma!" bursts from his lips. He clung
for a moment to her, then returning, said:
I know Papa!
The happy parents, lost in joy over their re-
turned treasure had not missed Estelle. She
had gone as quietly as she came.
George rushed out to find her, and pour into
her ears his words of deep thankfulness. But
she was gone; he never saw her again. Return-
ing, he again clasped his boy to his breast, when
the boy exclaimed:
Oh! don't, papa, it hurts.
What hurts, my darling? he asked.
The box in my bosom; Estelle put it there,
and he drew it forth.
His father, opening it, found some trinkets—
presents to the child—and a draft on a New
York bank for five thousand dollars, payable to
George Whitwell, and a little slip of paper, say-
ing:
"The amount I bequeathed to Harry Whitwell
by Rudolph Forster."
A little note saying:
"I have brought you peace; let it enter your
heart. You both love your child. Love one
another."
The little arms clasped them both in one lov-
ing embrace.
We will begin life anew, my wife, solemnly
spoke the father, kneeling, passing his arm
around her, and drawing her down beside him,
by thanking him for his wondrous kindness, ask-
ing forgiveness for the past, help for the future,
and above all, blessings upon her whose revenge
will surely meet the approval of Heaven.