

# THE MIRROR

## And Colchester County Advertiser.

VOL II

TRURO, N. S., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

NO 24

**The Mirror**  
AND  
**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 45 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 ad-  
vertisements.

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Acadian Mines—Isaac Hingley;  
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Folley Village—R. Davison;  
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Logan's Tannery—D. W. McKeen;

**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECU-  
TED WITH NEATNESS  
AND DESPATCH.**

**Miss C. Vincent**

Wishes to inform the inhabitants of Truro and  
vicinity, that she has commenced receiving  
her supply of

**SPRING AND SUMMER  
MILLINERY,  
Straw, Hats and  
Bonnets,  
BLEACHED AND SHAPED IN THE  
LATEST STYLE.**

Truro, N. S. May 2 1868.

**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. McELHENRY,  
3ms  
Truro, April 25, feb 29

**GREAT ATTRACTION  
AT THE  
"BEE HIVE."**

**Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds,**

(Scotch 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 advan-  
tage to Country Merchants and others.  
It is also within two minutes walk  
of the wharf, at which the steamers of  
the Lunenburg line call. Permanent  
and Transient Boarders accom-  
modated on reasonable terms.  
Meals ready at all hours.

Halifax, Dec. 7.

### THE ROMANCE OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

[From the New York Herald.]

Nothing which has occurred of late years on a scale of any magnitude has had about it so much of the air of ancient romance as the Abyssinian expedition. For a time the thing seemed partly, ridiculous. Quixotic. A few adventu- rous people—some of them English, some of them German, not a few of them Eastern by birth and direct descent, all of them for the sake of personal convenience claiming English protection—got into trouble with Theodoros, a man who claimed to be a descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and who was the acknow- ledged Emperor of Abyssinia, the far away and little known Ethiopia of the ancients. Was it worth while, many asked, to waste millions of money and to imperil, if not sacrifice the lives of many thousands of men in what might prove the vain attempt to deliver a few adventurers who were imprisoned in a strong fortress on the sum- mits of an inaccessible height somewhere in the neighborhood of the moon? It was pronounced by many a perilous, by most a hopeless under- taking. It was undertaken, nevertheless, carried on, and in an incredibly short space of time, and at a small cost of life which has no parallel in the history of war, brought to a triumphant conclusion. Now that the thing is over, and that the wonderful and romantic character of the expedition and the still more wonderful charac- ter of the results are made known to the world through the enterprise of a New York Journal, Europeans generally, even the British themselves, opened their eyes in amazement. A fact of to- day, it begins slowly to be seen, is grander, wilder, more daring, more romantic than the grandest, wildest, most daring, most romantic tales of all past times. The siege of Troy was a protracted burgle and failure in comparison. We were inclined to search for parallels we might compare the expedition with the crusades of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The crusaders went forth on an expedition quite as noble and quite as disinterested. In the name of Christianity they went forth under the guid- ance of the Cross and the Holy Virgin to wreathe the Sacred Places from the polluting grasp of the Infidel. But what a burgle were these crusades, which kept Europe in excitement for more than two hundred years, and which robbed the various nations of the bravest and the best of their sons, in comparison with the Abyssinian dash. Napier and his men have done more in a few months than the crusaders accomplished in a couple of centuries. It is one of the few finished pieces of work in that particular line which the world has seen in many generations. Our Napoleon and our Wellington and our Grants are small men be- side this Napier—this hitherto unknown and disesteemed man of the people. Science has up to this time had little to do with military com- manders; but science, thanks to Sir Robert Napier, must henceforth rule.

We are not much surprised at the consterna- tion and bewilderment which the success of the expedition has created in France. The French are a great, a brave, a dashing, a romantic peo- ple, and they have done really smart things even in Africa. Algeria has been the scene of many daring and dashing exploits, but it is only truth to say that the most illustrious feats performed by the French in Algeria dwindle into insignif- icance and contempt when placed alongside of this British campaign in Abyssinia.

The discoveries which have followed from the expedition are scarcely less unenviable than the expedition itself, scarcely less romantic than the manner in which it has been carried on, and concluded. We had certain opinions about the character of that mysterious hill country. We had been taught that some parts of it were grand and magnificent in the extreme. Our loftiest imaginings, however, have fallen far short of the actual truth. Eden, with its fruits and flowers, its bowers and its glassy lakes, the Happy Valley which Johnson has made immortal in his "Rasselas," even Bulwer's Lake of Como, which filled with rapture the mind and heart of the proud Pauline—all these have been left be- hind by the gorgeous, the unparalleled beauty and grandeur of the actual scenes on which the eyes of the British soldiers have feasted in those lofty tropical regions of Africa. Egypt has long been famous for her climate, but a climate surpassing that of Egypt, associated with scenery with which Egypt has nothing to compare, has been found in those glorious uplands, where the Nile the king of rivers, feeds and nurses his mighty powers. The most famous spots of earth which have hitherto attracted the attention of the health seeker and the professional tourist are likely to be deserted for this newly discovered garden of the world.

### THE MOTHER-NATION.

I believe that no Christian nation has any business to see one of its members in distress without helping him, though, perhaps, at the same time punishing him: help, of course—in nine cases out of ten—meaning guidance, much more than gift, and therefore, interference with liberty. When a peasant mother sees one of her careless children fall into a ditch, her first pro- ceeding is to pull him out; her second, to box his ears; her third, ordinarily, to lead him carefully by the hand, or send him home for the rest of the day. The child usually cries, and very often would clearly prefer remaining in the ditch; and if he understood any of the terms of politics, would certainly express resent- ment at the interference with his individual lib- erty; but the mother has done her duty.

The whole nation is, in fact, bound together, as men are by ropes on a glacier. If one falls, the rest must either lift him or drag him along with them as dead weight, not without much increase of danger to themselves. And the law of right being manifestly in this (as, whether manifestly or not, it always is) the law of prudence, the only question is, how this wholesome help and interference are to be admin- istered.—Ruskin.

The Arabs in Algeria are still suffering hor- rible from hunger. From the 1st of January to the 9th of April, 1,089 beggars were found dead in the public streets, and refugees of another district picked up 12 corpses on the public road. The crimes the unfortunate survivors commit under these circumstances are of the most revolting nature; more than one arrest for cannibalism has taken place. The Echo d'Oran relates the following: "Two women, each having a child, lived with a tribe near Tiarret. These unfortunates did all they could for a long time to stave off the horrors of famine, but at length all their resources being exhausted, and public charity no longer to be relied on, they agreed to eat the children. A bargain was agreed to, and lots were drawn as to which should be first killed. The mother who lost gave up her infant which was killed and eaten. This served for a few days, but at last the hideous supply came to an end, and the woman who had sacrificed her offspring claimed that the other should submit to the same loss. The latter refused, being un- able to bring her mind to that extreme measure. After long altercations both mothers at length agreed to submit their difference to the decision of the Arab bureau, and in this way the hor- rible fact came to light. The women were of course at once taken into custody." The Avenir Algerien of Oran, publishes a letter from Tiarret, which says: "Four Arabs were recently arrested whose tent was pitched at about 400 meters from Gallabat. They are charged with having killed four persons in order to eat them. These were found in the place where they lived. The body of a young man, portions of whose flesh were missing, and in which certain parts, together with pepper and Arab spices, portions of a human body. Several exhumations were made, and the corpses so discovered wanted the exten- sive proof that the latter had been eaten. In the tent was found a jacket belonging to the Foreign Legion, and the supposition is that it formed part of the clothing of another victim."

### THE LAST DAYS OF THEODOROS.

A late letter from Magdala says: "When the King's army was beaten at Falha he sent Lieut. Fridmann and Mr. Flad to Sir Robert Napier, with a white flag and the follow- ing message: 'The King,' said he, 'thought we were women, but was mistaken; we had de- stroyed half of his army and the whole of his gunners, and he wanted terms.' In reply, Sir R. Napier said: 'Your Majesty has fought like a brave man, but the superiority of our weapons has conquered you. If your Majesty will bring all the captives into this camp, then, in the name of the Queen of England, your Majesty shall have honorable treatment.' The term is perhaps ambiguous; at all events it grated harshly on the royal ears, for he sent back the mes- sengers to say he 'would none of it,' and shortly after gave a free pass to all Europeans, prisoners and employers, who wished to leave him, saying he did so for kindness' sake; and as it was a great feast (Easter Sunday) he sent 1,000 cows and 500 sheep for our great chief.' The latter were returned, with a demand that he would surrender himself within twenty-four hours. On Monday, 13th, natives came in to say the King had bolted during the night, and at 10 a. m. a strong guard having been left in the camp, an order was issued on Magdala's orders. Conflicting rumors were now brought in that the King had returned, unable to get away on account of the Gallas below; that he had shot himself; that he intended to fight to the last, &c. &c."

The forcing of the gate of Magdala is thus described: "The gate was now piled open with crowbars, and the men advanced through a narrow passage about 50 yards to another gate, which was un- derfenced. The King and his followers had already deserted. The King fled by the south-eastern corner of the fortress, where they ran into the arms of the Bengal Cavalry, and were at once disarmed and well treated. The 33rd's colors were now planted on the top of a but—the high- est in the place—and Magdala is ours. His Ex- cellency congratulated the regiment, who cheered lustily—a novel sound in such a place and on such an occasion. Close by is a dead body. Sir C. Staveland has assurances that from the spirit of the noble savage, who was never conquered by the son of man," and Dr. Lumsden finds that a suicide has been committed. A spare, thin, sinewy carcass, slightly grizzled, 5ft. 8in., and about fifty years of age, a cruel mouth and common look, is all we are to know of a fine but savage spirit, who has cost the British nation dear, but who was 'sinned against.' The Royal Artillery have burst thirty-seven guns and mor- tars, some of great calibre and well cast, four English, and four French or Turkish. The great mortar was 19 1/2 inch.

Gobayro's fortress the fortress unless he got the guns, so it has been destroyed.—There was no money or valuables in the place. The wife of the King goes back to her people in Tigre, and the sons are to be cared for by Sir Robert Napier.

The writer says, in conclusion: "More difficulties were perhaps never crowded together before, with fewer chances of overcom- ing them, and yet they were overcome, and the men will soon forget the miseries they have undergone in the brilliant success they have achieved. It is said they could not have endured their privations for another week—it was proba- bly not intended; the very hour appears to have been calculated, and our soldiers of Abyssinia return in tolerable health to remember to the last days of their life that they served under a chief who thought of himself last, and then first."

A SUGGESTION TO DIVINES.—Hereafter, in- stead of saying, "Let us sing the Doxology," the minister might with propriety substitute, "Let us put on our coats, adjust our hats, slip on gloves, seize our hats, and be dismissed."

### Select Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

When the gathering shades of twilight come creep- ing o'er the earth;  
When is lushed the din of labor and the noisy voice of mirth;  
When has ceased the anxious pressing of the day's encumbered care,  
And comes stealing o'er my spirit the calm sweet evening air;  
When the voice of choral songsters, with their notes of warbling glee,  
Have resounded all day long through the wood and valley free;  
When the music and the ringing of their merry notes have lulled my soul,  
Then comes breathing o'er my spirit a calm and tranquil peace;  
Then better thoughts come sweeping through the chambers of my soul,  
And my wandering fancy leads me back to cheer- ful scenes of old—  
Back to days and hours departed, ah! never to return—  
And at times my spirit mourneth, and my heart with anguish burns;  
For I think of those we loved with affection's deepest glow,  
Who have passed from thence away—and we miss their presence so;  
And I long, with heartfelt yearning, for their pres- ence once again,  
To lift from off my aching heart its load of grief and pain.  
Aid one to me seems dearer as the months and years go by,  
And more and more do I miss the glance of my noble father's eye;  
I miss the presence and the power, the protection of his arm;  
For we felt when he was with us to us could come no harm.  
But my spirit grows calm when o'er my feverish brain,  
Cometh unto me a knowledge that takes away the pain;  
For I know 'twas done in wisdom by the power of His will,  
Who in an hour of peril great did "the angry waters still."  
And when the twilight shadows gather deep and darker still,  
And we feel the hush of evening o'er our troubled spirits steal,  
Then I deeply feel the power of His all-mysterious might,  
And my spirit gladly bends to His, for "He doeth all things right."  
Haystack, June 13. EMMA \*\*\*\*\*

### Select Tale.

Why he didn't marry.

The Rev. Peony Flusk was a painfully bashful man. I once said to him, "Why Flusk, how will you ever have the face to propose to the future Mrs. P. F.?" He rose colored in such a manner at this, that I said, "Come, Peony, tell us all about it at once, do," which accordingly, after a little pressing, he did. "I was indeed," he began, "once engaged to be married, I believe (how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still) but an incident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely out of question. I was a young undergraduate, spending the summer with a reading party at the Irish lake, where I met with Lucy, and got in short, to be accepted.—She was residing with her mother in the same hotel in Killarney as ourselves, and we all met every day. We boated on the lake together, and fished, and sang, and read. We landed on the wooded island in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gypsy fashion, and to sketch; but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric: only it seemed so sweet to slink out voices and speak low and soft. Once, in a party over the moors, while I was leading her pony or some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake instead of her bridle, and she did not snatch it away. It was the happy and the prime of my life, my friend, and that youth of the spirit which no power can ever more renew. I know what she felt, and what would have pleased her, as the feeling and wishes were born. Our thought—my thought, at least, slept out to wed with thought, ere thought could wed it- self with speech." She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman, and I bought it for her at once, although it was rather savage, and (except for Lucy's liking it) not either good or beautiful. Its name also, the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not answer to that—was Towser, not a name for a lady's pet at all, and scarcely for a gentleman's. There was a little secluded field, hedged in by a copse, which sloped into the lake, about a mile from the hotel; and there Lucy agreed (for the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there, before breakfast, at 8 o'clock in the morn- ing, and you may be sure I was there at six with Towser. Perhaps I was never happier than at that particular time. The universal nature seemed in harmony with my blissful feelings. The sun shone out bright and clear, so that the fresh morning breeze could scarcely cool the pleasant throbbings of my blood; but the blue rippling waves of the lake looked irresistibly tempt- ing, and I could not resist a swim. Just a plunge and out again, thought I, for I had such plenty of time to spare. I determined to be dressed and ready for the interview an hour at least before the appointed time. Lucy, might, like myself, be a little earlier, and at all events, with such an

awful consequence in possible apprehension, I would not run the shadow of a risk. "Mind my clothes, mind them, said I to Towser (who took his seat thereupon, at once, sagaciously enough), for I had heard of such things as clothes being stolen from unconscious dippers before them, which result was not to be thought of, and in I went. I remember the delight of that bath to this day; the glowing freshness, the luxuriant softness of each wave, just as the last view which his eyes rested on (as painted on the memory of one who has been stricken blind, or the last heard melody is treasured in that of a man stunned deaf by a fall; it was my last perfect pleasure, and succeeded by a shock that I shall never, I think, quite get over.— When I had bathed as long as I judged prudent I landed, and advanced to the spot where my garments lay. As I did so every individual hair upon his back seemed to bristle with fury; his eyes bristled like coals of fire; he gave notice, by a low determined growl, that he would spring on me and tear me into fragments if I approached nearer. It was evident that he did not recog- nize me in the least without my clothes. "Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow, Tow," said I pleasantly, "good old Tow, you remember me!" but the brute, like the fabled woman we have known in better days, and appeal to when in different apparel, only shook his head in a menacing manner, and showed his teeth the more. "Towser be quiet, sir; how dare you—Tow, Tow, Tow, Towser— (there he had nearly a bit of my calf off)—you nasty brutal dog, go away, sir—go; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" Drops of foam oozed through the teeth of the ferocious monster as he stood with tail erect at these reproving words; but he manifested no signs of remorse or sorrow. My situation became serious in the extreme: what if he chose to sit there on my personal apparel, until —? At this idea, too terrible to be conceived, a profuse perspiration broke out all over me. Presently, feeling a little cool, I went back into the lake again to consider what was to be done, and resolved the full design of enticing Towser into the water and there drowning him. Abuse and flattery being equally thrown away upon him I tried stones; I heaved upon him with all my force the largest pebbles I could select, the majority of which he evaded by leaping from side to side, and those which struck him rendered him so furious that I believe he would have killed and eaten me if he could, whether I was dressed or not; but he would not venture into the water after me still.

At last, the time drawing on apace for the appointed interview, which I had once looked forward to with such delight and expectation, I was fain, in an agony of shame and rage, to hide myself in a dry ditch in the neighboring copse, where I could see what took place without being seen, and there I covered myself over like a babo in the wood, with leaves. Presently my Lucy came down, a trifle more carefully dressed than usual, and looking all grace and modesty. The dog began to howl as she drew near; she saw him and she saw my clothes, and the notion that I was drowned (I could see it in her expressive countenance) flashed upon her at once; for one instant she looked as though about to faint, and the next she sped off to the hotel with the speed of a deer. "Gracious heavens! I decided upon rescuing a portion of my garments at least, or perishing in the attempt, and rushed out of the thicket for the purpose; but my courage failed me as I neared the savage animal, and I found myself (in some confused and palpitating man- ner) back in my dry ditch again with the sensa- tion of a loss of blood and pain; my retreat had not been effected—perhaps because there was nothing to cover it—without considerable loss, and the beast had bitten me severely. I protest, from that moment, frightful as my position was, it did not move me so much as the recollection of the honors that would be showered down on that vile creature. I knew that he would be con- sidered by Lucy and the rest (as a sort of dog of Montaigne—an affectionate and sagacious creature, watching patiently at his appointed post for his beloved master that should never again return to him). Presently they all came back— Lucy and her mother and all the maid-servants from the inn, besides my fellow-students and fishermen with drug nets, and a medical man with blankets and bandy (how I envied the blankets and the bandy!). As I expected, nei- ther the women's nor the men's labor in vain disinterested me half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser. If she could only know when she dropped those tears upon his cruel nose that there was a considerable quantity of human flesh—my flesh—at that moment lying in his stomach in an undigested state! I could not suppress a groan of horror and indignation. "Hush, hush," said Lucy, and there was a si- lence through which I could distinctly hear Towser licking his chops.

I was desperate by this time, and halloed out to my friend Sanford—Sanford and nobody else—to come into the copse with a blanket. I remember nothing more distinctly. Imme- diately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth, expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy begin- ning—but never finished—burst in upon us, as we were, by floods of merriment, and the barking the eternal barking of that execrable dog. I left Killarney that same evening; Lucy, and the mother of Lucy, and my fellow-student, and the shameless Towser; I left them for good and all, and that was how my engagement was broken off, and why there is no Mrs. Peony Flusk," concluded the curate, who had turned from rose-color to deep carnation, and from that to almost black during the recital.