

THE MIRROR

And Colchester County Advertiser.

VOL. II

TRURO, N. S., SATURDAY MAY 23, 1868.

NO 20.

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 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 ad-
vertisements.

AGENTS:
General Agent—Isaac Baird;
Travelling Agent—F. D. Simpson;
Halifax—W. G. Pender;
Acadian Mines—Isaac Hingley;
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Folley Village—P. Davison;
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Upper Economy—Robert Stewart;
Ertown—Wm. McKay;
Tatamagouche—J. Murphy;
Tatamagouche Village—Robert Purvis;
Tatamagouche Bay—Dobson;
New Annapolis—Gavin Bell;
Riversdale—J. B. McCully;
Renfrew—W. Prince;
Pictou—M. McPherson;
Durham—D. B. Graham;
North Sydney, C. B.—W. D. Dimock;
Logan's Tannery—D. W. McKean;

**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECU-
TED 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,
Etc. Etc. Etc.
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,
Truro, April 25.

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,**
(Scotch and Canadian) Heavens and Hats
all of which we are making up in fine
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 Inman line call. Permanent
and Transient Boarders accom-
modated on reasonable terms.
Meals ready at all hours.
Halifax, Dec. 7.

Select Poetry.

HEART AND WORLD.
The world's stern laws thrust those apart,
Who else would happy be,
When love doth gush from heart to heart,
As streamlets to the sea,
World!
As streamlets to the sea.

Vain man binds those with galling chain
Who ne'er can happy be,
Then claim that God doth work in vain!
Nay, 'tis not God, but thee,
World!
Nay, 'tis not God, but thee.

Whom God doth bind man ne'er can part,
No sovereign power hath he
To conquer fate, tear heart from heart;
To try in vain in thee,
World!
To try in vain in thee.

Dear Lillie doth my heart enthral;
She's all the world to me;
Next to my God, she's all in all!
Why should it trouble thee,
World?
Why should it trouble thee?

Her voice soft music doth impart,
From sinful passions free;
Her angel smile doth chain my heart:
Why should it trouble thee,
World?
Why should it trouble thee?

And when this weary life is o'er—
And it too soon may be—
Then shall we meet on heavenly shore,
Far, far from earth and thee,
World!
Far, far from earth and thee.

OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

Some years ago there was a boarding school in
a town in K. for boys of the Society of Friends.
There were also schools for other boys in the
same town, whom, for distinction's sake, I will
call "Town" boys, and the others "Friend"
boys.

It was the practice of some of the Town boys,
when they saw any of the Friend boys, to shout
after them "Quaker! Quaker!" and other ob-
probrious names. This, no doubt, was mortify-
ing to the Friend boys, but they passed on, and
reviled not again.

Things remained in this state for a long time,
until one day the Friend boys were taken out for
a country walk, and being about to ascend a
high hill they observed some of the Town boys
at play, near where they had to pass, and they
said one to another, "Now we shall catch it,"
and sure enough they did, and that pretty smart-
ly; for as soon as the Town boys espied them
they shouted out most vociferously: "Quaker!
Quaker! Quack! Quack!" so long as they could
be heard.

When the Friend boys arrived at the top of
the hill, seeing their enemies at such a disadvan-
tage below them, they deemed it a fitting time
to retaliate, and sent down a few missiles, by
way of alarm, into the enemy's camp. This un-
expected salute startled the Town boys, and they
indignantly exclaimed: "Why, these Quaker
boys are pelting us with stones!" and in their
haste they vowed revenge; but immediately a
volley of the same kind of ammunition came pour-
ing down upon them, when, to their great sur-
prise, as well as gratification, they found that
they had been attacked, not with stones, but
with apples, which the Friend boys had brought
from home in their picnic baskets, but for an-
other purpose. Now, as all boys love apples,
they soon gathered up their peaceable missiles,
and began to eat them.

One of the boys, of more reflection than the
rest, observed how remarkable it was that the
very boys who had for a long time received noth-
ing but ill-usage, without a word of compli-
ment in return, had now given them a quantity
of apples. This was to them the most marvel-
lous treatment. They now began to see the evil
of their conduct, and, boy-like, to accuse each
other of beginning the attack. None, however,
were willing to be regarded as a very different treat-
ment was due to such kind boys, and they one
and all determined to practice it. On arriving
at the school in the evening this remarkable in-
cident became the subject of general conversa-
tion among the boys. After some deliberation
they concluded to send two or three of their
number as an embassy of peace to the Friends'
school, to acknowledge the wrong practice they
had hitherto followed, and asking forgiveness for
what they had done. We need not add how
kindly they were received, and how cordially the
Friend boys agreed to cancel all past grievances.
The Town boys now returned to their comrades
to report the result of their mission, which was
received with acclamations by the whole party.

THE END OF A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.—An
inquest was held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on
Thursday, on the body of James Allen, aged be-
tween 60 and 70 years, who died suddenly in a
lodging house a few days ago. The deceased, it
was stated, was a native of Kilmaree, in Ren-
frewshire. He was a cotton-spinner by trade,
and was at one time fellow-worker and compan-
ion of Dr. Livingstone; he had told a gentle-
man in Newcastle that he and the African tra-
veller purchased their first Latin grammars to-
gether. For many years prior to 1860 he was a
very successful temperance lecturer, but for the
last seven or eight years he had given himself up
to drinking. The jury found that death had
been accelerated by excessive drinking.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVES.

One afternoon, in the autumn of 1779, two
children of Mr. Little, a girl of nine and her
brother two years younger, while engaged in
play among some recently-felled trees near the
house, saw an Indian crouching behind one of
the fallen trees. This was no uncommon sight,
as the friendly Indians frequently visited their
home; but this savage appeared to be a strange
one, and after the first glance they had fled in
dismay to the house. The mother had reproved
them for their timidity, and sent them back to
play again. Only partially re-assured, they now
began conversing regarding the matter. While
thus engaged they heard the note of a quail, ap-
parently but a short distance away.

"Hark!" exclaimed the boy, and the note was
repeated, "Do you hear that?"

"Yes," answered the girl, after a few min-
utes' silence, "do you hear that rushing among
the branches of the tree yonder?"

"I guess it's a squirrel—but look what's
that? I saw something red moving along. It
looked like a fawn popping up its head."
At this instant the children felt themselves
seized with a grip of iron from behind. On
turning their heads to their horror they found
themselves in the hands of savages, whose fierce
painted countenances showed that they were
enemies. They made signs to the children to be
silent, on pain of death, and hurried them off,
nearly fainting with terror, in a direction lead-
ing from their father's habitation.

After journeying some distance in profound
silence, the severity of the captors somewhat re-
laxed, and as night approached the party halted,
after adopting the usual precautions to secure
against surprise.

The captives were children, and now began
sobbing as if their poor little hearts would break.
Their misery seemed to excite the compassion of
one of the party, a man of prepossessing appear-
ance, who approached and endeavored to soothe
them. He prepared a couch for them out of the
long grass which grew near the camp, gave them
a portion of his dried meat and parched corn,
and made them understand by signs that their
harm was intended them. In the midst of
these kindly demonstrations another party ar-
rived, bringing with them the mother of the lit-
tle prisoners, with her youngest child, an infant
three months old.

It so happened that the father of the family,
with his serving-men, had gone early in the day
to a raising a few miles distant, and the house
had thus been left without a defender. The long
period of tranquillity which they had enjoyed,
free from all fear of the savages, had quite
thrown them off their guard, and they had thus
lain aside their former precautionary measures.
The Indians, by lying in wait, had found the
favorable moment for seizing the unprotected
family and making them prisoners.

The poor mother now beheld three of her
family, but knew nothing at all regarding the
fate of their remaining brother and sister, a boy
of six and a little girl of four years of age.

After resting for a few hours to recruit the
exhausted prisoners, the march was again taken
up, one of the Indians offering to take the in-
fant. Pleased with the unexpected kindness,
the mother resigned it into his hands. The savage
carried it patiently for a while, but in his
treacherous bosom lurked a dark purpose from
the beginning. Falling gradually behind, he
had waited the favorable moment, when he dashed
it to death, and immediately rejoined his com-
panions. The mother was not long in divining
the terrible truth, but she suppressed the shriek
of agony, for she knew that the lives of the re-
maining children depended upon her firmness.
But how fervent were her prayers to Him whose
eye is never closed, and who alone could assist
her in this dark hour.

After days and nights of painful march through
the forests reached the Seneca village, upon the
headquarters of the Alleghany, near the place
that is now known as Orleans point.

On their arrival the leader conducted the pris-
oners to the principal lodge. This was occu-
pied by his mother, the widow of the head chief
of that band; and who was called the "Old
Queen." Presenting the little girl, he said:

"My mother, I bring you a child to supply
the place of my brother, who was killed by the
Leni-Lenape six months ago. She shall dwell
in my lodge, and be to me a sister. Take the
white woman and her children, and treat them
kindly."

The old queen fulfilled the injunctions of her
son. She received the prisoners, and provided
them every comfort that was possible under the
circumstances.

Late in the evening of the day of the capture
Mr. Little returned to his dwelling only to find
it desolate. It was silent as death. No trace of
a living creature was to be found throughout the
house or grounds. His nearest neighbors lived
at a considerable distance, but to them he hast-
ened, frantically demanding tidings of his fam-
ily. Arousing them from their slumbers, one
and another joined in the search, and at the
house of one of them he found the servant girl,
who had effected her escape. Her first place of

refuge, she said, had been a large brewing-tub,
in an outer kitchen, under which she had at the
first alarm secreted herself, until the departure
of the Indians, who were evidently in haste, gave
her an opportunity of fleeing to a place of safety.
She could give no tidings of her mistress and
the children, except that they had not been mur-
dered in her sight and hearing.

At length having searched the neighborhood
in vain, Mr. Little recollected an old settler who
lived alone far up in the valley. Thither he and
his friends immediately repaired, and from him
he learned that, being at work in his field, just
before sunset, he saw a party of strange Indians
passing a short distance from his cabin. As they
wound along the brow of a hill he could perceive
that they had prisoners with them—a woman
and a child. The woman he knew to be white,
from the fact that she carried an infant in her
arms instead of on her back, after the manner of
Indians.

Day was now breaking, for the night had been
passed in fruitless search, and the half-distracted
father, after a consultation with his friends and
neighbors, accepted their offer to accompany him
to Fort Pitt to ask advice and assistance of the
commandant and Indian agent at that place.

Proceeding down the valley, as they approached
a hut which the night before they had found ap-
parently deserted, they were startled by observ-
ing two children standing on the high bank in
front of it. The delighted father recognized two
of his missing flock, but they could not give the
least tidings regarding the mother and the lost
ones. The story they told was touching and
simple.

They were playing in the garden when they
were terrified by seeing the Indians enter the
yard near the house. Unperceived by them, the
brother, who was about six years of age, helped
his little sister over the fence into a field aboun-
ding with blackberry bushes. Unfortunately the
little girl in her play in the garden had pulled
off her shoes and stockings, and the briars so
wounded her feet that she could not refrain from
crying out. Her brother took off his stockings
and put them on her feet. He attempted, too,
to protect them with his shoes, but they were too
large and he was obliged to leave them. They
wore them. For a time they kept on, believing
they were escaping from certain death.

After a few more efforts they made their way
out of the field into an adjoining pasture-ground,
where, to their joy, they saw some cows feeding.
They recognised them as belonging to Granny
Myers, an old woman who lived some distance
away, but on what farm they then were they
were utterly ignorant.

With sagacity remarkable, the boy said:
"Let us hide ourselves till sunset, when the
cows will go home, and we will follow them."

The children did so, but to their dismay, when
they reached Granny Myers' they found the
house deserted. The old woman had been called
by some business down the valley, and did not
return that night. Wearied and hungry, they
could go no further, but after an almost fruitless
endeavor to get some milk from the cows, they
laid themselves down to sleep under an old bed-
stead that stood near the house. Their father
and his party had given them additional terror
in the night. The shouts and calls intended to
arouse the inmates of the house they had mis-
taken for the whoop of Indians, and not being
able to distinguish friends from foes, they nestle
close to each other as far out of sight as possible.
When found next day they were debating what
course to follow for safety.

The commandant at Fort Pitt entered warmly
into the sad affair of Mr. Little, and readily fur-
nished him with a detachment of soldiers to as-
sist him and his friends in the pursuit of the
captors.

Several circumstances conspiring to throw sus-
picion upon the Senecas, the party directed their
search among the villages of that tribe.

It was necessary to proceed with great caution
in their enquiries, as the Iroquois were unfriend-
ly, and it was to be expected that they would do
anything to frustrate their design. Finally they
reached the village where captives were confined.
A treaty was immediately entered into for the
ransom of the captives, and there was no diffi-
culty in regaining Mrs. Little and her youngest
child, but no offer, no entreaties, no promises
could procure the release of Eleanor, the adopted
child of the tribe.

"No," answered the chief; "she is my sister;
I have taken her to supply the place of my
brother, who was slain by the enemy. She is
dear to me, and I cannot part with her."

Finding every effort unavailing to shake this
resolution, the father was at length compelled to
take his sorrowful departure with such of his
loved ones as Providence had permitted him to
recover. Although forced to do so for the pre-
sent, the parents could not resign their daughter
into the hands of the savages.

Having placed his family in safety Mr. Little,
still assisted by the commandant and Indian
agent, undertook an expedition to the frontier,
to the residence of the British agent, Colonel
Johnson. That officer became warmly interest-
ed in the matter, and promised to use every effort
in his behalf. This promise he faithfully kept.

He went in person to the village of the chief as
soon as the opening of the spring permitted, and
offered him many splendid presents of horses and
guns; but the Indian was inexorable.

Time rolled on until years had passed, and
there seemed to be no hope of regaining posses-
sion of their daughter. She was the favorite of
the tribe, and they lavished kindness on her.
She finally came to like her dusky friends and
companions, and became happy in her surround-
ings. From the activity and energy which dis-
tinguished her to her death, she received the
name of "The Ship Under Full Sail."

The wife of the chief at length became jealous
of her white sister, and made several attempts
to poison her. These being discovered, the
squaw was very nearly being slain by the indig-
nant people around her.

Four years passed, and the chief took the girl
on a visit to the Grand Council at Niagara, in
accordance with a request of Colonel Johnson.

Here, by arrangement, were Mr. Little and
his wife. When her daughter saw them she
forgot her Indian friends and customs, and na-
ture asserted itself. She threw herself into the
arms of her parents, and they all wept for joy.
The chief witnessed this outburst of affection,
and his better feelings prevailed.
"She shall go," said he; "the mother must
have her child again. I will go back alone."

HOUSEHOLD IDOLS.—Every true man rears an
idol of his own fancy somewhere in his house-
hold; and at that idol's feet he should lay all the
wealth of his heart's affection. At that idol's
shrine he should come in silent confession, and
look with almost pagan faith to have his pray-
ers answered, and to find a balm for sad
and weary heart-longings, when all the world seems
turned against him. No true man will be less
of a lover when he becomes a husband, if the
same courtesies, the same love for him alone,
and setting aside of all others, be studied by
the wife. The face will be held as lovingly;
the glance will follow the motions as longingly;
the bouquet of the courtship will find its place
in the bouquet of married life, if the wife be as
careful to return the gaze and look for the
flowers as before the jewelled ring yielded to
the plain gold one, and the prelude of their
lives was ended and the opening act of the
drama was begun.

"I will bequeath," said an Irishman, in
his will, "to my beloved wife, all my property,
without reserve, and to my eldest son, Patrick,
my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it
may go to Terence McQuinn, in Ireland."

A CLERGYMAN having been recently of an English
parochial office, the guardians wrote to
him to know what were his religious opinions—
whether he inclined to High Church or Low
Church. The reverend gentleman wrote, in
reply, that he was just a little elevated.

ABBE BAUER, chaplain of the Tuileries, made a
cool request to the congregation of the Madeleine
last Sunday. He said, "For the glorification of
the Pope, I demand all your money and all
your blood."

A FRENCHMAN, soliciting relief of an English
lady, said gravely to his fair hearer, "Madame,
I receive beg, but that I have van vide vid several
small family dat is growing very large, and nosing
to make dere bread out of but de perspiration
of my own eyebrow."

A YOUNG man who attended church in Minne-
apolis, Minn., a short time ago, went to sleep
during the service, and while sleeping, suddenly
arose to his feet, and with violent gestures ex-
claimed, "I went to it; I am going to bed!"
He was prevented from retiring in so public a
manner by being awakened.

A THOROUGH DANDY.—Lord E. F., Captain
in the 10th Hussars, sauntered one day into the
Royal Arcade, Dublin. After looking about
him he walked into a glove's shop, and asked to
see some gloves. Several parcels were shown him
and he selected a pair. While trying them on
he inquired of the old lady behind the counter,
"What was to pay?" "Two and nincpence, sir."
"Two and nincpence!" he exclaimed, lifting up
his eyebrows; "how much is two and nincpence?"
"Three shillings all but threepence," replied
the lady, smiling. "Aw!" he said, "three
shillings? I see!" He took out of his
pocket and placed three shillings on the counter.
The shopwoman opened the till-drawer, took
from it three penny-pieces, folded them in a bit
of paper, and handed them to the officer. "Your
change, sir." "My change! Oh! aw! yes! very
good!" He went on fitting his gloves. "Pray,
have you a porter?" "There is a porter in the
Arcade. Shall I call him, sir?" "Oh, thank
you; too much trouble. I'm sure! aw!" "No
trouble at all, sir." The old lady went to the
door and beckoned to some one in the distance.
A man in a faded blue and yellow livery entered
the shop. "Here's the porter, sir," said the old
lady. "Oh! aw! thanks, I'm sure," rejoined
the officer. "My man," turning to the arca-
dian official, "do you know the Portobello Baracks?"
"Portobello, sir? Sure aw! it's myself that
does Haven't I a cousin in No. 5 troop of the
Tenth Hussars?" The officer, handing a card to
him, pointed to the pence on the counter, and
said, "Take that luggage to my servants at this
address, and here's half a crown for your trouble."

REVENGE.—The favorite of a Sultan threw
a stone at a poor beggar who had requested
alms. The injured man dare not to complain,
but carefully searched for and preserved the
pebble, promising himself he should find
an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it
in his turn at this imperious and pitiless
wretch. Some time after he was told the
favorite was disgraced, and by order of the
sultan led through the streets on a camel,
exposed to the insults of the populace. On
hearing this, the beggar ran to fetch his
pebble, but, after a moment's reflection, cast
it into a well. "I now perceive," said he,

He went in person to the village of the chief as
soon as the opening of the spring permitted, and
offered him many splendid presents of horses and
guns; but the Indian was inexorable.