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The Mirror

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Miscellaneous.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday last while a number of boys were playing about some freight cars on the track on Government wharf, a little boy named Gormley met his death under the following circumstances: It appears that some men had separated two cars from each other, which were on an inclining track, when one of the boys thoughtlessly let go of the brakes, which caused the cars to come together, crushing the poor little fellow between the couplings, inflicting him so badly that he died on the following night.—Windsor Mail.

The Eastern Chronicle says:—Wheat sown a short time ago on the farm of D. Cameron, Esq., is beginning to make its appearance through the soil, notwithstanding the cold and backward weather. We learn that in several parts of this county early sown grain is doing well.

The London Court Journal says that Major General Hastings Doyle, Lieut. Governor and Commander of the Forces in Nova Scotia, who has arrived in England on a short leave of absence, is reported to receive the honor of Knighthood for his valuable civil and military services in that Colony during the late threatened complication of affairs between the United States and Canada. It is not improbable that the companionship of the Bath will be conferred on this distinguished officer.

TRAGEDY.—A certain irritable tragedian was playing Macbeth, and had rushed off to kill Duncan, when there was no blood for the Thane to step his hands in. "The blood! the blood!" exclaimed he to the agitated property-man, who had forgotten; the actor however, not to disappoint the audience, clenched his fist, and striking the property-man a violent blow upon the nose, coolly washed his hands in the stream of gore that burst from it, and re-entered with the usual words, "I have done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?"

The Teeth of the Horse.—A horse has forty teeth, twenty four double teeth, or grinders, four tusks, or single file teeth, and twelve front teeth, called canines. As a general thing, mares have no tusks. Between two and three years old, the colt sheds his four middle teeth, two above, and two below. After three years old, two other teeth are changed, one on each side of those formerly shed; he now has eight colts' teeth, and eight horse's teeth. When four years old the horse sheds his remaining colts' teeth, four in number, when his tusks appear. At six years of age his tusks are up, appearing white, small and sharp, while a small circle of young growing teeth is observable. The mouth is now complete. At eight years of age the teeth have filled up, the horse is aged, and his mouth is said to be full.

Caledonia, West River, St. Mary's.

MR. EDITOR:

Will you have the kindness to insert in your paper the undermentioned:
I had been subjected for over 23 years to pains in my back and hip, caused originally by a severe cold, and I procured and applied every article that could be thought of for such a case, but found no permanent relief until I bought some

salve and liniment manufactured by Dr. L. Berry, and after a few applications found permanent relief, and have not since been troubled with the same, which is now over three years. I wish you to insert this, not as an advertisement for Dr. L. Berry, but that the public, or those who are alike troubled as I was, may find relief from their sufferings. Please insert this as a favor for one of your subscribers.
Yours, &c., DUNCAN CUMMINGS.

Select Tale.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In the year 1808 I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson on board the first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river. Among the voyagers was a man whom I had known for some years previous by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his great success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat-traps;" and for this, his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work he was then on a journey through the State of New York for the purpose of disposing of what he called "country rights," or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious, as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments. A rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into another apartment, in passing which he moved another wire, which instantly reset the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats *ad infinitum*. This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and, for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me the steam-engine was Greek, the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, inasmuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed; and declined answering any more questions.

"Why you needn't snap off so tart'n' short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as high as can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days." These ominous words fell on my ears as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?"

"Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion of it;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he then and there assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon full of steam before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling grey eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion that if he ever did attemp to meddle with hot water we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied. None dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "loco-foco." When about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me most desperately, and that I must make him a visit at his place near Wallingford. On reaching his residence I imagine my surprise when he told me he "had got the notion."

"Notion—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "the steam wagon I told you about a spell ago; but it has pretty nigh starved me out; and sure enough he did look as if he'd been on the anxious seat, as he used to say when things troubled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet-iron and old stove pipes and mill wheels and trammel heads in these parts, but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these cute folks about here may have got a peep through the keyhole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness, for you were the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact," continued he, "the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet I don't know any one here who is able to guess what I'm about. They'll know it is an invention of some kind—for that's my business, you know—but some say it's a thrashing ma-

chine, some say a distillery; and of late they begin to make a shingle splitter; but they'll sing another tune when they see it a-spinning along past the stage coaches," added he, with a known chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long one-story building, with a window or two on the roof, the knut-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking with a key, and in bold letters: "No admittance." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions, rat traps, churns, apple parers, pill rollers, cooking stoves, and shingle splitters which hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around, until they gathered to a god."

And there it stood—the "the concentrated focus" of all previous inventive genius—"The First Locomotive."

An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, over-shaped mass of double-riveted sheet-iron, with cranks and pipes and trammel heads and screws and valves, all firmly braced on four firmly made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he stuffed under the boiler.

"I filled the boiler," says he, "after I stopped working yesterday, and it hasn't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first rate."

Sure enough the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled water," when by pushing one side and pulling another the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move. Well, I don't mean they shall till I get my patent. You see," he added, encroaching down, "that trammel-head there—that small cog-wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear by this crank it fits, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as high as I can calculate, a leetle slower than chain lightning, and a darned leetle, too. But it won't do to give it a try afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I haia't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve, and I'll show you—"

And with that he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand and a horn of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints, and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, and all seemed a box.

"It is nigh about perfection, ain't it?"

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not understand, and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matter more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was that here was a machine on four well braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent to authorize that small connecting cog-wheel or trammel head to be thrown into gear, when it would move off without cat, hay, or horsehoes, and distance the mail coaches. As I was surrounded with notions it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full-orbed above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. And who knows, thought I, but some prying scamp may have been peeping through the keyhole while Jabez was at work, and, catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation? and if he does not succeed in learning the first track, may at least divide the honors with my friend.

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that," said he eagerly.

"Immortality," said I, "and you shall have it, patent or no."

Twisting the connecting trammel head into the travelling wheels, in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on the top of it, with whizz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the "first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-

joints, evidently determined that although he had started off a little unexpectedly he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it did go, it would "go a leetle slower than a streak of chain lightning," and a darn'd leetle, too.

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeing,
Like an arrow, he flew away."

But a moment, and he was here; in a moment he was there; and now where is he?—or rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."

My task is done. All I now ask is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that in all future time this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by "back-track" and "turn-out," through the long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of "The First Locomotive," their immortal progenitor, Jabez Doolittle, Esq., high Wallingford, Connecticut.

By way of New York we have dates to the 16th of April:

The Dublin papers contain an elaborate description of the reception of the Prince of Wales in that city. At the landing at Kingston the cheering of the people was immense, and the enthusiasm increased when the Princess was visible on board. She repeatedly bowed in the most marked and sweetest manner in acknowledgment of the cordial welcome tendered her. The Princess wore a rich mauve tulle dress and jacket of the same material, trimmed with gold lace, edged with a white satin ribbon bound at the back. It was trimmed with shamrocks. In the centre of the bonnet there was a beautiful white rose. The Princess wore a large chignon. The Prince of Wales wore a dress frock coat; also a green satin scarf, and a bunch of shamrocks on his breast. A procession was formed, and amidst the thunder of artillery the Royal guests were conducted to the Castle, where the Lord Mayor and Corporation presented an address of welcome and congratulation, to which the Prince read the following reply: My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the city of Dublin, it is with the greatest satisfaction that I have received your address of welcome to your ancient and loyal city. The reception which the Princess and myself have this day experienced calls forth our warmest and most heartfelt acknowledgements. It has been my most anxious desire since I last visited Ireland to return to it accompanied by the Princess, and I regard her presence at this day equally with yourselves a happy omen for the country, although I have never for a moment doubted your constant and undiminished attachment to the throne of her most gracious Majesty the Queen. It will be a great source of pleasure to me to be present at the inauguration of one of Ireland's greatest statesmen, and to be enrolled and installed a Knight of the Illustrious order of Saint Patrick. In the name of the Princess and myself, I return you once more my hearty thanks." The Lord Mayor was then presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, after which the Corporation withdrew.

According to reports from Rome the Pope has requested Mgr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, to thank Mr. Gladstone for his attitude in the House of Commons upon the subject of the Established Church in Ireland.

The rush of emigrants to the United States is daily increasing, and the facilities for transportation are proving unequal to the demand made upon them. Twelve vessels left Genoa during March, taking out 1066 emigrants from the best part of the population.

An Irishman is on trial in London for robbing a house, murdering the whole family, burning down the dwelling, and finally assaulting the policeman who arrested him. Strangely, they haven't found out that he's a Fenian.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

The R. M. S. *Mertin*, from St. John's, arrived at this port at an early hour yesterday morning. The *Mertin* brought seven passengers. The following letter dated Twillingate, April 2nd details a number of casualties, some of them fatal in their consequences:

"A great many casualties have occurred about this place and Fogo. In February three men, proceeding by boat from Fogo to this island, were driven off, and have not since been heard of; another man named Randle perished from cold between Joe Batts Arm and Fogo, and his companion, Green was so badly frosted as to necessitate the amputation of both legs below the knees. A poor man here had his hand very much mutilated by the bursting of a gun; a portion of the hand was subsequently amputated. A few days afterwards John Young of this place was out all night with his two sons, both of whom died a short time after landing upon some abo-ice near Charte Islands: the father narrowly escaped the same fate. From the upper part of the Bay a poor man named Badgreen, with his wife and four children, left in a small

boat for Tilt Cove, to seek employment and food; and upon the following day they were found by Mr. Russell all frozen to death. Four of the children were locked in each other's arms, the mother with her babe, and the poor man across his ears. A man now in this place was compelled to kill his only dog, and to cook it in soup mixed with Indian meal for his starving wife and child.

The seal fishery on the French shore has been good; but unfortunately four vessels which sailed from the shore have been lost. On Friday last it blew a gale from S. to S. E., at noon veering to S. W., which continued all night. Three boats, with three men in each, all belonging to this place, are missing—supposed to have been driven off. Same day a boat was seen near Back Harbor in the slops ice, which was afterwards identified as belonging to Fortine Harbor; and the two men, named Laurence and Sweeney, have no doubt been both drowned. Same evening a boat got into Fortune Harbor, and one of the men perished soon after landing. Two boats from New Bay Head are missing, and one from Exploits Burnet Island. A young man named Rheims, aged 18 years, was drowned off Ward's Harbor."

THINGS I DON'T LIKE—BY A YOUNG LADY.

I don't like to see two ladies conversing in an undertone in company, wearing a malicious look upon their faces, and directing their eyes frequently towards me.

I don't like those very young men whose thoughts are always centered on themselves, and whose fingers are always twirling their moustaches.

I don't like to be one of a wedding party where all the young ladies are expected to damp their lace handkerchiefs through sympathy with the weeping bride.

I don't like those who will tell you they "are plain people who speak their minds," and make that a pretext for giving you all manner of impertinent home blows.

I don't like, if a girl makes herself agreeable to a gentleman for half an hour, that he should go away and tell all his friends, in confidence, that she is dying about him.

I don't like to see a pair of slippers that I worked at long and arduously to render beautiful flourishing on the feet of another girl's husband whom I once expected to be my own.

I don't like, on showing a charming new bonnet to a dear young lady friend, to be told by her quite patronizingly, that it would do pretty well, only it is so frightfully unbecoming.

SINGING AND SMOKING.—Dr. Parr, the friend of William Home, and an eccentric, liberal, but no very bad Churchman—his time duly taken into consideration—was very proud of his peal of bells and his choir, and always encouraged them to sing a long hymn or anthem before sermons, during which he used to steal into the vestry and get his pipe. When they had done, the clerk informed him; and if the doctor had not finished, he would say, "John, tell them to sing the two last verses over again; my people love singing, and I love smoking."

THE REASON.—Tom Neil was carpenter and painter, in Edinburgh, and a very droll character in his way. Being questioned one day by a lady at whose house he was employed, as to the reason why people of his profession were so exorbitant in their charges for coffins, he looked very mysterious, and agreed to give the necessary information in return for a glass of whiskey. The stipulation being implemented, Tom said, "Weel, na'am, it's just because they are ne'er brought back to be mended."

A PAPER CHURCH.—There is a church actually existing near Benzen, Prussia, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The reliques outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of paper-mosaic, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey and white of egg.

PRESTIGE IN IRELAND.—Off the west coast of Galway lies a small, thinly populated island called Inishboffin, which, if the correspondent of the *Daily Express* may be relied on, was lately, in fact, the scene of one of the most extraordinary instances of priestly tyranny and popular abasement ever recorded. An English physician, Dr. Paynter, who has leased some mines on the island, unfortunately had a difference with the parish priest about the propriety of the latter holding a procession in honour of the Manchester martyrs. His reverence immediately ordered his flock not to supply Dr. Paynter's family with food, to take them to the mainland in their boats, or to give them any aid whatever. They were quickly being starved out, and a poor woman who brought them some provisions was so severely flogged by the priest that it is likely to be a cripple for the rest of her days. At last the unhappy family were relieved by the police from the mainland, a small body of whom were appointed to reside on the island for Dr. Paynter's protection. But no lodgings could be got for them. "No, not for a guinea an hour, without leave from the priest," said the natives, in reply to their application. A similar fate befell a gentleman who was told he should have neither food nor lodging without a pass from his reverence, and was shunned by the people as his boat left their inhospitable shore.

Three hundred and fifty Irish emigrants have recently accepted a free passage from Liverpool to Rio Janeiro, where they will get land at a shilling an acre and have five years to pay for it. The *New York Herald's* special, dated Zoula, 18th April, says: "The very latest reports from Magdala represent that 14,000 native troops laid down their arms to General Napier, and that Theodoros had 500 soldiers killed and 1,500 wounded in the late engagement."