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Select Poetry.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFEN.

[In view of the recent death of its author, a woman as lovely in nature as she was brilliant in mind, a melancholy interest attaches to this familiar poem, one of the simplest and most pathetic in our language.]

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here,
But the grave yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love thee better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake?
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride.

THE REVOLUTION IN JAPAN.—It was some time ago announced that the Shogun (another name for the Teyoon) has resigned the power vested in him as the Temporal Emperor in favor of the Mikado, who has always been recognized as nominally ruler in chief of all the affairs of the empire, though his sphere has in reality been restricted to the headship of spiritual affairs. The intelligence which we now have makes it rather appear that efforts have been made to remove Stots Bashi from his place on account of his liberal views, and that he did not resign at all, and does not mean to lose his place and power if he can possibly help it. The opposing parties in the revolution going on now are troops in the interest of Stots Bashi on the one hand and Prince Satsuma on the other, who may be regarded as the representative of the opposition to the Shogun and his liberal policy. The immediate cause of the outbreak now seems to have been the opening of the ports of Osaka and Hiogo to commerce at the commencement of the year in accordance with a treaty previously made. There has been serious fighting at Yeddo, and the two opposing parties seem bent upon damaging each other as much as possible. The widows of the former Shoguns have been killed by Satsuma's troops, and the followers of the deposed Shogun are reported to have burned the palace of Shogun, together with four hundred men who had to take refuge there. The Mikado has been seized by the Satsuma party, and is guarded by troops, the object being, in the event of their success, to have him in their power and

make him submissive to their will. Having originated in a contest between liberal and anti liberal principles, this revolution in Japan will be regarded with great interest in all parts of the world, and it may justly be regarded as the decisive struggle between progressive ideas and the old Japanese policy of exclusion. If the Satsuma party are defeated the policy of exclusiveness will receive a death blow, and no victory that may be gained over the Shogun and the principles which he represents will be sweeping enough to entirely do away with all the progress that has recently been made in Japan.

WARNED BY A GHOST.

'And so you are to be married to-morrow morning, child?'

Irene Clifford's little room, pink with the shadow of the tossing roses that crowned the rustic casement, was full of the dainty paraphernalia of the wedding-day. White lace, white orange flowers, and pallid jacinth buds lay around in graceful confusion; pearls gleamed from an open velvet case on the dressing-table, and folds of priceless white silk shimmered like snow wreaths on the bed, Irene, sitting in their midst, looked herself like a fair white lily, with her complexion of cream and roses, and her pale golden ringlets and shady blue eyes.

'Yes, to-morrow morning, Maria. Come, wish me joy.'

Maria Hewitt shook her head, where the silver threads were already beginning to gleam through the sunny brown braids.

'I can't wish you joy, Rena—I can't indeed. Oh, I had hoped to see you stand at the altar with another man than Mark Eden at your side. Don't think me unsympathetic, Rena; but to-night, of all nights in the world, I keep thinking of Wilfred Mayne.'

Had it not been for the pink shadow of the roses still on her cheek Irene Clifford would have been very pale as she rose from her seat with one hand pressed convulsively to her heart.

'Of Wilfred Mayne, Maria? Of the noble hero who died two years ago off the coast of Spain when the Otranto was wrecked and every one on board perished.'

'But I can't believe he is really dead, Rena,' said the elder lady, speaking with passionate emotion. 'Suppose—only suppose for an instant—he should one day return to find you, his affianced bride, the wife of another man!'

'Do the dead ever return from their ocean graves, Maria?'

'The dead—no.'

'Marie,' said Irene, clasping her slender hands together, and speaking in a voice that betrayed powerful though suppressed emotion, 'you should know how truly and tenderly I had loved Wilfred Mayne, how precious his memory still remains to me. But you should also know that the many benefits Mark Eden has showered upon my poor father, the years of devoted love he has given to me, ought not to go entirely unrewarded. I do not love him! That feeling perished when the Otranto went down along the orange-blossoming coasts of Spain; but I respect and esteem him. I will do my best to be a good and dutiful wife to him. Oh, Maria, you, of all others, should be the last to disturb the convictions of my conscience at such a moment.'

Maria Hewitt said no more; she only shook her head, and began quietly to arrange the disordered room, touching the pure white wedding decorations as sadly as if they had been funeral habiliments. And Irene, trying to throw off the heavy weight that lay upon her heart, spoke softly of other subjects, as the red sunset died away among the crimson petals of the clustering roses, and the radiance of the western sky began to soften into tender, dusky gloom.

'Do you like those stiff, artificial orange-blossoms, Maria?' asked the expectant bride. 'Sometimes I fancy that a few simple white roses from my own garden would be sweeter and less conventional.'

'Well, perhaps they would,' commented the spinster, thoroughly turning the wreath around. Irene started up.

'At all events I am determined to try the effect,' she said. 'I'll run down into the garden and gather a few, just to see.'

The solitary vine-embowered garden-walks lay in a sort of a violet shadow beneath the warm twilight firmament. Through the dense boughs of a grand old Norway pine one star glimmered like a lance of gold shooting downward from the heavens as Irene Clifford fitted along, her dress brushing perfume from spicy clusters of clove pinks and velvety pansies, and both hands full of rose branches, while almost unconsciously she murmured the burden of some old song.

Such a wild piercing cry as suddenly rose up into the twilight softness, as the roses fell from her hand, and her cheek blanched whiter than their own petals—such a wild shriek of terror as rent the evening stillness. And when Maria Hewitt reached the shadowy garden walk she found Irene lying on the ground totally senseless, with her hands clasped tightly over her forehead.

To bring some water from the old well under the laburnums was the work of a few moments;

and under Miss Hewitt's skillfully directed care Irene soon returned to her senses with shuddering sight and faint hysterical gasps.

'Dearest, what frightened you?' asked Maria, when at length Irene sat up on the low garden bench and looked around her with wild uncertain eyes.

'Did you hear anything?'

'No.'

'Did you see anything?'

Irene's face of white horror struck a chill even to Maria's stout heart, as she said, in low measured syllables, speaking under the influence of strong memneric power.

'I did see something. I have seen Wilfred Mayne's ghost!'

'Irene!'

'I tell you I have seen Wilfred Mayne's ghost! The ghastly face I have so often beheld in dreams lying amid seashells and coral—but I never thought to see it thus.'

'Tell me how and where,' cried Miss Hewitt, intent only on quieting the stronger spasmodic emotion that racked Irene's slender frame.

As I came round the path, singing idly—Heaven help me!—I saw it standing among the laurels, erect and motionless, looking at me with such sad reproachful eyes!'

'My dear, it must have been an optical illusion, I think.'

'It was no optical illusion. I saw it, Maria, as distinctly as I now see you.'

Miss Hewitt glanced toward the black sepulchral clusters of laurel with a slight chill creeping along her blood.

'But, Rena, you know such things are impossible. Ghosts are but a relic of old time superstition.'

'Impossible or not,' broke in Irene wildly, 'I know that I have seen the shadow of him who was once Wilfred Mayne! I know that his ghost has risen up from the grave under the green billows that wash the Spanish shores to warn me against this fatal marriage. It is enough—it is enough! I will never plight my troth to Mark Eden at the altar. I will live and die sacred to Wilfred's dear memory.'

'But, Rena, you surely do not believe—'

'Believe, believe!' interrupted Irene, with passionate emphasis. 'I tell you, Maria, that Wilfred's ghost rose up before me this evening!'

And Irene fell weak and trembling on her friend's faithful bosom.

All that night Maria watched at Irene's bedside with anxious loving care, much fearing lest an attack of brain fever should follow on this sudden shock and unwonted excitement—her tender precautions prevailed.

'Put away the silk and the pearls, and the long white veil, Maria,' said Irene, as the ruddy dawn peeped in through the open casement; 'I shall never need them now.'

When Mark Eden came at the appointed hour to claim his promised bride Irene told him all that had occurred to her in a faint stilled voice.

'I cannot marry you, Mark,' she said at the close. 'I cannot give my hand without my heart after this warning from the very depth of the grave.'

Mark's dull complexion turned a shade more yellow and sickly still as he listened.

'Irene, you surely will not let this figment of a disordered imagination come between us now?'

'I shall never marry, Mark,' she answered with a quiet calm determination, against which he plainly saw that his will was nothing.

'Irene,' he remonstrated, 'I have loved you better than my own soul. Do not leave me alone through life.'

But her answer came, firm and changeless: 'I shall never marry now.'

And years ebbed by and still Irene Clifford kept her word.

'An old maid!' she murmured to herself as she stood at the mirror in her little chamber in a seaside hotel brushing out the sunshiny luxuriance of her long yellow hair. 'I heard the little sixteen-year-old girls telling their companions this morning in the hall that I was an old maid! Well, perhaps they are right. And yet how I should have laughed ten years ago at the idea of my ever becoming an old maid.'

She smiled in the glass as the fancies passed through her mind, and the glass smiled back a sweet oval face, with tender blue eyes, and a skin yet delicate as the lining of a seashell. Irene saw it and took courage.

'I am not an ugly old maid yet, in spite of my thirty years,' she thought, trying on her hat for a morning stroll through the woods, with a book in her hand by way of a companion.

How quiet they are, those still green aisles, with shifting gleams of sunlight, and the starry gleam of wild flowers dotting the turf at her feet. Irene wandered on and on, unconscious of the slow lapse of time, until, by the singular sensation that no one can analyze or describe, she suddenly felt that she was no longer alone.

Looking up, she saw seated on an old dead stump, with a sketching board on his knee, and his forehead shadowed with the broad rim of his hat, a solitary man. He glanced up at the same instant.

It was the self same face she had seen among

the laurels in the violet gloom of the midsummer night ten years since, no longer pale and ghastly, but bronzed and swarthy. It was the face of her lost lover who sailed in the Otranto long long ago.

'Irene!'

He rose, half hesitating an instant. She tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her parched mouth. Was this also a sickening delusion? Would this semblance of humanity, too, fade away into mist and shadow?

'Irene, my dearest, fate has thrown us together once more!' he said, advancing at last, with the color coming and going on his cheek.

But she shrank away shuddering.

'You are not Wilfred Mayne!' she articulated wildly. 'Wilfred Mayne died at sea twelve years ago.'

'But I am Wilfred Mayne, and he did not die at sea twelve years ago. Irene,' he said, taking her hand in his—no ghostly hand, but his soft warm palm of pulsing life and vitality—'he was preserved by an interposition of Providence little short of a miracle, and when, recovering at Madrid from the long fever that succeeded his peril, he wrote to the girl who had promised one day to become his wife, no answer ever came. Irene, how do you account for this?'

'I never got the letter!' she gasped. 'As Heaven is my witness, the last news I heard from you was that you had perished with the crew of the Otranto when she went down!'

'And yet I directed it to the care of your lawyer, Mr. Eden.'

A burning crimson spot rose to Irene's cheek. Like an open book before her rose up the whole network of Mark Eden's treachery and deceit. She knew it all.

'I had waited in vain for months. I come home only to hear the idle gossip about your wedding. That was the way I learned the blight of every hope I had ever ventured to cherish. Well, I said to myself, let it be so. I will not disturb her dream of happiness with my white wasted face and broken heart. I will be to her as if I had never been. But in spite of my good resolutions, Irene, I could not resist the temptation of trying to see you once again. Do you remember that summer night in the garden?'

'I remember it! Wilfred, I firmly believe that your ghost has risen from the dead to warn me against the coming marriage.'

'And did you accept the warning?'

'I did.'

His face lighted up under the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat.

'I had not dreamed of such happiness as this, he said in a low deep voice. 'I have dreamt of it sometimes; but the waking has always followed too soon. Thank Heaven! the dreams are over at last. My love—he spoke eagerly, with his misty eyes searching the depths of her own—the morning of our lives has been shadowed by dark fate and still darker treachery. Is it too late to devote its noontide to each other still? Is it in vain that we have been constant to each other all these years?'

They walked home together, with her hand resting lightly on his arm and her heart beating close to his own. Ah! such a dreamy happy lingering walk.

And long before the green quivering leaves turned to pendants of gold the 'old maid' became a happy wife, and Mary Hewitt travelled all the way to Scarborough to witness the ceremony.

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian Witness*, writing from Baddeck, C. B., on the 29th ult., informs us of a melancholy accident which recently occurred there. A young man named McLeod, in company with another man, left the village in a sleigh. Both men were under the influence of liquor, and they carried several bottles with them. They stopped on the ice at different times to take a drink, and while one of them was out of the sleigh the horse took fright and ran into a hole, going under, and leaving the sleigh, with McLeod in it, on the ice. McLeod then got out and attempted to reach the shore. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach the bank he fell back on the snow exhausted, and perished.

APT RETORT.

'Ah!' said a sceptical collegian to an old Quaker, 'I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?' Said the old man, 'I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?'

'No; I can have no proof of its truth.' 'Then,' inquired the old man, 'does then believe in France?' 'Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist.' 'Then they will not believe anything else or others have not seen?' 'No.'

'Did thee ever see thy own brains?' 'No.'

'Ever see a man who did see them?' 'No.'

'Does thee believe thee has any?' 'This last question put an end to the discussion.'

Another relic from the classic age has been found in St Louis, being a dog's collar, supposed to have belonged to Julius Caesar, from the fact of having his name engraved on it.

WANTED TO KNOW.—The cost of a poetical license; and also that of the license of speech.

Miscellaneous.

When the heart is out of tune the tongue seldom goes right.

The sun should shine on festivals, but the moon's is the light for ruins.

The prosaic man knows nothing of poetry, but poetry knows much of him.

Any person may believe as he pleases about things, but things will not therefore be as he pleases.

The poet sings of the deeds that shall be. He imagines the past; he forms the future.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

The tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment, that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

MONEY.—To cure us of our immoderate love of gain we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.

It is not the painting, gilding and carving that make a good ship; but if she be a nimble sailer, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellence.

It is the edge and temper of the blade that makes a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard; and so it is not money or possession that makes a man considerable, but his virtues.

A FAST BOOK.—The Racing Calendar.

The man who 'held out an indorsement' has had a sore arm ever since.

CON FOR HOUSEWIVES.—Why is a butcher a very procrastinating?—Because he's always saying 'buy' and 'buy' to his customers.

A TALE OF A BEAU.—A young woman on alighting from a stage dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of the coach. 'You have left your bow behind,' said a lady passenger. 'No I haven't; he's gone a-fishing,' innocently replied the damsel.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.—A lad who borrowed a dictionary to read returned it after he had got through with the remark: 'It was very nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject very often.' It was his sister who thought the first ice cream she tasted 'a little touched with the frost.'

MAKING THREE ENDS OF IT.—A young fellow wishing to turn sailor applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope and said: 'If you want to make a good sailor you must make three ends to that rope.' 'I can do that,' readily responded the lad. 'Here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third,' and he threw it overboard.

CURIOSITIES WANTED.—A bunch of blossoms from a railway plant; the topmost bough of an axle-tree; a crust from the roll of the ocean; a feather from the crest of a wave; some quills from the wings of the wind; a lock of hair from the head of a column; a hoop from the pale of society; the knife used by ringers in peeling bells; a broom for sweeping assertions; a cellar for a neck of land; a quizzing-glass for an eye to business; a rocker from the cradle of the deep; a few tears from a weeping willow; and some down from the bosom of a lake.

HAD HIM THERE.—An Englishman was extolling Jamaica as a fine island to live on, when a Yankee auditor declared that he'd been there, and found that it was about as mean a place as the cholera ever visited, and that the best families had nothing to brag of in the way of living, as he could prove, and make the Englishman admit on the spot. 'Prove it, then!' indignantly exclaimed the latter. 'Very well,' said the Yankee; 'I put it to you as a man of honor if many of your people don't live on coffee grounds (plantations) all the year round?'

Never insure your life for the benefit of your wife for a greater sum than ten thousand dollars. A widow with more money than that is a dangerous legacy to leave to posterity.

Mr Pullup, coming home late, finds the sugar very slippery, and he exclaims: 'V-ery singular, whenever water freezes it alluz freezes with the slippery side up.'

A country girl inquired at a book store for a book on Connecticut. After thorough examination of geographies, it turned out that she wanted a book on etiquette.

The solemn and the jocular sometimes become ludicrously mixed in temples of justice. At Fort Benton, for instance, a doctor had been appointed Justice of the Peace. A suit was brought in his court, and he proceeded with the trial; and thus did he administer the oath to the first witness: 'You do solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—you bet!'

CAUTION TO SERVANT GIRLS.—Two girls living at service in Halifax, took it in their heads one day last week to leave their places without giving