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Select Poetry.

TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS, THE LIFE BOATS OF SOCIETY.

BY M. M. BOTHWELL

Noo gather roun' my kintra folk, Auld cronies cam to speir, An' we'll forgether for a while-Braw lade frae Scotia dear. 'Tis na' wi' usquebagh, our theme, This night shall be confessed, As frae Manhattan's Isle we greet Our brithers o' the West.

For they wha crossed the stormy sea This tale o' truth can tell, It mak's the bravest quail to say To hame, and kin farewell; But a parent's blessin' hovers o'er The strangers as they roam, The patriot on a foreign shore Is fired by thochts o' home.

Thus we commingle wi' the throng Wha follow fortune here, Whate weel directed labor brings Enough o' warldly gear. Though far surpassin' every clime, In gifts frae nature's hand, This nation winna frown on those Wha love their native land.

Whaur ance the woods wi' carols rang The wild bird comes me mgir, The Indian chieftain's council hearth Hath lang been cauld and bare See mind triumphantly advance,
And unknown realists explore,
A mighty national strict noo
Pulertee free should a shore.

1 wild kye browsed at What ance upon Columbia's hills
The souther forcests grow.
See inclusive extend her airms, Muse strange than magic wands, Till bounteons nature's stores outpoured

But venomed tangs are att concealed, To smite the publish from Amang its leaves a worm. She smiling towns and cities proud Hae wretchedness within, An' social failing grow to faults, And wickedness, and sin.

Roll doon o'er a' the lands.

Ah wae me friens, it gars me greet, To see how thoughtfu' man, Will aft neglect his Maker's laws, An' mar creation's plan. For social cups mak social wants, Till wives and bairnies mourn, And totter doon the slippery bracs Tae death's unyielding bourne.

The sons o' those wham Bruce deployed, Wha bare the braid claymore, Whose prowess mony a yin has owned On mony a foreign shore; I'm sure they hae an inward power, They surely hae some courage left To meet this social foc.

Oh, pass na bye the fallen ones, But gie a friendly han', Though e'er sae buried in the slough, There's something gude in man. A slender plank may safely ride

Don't jump up like a trout to a fty, and smack a woman on the neck, on the car, or on the corner of her forehead, on the end of her nose, knock off her waterfall. The gentleman should face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression

Correspondence.

Jabez Doolittle's Observations on the Vil-

There aint no place on this terestral bawl, that I've ever sot fut onto, whos sile bares on its boosm so mani old Bachelers to the squar inch, as this rooral village of ourn. The plas is chock full of them on fine dais, for thayre so plagey thin attached with driyed up thare aufalli skeered of being blowd awai. The Sou in his meredional splendar finds it most pertikerly hard to kast a shader from the peaked pints of their attenocated karkases, a more unganely set of broken harted critters never disgrased the dissectiu rome of a medikel kollege, the good for nothm cusses aint got no okeoparor and a light and I got a little combrable as night to got a little combrable as nig

than hangin or pizen, and now my femenine frends, the most nateral advis I kan give that yu couldn't hire a skotch tarier to lie the kitchen when a well dress deharment to kill, nur make the pore old soles believe youre a goin to ketch a juke or an erle, when there aint an animal of that kind ever lived in this here klimate of ourn. If yu meet 1 of nater's noblemen one of the trailer on the strete, dont take on to tother side like on the side on the side of the kids like ton to the English I'm ashamed of my count and the prices mighty gracious to the m mad, but make up to windard of him, he'll be a lettle skittish at fust, pull of the kids let on to the English I'm ashamed of my count and give kritters hand a rite gude shake, and watch his big hart swell out like a cabalance and watch his big hart swell out like a cabalance with his big h bige lef in a Julie Som, youll strik a tender kerd that 'll ripen into somethin a good cel nicer than mer frienship, when you get him hooked hang onto him lik a katerpillar to a constant of the honest man, for his ignorance, and one the letter. And so I did; I have the letter, and got the letter, and got the letter, and pologized decently, and got the letter, and pologized decently. I met her in the sunset bright, her ging letter that the letter is the letter in the letter is the letter in the letter. The pologized decently is the letter in the letter in the sunset bright. I met her in the sunset bright is the letter in th moder than mer triensnip, when you get mind me but Paddy, and I can't find it in my heart to hooked hang onto him lik a katerpillar to a quarrel with her on account of the blue eyes, had danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced the way has a like way a like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced like way like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced like way like a like way like a lime-kiln. And when he got ham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced like way like a like way like a like way like a like way Is potent aft to save.

Then gather roun' my kintra folk,
Auld cronies can to speir,
An' well forgether for a while,
Braw hads fine Scotia deur.
This nicht shall be confessed,
As free Manhattant' side wegget,
Our brithers o' the West.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING.

People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred who to extract bliss from lovely lips, any or than they know how to extract bliss from lovely lips, any or than they know how to extract bliss from lovely lips, and the following control sections. And yet li neary, at least for lovel standards and so only time than the following out on the control of the standards while we could not be dependent while we could not be any low of station. It is not be dependent while we could not be always a spain on the saw goes down, then had the support of station in the way is a spain of the following curious epitaph in the way is good and any as gain, and a livin a flourishen the ear for a small phee, dont let you rigororant nabors kno you've gut a displayment of the flower had been supposed to the supposed of the flower had been supposed to the supposed of the flower had been supposed to the manufacture of the way she capture, which is the way she capture, which the way she capture, which is the world like the animals one Maker Bunds in some dearth, and the wide an among an answer.

The door had been from the supposed down, then the way she capture, which is the way she capture, which is

the lady, and let it fall down the right side to- the tempoorature of soap suds and tother the brighter grow her eyes! but don't tell Kath. bit of an English baker trying a plain gold ring wards the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her hids the durty nales uv a hand we varsed

J. DOOLITTLE, JR.

TERENCE RYLEY'S ADVENTURES.

My Dear and Blessed Mother. This goes hoping it will find you in better health (to say in your time, or my time, but it ill zeroly be hoping it will find you in better health (to say in your time, or my time, but it ill zeroly be hoping it will find you in better health (to say in your time, or my time, but it ill zeroly be hoping it will find you in better health (to say in your time, or my time, but it ill zeroly be hoping it will find you in better health (to say in your time, or my time, but it ill zeroly be hoping it will find you in better health (to say in your time, or my time, but it ill zeroly be cited look of blue—blue are uncommon blanch.

There aint no place on this terestral will, that I've ever sot fut onto. whos sile travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left travelling and the left travelling travelling and the left travelling travelling travelling travelling travelling travelling travellin

the dissectiu rome of a medikel kollege, the good for nothin cusses aint got no okeopation but a kontineoal hankerin middle to be a legal a hittle comfortable and a white brick robbed worthless kritters tuch them with a 10 feet pole.

My kompazions in afflickshun, you've sinned awa yer dai of grase, fomail affeckshun don't run in the line of skeletons now, but the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like—it's mighty quare, so it is, how and the like of faults in his own country; and Lucy. Oh, my fault, was the sun in her eyes that dazzled her, larger and of the neatness; you never see the late it was the sun in her eyes that dazzled her, larger and of the neatness; you never see the neatness;

mother, think of the five Miss Kavenaghs, in their black beavers and Tuscany bonnets, tarring out from their father's bit of a shop on the hill, to earn their bread; and yet Lucy's father's I layed by my pea after wiping it, not as I With kalm and plasid i.

Theres another klass a kind of half brede

I think, she says, saucy enough, that in Irc
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I think is the says, saucy enough, the says is the says and the says are the says ar a kross between maskeline and femails the land, instead of each person trying to make a of folded, cut cloth Lucy gave me, to tache m little property for themselves, they all go on accency—the saucy thing—she said; and the Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it; herowines of the scrubbin brush a rael living on what their parents have got a king reason, mother, to tell you the truth, that I living on what their parents have got a king living on what their parent and catch a kiss; more persons spoil the sport.

Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go up—any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the restriction of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the restriction of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the restriction of the way; the window, and saw—what do you think—a the window the win

You know my master has been called over eyes look so bright, and she blushing like a Bangently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will full lightly upon your shoulder—and a handsom shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry!

send a little life down your left arm. Her left solitures konfinement ni onto 5 and 20 should be shoulded by the solitures and shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry!

send a little life down your left arm. Her left solitures konfinement ni onto 5 and 20 should be shoulded by the shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry!

send a little life down your left arm. Her left solitures konfinement ni onto 5 and 20 should be should send a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is in your right, let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice but a gentle left yeres youll roo it, every muthers can of yeres youll roo it, every muthers can be given by the Catholica and the care window, and smashed the glass and my hand to smithereens almost, (I hope you'll excuse the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of

to the parish to know that in the long run jus- their bad manners.

hand is in your right, let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought, and respect.

Don't be in a hurry!—her head lies carclessly on your shoulder. You are nearly heart to heart hough manfully, press her to your bossmi, Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry.

Her lips are almost open. Lean lightly forward, with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the life meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storm, troubles and sorrows of life, (don, the safraid)—the nerve dames before the alter of love, as zephyrs dance where the sour swinders. Jest picter sich a critter and sate typeses it's the ould song, with variations—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure sure is again the Catholics, and the same tise duple suppose it's the ould song, with variations,—the writing.) Sure sure is again the Catholics, and the same tise duple sure is again the Catholics, and the same tise duple sale writing.) Sure is also to consult the same tise duple sale to consult it will be sale to consult it was no business of functions, and the same tise duple sale fortable, in some little place or other, with me—
you understand, for his Maitre d'ottl, and thin, my dear friend, you may dipind upon it, something considerable will be done for Ireland.' thought fire place, but the Irish are thought Now, mother dear, you are at liberty to tell such a dale about the English; I'm sure they

this to the priest, and it will be a great of the don't return the compliment—another proof of

His talk is like a stream which runs With rapid change from rocks to roses; Is slipped from politics to puns; Is passed from Mahomet to Moses

"Beginning with the laws which keep The planets in their radient courses, And ending in some precept deep For dressing cels or shoeing horses