

# THE MIRROR

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## Select Poetry.

POOR.

What! poor, you say? Why, save you, friend,  
I've more than half the world can show;  
Such bliss as mine you cannot boast—  
Such bliss as mine you cannot boast—  
I've more than keenest head can sum—  
Could ever dream of night or day;  
I've treasures hid from sordid hearts,  
No cunning thief can take away.

My riches never bring distrust  
Between me and my fellow-men;  
No evil passion stirs my breast,  
To yield me hate for late again.  
But pleasure, peace and joy they bring;  
They soothe my cares, they make me glad,  
They give delight I cannot name,  
And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here and open wide your eyes,  
You see earth's glory at my feet,  
You see the sky above my head,  
The sunshine on my garden seat;  
You see the love that lights my home,  
The children round my cottage door—  
The birds, the bees, the grass and flowers—  
And you have dared to call me poor!

Come here and open wide your ears,  
And hark the music pouring makes,  
When from the hills and from the woods  
Her high and holy anthem breaks.  
Come here and catch the grand old song  
That Nature sings me evermore;  
The whispering of a thousand things,  
And tell me—tell me—am I poor?

Not rich is he, though wider far  
His acres stretch than eye can see,  
Who has no sunshine in his mind,  
No wealth of beauty in his soul.  
Not poor is he, though never known  
His name in hall or city mart,  
Who smiles content beneath his load,  
Who smiles content beneath his load.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE SOLDIER AND THE THISTLE.

Little Willie, in her eagerness after flowers,  
had wounded her hand on a sharp prickly thistle.  
This made her cry with pain at first, and pout  
with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle  
in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much  
of it they engrave it on the national arms," said  
mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out,"  
said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found  
a great many nicer ones even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service  
once," said mother, "they learned to esteem it  
very highly. One time the Danes invaded  
Scotland, and they prepared to make a night at-  
tack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along  
barefooted as still as possible until they were al-  
most up to the spot. Just at that moment a  
harefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and  
the hurt made him utter a sharp shrill cry of  
pain. That sound awoke the sleepers, and each  
man sprang to his arms. They fought with  
great bravery, and the invaders were driven back  
with much loss. So, you see, the thistle saved  
Scotland; and ever since it has been placed on  
their seal as their national flower."

Well, I never suspected that so small a thing  
could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully.

"God can make use of small things as well as  
great to accomplish his purpose; and it is said  
that very small circumstances often turn the tide  
of battle. In the war of 1812 the British fleet  
were sailing in the harbor of New London, and  
were asked afterward why they did not destroy  
the town when they could so easily have done it.

"I would," replied the commander, "if it had  
not been for that formidable long fort whose  
guns commanded the harbor." That long fort,  
he then learned, was an old rope-walk, and the  
many guns were the small windows in its side.  
I presume the New-England people looked with  
new eyes on that old rope-walk after they had  
learned what a good service it had done.

TOMATOES.—Mr. Editor,—I notice an article  
in the *Farmer* on "Tomatoes for Cows." With  
that part of it recommending the tomato as a  
valuable food for milk cows I fully concur. I  
have used them for years. My mode of feeding  
them is to put the ripe food in a barrel and pour  
on an equal quantity of shorts or bran, and, with  
a wooden stamper, pound-them up together.  
The tomato will furnish juice enough to thor-  
oughly wet the shorts; and I have never used  
any feed that cows are so fond of, or produces so  
good a return of milk. I differ entirely, how-  
ever, with the writer when he says: "The to-  
mato is difficult to raise as a crop for cows. The  
plants have to be started in a hot-bed, and when  
set out, have to be carefully tended." I never  
start my plants in a hot-bed: I let the ripe  
fruit rot in the ground in the fall, and as late as

possible, hoe and rake in the seed. From these  
I will get plants not as early, but fruit as early,  
as to start the plants in a hot-bed and transplant.  
I think they lose more by transplanting than  
they gain in hot-bed sprouting.—*Ohio Farmer.*

## DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The news received by mail during the  
past week regarding Dr. Livingstone leaves  
almost no room for doubt regarding his  
safety. The only material fact that tends  
to support the contrary opinion is, that no  
communication has been received from him.  
Why did not the persons who now report  
that they saw him alive and well, bring a  
letter from him? But leaving this and other  
similar questions unanswered—and they all  
admit of obvious and satisfactory replies—we  
may state the leading points in the evidence  
just received, affirming that he is still alive  
and advancing upon his journey northward towards  
the sources of the Nile.

The report of Dr. Livingstone's safety rests  
entirely upon the statements of a few caravan  
people and native traders who reached the coast of  
Africa at Zanzibar and the neighborhood about  
the end of September last. A summary of the  
information obtained from these sources has been  
forwarded direct to Europe by Dr. Kirk, Mrs.  
Kirk, and the British Consul at Zanzibar. The  
stories which come to us through the newspapers  
of India are contradictory and indefinite, and do  
not appear to be derived from any new sources.  
Kirk as the most letters of Dr. Kirk and Mrs.  
Kirk as the most complete, and apparently the  
most reliable accounts, it appears that Dr. Living-  
stone was seen by several of Dr. Kirk's in-  
formants in one of the villages of Marungu, or  
Umarungu as some style the country, about seven  
hundred miles due west of Zanzibar, and nearly  
one thousand miles from the exact date of  
this meeting. But the place at which it occurred;  
the description given of the Doctor's appearance;  
the recognition of his portrait by one of the  
traders when it was placed before him among  
others by Dr. Kirk; and all the other circum-  
stances connected with the report, bear the  
plainest marks of truth. One man described the  
Doctor as a white man of moderate height, not  
stout, dressed in white, and with a cloth wrapped  
round his head. Another man says he wore a  
black cloth cap, round which he sometimes  
wrapped a white cloth. The first witness says  
that he declined to trade with the natives, and  
gave presents to the chief of the village and went  
on his way. The second witness states that he  
traded with him, and that he had a compass and other  
instruments which he used at night. Though he  
spoke Swahili (the dialect of the Zanzibar coast)  
he did so with the N'yassa accent, like Dr.  
Kirk. He had a beard. Three of his men car-  
ried boxes, four had bags of beads; the rest had  
miscellaneous articles. He gave a letter to a  
trader named Banduki, the leader of another  
caravan, who is perfectly well known on the  
coast, and was expected to arrive there in a  
month; that is, about the end of September.

Every one of these statements is consistent  
with the rest of the story, and also with all  
the facts regarding Dr. Livingstone previously in our  
possession. So firmly convinced was Dr. Kirk  
of the truth of the reports he had received, that  
he sent a large parcel of guns, letters, and other  
articles to Ujiji to meet the great African travel-  
ler and his party. But as his own letters may  
be received in Great Britain within a few days,  
all guesses about his future course and all criti-  
cism of the last reports concerning him are un-  
called for. Perhaps, however, it may not be out  
of place to express the hope that the latest re-  
ports are true in their details; and also to con-  
gratulate our readers upon the prospect of our  
illustrious countryman completing at an early  
date the passage through Africa from the Cape of  
Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile—an achieve-  
ment of greater value to the world and more val-  
uable to him who accomplishes it than would be  
the planting of flags upon both poles.—*Scottish  
American Journal.*

A FIGHT WITH WOLVES.—The New-  
market (Canada) Era says: As Mr. Ad-  
disson Lawr, a teamster in the employ of  
some timber dealers, new shantying in the  
township of Essa, was passing through a  
cedar swamp, about five o'clock in the  
morning one day last week, he was attacked  
by a number of wolves. Stopping his  
horses, Mr. Lawr got off his sleigh with  
the view of scaring them; but the wolves,  
made savage by the recent cold and hunger,  
at once showed fight. The only weapon of  
defence Mr. Lawr had was an axe, and with  
this in his hand the battle commenced. In  
the tussle that ensued the horses became  
frightened and started off at full speed—  
leaving Lawr to make the best of his cir-  
cumstances. As he had started some  
twenty minutes or half an hour ahead of the  
other teamsters, the only prospect of his  
life was in keeping off the monsters till the  
others drove up. The jumping, snapping,  
howling and tearing of the wolves taxed  
his whole energies; but being a strong,  
muscular man he was able to stand it till  
his companions drove up. So intent were  
the animals upon making Mr. Lawr their  
prey, that the other teamsters came up  
within four or five rods before being noticed.  
—The wolves then made off with howls.  
For some distance Lawr's comrades saw the  
fight, and they say he was using his feet and  
the axe, as if he was at a day's work. He  
was very nearly exhausted, however, when  
the other teams came up. He says he has  
fought in crowds previously, but he never  
tried his hand with wolves before. Lawr  
thinks the wolves were too lazy to run after  
anything that was smart, and hence thought  
that they would try a lump of a Dutchman,  
for a bellyful, but they were slipped up on  
it that time.

## Correspondence.

WAR!

What a monster! How the very mention of  
the word thrills us. What a dark catalogue of  
sins and crimes the past history of our world  
presents: many of which were either the origin-  
ators and promoters, or the awful consequence  
of this dire game. Ever since erring Cain  
stretched forth his wicked hand and treacherous-  
ly slew his younger brother down to the present  
hour the world has, to a large extent, been filled  
with violence. Even sacred history furnishes us  
with the accounts of numerous bloody battles,  
and that too at a period in the world's history,  
concerning which we have little or no other  
and poetic record.

But when we turn from sacred to profane history  
we find almost every page dyed with the  
crimson stains of war. The whole world pre-  
sents one vast battle reddened with human gore!  
From every quarter of the globe comes the dark  
shriek and dying groan of the victims of this  
horrid demon! The bones of the slaughtered  
lay thick around, and the living tread thought-  
lessly and securely over the mingled ashes of  
thousands who fell in mortal combat.

It is true we may, by numbers almost infinite,  
compute the vast hosts that have miserably  
perished on the tented field; but no imagination  
is sufficiently powerful to form a just conception  
thereof. The most of us have a pretty accurate  
notion of a single hundred or perhaps of hun-  
dreds. Some strong mind, long used to large  
numbers, may grasp a thousand, or even thou-  
sands, with a pretty clear conception; but the  
largest number of us would, I fear, be staggered  
here. Go we thence to millions, and the strongest  
intellect trembles at the task. But when we  
climb to the region of billions the most titan-  
ic mind flounders and wallows lost in the stretch  
almost infinite.

In taking the briefest possible review of the  
past history of our race we find that in the three  
centuries, which conjointly lasted for 45  
years; in the Roman wars, both aggressive and  
defensive; in the Grecian wars, and in those  
connected with the Crusades, there perished  
in the millions of the most noble City of the  
Lord, even Jerusalem, their perished of Jews  
alone, 1,100,000, and that too in the most  
wretched and awful manner. The Romans who  
had set down before the devoted city continued  
to crucify the struggling Jews, who stealthily  
crept beyond their walls in search of a morsel of  
food, whether it should be green herb or dead  
carcass, until there was no wood left with which  
to make crosses, nor ground on which to plant  
them.

A popular and careful writer, after a lengthened  
examination, estimated that about one-tenth  
of the population of the entire globe has been  
destroyed by war and its attendant ravages. If  
this estimate be admitted it will follow that  
more than fourteen billions (14,000,000,000)  
have been slaughtered in war since the beginning  
of the world—which is about twelve times its  
present population.

Staring truth—awful fact—the inhabitants  
of twelve worlds such as we now inhabit,  
slaughtered, butchered, hewed, and sawed  
limbs upon the fixed invented rack, and in a hun-  
dred different ways put to frightful deaths  
by their fellows, and that, alas! by beings like  
themselves made originally in the image of God.  
May we not well exclaim, "Wo unto us, for  
that we have sinned, the crown has fallen from  
our heads. How is the gold become dim—how  
is the most fine gold changed!"

But when we add to this enormous shedding  
of blood this frightful catalogue of human de-  
struction, the horrible atrocities, the most ap-  
palling barbarities, the savage and brutal treat-  
ment of women, the ravaging of lovely maidens,  
despite their shrieks and piteous cries for  
mercy and compassion, the cold-blooded butch-  
ering of helpless children and tender babes,  
and the numerous other horrors often con-  
nected with wars, we have a picture black enough  
to have been drawn with a demon's pencil, and  
dashed with the slime of hell—revolting enough  
to have been sketched with satanic skill and  
hate, and painted with the darkest dyes of the  
Stygian pit. We have a picture before us at  
once reeking with the blood of slain billions of  
our race, and steeped in the dyes of the infernal  
regions!

Alas! that man who was once a pure and  
holy being, so noble, so exalted, so godlike,  
should have fallen so far; should have stooped  
so low to assume the demon's character, and  
perpetrate such diabolical outrages and cruelties.  
Let us thank God that better days have come  
to us—that we enjoy peace and prosperity.

But while we contemplate the ravages of  
war the misery, wretchedness, and suffering it  
has occasioned, let us not forget that, after all,  
we owe much to war. Many of the useful arts  
owe their origin to the necessities occasioned  
thereby. It has, I think I may safely affirm,  
invariably led to the development of talent,  
genius and skill, which has, in unnumbered  
ways, been of great service to mankind. It has  
led to the development of human resources,  
and is largely a fosterer of home produce and  
manufacture. It has served at times to rouse  
the slumbering energies of a lethargic people,  
waking them into new life and activity. It has  
been the means employed, in many instances,  
to advance civilization with its numerous train  
of blessings—to break down the walls of prej-  
udice existing between different tribes and  
nations—to establish the right—to set free the  
oppressed—and even, in numerous instances, to  
diffuse the glorious light of the gospel, and  
spread the knowledge of the Truth as it is in  
Jesus. This, however, has not been because  
those engaged in these bloody contests desired  
such an issue, but because "the Lord maketh  
even the wrath of man to prevail upon him, restrain-  
ing the remainder thereof." More anon.  
Waverly.

## Select Tale.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

Four o'clock, and no Helen yet?  
What can detain her? She is  
usually more punctual than the clock  
itself.

It was scarcely a room in which  
Laura Avery was sitting—rather a  
magnificent bay window with draper-  
ies of embroidered lace.

Poor Helen, she murmured, how  
differently our lots have been orded  
in this world. Her parents dead—  
their wealth irretrievably lost, and  
she too proud to accept a cent she  
has not laboriously earned. Oh,  
dear, and Laura sighed again, just  
as the clock's liquid voice chimed  
the half hour.

She doesn't come, soliloquized the  
puzzled little damsel. There's some-  
thing the matter. Perhaps she's  
sick. I'll send James to enquire—  
no, I'll go myself.

Before the words were out of her  
lips she was up in the room adjust-  
ing a soft gray shawl over her black  
dress, and the strings of a quiet little  
brown velvet bonnet, whose own  
crimson rose, among its own trim-  
ming of enameled moss was not un-  
like the bloom of her cheeks.

I don't think it's going to snow,  
she pondered, looking out at the gray,  
threatening sky, as she drew on her  
perfectly fitting gloves.

As she came through the softly  
carpeted vestibule a servant ap-  
proached her.

Ah! The rose was several shades  
in the background now; she broke a  
scented seal and glanced over the  
delicate, cream-colored sheet, with  
a bright suppressed smile dimpling  
the corners of her mouth. Yet the  
note was a very simple one after all,  
and we shall read it.

MY DEAR MISS AVERY.—May I  
promise myself the pleasure of ac-  
companied you to hear the new  
opera to-night? Unless I receive  
a message to forbid me, I will call  
for you at half-past seven.—Your  
most devoted slave and devoted,  
FLORIAN RICHLEY.

Laura instinctively slipped the note  
into her bosom, as if fearful lest the  
very picture on the wall should catch  
sight of the chicography, and, pursued  
her way down the gloomy street.  
Meantime the grey light of October  
was fast fading away from a dreary  
room in the third story of a house  
situated on one of the streets where  
decadent respectability strives hand to  
hand with the grim assailant, want.

Singularly out of keeping with the  
shabby and poverty stricken aspect  
of the room, was a newly finished  
dress of lustrous purple silk, bright  
as the dyes of Tyre; that lay folded  
on the table beside the window, in  
such a manner that you could see the  
costly trimmings—a wide border of  
purple velvet edged on another side  
with a fluting of white point lace.  
For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing  
more important than a poorly paid  
dressmaker.

She lay on the little white bed in  
the corner with her flushed face pressed  
close against the pillow, and her  
slender figure partially covered by a  
coarse plaided scarlet shawl; while  
the involuntary contraction of her  
forehead bore witness to the pain she  
was meekly suffering.

As one or two tears escaped from  
her closed eyelids and crept softly  
down her cheek, a light step sound-  
ed on the landing outside, and a  
knock came gently to the panels of  
the door.

Come in, said Ellen, hurriedly

dashing away the tears. Laura  
it possible that it is you, dear?  
Ellen tried to smile faintly.

I am not very sick, I assure you,  
least I have not suffered much  
until to-night,—no—Laura do  
draw your purse, she added with  
slight perceptible sparkle in her  
and a proud quiver on her lips  
am not quite so low as to ac-  
charity. Don't look so hurt  
grieved, dearest. You know how  
sensitive I cannot help being on such  
points. It is only for a little while.  
When I am well enough to take the  
dress home and get the money for it  
I shall be enabled to purchase what  
ever I may require.

Laura Avery knelt down at her  
friend's bedside with soft, pleading  
eyes.

Dear Ellen you will not refuse to  
accept a temporary loan from me?  
I can wait, Laura.

Laura looked from the dress  
Ellen with a face painted with per-  
plexity. Suddenly a bright inspira-  
tion seemed to strike her.

Let me take the dress home, Ellen,  
she exclaimed. The walk will be  
just what I need. You will never  
be stronger unless you nurse your-  
self up a little. You will let me  
Nell?

But Laura—  
No butts in the matter, if you  
please, Nell, laughed Laura, glee-  
fully beginning to fold the rich dress  
into a basket that stood beside the  
bed.

Where is it to go?  
To Mrs. Richley's on River Street. Why  
Laura, what is the matter?

Returning Laura, in a low voice. It was  
that Ellen did not see the scarlet bluish that  
rose to her friend's lovely cheek, as she stood with  
her back to the bed, smoothing the lustrous  
breathes of purple silk. Mrs. Richley's Laura  
was almost sorry she had volunteered to go, but  
it was too late to retract now.

What a selfish little creature I am she mused.  
Poor Nell needs the money so and can't go  
for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I  
shall see Florian, and I will go—there's an end  
of it.

Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind of you,  
said Ellen fervently, as Miss Avery came to the  
bedside with a basket on her arm, and her black  
veil drawn closely over her bonnet.

She owes me three dollars on this dress and  
there are seven dollars on the old account she  
has never paid me.

Five dollars! I'll collect it, never fear said  
Laura, grimly as she disappeared, while to poor  
Ellen it seemed as if the sunbeams had all fled  
out without the presence of her beautiful friend.

It was dusk when Laura arrived at the Richley  
mansion. She rang the bell, and a servant  
answered the summons. Is Mrs. Richley at  
home? enquired Laura.

Yes, said the servant gruffly.  
I have called to bring home a dress that was  
finished for her, said she in a low tone of quite  
dignity.

Oh—yes; I suppose you had better walk  
in.

The servant conducted her up stairs to a sort  
of sitting room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richley,  
a partly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed  
in crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair, in  
front of a glowing fire. Laura was inwardly  
grateful that the gas had not been lighted, par-  
ticularly when she observed Mr. Florian Richley  
was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the re-  
cesses. Mrs. Richley looked up as the servant  
entered in the new comr.

Well, young woman, what do you want?  
Laura's cheek tinged at the tone of coarse in-  
sult in which she was addressed; but she  
commanded herself to reply meekly.

I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Rich-  
ley.

Where is Miss Waynall?

She is ill.

Very well, lay down the dress, it's all right.

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

Miss Waynall would like her money to-night,  
madam—seven dollars on the old account and  
three for this dress.

It is not convenient to-night.

But, Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is ill, and  
needs the money, persisted Laura.

There, Florian, said Mrs. Richley, addressing  
the young man in the Turkish dressing gown  
and elaborately arranged hair, I told you how  
it would be.

What the deuce is the matter now? snappishly  
asked Florian, for the first time condescending  
to evince any interest in what was going on.