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## Select Tale.

### THE SECOND HUSBAND.

We often see young men in the glee of youth resolve against marrying while they enjoy good health and spirits; and we do as often see that some unforeseen accident disconcerts all their resolutions.

So it was with Julius de Mersaint. Young, rich, handsome, possessing all the advantages of life, he was positively determined that as long as he was able to enjoy them he would remain a bachelor.

It would be time enough to think of marriage when he was tired of amusement. In consequence of this resolution he had courageously resisted the numerous attacks that had been made upon him. The kind attentions of the mammas who had marriageable daughters—the pretty airs of the young ladies themselves—had all been met with equal indifference.

But at last he met with a widow, and matters took a different turn. A widow is a two-edged sword; the most adroit master of fence can hardly escape a wound in such an encounter.

Julius thought he might trifle with the lady, and found himself in love before he was aware. He had engaged himself too far to retreat; but he found it no difficult matter to reconcile himself to his fate.

After all, thought he, what can I do better than to marry a woman who is young, pretty, rich, amiable and irreproachable in her character? It is an excellent match!

So the project of elopement was given to the winds, and the lady suffered herself to be persuaded to renounce the state of widowhood.

Soon after the wedding a friend of Julius arrived from a journey, and came to see the bridegroom.

"I am glad to see you," said the latter. "Of course you came to congratulate me."

"Not at all," said Frederick. "You know how sincere I am. I should have advised you not to marry; but since the step cannot be recalled I shall content myself with saying it was a very imprudent one."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Julius. "You cannot have heard anything against my wife!"

"Oh, not by no means. During her first husband's life she lived chiefly in the country, and was but little seen in Paris. Since she has been a widow, and returned to society, she has not given the least occasion for censure. I am happy to do her that justice. In fact, I know no fault that can be found with her except her having been a widow. It is that fact, my friend, that constitutes your imprudence."

"Really, Frederick, I thought you had more sense. You are rather sentimental."

"No, it is not as a matter of sentiment that I object to it. Did you know the late Mr. Doligny?"

"No, I did not."

"Then you do not know whom you have married."

"I know I have married a charming woman, only twenty-five years old, who is perfectly amiable, and whom, notwithstanding your odd notions, I am sure you will be delighted with, though she has had the misfortune of being a wife during four years."

"I admire the light manner in which you treat so serious an affair; you marry a woman who has come to years of discretion without considering in the least what sort of an education she has received from her master, or caring what responsibilities this rein of four years entails upon you."

"Indeed I am not afraid of the past."

"Then you know something of Mr. Doligny; you have heard what was his character, his temper, his habits?"

"No, I have seen nobody who knew much about him; but there hangs his portrait in that handsome frame; look at it."

"Why, I must acknowledge that the dear deceased was not very handsome. Still that may not be sufficient. There are men who can make their wives forget their ugliness; and that very fact that quiets your alarms is perhaps exactly what ought to excite them. You do not know what a degree of complaisance, what attention, what sacrifice the original of that portrait may have considered himself obliged to use; and, depend upon it, no less will be expected of you notwithstanding your good looks."

"Well, I intend to be a good husband. I shall endeavor to make my wife happy; what more can be expected?"

"I do not know what may be expected. But why is that portrait still there? When the reign is concluded, and the interregnum past; when the people have cried: 'The king is dead; long live the king,' it is the usual custom to transfer the emblem of defunct royalty either to the lumber-room or garret."

"What a painting like that, done by one of the first masters! We preserve it as a work of art, without reference to the original, who is dead and out of the way."

"I hope that you may find out that he is."

"Why, you do not believe in ghosts?"

"I believe ghosts sometimes come when they are called, and I believe the apparition of a first husband is very apt to be in the way of the imprudent man who has ventured to take his place."

The next day the two friends took a ride together. On their return Frederick requested Julius to go with him into the cemetery, saying in a solemn tone:

"The living ought to take lessons from the dead."

They walked through several rows of tombstones with cypresses drooping over them, till Frederick stopped and pointed out an inscription to his friend:

"Here rests Jean Aristides Doligny, the best of men and the model of husbands. His inconsolable widow has raised this monument to his memory."

"That 'inconsolable,'" observed Deville, "is an honor to you, for you have triumphed over eternal sorrow. But the lesson to which I would call your attention is comprised in the first line: 'The best of men and the model of husbands.'"

Mark what I tell you: this epitaph will be repeated to you, and this funeral eulogium held up to you, as a rule of conduct from which you may depart without exposing yourself to witness regrets which will not be very flattering to you, and to see your wife once more an 'inconsolable' widow. You smile—you do not believe me?"

"How can I? Am I not the happiest of husbands?"

"Certainly, at this period of your marriage you may expect to enjoy the honeymoon as everybody else does; only in the case of a widow the moon is sometimes curtailed of its fair proportions, and only lasts two or three weeks."

"Really, Frederick, if you were not such an old friend I should quarrel with you."

Julius went home and dined with his wife. As he looked on her sweet face, and listened to her sweet conversation, he thought of the ridiculous fears of his friend.

"Poor Frederick," he said to himself, "he means kindly, but is strangely mistaken."

His wife interrupted his meditations by asking if he had not been riding out during the morning.

"Yes, my dear, I took a ride while you were with your mother."

"And I believe you had a friend with you?"

"Yes; Frederick Deville, a charming young man."

"Charming! oh, I do not doubt that. But I have heard of the gentleman; and, between you and me, that intimacy is one which I think is no longer very suitable for you."

"Not suitable? why?"

"Why, do you not think that a single man sometimes has acquaintances whom it is well to give up when he marries?"

"Certainly; but Frederick—"

"He is a singular man; and besides, he has not with some adventures. He has been talked of, and his attentions have injured the characters of some ladies."

"That is to say some ladies who have no characters to lose have been willing to allow his attentions; but I assure you that Frederick Deville is a man of honor, and incapable—"

"Oh, I dare say; but I can only judge from what I hear. Mr. Frederick Deville would be an improper acquaintance for me, and you surely would not keep up an acquaintance with a person who could not be admitted into my society!"

"But, my love, when you become acquainted with Frederick you will become convinced of your prejudices."

"I shall not become acquainted with him, I assure you."

"Is it possible, Amelia—an old friend of your husband?"

"If you choose still to consider him as such I cannot readily prevent it; but I trust you will refrain from introducing to my acquaintance a person whose character I cannot approve."

"I hope we are not going to quarrel as soon as this."

"I certainly do not wish to do so, but I must confess I did not expect so much opposition to a very reasonable request. But I have been deceived by the past."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that when Mr. Doligny married me he made no difficulty in giving up any of his old companions; and the moment I expressed my disapprobation of any person, he broke with him immediately."

Julius could not answer.

The name of Doligny had proved that Frederick was not altogether mistaken, and the honeymoon had as yet completed but half its course.

The cloud, however, soon passed away from the face of the fair planet.

A little time, and this unpleasant scene was forgotten, and the bridegroom again revelled in his vision of perfect happiness, when one day his wife said to him:

"My dear, winter is drawing near; have you thought of your box at the opera and the Italian theatre?"

"What box, my love?"

"You know how fond I am of music."

"I know you sing like an angel."

"Then surely the angel must have, once a week, a box at the opera and the Italian theatre?"

"Why, I am not quite sure that our fortune will admit of such an indulgence."

Mr. Doligny had precisely the same income as you; and in his time I had a box every Monday at the opera, and every Saturday at the Italian theatre."

There was a phantom of the first husband coming a second time to disturb the comfort of poor Julius. He could not resolve to appear less generous than his predecessor, so he consented to hire both boxes.

In another respect he was obliged to imitate Mr. Doligny—he saw Frederick but seldom, and almost by stealth.

"I do not ask you to come to our house, I can offer you so little pleasure. We live very much alone—we see no company; you would find us very dull."

"Do not trouble yourself to apologize," said his friend with a smile; "it is not you but Mr. Doligny who refuses to welcome me."

Mme. de Mersaint was not only one of the prettiest women in Paris, but one of the best dressed. The expense in that particular was enormous. Her husband observed one day in a manner that was most agreeable:

"You appear frequently in new dresses."

"Is that a compliment or a reproach?" asked the lady.

The poor husband made no reply, and the lady continued:

"Mr. Doligny always wished to see me outshine the best-dressed lady in company; he never thought his idol was too much adored."

Presently the bills came in, and very long bills they were. That of the milliner, in particular, presented a frightful amount. Julius could not refrain from expressing some surprise.

"What!" he cried, "such a sum for nothing but flowers, feathers and ribbons?"

"Do you think it much?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"Really I never had time to think about it. Mr. Doligny never made any remarks about such details. The bills were presented and he paid them, and I heard no more about it."

The visits of the apparition were becoming more frequent. At first he only appeared at intervals, but he ended by taking full possession of the house. He was always present; brought in on every occasion; was consulted in every debate; there was no appeal from his decisions. At last he saw fit to introduce another inmate into the family in the person of a young officer of hussars, a cousin of the lady.

"I hope," said Madame de Mersaint, "that you will treat my cousin Edward as Mr. Doligny used to do. He always considered our house as his home when he had leave of absence."

The tyranny of the ghost was really becoming insupportable; the only consolation Julius had was to complain in secret to his friend Frederick. "Ah!" said he to him, "you were quite right. Mr. Doligny does persecute me strangely; his epitaph is a most unreasonable rule of conduct, and I am almost worn out with the difficulty of keeping it up."

"You would not be the first who has sunk under such a task. I have known many unlucky fellows who, like you, had thoughtlessly married widows without knowing anything of their past lives. Some died under their trials, the others only lived to repent; and I have heard more than one express the wish that the amiable custom of India respecting widows had been the custom of France."

Sometimes Julius would make an attempt at rebellion. Then Madame de Mersaint, with tears in her eyes, would turn to the portrait and exclaim:

"Oh! my Aristides, you would not thus have afflicted me; you loved me and made me happy! How was it possible to resist that?"

However, one evening Julius met at a ball an old gentleman who had known Madame de Mersaint during her first marriage.

"I rejoice," said he, "to see her so happily married; she really deserves some compensation for all she has suffered with her first husband."

"Sufficed, my dear sir! why he was a model for all husbands! So says the epitaph, and so his widow says. I try to replace him worthily, but I assure you it is a difficult matter; he was so good a husband as to spoil her for any other."

"My dear sir, it is all very well for you and her to talk so, but I happened to know Mr. Doligny very well; I spent a good deal of time with him at their country house."

"A beautiful place, was it not?"

"You have never been there?"

"Never."

"So I perceive."

The curtain was drawn, and a new world was opening on the astonished husband. He went on from one discovery to another, and found them well worth making.

Soon after he informed his wife that he was called away from home on business. He refused to answer her enquiries on the subject.

"Business which I must not know! Mr. Doligny never had any secrets from me."

Julius went, and on his return found his wife

in rather ill humor. At last she consented to make her peace on one condition.

"What is it?"

"Take me to the waters of Baden; Mr. Doligny used often to go there with me."

"When you did not pass the summer at your delightful country house?"

"Oh! if I had a country house I should like it quite as well as to go there."

"Well, here is one for you. I wanted to give you a surprise. Make your preparations and we will set off."

"Is it far from here?"

"You shall see."

The surprise of Madame de Mersaint may be imagined when she found herself driving up to her former country house. The husband certainly could never have found it out by her description.

"My love," he said, as he handed her from the carriage, "I have bought you this to please you. You know I wish to procure you all the pleasures and indulgences which Mr. Doligny used to lavish upon you. And now I shall find it easy to follow his example, as I find his conduct traced by your own hand in this paper."

"My own hand!" cried the wife, alarmed.

"Yes, my love, your own hand. I received the precious document from your lawyer, with whom I have had a conference; read it for yourself."

It was a petition for a separation, founded on various acts of ill-treatment and cruelty, which this model of husbands had exercised towards his disconsolate widow, his death having prevented the affair from coming before the public. Madame de Mersaint cast down her eyes, and the phantom disappeared for ever.

They returned to Paris. Julius opened his house to Frederick, who observed: "You have discovered the secret. Apparitions are only to be feared in the dark."

## Late European News.

The R. M. S. "Etna" arrived at Halifax on Thursday evening last.

Rev. Mr. Speke, brother of the well known African explorer, whose mysterious disappearance caused much excitement and comment, has been found.

The coroner's jury, which has been investigating the circumstances of the death of Casey, has brought a verdict containing a charge of murder against McKay.

Charles E. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, died suddenly of apoplexy in Board room, on Wednesday last.

In the House of Commons the announcement of the resignation of the Prime Minister was made by Lord Stanley, and was responded to by Mr. Gladstone, who with much delicacy and feeling, expressed his sorrow for the cause which compelled the noble Lord to resign his high office. The transaction of business in the House was adjourned until Friday.

It is thought that Mr. Disraeli will resign his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Sir Stafford Northcote will take his place. No one is yet named as the probable successor of the latter, as Secretary of State for India.

Official dispatches from General Napier say the envoy sent by him to Prince Jessai was well received at Durbar or Council, and found 2000 warriors with their Chiefs assembled, by whom he was heartily received.

All the prisoners charged by the Coroner's jury with complicity in the Clerkenwell explosion, have been committed to stand trial for murder.

The House of Lords, in Committee of the whole, has agreed to the bill renewing the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland.

The new treaty which has been concluded between the United States and the North German Confederation, provides that natives of Germany must obtain a license to emigrate, which should be registered and that those who have taken out their naturalization papers and have resided five years in a Foreign Country, shall be released from the obligation of military service in Germany.

George Francis Train has proved himself a failure in lecturing in Ireland.

## ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

The accounts from the army in Abyssinia state that the British forces had at length begun to move forward from Senafe, where they had been detained for many weeks, for the purpose of collecting the needed supplies for an advance into the interior of that wild and barren country. The delay which has taken place in the advance of the troops, renders it very doubtful whether they will be able to effect anything of importance before the intense heats commence, and it is further doubtful whether they will be able to carry on operations under the burning heats of the summer months. At the same time there seems to be no reason to doubt that the delay at Senafe was absolutely necessary, for the supplies furnished by the country are very small, and quite unequal to the wants of an army of from 30,000 to 40,000 men and animals. To a certain extent the original numbers of the army have been diminished by sending back to India a con-

siderable portion of the Indian camp followers, whose services were equal to the cost of their support, and whom it might, indeed, have been altogether impossible to maintain when the army has advanced far into the interior. Considering the enormous amount of the supplies that will be required to sustain the fighting men, and the horses and other animals absolutely required for the purposes of the campaign, there can be no doubt that Sir Robert Napier has acted wisely in sending away as many as possible of the mere followers, of the camp, whose numbers always form a most serious obstacle to the success of an Eastern army.

## ITALY.

The ex-King of Naples is said to be so elated with the prospects of the reactionary party in Italy that he has reappointed his entire Cabinet, dismissed, it will be remembered, on the occasion of Venice to Victor Emmanuel. Though the King ever since evacuating Naples has resided at Rome, the Pope, true to his legitimist doctrine, never recalled his Nuncio from the "Court of the Two Sicilies." Cardinal Antonelli, ordinarily so cautious and sober, has been heard to express his conviction that the armistice between Italy and France will not last long; that war will ensue speedily, and terminate in the establishment of a divided, though confederate, Italy. Though there is nothing in the attitude of the Italian Government to justify these reactionary hopes, it cannot be denied that the fortification of Rome is being effected on a scale altogether out of proportion to any dangerous incident to a Garibaldian attack.

## Miscellaneous.

An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the brick-bat.

An eminent artist—American, of course—lately painted a snow-storm so naturally, that he caught a bad cold sitting near it with his coat off.

A gentleman who has carried a Mexican dollar for a pocket piece for many years has done a good business with it lately by exhibiting it at a three cent postage stamp a sight.

"Master at home?" "No, sir, he's out."  
"Mistress at home?" "No, sir, she's out."  
"Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too, sir."

On observing on a sign "all kinds of sinks kept here," old Roger observed, "My dear sir, I hope you don't keep a sink of iniquity among the rest." The owner concluded to alter his sign.

A valetlike young man, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my dear," said his spouse, "I hope you will mend." "Madam," said he, "you may depend upon it, this is my last folly."

Why is a room full of married folks like an empty room? Because there's not a single person in it.—How many sides are there to a tree? Two, inside and outside.—Which is the left side of a plum pudding? That which is not eaten.

A little girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility. "What," said he, "do you courtesy to dead hogs?"

"No, sir," said the little miss, "I courtesied to the live one."

Among the excuses offered for military exemptions, some are extremely ludicrous.

One man in enrolling himself, wrote opposite his name: One leg too short.

The next man that came in, noticing the excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and wrote opposite his name: "Both legs too short!"

Army Chaplain—"My young colored friend can you read?"

Contraband—"Yes, sah."

Army Chaplain—"Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a paper?"

Contraband—"Sartin, massa, if you please."

Army Chaplain—"Very good. What paper would you choose, now?"

Contraband—"Well, massa, if you chews, I'll take a paper ob terbacker. Yah! yah!"

IMAGINATION.—Whoever, instead of repressing the irregularities of the imagination, and forbidding its predominance, would altogether exclude its influence, must either sink far below the common level of humanity, or rise above it.

TRUE AS A HAIR.—A juvenile dandy said to a fair partner, at a ball, "Don't you think, miss, my mustache becoming?" To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

CHAFF.—I've known yer ever since yer was born. I knowed yer poor mother; she had two on yer that time. One was a worry nice little boy—'t'other was half a hidot—a sort of brown paper feller. The worry nice little boy died worry young, he did."

If a petticoat government is not more oppressive than formerly it is certainly double in extent.

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.