# THE MIRROR 

## AND COLCHESTER COUNTY ADVERTISER

VOL. I.
Solect $\$$
a xew remsion.
 But though the song be clea It lacks a note for a' that. The lout wim his wage and a' that,
Yet clatm Or beg, when he might earn, his bread, Is nota If all who dine or homely fare Wid none whose garb is "hodden grey, Was fool and knave and a' that, The vice and crime that shame
Would fade and fail and $a^{\prime}$ that, Would face an be assood as king And ploughmen ase arls for a' that. You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a that, And thinks, because his stroung rig
Might fell an ox and a' that,
, That he's as noble, man for ma As duke or iord, and a' that: He's but a brute, beyond disput A man may own a large estate Aud not for birth, but honest worth, Be thrice a man for a' that; ; And Bonald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife, and a that, Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a t that.
It coreres to this, dear Fobert Burns
The truth is old, and a' that The rauk is but the guineaps stam Thiu though you'd put the minted ma On copper. brass, and ar that Type lie is gross, the cheat is p .
And will not pass for $a^{\prime}$ that. For $a^{\prime}$ that, and $a^{\circ}$ that, T.vis sakes the king a gentleman Aud uot his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor And man with man, ' ' that, best is he, for at the
The Who stands erect, in sel-respect, AFFECTING SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR
OF TURKEY. The Pario "Monde" publishes a letter from
Constantinople, giving an account of what passed between the Sultan and the Russian General
Ignatieff, on the aulject of the cession of the manded by the Rusasian Kamperor
 2

represent the wanderings of the god, an
the caverns through which the aspiran
was to pass were called the path of the
iead.

## dead.

 He was conducted through these caverns mair, which seem to rise from groans of dePhantoms of death flit past his eyes, and he body of a slain victim, whose heart has been tore from his breast, and whose limbs are still quivering with departing life, sud-denly he finds himself in a appacious vant in denly he finds himseif in a appacious vault in
which an artifical sun is darting bis rays, and in the roof of which is an orifice
through which the body of the sacrificed victim had been precipitated. He is now
vitand

minediately under the high altar. Finally, | immediaiely under the high altar. Finally, |
| :--- |
| ater encountering many other horrors, he | after encountering many other horrors, he

reaches a narrow fissure which terminates
he suit o

## emranar.

## notes by the way

The moonlight evenings are bewitching. ve such intense loggingg for enchantment ! ne has the slightest proolivity towards sent What grand dreams will develope the facults. Hat grand dreams come to us-future, past
resent How we have loped, hoped, and as pired! How we worship idenle, make the
dols, and find them clay! But it has been do
an't track one. Ho dodges and enceis. a
limbe rres, and makes perfect fools of $t$ So we waited, and prattled on about things
Seaven and earth and things under the earth. beeven and earth and things under the earth.
"Human nature is a marvellous institution, said the Doctor. "For somewhat more or ies
than a thousand years I have watched it, gettit, enuied past all endurance with itt exhaistiog it
charme, and again a aused past all knowledge. The most of us have contempt eoough for it." We never lose faith in humanity until we make an effort to be wise, and come to the res sue. "To the pure all things are pure ! Hoi
sal y pense," Doctor ; "mysterious in its workings, like every other human passion. It is a delicious moment-
ary morsel ; but it leaves a taste of intense bitterness, for in gratififing our revenge we feel that we have degraded our own natures, and educated ourselves for fiends, not for angels. We have
tremendous capacities for hating ; but fromin pureny selish motives we mist annihiliate them. We can't afford to soil our natures. "Most objects are beneath batred," was my respone to his prattling. "Onk a noble being
is worthy of hatred or revenge. But the nolle is worthy of hatred or revenge. But the n whio
never inspire hatred, and our feeling tewards our inferiors ie of pity, scorn or contempt. And he replied: "Sometimes we love the
sinner while we hate the sin. We look upon sinner while we hate the sin. We look upon
hin with a great lovigg sorrow that the divino hin with a great loving sorrow;," "Wegn, why cant't ond stop thinking! Wo
all stagnate, go mad and die, without some moall stagnate, go mad and die, without some mo-
tive for aetion. We find happincss in tho ful of all our powers-and energies. Our. highes happiness on carth is is in the exereciese of all our
friculties-the intellectual, emotional and moral ficulties-the intellectual, exotional and mora
natures. But we must love, not hate ." While we were talking the dogs wore at bay.
and we torgot them, as I foold forget mysell and we torgot them, as 1 should forget mysell
now, and talk moonshine in Novas Scotia. The
 "Though 1 speakk with the tongues of men
and angels and act not love (it it ensy to tall lovely thingg), 1 am
and a tinkling cymbab - which being interproted means: Deens are more cloquent than words
The upehot of the whole affair was this: went deer-hunting, and the dogs caught an enor-
mous wild-cat. And I will gosip no more to-

The Josh Billings Papers

## 

 tan mean prieethe enlero ov the
The oullor or the etrawberry iz like tho eetin;
 ofa maby when it first beginis to eat wintergeen Iosengers ; its favoriz ilike the neltar which old-fasalioned goddeses ued tow leave in tho boi-
tom of her tumbler when Jupiter ttood treat cii tom of her
mount ida.
There is menys breeds ov this delightal veguc tabel, but not a mean one in the whole lot. Itionk 1 have stole them, levining round looce.

 eess, without any white bugar on them, and
eeren a bug occasionally mised with them in th even a bug occasionnt. Cherrys are good, bu:
hurry or the moment they ure too much like sucking marbe,
hande tew it. Peaches are good if you don. git enny ov their pinfeathers into yure lif
Watermelons will suit eungbody who iz satiofic with hal-swectened water; but the man whe
kan eat strawberrys, besprinkled with crushe shuggar, and bespattered with sweet kream (sumboddy olse's expense), and not lay hiz han
suma
ound hiz tummuk and thank the author or strav: ou hir summuk and and the phellow who pas
berrys and stummuks, nid than with a worn
or the strawborrys, iz conscience-a man whore month taster alike
hole in the ground that don't care what got Iown it.
Kukernuts grow up in the air, in a hot el
ate away over the ocean, about cighty fac rom the ground-on the top ov a tree. Thaey are generally picked by the monkeys i
that paborhood, who throw them at the native in exchange for the stones that the natives heal at the monkeys.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { They grow as a negro } \\
& \text { deel ov ©kull tew them. }
\end{aligned}
$$

A kokernutt, affer it has bin skalpt, resemis ne way than tutber,

## fast aneep. The kokernut iz opened by bren:-

 ing themilk,
The milk of the kokermutt haz nover been cs
plained yet-and the reason iz because nobociy
haz never asked me todo it.
Whenerer the philosophers " give it up,"

