

# THE MIRROR

AND COLCHESTER COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. I.

TRURO, N. S., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

No. 12.

## Select Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

For the Mirror.

### WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

When do I mean to marry?—well—  
'Tis idle to dispute with fate,  
But if you choose to hear me tell,  
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When sons shall haste with eager feet  
A mother's daily toil to spare,  
And not complain of what they eat,  
And always hang up what they wear.

When youths shall learn in bright attire  
To clothe their faces when at home;  
Learn to respect their aged sire,  
Nor feel too muchly overgrown.

And when the time has come that men  
Who for the girl they want to marry,  
Will feel that they with pleasure can  
Give up tobacco, rum and sherry.

When men in short shall freely give  
Their hearts and hands to their spouses;  
And not expect their wives to live  
Like slaves within their husband's houses.

Then dear sir—if not too old—  
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life;  
I'll brush my mantle, cease to scold,  
Consent to be some good man's wife.

Now should you like to know my ideal  
Of what that individual should be in personal appearance—

I want not features fine and rare  
Nor yet complexions smooth and fair;  
These don't attract my eye.

Nor eyes expressionless and flat  
That look as tho' they'd like to nap,  
Of dull and rayless hue.

Nor yet the eye of blazing red  
That seem as tho' they'd kill you dead  
With looks that make you scringe.

Oh! give me eyes of mildest hue,  
Where noble souls seem peeping through,  
Inviting confidence.

An eye that's beaming o'er with love,  
That shows a canopy above,  
Well filled with plenty brain.

A good-sized nose, with mouth to match,  
Free from those beads that always catch  
Provisions passing by.

A face, pre-empted with a smile,  
Yet grave and courteous all the while;  
A face—a perfect face.

Now if you'll find me such a face  
Suspended on a form of grace,  
That's not too tall or short.

Yes, if you'll find me such a beau,  
And send him here, I'll not say—No!  
That is, of course, providing

He meets my ideas as above;  
He's just the one that I could love:  
That man could make me happy.

Colchester, Nov. 23rd.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

How to have hot water always in the house.—  
Let your wife find out that you visit another  
woman, and you will never afterwards be out of  
hot water. This is infallible.

How to hone-turkeys—Get up at two o'clock,  
a. m. The darker it is the better. Climb over  
your neighbour's fence, and bone the first gob-  
bler you can. You had better bone two or three  
while you are at it, as it saves trouble. You  
will find this plan very economical.

How to obtain Calves-head jelly—Consult one  
of the outside butchers, and question his veracity  
on the subject of mutton, incidentally accompa-  
nying the eruff with an insinuation that he is of  
canine extraction. You will have calves head  
jelly pretty soon.

Pickles—Always be disputing with your re-  
latives. A pretty pickle will be the consequence.  
These pickles are usually put up in family jars.  
The foregoing invaluable hints are merely  
specimens of an elaborate work in preparation.  
No family should be without a copy.

A man boasting in the company of young  
ladies that he had a luxuriant head of hair, a  
lady present said that it was owing to the mellow-  
ness of the soil.

### TO PERSONS ABOUT TO BE PHOTO- GRAPHED.

As men, women and children are thinking of  
being photographed daily, hourly, and, we may  
add, minutely, the following hints and helps as  
regards costume, attire, deportment, and facial  
expression may prove of service:

1. Be sure to put on your best clothes; this

will not only give you a better appearance, but  
will prevent your bad habits being made known  
to the world.

2. Black and other dark colours are the most  
favourable for photographing purposes. Some  
persons are done brown, and others appear to  
have a fit of the blues.

3. If you are neither in the army nor navy  
you will be scarcely justified in appearing in  
naval or military uniform. A sheriff's officer  
may, however, be taken in what costume he  
pleases—his numerous services entitle him to  
this privilege.

4. If you were never known to look into a  
book in your life it will be as well to be drawn  
with one in your hand, for this will serve to  
reminde your friends that you can read if you don't.

5. Persons about to be photographed should be  
prepared to go any length, for there is the full  
length, the half length, and the quarter length.  
If you adopt the first named, put your best foot  
foremost, so that you may stand well with  
society.

6. If you are inclined to be nervous call philo-  
sophy to your aid by remembering that all  
mortals should prepare themselves to be taken  
off suddenly.

7. It will be as well, perhaps, not to be pho-  
tographed during what may be termed the  
"simply season." This would be decidedly  
rash, and cause the photograph to turn out a  
bad spec.

8. If you are taken in a sitting position sit  
bolt erect, so that critics may exclaim, "There  
is an upright individual."

9. There are what are termed striking atti-  
tudes, and attitudes of repose; these do not ne-  
cessarily relate either to pugilism or sleep, but  
are intended to convey an idea of the position  
you customarily take up in the affairs of life.

10. Endeavour to put on a lively expression of  
countenance, and to accomplish this conjure up  
pleasant images. Ladies should think of gentle-  
men, gentlemen of ladies, girls of wax dolls, and  
boys of bread and treacle.

11. If these hints are attended to nothing  
more need be said, the likeness will speak for  
itself.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT IN TEXAS.—The  
scene is in a town in the interior of Texas.  
The actors are two planters of the old re-  
gime. They sit under a veranda, smoking  
and spitting.

Jones—Come, Smith, let's ride home.  
Smith—I'm not ready yet. I have not  
shot a nigger to-day. I won't go home  
without shooting a nigger.

Jones—Well, it's late now—too late to  
shoot niggers to-day.

Smith—No, it's not; I'm not going home  
without shooting a nigger.

Jones—Shoot that boy walking over  
there.

Smith (looking at him critically)—No,  
I won't shoot him; he's rather a good fel-  
low; I'll shoot another.

Jones—Well, come, mount; we'll see  
one on the road.

They mount and ride away. Presently  
they ride by a hut, in the doorway of which  
sits a negro man. Smith reins up:

There, I guess I'll shoot him; he's a  
good mark there.

Pulls out his pistol, fires, kills the negro.  
Smith—Now we'll go home; I made up  
my mind to shoot a nigger before I went  
home this night.

Jones and Smith were arrested; being  
"gentlemen," they demanded to be handed  
over to the civil authorities. They were at  
once let out on easy bail. Thereupon the  
military authorities re-arrested them, and  
we hear they are to be tried by military  
authority, and will probably be hanged—  
unless somebody bails them again.

This is supposed to be an actual and re-  
cent occurrence in Texas.

### OPINIONS OF THE TIMES.

The Cobbler declares the times want  
mending—that his "little awl" is insuffi-  
cient to support him, although he is the  
"last" to complain.

The Watchmaker says their watches  
don't go, and they shall be "wound up"  
if the "spring" does not produce a "move-  
ment."

Even the Undertakers complain that their  
trade is "dead," and the ale brewers that  
everything in their line is "flat, stale, and  
unprofitable." Cabinet-makers are com-  
pelled to return their bills to their "draw-  
ers," and chair manufacturers vow they  
have not a "leg to stand on."

The hackney-coachman says that the  
omnibuses have run away with his custom-  
ers, and that his vocation is all at a "stand."  
The Philosophers say that there is no  
such thing as "colour;" yet the times cer-  
tainly look "Black," and everybody looks  
"blue."

### OLD FUDGE OF AN UNCLE.

CHAPTER I.

"But there is certainly some mistake. Your  
master did not intend to send a message of this  
purport to me," said Mrs. Burchstead to an or-  
rand boy at the door.

"He told me to go to Mrs. Burchstead's,  
marm."

"What were you to say?"

"Leave the shoes with her," he said, "and  
tell her to bind them as soon as she can, for I  
want them; tell her when she cross-backs to be  
careful of her stitch, for the morocco is tender."

"It is a mistake! Run home and tell Mr.  
Goodrich I will call and see what he means!"  
and, mortified and angry, she rudely closed the  
door.

"Will it be always so? Must I live on to be  
insulted daily? Will people never learn what  
belongs to common politeness?" said Mrs. Burch-  
stead to herself, as she sank upon the sofa and  
cried like a child. "Of what use," she contin-  
ued, "is the possession of the handsomest house  
in town, or the most elegant furniture, and of  
my expensive parties, if I am eternally to have  
shoe-binding flung into my teeth! I wish I had  
been deserted in infancy, wrapped in flannels,  
and laid in a basket at some rich man's door.  
Then I should have no contemptible uncle ven-  
turing upon his relationship to insult me!"

Conscience, in its still small voice, asked her  
where, but for this contemptible uncle, she would  
now have been? Too old, certainly, for roman-  
tic adventures in a basket, but not too old for a  
tenant of the poor house.

Pride had banished, not destroyed, her good  
feelings, and as her thoughts reverted to the hour  
when an impoverished orphan she was left to the  
charities of a cold world the vision of a kind un-  
cle rose in her mind. This kind uncle took her  
by the hand, wept with her and for her, led her  
to his own fireside, kindly watched over her and  
provided for her, and taught her how to know  
what was once her happiest feeling by learning  
her how to maintain herself.

Could the remembrance of that redeeming  
friend ever be lost? Were he and this ogre that  
now embittered her happiness one and the same?  
She asked herself why this alteration, and by  
what brought about? This mental appeal was  
her ashamed in spite of herself.

"But," she argued, "if a captain's wife  
bound shoes, what would people think! How  
would they express their sentiments, and what  
be her feelings when the emissaries of the false  
court, established by Mrs. Grundy, reported the  
result of their observations?"

With all her false reasoning, there was one  
thing she had to admit—one truth she felt. The  
girl that in former days sat in the plain furnished  
room with her workbasket before her, binding  
shoes, wore a smile on her face, had a song on  
her lips, and it mattered not how much she was  
hurried, had time to be happy, and was seldom  
otherwise. How was it now? That answering  
sigh was no indicator of happiness. Her eye  
strayed around the room. Elegance met the  
glance everywhere save in the massive glass;  
there the reflected face said that discontent had  
marred beauty.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Burchstead, "I look  
like a fright. I shall be nervous all day after  
this; but I must dress and call on Uncle Good-  
rich and expostulate, or he will be sending me a  
bundle of cowhide brogans next. I do wish that  
the old gentleman could know a little of genti-  
lity, or what belongs to it."

"Good morning, Uncle Goodrich!" in a kind  
voice, and with cheerful look, said Mrs. Burch-  
stead, as in a short time afterwards she entered  
the building which served for saleroom, manu-  
factory and dwelling place for his worthy prop-  
rietor. The remembrance of her kind uncle was  
predominant, and had converted the genteel  
fright to a pretty woman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Burchstead; please to  
walk through into the house; my wife will be  
glad to see you, and so am I—look so well, too—  
I am pleased to think you have called, for I want  
to talk to you, if you can wait a few minutes till  
I have finished off this boot."

Her kind reception imparted a pang, for she  
felt she had, in her prosperity, slighted those to  
whom she could not express too much gratitude.  
But the demon, whose vulgar name is gentility,  
whispered: "You could not be expected to visit  
here." Her grandfather's portrait hung over  
the mantel-piece, where, when a child, she had  
gazed upon it, wishing that it would speak, as it  
seemed then to smile approval on her infant gambols.  
The tear trembled on her eyelid, and upon  
the heartfelt embrace of her aunt was the first of  
many to flow from a mingled feeling of joy and  
contrition; nor could the good old dame restrain  
her tears either.

"I believe women can cry when they see fit,"  
said Mr. Goodrich, who had entered unnoticed,  
and witnessed the meeting; and he averted his  
face and hurriedly betrayed the fact that men too  
are weak at times.

"Now, Mary—for you look so much now like  
the same Mary that has made both your aunt and  
myself happy many is the time, that I must call  
you Mary—I want to talk to you. You don't

know how much confidence the way you met us  
this morning has imparted to me. I will not  
upbraid you for forgetting your old uncle and  
aunt, for I know I have offended you deeply al-  
ready this morning."

"Indeed, uncle, don't think of it. Aunt has  
forgiven me, and I am sure you will." Oh!  
how fortunate that she was unobserved. She  
had forgotten herself and her station in society,  
and—very indiscreetly, I must say—kissed the  
good old shoemaker.

"There—there, Mary, I never will think again  
what I had been led to believe—that you were  
becoming heartless. I only wish I knew how to  
say what I want to."

"Certainly, nothing has happened to my hus-  
band?"

"No, no; it is not that."

"I know, then," she said, dismissing her anx-  
ious look; "you want to read me a good lecture.  
Well, do—for I deserve it; and after it's once  
over I shall not be afraid to drop in and see my  
aunt at any time."

"Oh, Mary, I wish this gentility was never  
heard off! it is a sad stumbling-block now-a-  
days."

"But, uncle, there is no earthly reason now  
why I should bind shoes."

"More, Mary, a great deal more, than when  
you were under this roof."

"I can't see it; then I was dependent upon  
your bounty for all that I enjoyed. Now, the  
house I live in—everything around me—is mine,  
inasmuch as a wife may claim a husband's prop-  
erty. Is it not?"

"Your husband, Mary, is a good man, but  
has been imprudent. For instance, there was  
the old house; it was not good enough—it must  
be modernized. Now between Gothic windows  
and Doric columns, porticoes and piazzas, I don't  
know what to compare it to. Next thing, there  
was the old furniture. It stood to reason it  
would not answer in the new house; tables, pier  
glasses, sofas and ottomans. Well, all this was  
to be paid for, and to enable him to do it, he  
mortgaged the estate. Your husband has sailed  
on a long voyage; the universal depression of  
trade must affect his interests, and I fear he will  
not be able to meet his demands, and must be-  
come a bankrupt!"

"This was passed," Mrs. Burchstead buried her  
face in her handkerchief.

"Mary don't grieve so," said her aunt; "why,  
bless you, my child, you nor yours shall never  
know want while we have a cent. We talked  
the matter over before sending the shoes to you,  
and that was only done to make you call and re-  
monstrate, so that we could break the news to  
you."

"I don't care for myself; but to think of my  
husband as a beggar—to feel that I made him  
such. I persuaded him to alter the house; it  
was to please me he extravagantly furnished it.  
But, thank heaven, I can work, and I will work,  
too; to show him that he has not spoiled his wife,  
though he has let her ruin him. Now, uncle,  
give me the shoes; I will take them home and  
begin at once."

"Then, Mary, set your heart at rest; if your  
husband cannot command the means to save his  
property, I know who will lend him the money  
for his wife's sake. I gave out the shoes I had  
this morning; but if you don't alter your mind  
you shall have plenty of work."

Taking an affectionate leave of her kind re-  
latives, she hurried home an altered and a better  
woman.

### CHAPTER II.

The afternoon of the same day that Mrs. Burch-  
stead called upon her uncle she was honored by  
a visit from the Misses Murray. They, in their  
own estimation, were ladies—not of a mushroom  
growth, but born so—or, as they expressed it,  
they came of a very old family. Now, only yes-  
terday, the honor of a visit from them would  
have delighted the captain's wife—they were so  
genteel—so very select in their choice of society.

But with Mrs. Burchstead of to-day their call  
was of no moment, and though politely received,  
it was without any ceremony. They were inter-  
rupted by another caller.

"Mrs. Burchstead, I thought I would just run  
in," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, suiting the action  
to the word; "but la! I did not think you had  
company!" This was a whopper!

"I am happy to see you. Mrs. Morton—the  
Misses Murray. Went you take off your hat  
and spend the afternoon?"

"Oh, I could not stop for the world! I  
wanted to ask you if you could show me how to  
fix this shoe I am binding. Mr. Goodrich is  
so particular, and I have heard you were a cap-  
ital hand at it."

"Let me have it, if you please. I think I can  
show you how; I used to know, certainly."

"Was you brought up to bind shoes?" asked  
Mrs. Morton.

"Yes, and am going to take up my old trade  
again," laughingly rejoined Mrs. Burchstead.  
"So take care how you do your work, or I shall  
supplant you."

"Well, there now. Our girl said there was a  
boy brought home here this morn'g, but I did  
not believe it."

"Good afternoon, ladies," said the Misses  
Murray; "we must go."

Mrs. Burchstead did not urge them to stay,  
neither did she feel hurt by their neglecting to  
ask her to return their call.

Mrs. Morton resided next door to Mrs. Burch-  
stead. She was of a prying disagreeable nature,  
and delighted in making people unhappy. She  
had heard what passed between Mrs. Burchstead  
and the boy in the morning, and resolved at the  
time to ask for the shoes herself, and use them  
as a means of annoyance to her neighbor. Al-  
ways upon the alert, she saw the Misses Murray  
enter the house, and she considered it as a favor-  
able moment for her persecution.

Failing in her purpose, she returned home, as  
much vexed herself as she had hoped to vex her  
neighbor.

Mrs. Burchstead remained firm to her pur-  
pose. Her expenses were reduced every way  
possible, and the shoemaker's boy called daily.  
She was seated one afternoon by the open win-  
dow with the blind closed, plying her needle,  
when she noticed the stopping of a vehicle  
containing a gentleman and lady. They had  
been struck by the appearance of the cottage,  
and had stopped to have a better view.

At this juncture Mrs. Morton found it neces-  
sary for her to run out to prop a drooping  
flower that stood in front of her dwelling, and  
she proceeded to perform her task. She suc-  
ceeded in her race, for the next moment found  
her gossiping with the travellers; as a slight  
palling only separated her plant from the street.  
From speaking of the cottage, she alluded to  
the proprietors; and concluded by saying that  
she had not the least doubt but that "the lady  
who occupied it, would be glad to let it."

Now she thought no such thing—and regard-  
ed the romancing she was guilty of as nothing,  
if she could only tease her neighbor. Mrs.  
Burchstead who had heard the conversation,  
proceeded to her door; quietly nodded to Mrs.  
Morton, and politely asked the strangers to  
alight and look at the interior, as they appear-  
ed to fancy the external appearance of the  
dwelling.

The proposal was embraced with pleasure,  
Mrs. Morton was so delighted, as she now  
would have an opportunity, as she said, to  
"see everything" by following the strangers  
over the house. She was disappointed, how-  
ever, for Mrs. Burchstead, upon receiving her  
guests, before Mrs. Morton could run in slipped  
the bolt, and led the way to the upper part of  
the house.

The lady admired everything, it was all in  
such good taste, and the gentleman coincided  
in opinion; while in the meantime, Mrs. Mor-  
ton, to use her own phraseology, "was as mad  
as a hornet!" Mrs. Burchstead was given to  
understand that they were a newly married  
couple, that they admired the house, and would  
be glad to hire it, and still more gratified if  
they could purchase the furniture and take im-  
mediate possession. To this proposition the  
proprietor asked a few days consideration—  
and the gentleman leaving his address and re-  
ferences the couple took their leave.

Uncle and niece held a consultation, which  
made the uncle prouder than ever of his niece.  
He became her agent, sold the furniture for a  
fair price, and let the house for a good rent;  
while Mrs. Burchstead removed to his dwell-  
ing. Her face was again wreathed with smiles,  
and her merry carol, as formerly, gladdened  
the hearts of those about her.

Captain Burchstead returned home from sea,  
and upon meeting his owners was assured of  
the welfare of his wife, as the "Co." and the  
younger member of the firm resided in the  
same village and saw her daily. He heard the  
discomfiting intelligence of the general distress  
in the business community, saw himself beg-  
gared in the perspective, and actually dreaded  
meeting a wife he loved. However, he pro-  
ceeded to complete his business, that he might  
hurry home, while he had a home. As he en-  
tered the counting-room to report progress be-  
fore going out of town, he met the junior  
partner.

"Come, Burchstead," he exclaimed, "I have  
been waiting for you to ride out home with  
me."

"While Captain Burchstead did not yet know  
the state of affairs, the gig drew up before the  
cottage and the captain met his wife there;  
for she had been invited to spend the day at  
her former residence. Captain Burchstead  
supposing himself at home, made himself so,  
and played the host admirably, much to the  
discomfiture of his wife, who presuming that  
he must know all his business, to think he was partly  
deranged.

"Why!" she at last exclaimed, "any one  
would think you were at home!"

"At home—well, am I not?"

His wife then whispered to him "that they  
were but visitors, and that she had been asked  
there to spend the afternoon, little expecting  
the pleasure of meeting him."

"Come Burchstead, don't look so blank,  
man," said his employer. "I hired the house  
and bought the furniture of your wife without  
knowing her; had an object in view which she  
has accomplished, my dear fellow—clearing  
you of debt! and now, though I am tenant here,  
the house is still your own. I sent to my wife,  
notifying her of your arrival early in the day,  
so we coaxed your wife here without letting