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Select Poetry.

RICH AND POOR.

I reasoned with a friend one day,
And he was rich and vain,
He rode in a lordly chariot,
And he wore a golden chain;
I told him that the poor were ground
To earth, and sore oppressed,
And that they looked on the churchyard
As their only place of rest.

There were proud scornings in his eye,
When I named the weary slave,
But his glance rolled unquietly
When I talked about the grave;
Said he, "I tire of this complaint,
Methinks the poor do feign."
"Come forth," quoth I, "I'll show thee why
The poor do so complain."

We met a poor child in the street,
(The day was wet and cold.)
She roamed along with bleeding feet,
She might be ten years old;
"Why did you wander here, poor girl?"
Said I to the child of woe;
She looked up with a trembling look,
"I've no where else to go."

I said, "where is your father child?"
She shivered in my sight,
"My father, sir," she wept and said,
"Was killed in a great fight."
The king, sir, bore him from his home,
And left us all in pain,
My mother heard that he was killed—
He never came again.

My mother, sir, worked night and day,
And kept us just alive,
But she grew sick, and what could I—
The oldest of the five?
And then there came the man who comes
For taxes from the king;
My mother had no money, sir—
She sold her wedding ring.

'Twas not enough, the dark man said,
The king must have his right;
And so they seized my mother's bed—
My mother died that night.
We had no bread that night to eat,
My sisters sorely cried;
Some cried for bread, and some because
Our mother dear had died.

The youngest one was little Jane,
And she was three years old,
She kissed her mother's cheek and cried,
Dear sisters, 'tis so cold!
I wander in the streets all day,
And beg to get some bread,
And though I know it's wicked, sir,
I wish that I were dead."

I looked upon the rich man's face,
He twined his golden chain,
This is one reason why, quoth I,
The poor do so complain;
They are dragged away to murder those
Whom Jesus died to save,
And thousands of our slaughtered poor,
Like dogs flung to their grave.

A School Marm's Letter.

Yesterday, we picked up, on Locust street the following letter from a young lady teaching school in the "normal districts," to a sister there. While we know we have no business to pry into the private affairs of young ladies, owing to a vast amount of cussedness we possess, we cannot refrain from publishing the document:—

Nov. 1863.

Dere Clister,
You didn't reserve my last epistol, because of you had you'd ought to reply which you laid, and I forgive you.
I told you I had got a schoole, which I liked very exceedingly much. I have 30 scholars; fore boy pupils and the ballance girls. I have bin studeing very severe all winter, and passed the examinashun bully. I don't know how long I shall teach if I keepe likeing of it as I do now but shall probably teach sickn months.
I some times get dretful lonesomes but then when I reflect that on to me rests the care of training up those little innocents, and when George he comes to see me, I becomes contented and gives myself up to bliss.
George he is the beautifullest young feller in this here place. He is a noble union man, and has often tolde me he was willen to sacrifice his life for the cause.

Father, he aint much of a union man, he swears dretful about the war, and told George in my presenz he would boot him if he didn't discontinue to contin his visits to me. oh dere fine so unhappy I never can get marrd because father he says he would rather see me dye an old maid than to marry a—sponee! which is the horrid word he use respectin my George.
From your sad and
ounhappy cister,
MARY ANN.

—Murder is taking high ground among the arts in the United States. Here is the last instance. An elderly man came up behind her and drew a handkerchief and blindfolded her and then cut the woman's throat. The scoundrel's nerves, however, failed him. He made such a botch of the job, that the woman still speaks and believes that he was her divorced husband.

At Lexington, Pa., the other day, a man was engaged in building a bridge. A clergyman happening along, he was told by him that he was going to see the bridge up. "Yes," replied the minister interrupting, "if Providence permits." His reply was, "D—n Providence," and at that instant a rope broke and down came a stone that was being lifted to its place, and crushed the man to death instantly.

—In Montreal a few days ago, a "gentlemanly looking man" accidentally broke a pane of glass with his shoulder. He apologized to the proprietor, gave him a hundred dollar greenback to pay for the damage, and received his change. The greenback turned out to be a counterfeit.

—A gold watch and chain was presented to Mr. Sheriff Harding, of St. John, on Tuesday evening last, in consideration of his services in connection with the Paris Regatta. The watch bears the following inscription:—"Presented to James A. Harding, Esq., for his efficient services at the International Regatta, Paris, 1867."

The Halifax Chronicle says "an inquest was held before Coroner Jennings yesterday afternoon on board H. M. S. Sphinx, on the body of a sailor named Jesse Heathfield, who was found dead under his hammock in the morning. The jury returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased, Jesse Heathfield, seaman of H. M. S. Sphinx, came to his death on the 4th of November on the lower deck of the said ship from extravasation of blood on the brain." It is supposed that he fell from his hammock to the deck.

A courageous ship carpenter, named Martineux, in resisting a mob of the Quebec Unionists who entered into the yard of Messrs. Samson the other day, and intimidated the workmen employed there, slipped over the ship's rail, and fell nearly forty feet, death resulting almost immediately. At the inquest eleven witnesses conclusively proved that the man's precipitate departure from his post was the result of the unlawful and violent demonstration, if not assault, of the Union Society men. Nevertheless, the conclusion the jury arrived at, after hearing the evidence, was that the man died from want of nails in the main scaffolding!

—Paris is said to be overrun with Yankee inventors, who have gone there to persuade the French Emperor of the wonderful performances their new discoveries in the art of gun-making are capable of. A correspondent remarks that "it is astounding how many people there are anxious to save the French from being annihilated by the Prussians."

—Charles Dickens, the Author, was not a passenger by R. M. S. Java, as was expected. We observe by a cable despatch that he was entertained by a number of his literary friends at dinner in London on the 2nd inst. It is not improbable that he will take passage in R. M. S. Cuba, which is appointed to sail from Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 9th inst.

—An Indian girl said her 'feller' hadn't been faithful. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. She laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, many little undefinable attentions and presents; a bunch of feathers and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the undefinable attentions in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam, for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers for friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence, the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins. The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy:—"Now me ready to be courted again?"

—Mrs. Yelverton will, it is said, write a book upon her American tour, having made an engagement to do so with an Edinburgh publisher. She ought to "take" among our neighbors, if for no other reason than for the ability she possesses to make her own way in the world—a quality especially commended by Americans.

—Now that the telegraph is extended to Cuba, it will not be long it is expected, here it will reach the Isthmus of Panama, by which the Old World will be within two days of Central America, Lima within seven days of Valparaiso within eighteen, and New Zealand within thirty-seven days.

SOFT SOAP FOR ALL.—For a lieutenant, call him a captain; for a middle-aged lady, kiss her, and say you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen—ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of a razor; for young ladies, if you know their color to be natural, accuse them of painting.

—We regret to learn the death of James A. Pierce, senior editor of the *Meranti* and *Gleaner*. He was the oldest newspaper publisher in New Brunswick, and served an apprenticeship in Halifax.

The *Pictou Standard* says:—"Some time ago, after the last storm, a mast of a schooner with rigging, came ashore at the back of Carribou Island, and a small portion of the deck attached to it. The mast is 52 feet long. By the above, parties may be able to ascertain to what schooner the mast belonged."

THE LOST POCKETBOOK.

It was a cheerless afternoon. A biting, freezing wind dove the slowly-sifting snow before it like a blinding mist; and the clouds hung so low as almost to touch the black roofs of the houses.

"How desolate it is," Mrs. Halpin sighed, glancing out from her attic window in the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and folded the garment she had just completed; "and the cold's bitter. I don't like to send you out, Louise, but there's not a lump of coal, or a dust of flour, and Willie must have that medicine. I'd go myself, but—"

"O, mother, no! let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll hurry back!" and the little girl sprang up from her low seat beside the infant's cradle, and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood.

"Well, I suppose you must," the mother continued, as she wrapped up the delicately embroidered garment; "You know the place? Mr. Rawdon's on Tenth street—that brownstone."

"Yes, yes, mother, I know."

"Well, dear, run fast, and keep you self warm and say to Mrs. Rawdon that I'd have finished the work before, if Willie hadn't been so sick.—Three dollars she owes me. You can call by the baker's and get a loaf or two."

The child took a bundle, and vanished out of sight down the dreary flight of steps; while the mother turned back to the cradle, where the sick child lay. He held up his little hands and moaned piteously. Give me some tea, mamma, I'm so dry.

"Yes, darling, just as soon as Louise comes." Her eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her bosom, clasping him closely to keep him warm, for there was no fire in the stove, and the desolate attic room was very comfortless. Yet there had been a day when this same pale-faced, meek-eyed woman sat in a luxurious chamber, with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach; and a doting husband's strong arms of love to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, lying, unknown, on some distant battle-field, and her riches had made themselves wings and flown away. Poverty and friendless she sat at heart, and weary from incessant toil she sat, with her wailing babe upon her bosom, gazing out with hopeless, tearful eyes, upon the fearful scene beneath her attic window.

In the meantime little Louise had crept away through narrow by-ways and squares, and into the most populous and fashionable part of the city. The biting wind still continued to blow with a dreary, saddening wall, and the low leaden clouds at the mist-like sun, as she walked on bare feet, and reached the door of Mrs. Rawdon's. A glowing glow of light poured from all the lofty windows, and sounds of music and merry-making floated out upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party in honor of her eldest daughter's birth-night. Louise crept up the marble steps and pulled the bell. A footman in livery answered her timid summons.

"Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please, sir?" she asked.

"See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlor in the very middle of the company!—Of course you can't."

He was closing the door, but Louise caught at his sleeve, and cried imploringly: "O, sir, please wait! Here's the work she wanted; Miss Violet's frock, you know. Mother promised it to-night; do let me take it up to her."

The man hesitated a moment, and then turned back.

"Miss Violet's frock," he said; "she wanted it, I know. I heard her fussing because it didn't come home. Maybe she'll see you; I'll try, anyhow. Come in here and wait."

Louise followed him through the arched hall, and past the glittering parlors, into a kind of anteroom adjoining the supper apartment. Here, motioning her to a seat, he went in search of his mistress. But it was a full half hour before Mrs. Rawdon could disengage herself from her guests; and poor little Louise, tired out with waiting, and benumbed with cold, was just on the point of bursting into tears, when the lady swept into the room.

"This is a pretty business, now, isn't it?" she began, as she received and unfolded the bundle that Louise proffered her. "I thought you promised to bring this yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am; but little Willie was so sick that mother couldn't sew."

"O, yes! that's always the way—you've some excuse ready; but I shan't trust you again, you may depend on it. Here Violet's been crying for an hour, and refused to come down because she was so disappointed about her dress. John, ring the bell for Jane to take it up to her. I must go back to the parlor now."

She was sweeping out again, her satin robes rustling after her, when Louise, with a piteous cry, "O, ma'am! little Willie's so ill, and must have his medicine; please let me have the money!"

But Louise was not to be repulsed. She caught the lady's hand in both of her little frozen palms. One of the rings that adorned Mrs. Rawdon's soft fingers would have procured all the comforts her mother and little Willie so sorely needed. Some such thought flashed through the child's mind as she made her appeal.

"O, madam!" she said, her blue eyes full of imploring entreaty; "you are rich and happy, and have all you want; and my little brother will die without medicine! Do let me have the money!"

Mrs. Rawdon shook her off impatiently. "I tell you I've no change. You must call again. John show her to the door."

The footman obeyed, and Louise soon found herself upon the marble steps, while the lofty door closed in her very face with a heartless slam.

The wind howled more dimly than ever, and the keen stinging sleet fell like a shower of shot. Louise descended the steps, and crossed over to the opposite sidewalk with a dull aching pain at her heart, that almost took away her breath. How could she go back to her desolate home, and tell her poor mother that she had failed to collect her hard-earned wages; tell her that they were not able to buy so much as even a solitary loaf? Was it right thus to—

—she could have so much, while they lacked daily—she then something beneath her foot, soft as—

—she saw a pocketbook. She caught it up with a suppressed sigh, and thrusting it into her bosom, darted off at the speed of an antelope. At last, out of breath, and half beside herself with excitement, she paused beneath a lamp-post, and after glancing stealthily around her, drew the treasure from her bosom. It was large, thick and heavy. Her fingers fluttered nervously as she unclasped it; and when she caught sight of the green notes it contained, she uttered a cry of delight and darted off like something insane. Mother and Willie should have all they needed now!

Just beyond the baker's shop, towards which she bent her steps, a soldier met them.

"Little girl," he said, arresting her flying steps, "you didn't find a pocketbook as you came along, did you?"

Louise paused a single instant; her heart fluttered like a frightened bird; then, as a thought of her mother and Willie flashed through her mind, she answered: "No, sir."

"Well, it is gone, I suppose," and the soldier passed on; while Louise hurried away in the opposite direction.

By the time she reached the baker's she was in a tremor from head to foot, and her cheeks seemed on fire; but she drew the pocketbook from its hiding-place, and, standing outside the door, unclasped it and took out a note. The shop was crowded with customers, and she had to wait for her turn before she could obtain what she wanted. Her eyes wandered wistfully round the tempting shelves. She would buy ever so many loaves, and even that frosted cake. They would have coal and flour. Why not? The pocketbook was hers—she had found it. Still her hands trembled, and her cheeks burned. She glanced down at the note she held, and saw, with a start of horror, that it was for fifty dollars. What had she done? Robbed that man of his money—and he a soldier. With a sharp cry, clutching the pocketbook in the one hand, and the fifty dollar bill in the other, she darted from the shop, and down the snowy street. Just a square or two beyond the glittering mansion of Mrs. Rawdon she overtook the soldier. He was walking slowly, glancing from one side of the icy pavement to the other with an anxious despairing look on his face. Louise was at his side in an instant.

"O, sir," panting for breath, her hood thrown back, her blue eyes wild and startled, and her bright hair blown all about her flushed face, "I took this note out, but I couldn't spend it. Mother's almost starved, and little Willie will die without his medicine, but I can't steal—I can't—I can't; take it back!"

The soldier took the money from the half-frozen little hands that held it up to him; then, lifting the child in his arms, he smoothed back her tangled locks, and looked down in her pale tear-stained little face with eager startled eyes. His swarthy cheek grew pale, and his bearded lips began to tremble.

"Louise, Louise!" he said, his voice full of thrilling tenderness; "poor little darling, don't you know me?"

The child looked up, and then her cry of wild delight rang out clear and joyous.

"O, papa, papa! we thought you were dead! but you've come back to us again."

"Yes, darling!" his broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness. "Where's your mother?"

"She's gone to her room."

Louise sprang from his arms, and shot off like an arrow down the brilliant street, through the squalid alleys and dark by-lanes; and the soldier followed her.

Mrs. Halpin sat in her comfortless attic, hushing her sick child upon her bosom.

"Mamma, mamma! I'm so hungry, please give me some tea," the little fellow moaned, clasping his hot arms about her neck.

But the last spark of fire had gone out, and Louise did not come.

"Wait a moment, darling—just a moment longer."

And the patient little one waited; and the cold grey shadows settled down darker and darker; and the poor mother clasped the child closer to her bosom, dreaming of happy days gone by, and of the dear husband who had gone to his last long home, with no tender hand to close his eyes.

The shadows grew heavier and darker; the winds moaned dimly, and the snow and sleet tinkled sharply against the windows.

"O, mamma! please make a light, I'm so cold, and the dark makes me afraid!"

"Wait a little longer, darling! Louise will come soon."

At last there was a noise below, a bounding joyous step upon the stairs, and Louise burst into the room, her face glowing and radiant.

"O, mother, mother!" she cried, "father's not dead! He's alive—he's come back to us again!"

The soldier's wife rose to her feet, grasping at the bed-post for support; as she did so, strong arms clasped her to a warm and loving bosom.

Louise crept up to her father's feet, her blue eyes swimming with tears.

"O, father! what if I had kept it?" she asked, "years in my eyes."

"O, dear, you would not have found me. Always remember that wrong is never without its punishment, and right its reward."

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE POPE.

The Pope has delivered the following address to the members of the Consistory:—"BELOVED BRETHREN,—The Catholic world is well aware how many times we have had to deplore and reprove the grievous wrongs, and grave injuries the Subalpine government has, in defiance of all human rights, and without regard to ecclesiastical censures and penalties, inflicted for a number of years on the Catholic Church, on us and this Apostolic see, on the bishops, on the consecrated ministers, on the religious orders of both sexes, and on other pious institutions. That same government does not only oppress and continually reduce the church by issuing orders which we have condemned for being contrary to the authority of this church, but it has gone so far in its acts of injustice as to dare to propose, approve, sanction, and promulgate a sacrilegious law, which has, within its own territory as well as the one usurped by it, deprived the church of all its property, to the great detriment of civil society, and has appropriated it for its own use, and ordered the sale of the same. It must be clear to everybody how unjust and cruel is a law which defies the inviolable right of property which the church claims by virtue of its divine institution, a law which tramples on the rights of nature and all divine and human rights generally, a law by which the members of the clergy, who have such great claims on the gratitude of Catholicism and civil society, and the virgins consecrated to God, are reduced to the greatest miseries and to beggary. In this distress of the church, and with the overthrow of all rights of the church before us, we cannot assuredly remain silent, for it is a duty imposed upon us, by our apostolic ministry, to defend and avenge the cause of justice with the greatest perseverance. This is the reason why we elevate our voice in our apostolic authority on the law in question, why we condemn it and declare it null and void without any value. May the authors and evil doers know that they have exposed themselves to the ecclesiastical penalties and censures which the sacred canons, the apostolic constitution, the decrees of the general councils declare *irrevocable* to be inflicted on those who violate the rights of the church and usurp its property. May they tremble and be afflicted with salutary awe, those inveterate enemies of the church; may they be convinced that God, the author and avenger of His church, will reserve for them the severest and heaviest chastisements, unless they sincerely repent and endeavour to stop and assist in repairing the wrongs inflicted by them on this same church. This is our most ardent hope, and we most humbly pray to God that He may hear us."

—By getting the news of Garibaldi's arrest before anybody else, the Paris member of the house of Rothschild made 320,000 francs at the Bourse.