

THE MIRROR

And Colchester County Advertiser.

VOL II

TRURO, N. S., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

NO 26

The Mirror

Colchester County Advertiser
—Is Published—
ON SATURDAY MORNING,
AT THE OFFICE, TRURO, N.S.,
By RALPH PATRICK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$1.50 in advance;
\$2.00 if not paid to the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrears
are paid up, unless at the option of the publisher.
All communications addressed to Isaac Baird
Box 65 Truro, N.S., will receive due attention, as
heretofore.

Rates of Advertising:
Business Cards \$7.00
One Square, one year, (17 lines) 8.00
" 6 months 5.00
" 3 months 2.50
" 1 insertion 1.00
Each subsequent insertion .025
A liberal reduction made on larger ad-
vertisements.

AGENTS:
General Agent—Isaac Baird;
Traveling Agent—F D Simpson;
Halifax—W G Pender;
Acadian Mines—Isaac Hingley;
Old Burns—Elliott Archibald;
Folley Village—B Davidson;
New Annan—George Nelson;
North River—Robert Stewart;
Upper Stewiacke—R C Waddell;
Upper Economy—Robert McLeod;
Earleton—Wm McKay;
Tatamagouche—J Murphy;
Tatamagouche Village—Robert Purvis;
Tatamagouche Bay—Dobson;
New Annan—Gavin Bell;
Riversdale—J B McCully;
Renfrew—W Prince;
Pictou—M McPherson;
Dorham—D B Graham;
North Sydney, C B—W D Dimock;
Logan's Tannery—D W McKean;

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECU-
TED WITH NEATNESS
AND DESPATCH.

Miss C. Vincent

Wishes to inform the inhabitants of Truro and
vicinity, that she has commenced receiving
her supply of

SPRING AND SUMMER
MILLINER,
Straw, Hats and
Bonnets,
BLEACHED AND SHAPED IN THE
LATEST STYLE.

Truro, N.S., May 2 1868.

M. McPherson, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER, PICTOU, N.S.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PRINTING,
Executed in the neatest style.
Pictou, April 23, 1868.

CARRIAGE PAINTING, &c. &c. &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a Paint Shop
in part of the building occupied by W. C.
Smith, as a Carriage Shop, and is prepared to do
Carriage, Sleigh, and Sign
Painting,
In all its branches as heretofore, and in the best
style;
Charges Moderate.—TERMS CASH
L. B. McELHENRY,
Truro, April 25. 3ms feb 29.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT THE "BEE HIVE."

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds,
(Scottish and Canadian) Beavers and Pilots
all of which we are making up in first
class style, and at extremely low prices.—
Fits guaranteed.
JAMES K. MUNNIS,
118 Upper Water Street
Halifax, Oct 19

CALEDONIA HOTEL.

LOWER WATER ST., HALIFAX, N.S.
JAMES CORDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.
(Successor to the late Thomas Hume)
This is one of the most centrally situated
Hotels in Halifax, being within five minutes
walk of all parts of the city, a great advan-
tage to Country Merchants and others.
It is also within two minutes walk
of the wharf, at which the steamers of
the Inman line call. Permanent
and Transient Boarders accom-
modated on reasonable terms.
Meals ready at all hours.
Halifax, Dec. 7. 1yr

Select Poetry.

TO MRS. GORMLY.
Dear suffering sister I would say to you,
Look up to Jesus he is your friend;
You know he is the widow's God,
That promise stands till time shall end.
Although your trial seems so hard
That nature shrieks and turns away;
Yet why you are afflicted thus
You'll know when comes the judgment day.
Perhaps your idol's taken away
That you may give your heart to God,
And lean entirely on His care;
While travelling life's uncertain road.
How sweet to know you've such a friend
That can your every want supply,
Will guide you safely through this life
And take you to his home on high.
That you may find this trusting faith
And feel relieved from all your care;
At last your husband met in heaven
Shall be your humble servant's prayer.
Omslow, July 1. M.P.

HOLY CHIVALRY.
BY THE REV. W. M. PUNSON, M. A.
Weep not for the vanished glory,
Burden of the minstrel's song,
When the knights of ancient story
Battled against banded wrong;
Or, with falser thought of duty
Rushed where'er the lists were spread,
Thankful if some Queen of Beauty
Crowned the living, mourned the dead.
Chivalry's was cruel splendor;
There are nobler triumphs now;
Worship shrines, at which to render
Manhood's faith and valor's vow.
Still the trampled nature callest
For the valiant heart and hand;
Ready, whatso'er befalleth,
In the deadly breach to stand.

Where the famine-stricken languish,
Pining through the hopeless years;
Where grim laughter masks an anguish
Far more terrible than tears;
Where, o'er all the fatal city,
Sorrow's ceaseless sabbie hangs;
Where the helpless wail for pity;
Where the martyrs hide their pangs;
Where through months of midnight dreary,
Anxious but to screen from blame,
Women keep the watch unweary,
Grieving for a loved one's shame;
While the drunkards, homeward reeling,
Stagger through the silent town,
Or, before their idols kneeling,
Cast their vaunted manhood down.
O! we need not wait for chances!
Sin hath borne too bitter fruit;
And the heavens, with pitying glance,
Look on men beneath the brute;
Look on sorrowfullest sorrows,
Which no healer charms away;
Look on hearts, whose darker morrows
Make less stern the dark to-day.

Christian soldier! rise and arm thee!
Take the Spirit's sevenfold shield!
Let no coward fear alarm thee,
Reckless from this solemn field;
Fiercer than the fabled gias,
Are thy foes of want a crime;
God thy helper! men thy clients!
Ilaute thee to the strife sublime.

Bid the slaves of sin's excesses
Hearken what the Saviour saith;
Weave the spell which charms and blesses,
Round the spirit's "dawn to death."
Though they spare from cursing never,
Though men hate, deride, condemn,
Cease not from the brave endeavor;
Work to lift and rescue them.

By the heaven that shineth o'er you;
By the soul's uncounted worth;
By the love which Jesus bore you;
By the human loves of earth;
By the moments, speeding faster
To the shore as yet untrod;
By the dread of worse disaster;
By the holy name of God;

Forward! men beloved of Heaven!
Wave your white device on high;
Rest not till its hoar hath given
Light to every troubled sky;
Go where none have gone beside you,
Go to homes of dark despair,
Men implore you, Christ will guide you;
Win your spurs of knightood there.

Miscellaneous.

Of all the strange sights in Paris none is more
curious than the snail seller. He trundles a
large and shallow handcart through the streets
covered with snails crawling all over the
sides of the cart, with horns extended and house
on back. A dozen can be purchased for the
small sum of two sous; you can select them your-
self, and carry them away in a paper bag.—
Some people eat them raw, like oysters; others
roast them with savory herbs. The best snails
come from Burgundy in the autumn, and are
fattened on vine leaves. Those now selling are
gathered in every ditch outside the city, the sev-
eral cemeteries yielding the largest supplies.

MR. SNIPES' ABHORRENCES.—From doctor's
pills, and western chills, and other ills deliver us.
From want of gold, and wives that scold, and
maidens old, and sharper eyes, deliver us. From
singing flies, and greenish eyes, and bakers' pies,
and babies' cries, a man that lies and cloudy skies,
and love that dies, fickle ties, and gaudy dyes,
deliver us. From bearded females, strong-minded
women, (this don't jing'e), female lecturers, and
all other masculine ladies, deliver us. From creek-
ing doors, a wife that snores, confounded bores,
deliver us. From dolic, gripes, and Mrs. Snipes,
deliver us. From modest girls, with waving curls,
and teeth of pearls—Oh! never mind.

THE WRECK OF OILDOM.

The New York correspondence of the Provi-
dence Press writes this sad story of an unfor-
tunate business: Any day there can be seen hang-
ing around Delmonico's, in Broad street, a wreck
of a man—a miserable looking, shattered man,
clad in rags, with a pinched hungry look, and
that vacant aimless stare which tells of hope
and energy totally blasted and gone—a man
about whom there is a sensational history.
Three years ago he was a proud, capable, spirited
man of business, with a large capital and suf-
ficient reputation and resources to sustain any en-
terprise. He left his ordinary pursuits and went
into oil. The fever was raging furiously
then, and he caught it hard. He thought that
his great time had come, and that the Eldorado
of his life had been found. He bought lands,
started companies, flourished on the streets and
at the stock Board, as a very prince of the oil
kingdom. Wealth seemed to favour his very
turn. There was a day when he could have sold
out his share and rights for two millions and
been a happy man. Poor fool, he wanted more.
He worked for more. He invested every dollar
for new plans and enterprises. He raised thou-
sands from his friends. Alas! wells ceased to
yield, stocks went down to nothing, notes be-
came due, attachments were made, and money
was hard to raise. In an evil hour he found
himself bound fast, and all his glittering wealth
turned to dross. Poor, poor man! To-day he
lives on charity, knowing not often where he will
get the scant meal that keeps life; now and then
picking up a little from friends who knew him
in the glad days; sometimes selling a few trink-
ets; courage, ambition, and place gone, utterly
gone; a sad wreck upon the sands of time; and
depressed, forlorn face, as he stands offering his
little stock of goods to the rushing, pushing
crowd who go by him without thinking of the re-
mark of a well-known banker to me some
months ago, as we stood looking at the rush in
Wall street: "Sir," he said, "two-thirds of
these men, who are now prosperous and stand
high in the 'street,' before five years have gone
will be in nearly the same condition as this old
man, because they don't know when to stop.
They never will be satisfied. Ambition will
destroy them."

THE CROPS IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—
From every part of the country we here that
there are fair prospects of a good crop of hay
and grain. In some places the grain has been
injured by the water standing in the fields. It
must be gratifying to every Islander to learn
that there has been a much larger quantity of
wheat sown this season by our farmers than
for some years past. Parties well informed
affirm that, taking the Island as a whole, there
is nearly double the usual quantity sown this
year; and if so, we sincerely trust that the ex-
pectations of our farmers in so doing will be fully
realized, and that their carts will be seen next
year taking load to load of corn, hay, and
wheat on sea land plowed down for the purpose.
Mr. Beer has made the experiment himself with
very judicious attention at present of marked success.
The hon. gentleman kindly donated us this
morning all round a field of winter wheat which
he sowed on sea land on the 20th of August last.
In a few places it has been destroyed by the frost;
but he will have full three-fourths of a crop. The
wheat began coming out in ear on the 18th inst.,
and we breathe with confidence several stalks
over three feet high, the ears of which were fully
developed. When it is ready for harvest, which
will probably be about the last of July, we shall again report to our readers re-
specting the success of the experiment.—Patriot.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MADRID INQUISITION.

Some years ago, at a temperance meeting in
the South, there arose a tall, erect and vigorous
speaker, with the glow of health in his face.
He said:—You see before you a man seventy
years old. I have fought two hundred battles,
have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived
thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees
for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the
canopy of heaven for my covering, without
stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a
few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of
Egypt, I have marched for days with a burning
sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the
scorching sand, eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled
with dust, and with thirst so tormenting that I
tore open the veins in my arms and sucked my
own blood. Do you ask how could I survive all
these horrors? I answer, that, next to the provi-
dence of God, I owe my preservation, my health,
and vigor, to the fact, that I never drank a drop
of spirituous liquor in my life.

I at once inquired the name of the speaker,
and learned that it was Colonel Lehmannsky,
of whose lectures on the Life and Character of
Napoleon I had read accounts. I felt a desire
to become further acquainted with his strange
history. And a slight accident which he met
with the very next day caused him to become my
patient, and so afforded me the desired opportu-
nity. So soon as I relieved the pain which he
suffered, he entered freely into a conversation
from which I gathered the following facts:
He had formerly been an officer under Napo-
leon, but had become a minister of the Lutheran
Church. He remembered all the scenes of Bonaparte's
times, and described them with wonder-
ful interest. He was indeed a remarkable man,
for, although past threescore and ten, he retained
the erect posture and firm step and activity of
an officer of fifty. His skin had all the softness
and delicacy of middle life, while the vigor of
his gigantic frame, the quickness of his eye, and
the power of his voice, all indicated that it
would have been no difficult thing for him, had
circumstances rendered it necessary, to resume
his place on the war-horse, and again lead forth
his troops to the deadly combat. His lectures I
had heard represented as intensely interesting.
Such I can well conceive that they were, for
besides possessing a memory of remarkable ten-

acity, and unusually ready utterance, he had
means, such as perhaps no other living man,
certainly none in this country possessed, of
knowing the men and things whereof he spoke.
His acquaintance with Bonaparte commenced
on first entering the army, when he found him-
self a private soldier under that distinguished
man as his captain. For twenty-three years
he served with him in stations of trust, which
rendered the most intimate relations necessary,
and it was only when Napoleon was confined on
the Island of Elba that Colonel Lehmannsky
retired from the service.

I have touched on the life of this remarkable
man for the purpose of introducing to the reader
a narrative, which he was kind enough to fur-
nish me, of the destruction of the Spanish in-
quisition, near Madrid, in which transaction he was
the chief agent.

"In the year 1809," said Colonel Lehman-
onsky, "being then at Madrid, my attention
was directed to the Inquisition, in the neigh-
borhood of that city. Napoleon had previously is-
sued a decree for the suppression of this institu-
tion, whenever his victorious troops should ex-
tend their arms to this vicinity. I reminded
Marshal Soult, the governor of Madrid, of this
decree, and he directed me to proceed to destroy
it. I informed him that my regiment, the 9th
Polish Lancers, was insufficient for such a ser-
vice; but that if he would give me two additional
regiments, I would undertake the work. He ac-
cordingly gave me the two required regiments,
one of which, the 117th, was under the command
of Colonel De Lile, who is now, like myself, a
minister of the gospel. He is pastor of one of
the Evangelical churches in Marseilles, France.
With these troops I proceeded forthwith to
the Inquisition, which was situated about five
miles from the city. It was surrounded by a
wall of great strength, and defended by about
400 soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I
addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned
the inquisitors to surrender to the imperial army,
and to open the gates of the Inquisition.

The sentinel who was standing on the wall,
appeared to enter into conversation, for a few
moments, with some one within, at the close
of which he presented his musket and shot one
of my men. This was the signal for attack, and I
ordered my troops to fire upon those who ap-
peared upon the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal
warfare. The wall was covered with the soldiers
of the holy office. There was also a breastwork
upon the wall, behind which they kept, except
as they partially exposed themselves in order to
discharge their muskets. Our troops were in
open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire.
We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls,
and the gates successfully resisted all attempts
at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to
change the mode of attack, and directed some
trees to be cut down and trimmed and brought
to the ground, to be used as battering rams.
Two of these were taken up by detachments of
men, as numerous as could work to advantage,
and brought to bear upon the walls with all
the power they could exert, regardless of the deadly
fire which was poured upon them. Presently
the walls began to tremble, and finally a breach
was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into
the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident
full of rarest interest. The Inquisitor General,
followed by the confessors, all came out of their
rooms as we were making our way to the interior
of the Inquisition and with long faces and their
arms crossed over their breasts, and their fingers
resting on their shoulders, as though they had
been deaf to all the noise of the attack and de-
fence, and had but just learned what was going
on! They addressed themselves in the language
of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying: "Why
do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, apparently, was to make us
think that this defence was wholly unauthorized
by them; hoping that if they could produce in
our minds a belief that they were friendly they
would have a better opportunity amid the confu-
sion and plunder to escape.

But their artifice was too shallow to succeed.
I caused them to be placed under guard, and all
the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as
prisoners. We then proceeded to examine the
prison house. We passed through room after
room. We found altars and crucifixes and wax
candles in abundance, but could discover no evi-
dence of cruelty having been practised there—
nothing of those peculiar features which we ex-
pected to find in an Inquisition. There was
magnificence and splendor on every hand. The
architectural proportions were perfect. The
ceiling and marble floors were highly polished
and of exquisite design. There was everything
to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste;
but where were those horrid instruments of tor-
ture of which we had been told, and those dun-
geons in which human beings were said to be
buried alive?

We searched in vain. The holy fathers as-
sured us that they had been misled—that we had
seen all; and I had prepared to give up the
search, convinced that this Inquisition was an
exception to the general rule.

But Colonel De Lile was not so ready as my-
self to give up the search, and said to me: "Col-

onel, you are commander to-day, and as you say
so it must be; but, if you will be advised by
me, let this marble floor be examined more
closely. Let some water be brought in and
poured upon it, and we will watch and see if
there is any place through which it passes more
freely than elsewhere."

I replied to him: "Do as you please, Colonel,"
and he ordered water to be brought accordingly.
The slabs of marble were large and beautifully
polished, and perfectly adjusted. When the
water had been poured over the floor, much to
the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful
examination was made of every seam in the mar-
ble to see if the water passed through. Pre-
sently Colonel De Lile exclaimed that he had
found it! By the side of one of these slabs the
water passed through freely, indicating the open-
ing beneath. All hands now were at work for
further discovery, the officers with their swords
and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to
clear out the seam and pry up the slab. Others
with the butts of their muskets commenced strik-
ing the slab with all their might to break it,
while the priest remonstrated against desecrating
their holy and beautiful house.

While thus engaged, a soldier, who was ham-
mering with the butt of his musket, struck a
spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the
faces of the Inquisitors grew pale; and as De-
shazzar, when the hand appeared writing upon
the wall, so did these men of Belial quake in
every bone, joint and sinew. We looked beneath
the marble slab, now partly raised, and saw a
staircase. I stepped to the altar and took from
a candlestick one of the candles, four feet in
length, which was burning, that I might explore
the regions beneath. As I was doing this I was
arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his
hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure
and holy look said: "My son, you must not take
that with your profane and bloody hand; it is
holy."

"Well, well," I said, "I want something that
is holy, to see if it will not shed light on in-
iquity; I will bear the responsibility."
I took the candle and proceeded down the
staircase. I now discovered why the water re-
vealed to us this passage. Under the floor was
a tight ceiling, except at the trap-door, which
could not be rendered close; hence the success
of Colonel De Lile's experiment.

As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered
a large square room, which was called the Hall
of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large
block, with a chain fastened to it. On this large
block had been accustomed to place the accused, chained
to his seat. On one side of the room was an
elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment.
This the Inquisitor-General occupied, and on
either side were seats, less elevated, for the
priests when engaged in the business of the Holy
Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to
the right, and obtained access to small cells, ex-
tending the entire length of the edifice; and
here what a sight!

These places were cells of solitary confinement,
where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate
were confined, year after year, till death released
them from their sufferings. Their bodies were
suffered to remain until they were entirely de-
cayed, and the rooms until for others to occupy.
To prevent this practice being offensive to those
who occupied the Inquisition there were flues or
tubes extending to the open air sufficiently capacious
to carry off the odor from those decaying
bodies.

In these cells we found the remains of some
who had paid the debt of nature. Some of them
had been dead apparently but a short time, while
of others nothing remained but their bones still
chained to the floor of their dungeon! In others
we found living sufferers of every age and both
sexes, from the young man and maiden to those
of threescore and ten year, all as naked as when
they were born into the world.

Our soldiers immediately applied themselves
to releasing these captives from their chains.
They stripped themselves of a part of their own
clothing in order to cover these wretched bodies,
were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to
the light of day. But aware of their danger I
insisted on their wants being supplied, and their
being brought gradually to the light as they
could bear it.

When we had examined the cells, and opened
the doors of those who yet survived, we pro-
ceeded to explore another room on the left.
Here we found the instruments of torture, of
every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils
could invent. At the sight of them our soldiers
refused any longer to be restrained. They de-
clared that every inquisitor, monk and soldier of
the establishment deserved to be put to the tor-
ture. We did not attempt any longer to restrain
them. Accordingly they at once commenced
the work of torture upon the inquisitors. I re-
mained till I saw four different kinds of torture
applied to them, and then retired from the awful
scene, which ended not so long as one remained
upon whom they could wreak revenge.

"As soon as the poor sufferers in the cells of
the Inquisition could with safety be brought out
of their gloom to the light of day, (news having