

THE MIRROR

And Colchester County Advertiser.

VOL. II

TRURO N. S., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

NO 22.

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 Bald 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 0.25
A liberal reduction made on larger advertisements.

AGENTS:
General Agent—Isaac Bird;
Travelling Agent—F. D. Simpson;
Halifax—W. G. Pepper;
Acadian Mines—Isaac Hingley;
Old Barnes—Ebon Archibald;
Folley Village—R. Davidson;
New Annan—George Nelson;
North River—Robert Stewart;
Upper Stewiacke—R. C. Waddell;
Upper Economy—Robert McLeod;
Eastport—W. 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;
Durham—D. B. Graham;
North Sydney, C.B.—W. D. Dimock;
Logan's Tanney—D. W. McKeen;

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECUTED 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 MILLINERY, 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,

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,
3ms
Truro, April 25.

GREAT ATTRACTION

AT THE

"BEE HIVE."

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds,

(Scotch and Canadian) Beavers and Pilots all of which we are making up in fine 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, great advantage 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 accommodated on reasonable terms.
Meals ready at all hours.
Halifax, Dec. 7.

Select Poetry.

CHANGE.

Why should we mourn that changes come,
When 'neath the cold and shrouded snow,
The grass and flowers may shelter find,
And in the darkness bud and grow!

Why should we mourn that clouds are formed
And o'er our drooping spirits fly?
The law that forms the clouds expands
The low and brings unclouded sky.

Our hopes may fall like leaves away,
And swiftly pass each winged hour;
But leaves ne'er fall until the fruit
Is formed within the bursting flower.

Then chance is Angel of the Soul,
That keeps all things from swift decay,
Through which the crystal here is formed,
And life anew may spring away.

Thus when upon these thoughts I muse,
That once awoke my brooding fears,
I see how Beauty's matchless soul
In all with cheerful robes appears.

I see the worn upon the ground,
With golden tints expand its wing;
What then, as more than worm I am,
Unto my soul shall changes bring?

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady speaking of taking a snooze instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons pants, or gentlemen gents—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks seedy— and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is rich. All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady using such a word as polking when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost laughed from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say: 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cop came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers or vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconnected, she was floored. When submitting to a thing unwillingly she was brought to the scratch. Sometimes she did things on the sly.

THE DEACON'S RULE.

Twenty-five years ago, or more, a young man, then pastor of a rural church in the State of New York, was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side the senior deacon, known per excellence as "the Squire." He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limbs, all of which were of signal benefit to the church and the society. Having ascended a slight elevation in the road the deacon observed, about a hundred yards ahead, stretched on his broadside, right across the narrow wagon track, basking in a mud puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing probably more than three hundred pounds.

Look there, elder," said the deacon nervously. "See that old hog across the road. Turn out."
'I see, sir," said the elder. "I can't turn out."
'But you must, or we shall be turned over.'
'Can't do it, sir. I have the right to the road. The hog must give way."
Pony trotted on. They drew nigh the hog.
'I tell you," said the deacon, nervously excited, "turn out, or we are gone."
'Never fear, sir, the hog must turn out.'

By this time they were nearly to a standstill, the elder presuming that if he could arouse the attention of the sleepy beast he would at once rise and clear the track. But no, his hogship just raised his head, gave a slight glance at the buggy, and with a short grunt laid it down in the mud. The end was, the elder had to make a short turn out and make a circuit round, while the hog remained master of the situation. The elder having regained the track and the Squire his composure (the driver rather crestfallen), 'Elder," said the deacon, "when I am on the road (and he drove much) I never stop to contend with a hog. I think it is better to turn out."

The deacon ended, and the elder sat for some minutes, silently revolving in his mind the deacon's rule about hogs, and its obvious moral. And the rule: 'Never to stand in the road to contend with a hog,' has been one of the most useful rules of his life.

A young fellow in Michigan dreamed that he went to Fremont, Ohio, and married a pretty girl whom he had never seen before, and, acting on his mother's advice, he packed his trunk and started for Ohio. He searched two days in Fremont without seeing the face he had seen in his dream, and then he saw it in the post-office, told his story, popped the question, received an affirmative answer at once, was married next day, and took his bride back to Michigan. Romantic and speedy.

Paper Bonnets are being manufactured in New York State, a good article of this make selling as low as ten cents. A very small amount of paper suffices to make a bonnet now-a-days.

Select Tale.

THE RESCUE.

In the spring of 1794, while General Wayne, in command of the Northwestern Army, was occupying Fort Greenville, which he had constructed the preceding winter, news was brought to him that a party of Pottawatomies had surprised and destroyed the blockhouse of a small settlement not far distant, and massacred all the inmates except a young female, whom they had taken prisoner, and were then supposed to be conducting to their village. This female, a Miss Egglestone, was the daughter of an officer of some note, who was a friend of Wayne's, and he determined, if in his power, to save her. At that time he had two or three heroic bands of spies, or scouts, attached to his division; and he knew if a rescue could be effected at all, the men to entrust with that important enterprise could be found among them, and they only.

Now it so happened that a small part of those scouts were at that moment in the fort, having come in the night previous with important information, and were preparing to set off again immediately. Sending for one of the most daring of these, Robert McLellan by name, who, though not the regularly appointed leader of the band, sometimes acted in that capacity when his commander was absent, the general briefly informed him of what had taken place, and asked him if he thought there was a hope of Miss Egglestone being rescued.

"I can't say as to that, General," replied the scout; "but this I will say—if it can be done, I kin do it."

"How many men do you want?" asked Wayne.

"How big is the party?" inquired the other.

"From the report I should judge there were twenty or thirty of them."

"Then it'll never do for us to have a regular stand-up fight on't, General, unless we has the cap'n and the others all along; and as they won't be in afore to-morrow, of then, I reckon it's best to operate by sarcumvention; and the two that's here with me—Hickman and Hart—will be just as good for that bar as a dozen more. Only put me whar I kin git on their trail, and of the red niggers aren't too far ahead I'll soon fetch a good report of them, ef I don't of the young woman."

"But you must bring a good account of her."

rejoined Wayne, in a positive tone. "It is to save her I send you; for she is the daughter of my friend, and her life and rescue are above price."

"Then we'll save her, General," replied the hardy scout—that is, of the butchering varmint only save her themselves till we kin git to whar she are."

General Wayne gave McLellan some further instructions, and then bade him set out immediately; and returning to his temporary quarters in the Fort, and informing his companions what was required of them, they at once set about preparing for their new adventure; and in less than half an hour the three were treading the intricate mazes of a great dark forest, which they stretched away unbroken for many a long league before them.

With long and rapid strides—McLellan, the fleetest-footed hunter of his time, on the lead—they got over some twenty miles of ground, and reached the ruins of the block-house, where the massacre had taken place, just as the sun was setting. There was light enough to find the broad trail of the retreating Indians; and with no unnecessary delay they set out upon it, and advanced some two or three miles further, when the gathering night compelled them to encamp and postponed further operations till another day.

The night, however, passed off without any disturbance; and at the first streak of day they arose and resumed their journey, and ere the sun set again they had travelled far on the broad trail of their foes in a northerly direction.

It is not our purpose to follow them in detail. Suffice it to say, that near the close of the second day they reached a point where the trail forked, and it became necessary to make a careful examination, in order to decide which party had taken the prisoner with them. To the best of their judgment the whole number of Indians was not much short of thirty; but they were not equally divided at the point of separation, as was evident from one trail being much larger than the other. They soon satisfied themselves that the girl had been taken with the smaller party; and this to them was a pleasing discovery, as it gave them more hope of being successful in her rescue.

This decided, they pushed on rapidly till night, and then encamped—proceeding on the following morning as before; and at the close of the third day, just as night was setting in, they came within view of the camp-fire of their foes. Waiting some two or three hours, until they thought the venture perfectly safe, they carefully proceeded to reconnoitre the Indian camp, which was in a small pleasant, but heavily wooded valley, through which flowed a branch of the Wash. Creeping up cautiously, under cover of some bushes, they beheld six Indians carelessly disposed around the fire, three of them lying

down as if asleep, and the others sitting near together, conversing in low tones, occasionally laughing, and evidently totally unsuspecting of danger. A little apart, and bound to a tree, was the poor captive—a young and beautiful female—whose now pale and dejected features bespoke the despair of her heart, and, combined with her disheveled hair and torn and disarranged garments, rendered her an object of pity even to men hardened to almost every scene of suffering and distress.

Having fully ascertained the number and position of their enemies, and the fact that the prisoner whom they had come to rescue was still alive, the scouts drew stealthily back to a safe distance, and held a whispered consultation upon the manner of their future procedure.

"I don't exactly like either of your plans," said McLellan, who had quietly listened to the propositions of the others. "It's our business to get the gal away—that's the General's orders—and the way that we kin do that the best is the best way. Now, instead of trying to steal her guns, one of you just creep up and cut her cords, and start her off towards us as easy as you kin; but ef that's an alarm, tell her to break for the nearest thicket, and we'll stand between her and harm. I don't think that'll be any trouble 'bout our coming out all right, for we've fought bigger odds afore to-day, without the vantage of a surprise, and licked 'em too."

After some further discussion the plan of McLellan was acceded to as the best, and Hart was selected to enter the camp and release the girl—the others to be in readiness to pour in their fire in case of an alarm—which to say the least, would be likely to throw the Indians into confusion, and give our friends so much the advantage—while the girl would be almost certain to escape, and her escape was what they now sought rather than the lives of the savages.

Having thus arranged the matter the three scouts kept perfectly quiet and silent for some two or three hours longer, and then began the execution of their final scheme. The fire, which the Indians had fed while astir, had now gone down to mere embers; but this only the better served McLellan's idea, as it would render Hart less liable to be seen in his approach to the prisoner.

Some quarter of an hour more was spent in arranging everything for perfect action and getting into position, which they finally did in that stealthy and noiseless manner peculiar to men of their profession. Then leaving his two companions where their fire would be sure to be effective, Hart advanced cautiously and stealthily drew back, and glided round to the captive. He reached her without causing any alarm, but found her fast asleep, sitting on the ground, her back braced against the tree to which she was bound. To wake her, and warn her, and assure her that deliverance was at hand—without causing her to start or cry out, and so arouse her captors—was a delicate task. He began, however, by whispering in her ear, and so continued till she gradually awoke, and heard and comprehended his words, when her rare presence of mind came to his aid, and he was greatly rejoiced and relieved at her whispered reply:

"I understand you—I thank you—God bless you whoever you are! Have no fear! I am a soldier's daughter, and will do whatever you bid me."

"Then just as soon as I cut your cords," whispered Hart, in reply, "git up and faller me, and don't make a bit o' noise; but ef the Injuns do happen to rouse, don't get too skeered, but run for the nearest thicket, and leave me and my comrades to settle them."

He then cut her bonds, and quietly, but with trembling eagerness, she arose to comply with his directions; but the first step forward, her long-corded and benumbed limbs partially giving way under her, she stumbled upon a dry branch, which snapped beneath her feet.

Instantly one of the Indians nearest the tree started up into a sitting posture, when Hart, feeling himself called upon to act, suddenly presented his rifle at the breast of his foe, and lodged the contents in his body. As he fell back the scout, with a yell of triumph and defiance, bounded over him to attack the next, the whole party being now fully aroused and alarmed. Snapping his pistol at the breast of the second, and finding it miss fire, Hart struck out with his tomahawk, but stumbled at the same moment, and missing the warrior in the act of rising, fell heavily against him. The latter staggered, and was really much alarmed and confused; but comprehending, withal, that he had an enemy within his reach, he quickly grappled him, whipped out his knife, and plunged it several times into his body. He was in the very act of doing this, in fact, when a ball from the rifle of McLellan pierced his brain, and he fell dead over the dying form of Hart—Hickman at the same instant shooting down another—for with loud terrifying yells, both had rushed upon the Indians at the same moment with their unfortunate companion.

There were now three unwounded Indians to two whites; and had the former known of their advantage the day might have been their own; but they were surprised, alarmed, and half paralyzed with the thought that they were attacked by overwhelming numbers; and before they had

time to recover, the smaller weapons of our heroes had done their work upon two more of them, the sixth one only making his escape with a yell of terror. The skirmish, from first to last, scarcely exceeded a minute; and probably no regular battle in the world ever showed such a proportion of the killed to the number engaged, in so short a time.

It was a deadly won contest to our two surviving friends, and sad and gloomy were their feelings as they lifted their poor comrade from beneath their foe, and listen to the irregular breathings which were soon to cease in death. The girl, who had not fled far, now returned, and joined them in their grief, for she felt that the poor fellow had fallen in her rescue and defence. An hour later the dying man expired in the arms of McLellan, rousing a little at the last moment, and speaking a few words faintly:

"Good bye, boys," he said, "and remember me wharver you see the red niggers."

"We'll do that, Hart, you may rest assured," replied McLellan, in an unsteady tone; and over his mortal remains those two hardy scouts swore undying revenge against their savage foes.

Drawing the fair girl apart from the bloody scene, and assuring her they were as ready to yield their lives in her defence as the one who had so fallen, they gave her a blanket, and persuaded her to lie down and get what rest she could, that she might be prepared for the long journey homeward, which would commence on the morrow. Then scolding their slain, and making prize of whatever they considered of any value, they sat down by their dead comrade, and passed the night beside him, rehearsing tales of adventures in which he had taken a part, and renewing their oaths of eternal vengeance against the whole Indian race.

At daylight the following morning they dug a rude grave with their hatchets and knives, and having shown their final respect to their late companion by interring his remains as well as their circumstances would permit, they set out on their return to the fort, which they eventually reached in safety, and where they delivered their rescued captive into the hands of General Wayne, who not only kindly thanked but liberally rewarded them, and expressed a soldier's regret for their brave companion.

It may interest the reader to know that this same young lady—so providentially preserved at the general massacre of her friends, and so gallantly rescued at the expense of the life of one of these brave heroes of the wilderness—subsequently became the wife of an officer under Wayne, and the mother of one who now holds a distinguished position in the councils of the nation.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN.—Fancy upon opening the door everybody will look at you, and bear yourselves bravely till you get to your seat. Then pass your hand over your hair to see if the "hour's" labor that you spent on it has been in vain; then take a good long stare over the congregation to see who is there. If you chew tobacco, blow away into the seat behind you if unoccupied, or else let drive at your neighbor's patent leathers. Scratch your name on the back of the front seats, with the likeness of a one-eyed hyppogriff; stare frequently at the pretty looking girl behind you, and if possible send her a note assuring her that she has the prettiest hand or the most exquisite eye of blue this side of paradise. After having exhausted all reasonable amusements, you may shut your eyes, open your mouth, and favour the congregation with an extempore snore. After the service is over, do the agreeable, if possible, to some divinity; thereafter write yourself a briek.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.—Spend four hours in fixing out before starting. For it is every young lady's duty to look pretty, bearing in mind that young ladies were created for the special purpose of being worshipped by gentlemen, and attracting their unqualified admiration. Step daintily and gracefully up the aisle, seat yourself, straighten up, seat yourself again, and repeat six consecutive times. Pull the outer garment a little way over the left shoulder, then back on the right, and after doing this a few times leave it where you found it. Straighten down your collar, then straighten it up; pull out a highly perfumed handkerchief, pass it over your lips, then return it; smooth down both sides of your dress, and thrust the toe of your exquisite foot just a little out, and then, after rising up and sitting down again, you will be prepared for further development. Being properly fixed, you rise up again and sit down, and then, after rising up and down once, it would be well to repeat it. If the gentleman in front sends you a note, hide it under your book, or fan, and read it when your attention to the preaching—that will be for the benefit of sinners. If you have blue eyes turn them upwards once in a while—if black, partly close the lids and look dreamy.

England derives a revenue of £360,000 from licenses of dogs.

A GOOD JUDGE OF A HORSE.—There is no doubt that Dr. Mason was a good judge. A brother minister intending to purchase a horse, stopped the doctor to ask his opinion. After taking a good look at him, Dr. Mason pointed to the knees of the horse, which were worn, indicating that he was in the habit of stumbling. "That," said he, "is a good sign for a minister, but a very bad sign for a minister's horse."