

THE MIRROR

AND COLCHESTER COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. II

TRURO, N. S., SATURDAY MAY 2, 1868.

No 17.

The Mirror
AND
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 0.25
A liberal reduction made on larger advertisements.

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Select Poetry.

BURIED TALENTS.

"Sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven."
How many buried talents will the final day disclose,
Of whose neglect none but the God of Heaven, who gave them, knows;
How many will discover in that swiftly coming day
That their life, their health, their time, their means, have all been thrown away;
How much of hoarded wealth, that scarcely ever sees the light,
Might be transferred to Bible lamps, to dissipate the night;
In those far lands where now the gloom of superstition reigns;
Where death but leads to endless death and everlasting pains.
How many jewels sparkling now on beauty's graceful form,
Might help to feed the hungry poor, and shield them from the storm,
Might bid the widow's heart rejoice, the mourner's tear be dry,
And bear a blessed testimony up to the throne on high.
Nor would that less beautiful because it wore no gem,
But those which shed such radiance from our Saviour's diadem,
Religion's light will lend a grace unknown to glittering toys,
And floods of mercy fill the soul with never-falling joys.
Do Christians realize the thought, that every talent given
Is for the Master's use bestowed, to be improved in Heaven?
Not to adorn these dying forms, our fellow worms to please,
But Him, whose searching eye our secret thoughts and motives sees.
Oh! could we in imagination stand before His throne,
And hear his righteous sentence on the deeds that we have done,
How vain these trifling baubles then, compared with one kind word
From Him who binds us for his own—our Saviour and our Lord.
No longer slaves to fashion's rules, or what the world might say,
Would we not strive to follow where His footsteps mark the way?
Make that our aim which pleases Him whose gracious smile is Heaven,
And render Him a just account of every talent given.
Lower Stewiacke. J. B.

The Chicago Tribune in a recent article gives utterance to the following creditable expressions in references to the assassination of Hon. T. D. McGeie, which we commend to the consideration of Fenian sympathizers everywhere:
"The Clerkenwell and other homicides in England, have been greater obstacles in the way of Irish freedom than the British army. This murder of McGeie will but intensify the detestation in which Fenianism is already held by the English people. Irish emancipation depends for its success upon public sentiment in England, the United States, and the civilized world. But public sentiment will recoil with horror from any association or sympathy with assassins. The American people will wash their hands of any interest in any cause in which cold-blooded midnight murder is made a part. The killing of McGeie will convince thousands of minds that he was right in his estimate of the character of his countrymen, and that his arguments were unanswerable except by the bullet. McGeie will now take rank among British murderers for their virtues, and on Fenianism will be visited the disgrace and dishonor, and, perhaps, retaliation for it."

Select Tale.

A QUEER OLD ROBBER.

Not many months ago one of the sights to be seen in Paris was the rather ghastly one of the embalmed body of the celebrated robber Cartouche, who flourished in France in the early part of the last century. Cartouche was sentenced in the year 1721 to be broken upon the wheel. According to some authorities the execution did not take place, the criminal having so ingratiated himself with one of his jailers that the latter agreed to forestall the extreme penalty by strangling him with a silken cord. Probably hemp was considered too vulgar a material for the final necktie of so famous a criminal; but at any rate, when the deed was done the jailer was allowed to retain the body as his perquisite, and he made a nice little sum of money by exhibiting it at two sous a head for a few days. Then the body was handed over to a surgeon for dissection; but that professional man happened also to be a speculating one, and instead of cutting up the body he embalmed it, and having enclosed it in a glass case, made a permanent show of it for an admission fee of ten sous. This doctor devised the body to Professor Ballouret, by whom it was presented to a museum. In course of time it passed through many hands, still in a state of perfect preservation, until it was acquired by its present proprietor for a sum equivalent to five hundred pounds.

Cartouche belonged to a family of respectable tradespeople in Paris. From his early youth he was a constant source of trouble to his parents on account of his irresistible propensity to thieving, and many were the scrapes into which he got himself through his operations. When about ten years of age he whipped up a duchess's lapdog from the cushion of a carriage that was waiting in front of a mansion. He had seized the animal adroitly by the muzzle, to prevent it yelping an alarm, but somehow it got its head free and bit his hand, whereupon he dropped it, and a footman coming up at the moment, Master Cartouche was treated by him to a sound flagellation.

In the backyard of a house in the street in which Cartouche's parents lived there was a tank in which some ducks of a valuable breed were kept. To obtain some of these birds had long been a pet project with young Cartouche, but it was not so easy to execute it, as the yard was guarded by a large dog. A brilliant idea, however, occurred to the mind of the juvenile delinquent. He procured some fishing-tackle of a fine but strong description, and provided with this, he got upon the roof of the house, whence, by scrambling over parapets and creeping along leads, he arrived at the roof of the house to which the ducks belonged. Here he baited his hook with duck's meat of some kind, and letting it down gently to the tank, soon hooked the old drake and began to haul him up hand over hand. When the drake was about half-way up the wall, however, the flapping of his wings against a window attracted the attention of some one within, and the trick was discovered. The law was not called into requisition on account of the youth of the delinquent; but appropriate justice was dealt out to him by immersing him in the duck pond from which he had expected to make so good a "haul."

After a brief career of vice and crime in Paris Cartouche went into Normandy, where he organized a gang of brigands, whom he commanded as chief. Here some of his exploits have become traditional.

A nobleman was travelling through the country in his carriage, with postillions and outriders. It was about dusk when, at a lonely part of the road, they encountered a man on horseback, who, presenting a gun at the postillions, commanded them to pull up, on pain of death. This they did, while the two outriders put spurs to their horses and galloped away. Then the robber, who was no other than Cartouche, approached the nobleman and saluted him with much respect, at the same time keeping the muzzle of his gun pointed at him. The traveller had no arms, so that defence was impossible; and the robber addressed him with: "I beg a thousand pardons of your lordship's august honor for stopping your carriage, but I assure you that pressing necessity has driven me to the act. I am an armorer, and being much pressed for money I would gladly dispose of this gun to your lordship, if your lordship will only have the goodness to purchase it of me."

"And how much do you want for it, pray?" asked the nobleman, surprised at this mode of proceeding by a highwayman.

"One thousand francs," replied Cartouche. "The piece is worth double that, as you can see from its mountings; but I am pressed for money, as I have said, and you shall have it at a bargain."

"I have but five hundred francs with me," said the nobleman.

The nobleman, seeing that resistance might cost him his life, opened his writing-case and wrote out the check, which he handed, with the five hundred francs to the robber, who handed

him the gun, and bowing to the saddlebow, turned his horse's head to go. At this moment the nobleman, cocking the gun, aimed it at Cartouche's head, crying: "Hand me back my money, you robber, or else I will blow out your brains."

"That, my lord, would not be an easy thing to do with an unloaded gun; and although I have several unloaded pistols about me, I do not think it would be judicious of me to lend them to you in your present temper. Spare your epithets; I am not a robber on this occasion, at least, but have made a regular commercial transaction with you;" and with these words the fascal gave an ironic laugh, and disappeared into the thicket.

The next day the nobleman notified his banker, so that payment of the check should be stopped; but Cartouche had been beforehand with him, and received the money. It seems that the robber, for some reason or other, had made a vow not to steal for a certain time, and, being pressed for money, had hit upon this subterfuge to keep his conscience quiet.

Finding that Normandy did not afford a sufficiently wide field for his operations Cartouche returned to Paris, where he soon became the leader of a widely extended and very expert gang of thieves. The police arrangements at that day were very inefficient, and these robbers committed the most audacious thefts in the very heart of Paris. Cartouche, as a general thing, was opposed to the taking of life, and his mode of operating was often very eccentric.

One day he went into a tavern in the neighborhood of Paris to seek for some refreshment. The man of the house and his wife appeared to be in trouble about something, and Cartouche inquired of them the cause. He was told that they were unable to pay their rent, and that the owner of the premises had threatened to eject them.

"How much do you owe?" asked Cartouche.
"Three thousand francs," replied the innkeeper.

After a few moments' reflection Cartouche said: "You seem to be good honest people enough, and I should like to help you out of your difficulty. I will lend you the sum named, which you can repay me at your convenience. Notify your landlord to come here to-morrow at three o'clock to receive his rent, the amount of which has been lent to you by a friend, and be sure that he gives you a receipt in full."

Well, the landlord came at the appointed hour, pocketed his three thousand francs, and went on his way rejoicing. As he was passing through a piece of woodland, however, on his way to Paris, he was confronted by Cartouche and one of his gang, who robbed him of all the money he had about him, amounting to more than four thousand francs.

Cartouche and his gang used frequently to perpetrate robberies more for the purpose of exhibiting their address than with a view to gain. It is told of this audacious marauder that he once offered a handsome reward to one of his followers if the latter would steal the coat off the back of a certain constable or inspector of police, who had made himself obnoxious to them by his vigilance. The robber undertook the commission, and watching his opportunity, when the inspector, dressed in his very best uniform, was on his watch in some procession, one day, he slit his coat down the back with a knife. Having done this, he kept his eye upon the officer until he saw him enter his home, into which he shortly afterwards followed him, but not until he had seen the wife of the officer leave the house soon after her husband had entered. Calling for the master of the House he represented himself as being a journeyman with the tailor employed by that officer, saying that a lady had called and ordered him to come for a coat that had been damaged and needed immediate repair. The unsuspecting officer at once handed his coat to the rascal, and that was the last he ever saw of it.

When Cartouche was at last arrested and brought to justice there was such a host of complaints and witnesses in the case that the trial lasted for two months. While it was pending Legend, the poet, wrote a comedy based on the career of the robber, and called it "Cartouche;" and it is a fact not very creditable to the French licensing authorities of the period that this comedy was produced for the first time on the very day on which the robber paid the forfeit of his crimes.

LESSONS FROM AN OLD MERCHANT.

That veteran and honorable merchant, Jonathan Sturges of New York, at the dinner given in his honor on the occasion of his retirement from active business, gave the following golden counsel to young men:

Now, gentlemen, since there is nothing that I can talk about that you do not understand a great deal better than I do, I propose to say a few words for the benefit of the young men outside, and if you approve of what is said, let it be considered as said by this Grand Jury of Merchants now assembled.

One of the first lessons I received was in 1813 when I was eleven years of age. My grandfather had collected a fine flock of merino sheep, which were carefully cherished during the war of 1812-

15. I was a shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy, who was more fond of his books than of his sheep, was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay in the shade and read his books. I finally complained of this to the old gentleman. I shall never forget his benignant smile as he replied: "Never you mind; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep." I thought to myself, what does this old gentleman mean? I don't expect to have any sheep. My aspirations were moderate in those days, and a first-rate merino buck was worth \$1000. I could not make out exactly what he meant, but I had great confidence in him, as he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington's time. So I concluded it was all right, whatever he meant, and went out contentedly with the sheep. After I got to the field I could not get that idea out of my head. Finally I thought of my Sunday lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make you ruler over many things." Then I understood it: Never you mind who else neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward. I do not think it will take many lads as long as it did me to understand this proverb.

I received my second lesson soon after I came to this city as a clerk to the late Luman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to purchase goods of Mr. Reed. He expressed his gratification at finding me there, and said to me: "You have got a good place; make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did the proverb about the sheep. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me an interest in his business.

The first morning after the co-partnership was announced Mr. James Geery, the old tea-merchant, called to see me, and said to me: "You are all right now; I have one word of advice to give you: be careful who you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

In this connection I must repeat an anecdote told of the late Robert Lennox. A country merchant came into the store of Mr. Morton, a highly respectable Scotch merchant to purchase goods. He spoke about credit, references, &c. Mr. Morton said: "I will give you what credit you wish." "But," said the merchant, "I am an entire stranger to you." Mr. Morton replied: "Did I not see you at church with Robert Lennox?" "Yes, I was at church with him."

"Well, I will trust any man whom Robert Lennox will take to church with him."

I hope these three lessons of watchfulness over the interests of their employers, watchfulness over their partner's interests and their own, after they are joined, followed by intense watchfulness that no black sheep creep into their folds, may be impressed by these anecdotes upon the minds of those for whom they are intended.

One other lesson I feel it necessary to inculcate—that of patience. With a little patience most young men will find a position as high as they have fitted themselves to fill.

In all the changes which have taken place in my firm since 1822, no partner has been brought in who has not served as a clerk in the establishment. And I now leave my home well organized, prosperous, and free from complications, still in the hands of those who have served in it as clerks for a longer or shorter period. I mention this as an encouragement to young men to persevere in the faithful performance of their duties.

AN ALLEGORY OF LIFE.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:

"What is the matter, my little leaf?"
"The wind has told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"O! branch, why are you lead color, and we golden?"
"We must keep up our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holidays because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

Some one has heard in Jamaica the silly story that England is calling home her navy to be used in the war with the States about the Alabama claims, and has taken the pains to send the report by telegraph.

And America is selling her iron clads while the chief officer of the navy is absent in Europe on a pleasure trip.

LATE EUROPEAN NEWS

The City of Cork arrived at Halifax on Saturday forenoon last.

The recent debate in the House of commons on the proposed disestablishment of the Church in Ireland has awakened a considerable amount of comment in the French journals. According to the Paris correspondent of the Morning Post, the liberal press and the journals which represent Roman Catholic interests generally applauded the proposed alterations. Among the Ultramontane party the contemplated changes are viewed as a concession to the Roman Catholic Church, but the liberal journals applauded them upon principle and as an act of justice to Ireland.

A Cabinet Council was held on Saturday 4th inst., and the Morning Post is the authority for the statement, which will be readily believed, that the unanimous decision of the Ministers was not to resign in consequence of the defeat sustained that morning.

Warlike apprehensions again prevail in France, despite the improbabilities of such an issue which are to be found in the present condition of Europe. On no part of the continent is public opinion in favor of war; the cabinets of Europe offer each other assurances of the most pacific intentions; every power has the most powerful reasons for desiring peace; and there exists no cause motive, or international quarrel likely to lead to hostilities. England, as usual, is pacific; Prussia is engaged in organizing her recent conquests, and Austria in consolidating her new institutions; Italy, it is thought has quite as much as she can manage to organize her finances; Spain counts for nothing; Russia still covets the empire of the Sultan and keeps up agitation there, but she cannot look for any satisfactory solution in an appeal to arms. France alone remains; and it is believed by those most acquainted with the country and Government, that France thinks more of deloping her liberties regulating her finances, and promoting her industry, than of extending her frontiers.

The news of the safety of Dr Livingstone is confirmed. Letters from Dr Livingstone himself, "dated from a place much further north than that reached by Mr. Young's expedition," have been brought by native traders to Dr Kirk, at Zanibar, who has communicated their contents to Sir Roderick Murchison. It appears from Dr Livingstone's own statements that he was in perfect health, "and his journey had been a most successful one and that when he wrote he was "on his way to join Dr. Kirk." This direct news will fully dispel any lingering uneasiness in the minds of Dr Livingstone's friends, although the knowledge acquired by Mr Young's expedition had shown that the story of the runaway Johanna men was utterly false.

At the Central Criminal Court, London, on the 18th, the grand jury true bills against all the Fenian prisoners—except O'Neil—concerned in the Clerkenwell outrage.

A rumor is circulated in Paris that the Emperor Napoleon is going immediately to Algeria, and that a fleet is already making preparations to escort him. This report is thought to be strengthened by a prolonged interview which took place on Friday between Marshall M'Mahon, the Governor of Algeria, and the Emperor.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Provincial Secretary's Office, Halifax, N. S., 16th April, 1868.—His Excellency by and with the advice of the Executive Council has been pleased to make the following appointments:
In the County of Cumberland—Amos Fowler, of Amherst, to be a Commissioner of Sewers.
In the County of Colchester—John B. Dickie to be Trustee of School Lands in the Township of Onslow, in the place of Joseph Dickson, deceased.
Samuel Hamilton to be a Commissioner of Sewers for Lower Onslow, in place of John King, removed to Truro;
Thomas Wilson to be a Commissioner of Sewers for the Township of Londonderry.
In the County of Kings—Rev. Richard Avery and Johnson Patterson and William Miller, Esquires, to be Commissioners of Schools.
In the County of Queens—Edward McLeod, of Bruden, John A. Delap and Thomas Day, of Liverpool, to be Commissioners of New Bridge at Liverpool.
In the County of Halifax—James Thompson and Augustus C. West to be Commissioners of Schools.
In the County of Lunenburg—Rev. D. C. Moore to be a Commissioner of Schools for the Township of New Dublin.

W. A. Henry, late Attorney General, and John Tobin, late member for Halifax in provincial Parliament, it is understood in the city, are rival candidates for the vacancy in the senate caused by the death of Mr. Wier.