

# THE MIRROR

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VOL. II

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No 17.

**The Mirror**  
AND  
**Colchester County Advertiser**  
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**By RALPH PATRICK.**

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**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH**

## 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 dis-  
close,  
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 super-  
stition reigns;  
Where death but leads to endless death and ever-  
lasting pains.  
How many jewels sparkling now on beauty's grace-  
ful 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 Savi-  
our's diadem,  
Religion's light will lend a grace unknown to glit-  
tering 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 motive 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 gra-  
cious 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 expres-  
sions in references to the assassination of Hon.  
T. D. McGe, which we commend to the con-  
sideration of Fenian sympathizers every-  
where:  
"The Clerkenwell and other homicides in Eng-  
land, have been greater obstacles in the way of  
Irish freedom than the British army. This mur-  
der of McGe will but intensify the detestation  
in which Fenianism is already held by the Eng-  
lish people. Irish emancipation depends for its  
success upon public sentiment in England, the  
United States, and the civilized world. But pub-  
lic 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  
murder is made a part. The killing of  
McGe will convince thousands of minds that he  
was right in his estimate of the character of his  
countrymen, and that his arguments were un-  
answerable except by the bullet. McGe 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 Car-  
touche, who flourished in France in the early  
part of the last century. Cartouche was sen-  
tenced in the year 1721 to be broken upon the  
wheel. According to some authorities the exe-  
cution 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 dissec-  
tion; 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 thiev-  
ing, 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 lap-  
dog from the cushion of a carriage that was wait-  
ing 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 flagel-  
lation.

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 win-  
dow 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 organ-  
ized a gang of brigands, whom he commanded as  
chief. Here some of his exploits have become  
traditional.

A nobleman was travelling through the coun-  
try 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 ad-  
dressed 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 lord-  
ship 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 bar-  
gain."

"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 Car-  
touche'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 suffi-  
ciently 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 commit-  
ted the most audacious thefts in the very heart  
of Paris. Cartouche, as a general thing, was op-  
posed to the taking of life, and his mode of  
operating was often very eccentric.

One day he went into a tavern in the neigh-  
borhood 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 inn-  
keeper.

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 thou-  
sand francs.

Cartouche and his gang used frequently to per-  
petrate robberies more for the purpose of ex-  
hibiting 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 follow-  
ers 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 vigi-  
lance. The robber undertook the commission,  
and watching his opportunity, when the inspec-  
tor, 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 after-  
wards 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 mas-  
ter 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 com-  
plaints 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 com-  
edy 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, Jon-  
athan 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 con-  
sidered 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 ex-  
pect 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 Con-  
gress 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 under-  
stood 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 mer-  
chant 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 Len-  
nox?" "Yes, I was at church with him."  
"Well, I will trust any man whom Robert Len-  
nox 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 watchful-  
ness 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 establish-  
ment. 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:  
"What is the matter, my little leaf?"  
"Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you  
shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on  
nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook  
itself and stirred up all its leaves, the  
branches shook themselves, and the little twig  
shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and  
down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it  
off. And so it grew all summer long till Octo-  
ber. And when the bright days of Autumn  
came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around  
and some were beautiful. Some were yellow,  
and some scarlet, and some striped with both  
colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant.  
And the tree said: "All these leaves put on  
these colors because of joy." Then the little  
leaf began to want to go, and grew very beau-  
tiful in thinking of it, and when it was very  
gay in color, it saw that the branches of the  
tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:  
"Oh! branch, why are you lead color, and we  
golden?"

"We must keep on 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 in-  
to 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 Ala-  
bama 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 com-  
mons on the proposed disestablishment of  
the Church in Ireland has awakened a con-  
siderable amount of comment in the French  
journals. According to the Paris correspon-  
dent of the Morning Post, the liberal press  
and the journals which represent Roman  
Catholic interests generally applauded the pro-  
posed alterations. Among the Ultramon-  
tane party the contemplated changes are  
viewed as a concession to the Roman Cath-  
olic Church, but the liberal journals applaud  
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 au-  
thority for the statement, which will be readi-  
ly believed, that the unanimous decision of  
the Ministers was not to resign in conse-  
quence of the defeat sustained that morn-  
ing.

Warlike apprehensions again prevail in  
France, despite the improbabilities of such  
an issue which are to be found in the pre-  
sent 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 consolida-  
ting her new institutions; Italy, it is thought  
has quite as much as she can manage to or-  
ganize 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 Living-  
stone is confirmed. Letters from Dr. Liv-  
ingstone 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 knowl-  
edge 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 out-  
rage.

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 be-  
tween Marshall M'Mahon, the Governor of  
Algeria, and the Emperor.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Provincial Sec-  
retary'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, de-  
ceased;

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 Sew-  
ers 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 provin-  
cial Parliament, it is understood in the  
city, are rival candidates for the vacancy in  
the senate caused by the death of Mr. Wier.