

# THE MIRROR

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## Miscellaneous.

On the death of Miss MARY MILLER, who departed this life August 22nd, A. D. 1859.

My dear young cousin thou hast gone  
And left kind friends behind  
Who gaily watched thy fading form  
Till death thine eyes did blind.

Yes, watched and watched from hour to hour,  
And strove to soothe thy pains;  
But now we trust you are beyond  
The reach of them again.

The day I last did visit you  
I think I long will miss,  
Likewise the words you spoke to me,  
Affectionate and kind.

You spoke of Heaven, your glorious home,  
Where all are free from pain,  
And hoped that you would meet me there  
Never to part again.

I bade you long farewell, and turned  
To hasten home again,  
But soon the message came that you  
Had ceased to suffer pain.

I to your funeral did go,  
When kind friends gathered near,  
To pay a tribute of respect  
To one that had been dear.

When friends did gather round thy clay,  
A farewell look to take,  
Their bosoms heaved with many sighs,  
And soon their hearts did ache.

We laid your body in the grave,  
Where it will calmly sleep,  
Till the trumpet of God it calls  
Him to arise and meet.

We trust your body then will rise  
And wear its crown on high,  
To ever sing God's praise above  
The region of the sky.

September 1st, 1859.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.**—Mr. B., a well known metropolitan printer once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. Its getting a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes is not what they was. How much do you ask?" "Can you have it done in half an hour? Wish you would—want to be getting home—live a good ways out of town." "Certainly." When the good old lady went she returned to the office of the American Bible Society and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it; it's 'en 'most as good as new! I never see nothing so curious as what printers is."

**ROYAL ARBITER.**—Frederic the Great was very fond of a dissertation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to express his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots."

**THE WORLD IN A DROP OF WATER.**—The microscope has shown that a drop of water, though it may appear to the naked eye perfectly clear, is swarming with living beings. According to Ehrenberg, a cubic inch of water may contain more than 800,000,000,000 of these beings, estimating them to occupy only one-fourth of its space; and a single drop placed under the microscope will be seen 500,000,000; an amount perhaps nearly equal to the whole number of human beings on the surface of our globe.

**CHANGING STEPS.**—Who has seen an awkward couple walking arm in arm whose failure to "keep step" results in mutual misery? Occasionally, by accident, they fall into keeping step for a while, and for a time they move harmoniously and happily, with graceful fluidity of motion. But, for the most part, their progress consists of a ludicrous joggling gait, fearfully trying to contact and retrace. This is but a type and illustration of the discomfort which some men endure through life, for the simple want of not knowing when to "change step." For example, a man marries. His wife is in almost everything a fit help-mate, but she has, and who has not, her little infirmities. As long as they jog along like the road in the double harness of matrimony, "keeping step," they are happy and comfortable; suddenly some little eccentricity, a foible in one or the other, interferes with the pleasant concert, there is annoyance and confusion. They have "lost step." Now, my friend, is the time to "change step." Don't stubbornly trudge along at your own pace, but skillfully, for the moment, honor your infirmities. "Change step." You will soon find, by a transition so easy as to be unnoted, that both have returned to the original and natural order of march, and you have escaped one of the "beezes" which, trilled with, sometimes swell into fearful storms, in which the latest hopes and affections of life are wrecked forever.

—Paris has a queer case of kleptomaniac. An English lady of high birth has many times been taken on the counts on the charge of stealing, although her circumstances are such that she might buy everything she needs. Her latest trick was fastening a fine silk thread to a one franc piece, and when the person by her side in the omnibus opened her purse to pay fare, she handed her the coin with the remark that it fell from her portmanteau. By means of the silk thread the portmanteau was afterwards withdrawn from the lady's pocket.

## THE MISER'S STORY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

By the grace of God I am what I am! I was born in England. I remember nothing but poverty—stalking crime and absolute want. The houses where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the old blind-eyed man who kicked and commanded me was my father, I never knew. Whether the woman who sometimes fed and often beat me was my mother, I cannot say. All I know is, that I had a miserable drag-about life of it, going round after cold victuals, knocking smaller boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good looking boy; they call me good-looking now for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with children as I see them. Of course I was like the rest of my class. I could fight a little and swear a little, steal a little and eat a good deal—that is, when I got the chance, which was seldom.

I was ignorant, didn't know one letter from another, and didn't want to. What did I care about education, I who never saw a book from one year's end to another? And love, gratitude, hope—I could, of course, understand neither. Nobody loved me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one day; I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw, and involuntarily the words came from my lips: "I'm going to do something to-day." What that something was I had not the remotest idea, but put on my apologies for clothes, and sallied out in my vagabond way, whistling, caring for nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet tasted a mouthful of food. I was hungry, and skulked about grocery shops, hoping I could get an opportunity to take an apple, or something to stay my appetite till I felt in humor for begging. Passing round the corner of a public street, I saw a genteel-looking man standing at his horse's head, gazing about him somewhat perplexed. "Eh?" he cried, "won't you take care of my horse for half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "I think it was the first time I had ever put on the sir." "There's a man!" he exclaimed; "I've got considerable fruit here, and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of pence for you; just stand here quietly—I guess nobody'll disturb you."

He went away, and I stood for a while till I was tired. Then, thinks I, I'll get a hatful of the fruit and run. But for the first time I felt an instinct of shame at the suggestion. "He trusted me—he saw I was a mean-looking fellow, too, but he trusted me, and I went along his kindness."

Something like this reasoning ran in my head, and I squatted down on the carbstone, feeling the importance of an honorable trust as I had never felt such a thing before. Presently some of my fellows came along and hailed me. "I told them to go on. They peered behind the cart, and saw the sunny faces of the pence."

"We'll have some of them," they said. "No you won't," says I; "I'm put in charge here, and I won't see the first thing stole."

With that they began a rumpus. They reached over the cart, I struck them, and used such efforts that they all came pell-mell upon me, and we fought till the blood came; but I vanquished them. Just then out came the proprietor.

"What's the matter?" said he. "Oh, nothing, only I had to fight for your stuff there," says I.

"You did, hey?—You're got a black eye for it."

"No matter," says I. "I meant them boys should not steal a cursed peach, and they didn't neither."

"Well, you've got good pluck, my boy; here's a dollar for you—but don't swear."

My eyes stood out.

"A whole dollar?" says I.

"Yes; do what you please with it, but I'd advise you to buy a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," says I, with a beating heart. "It pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me several questions, and ended by taking me home with him in his wagon.

Home? I thought I was in heaven, albeit I had seldom heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I put my feet upon those rich carpets. The mirrors were something new to me.

The next day there came a man to see me. I was washed clean, and had on a good suit of clothes. Says he:

"Youngster, I'm going in where you live, and probably I shall make a bargain with your people. I want a boy—just such a spryly clever boy as you are, and if you will behave yourself, I promise you you shall have as pleasant a home as you desire."

Well, that was good. I hadly dared to speak, to breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I

never was so happy clear through as on that day. They gave me some light tasks to do—I washed them were more important.

From that day I was treated as a member of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children, consequently I became to him as a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one he died and left me seventeen thousand dollars.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth; it became an idol to me. How to increase it was now my desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel put my money out at interest—bought stocks and mortgages. I grew wealthier. My business (my benefactor had stocked me a fancy store) prospered, and I was in a fair way, I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

"Sweet Lucy Manning!" the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply—dearly. She was blue-eyed, auburn-haired. Her disposition was that of an angel, and I had plighted my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant, and there I met a siren in the person of his niece, a black-eyed girl whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid! She was an heiress in her own right; she was beautiful and accomplished. Heaven! what a voice was hers—pure, clear, sweet, ravishing. I was charmed, and she was pleased with me. Alas! I met her too often. In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy: she magnetized, thrilled me. It was a triumph to feel that so beautiful, gifted and wealthy a woman loved me—me, who had been brought up in the purlieus of a city—had known misery and corruption all the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no token from her—she was too proud. But that cheek grew pale—that heavenly eye languid; and though I seldom met her, I knew in my heart she was suffering, and branded myself a villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me a letter—a touching letter—not one word of upbraiding, not one word of regret! Oh, what a noble soul! "Eh?" he cried, "won't you take care of my horse for half an hour?"

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papers that were there. She returned, her face white with terror, to say there was nothing there, and all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with curses and imprecations, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay deprived of reason, literally treading the verge of the grave. One morning I was conscious only of a sinking, deathly feeling, as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw, standing beside me, her soft eyes veiled with pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment, I thought I might be in heaven—but no, I reasoned with myself, I loved money too early. Again I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but, oh, did it not wear the sainted beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet, unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out, and I was once again innocent, untouched by the gripping hand of avarice; true, loving and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last as my strength surely returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety, she had left me, and oh, the blank—the dreadful blank!

I wandered around my rooms, now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits. I know not why, but towards my wife my feelings seemed to have undergone a revolution. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, had deceived me, shattered my health, destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the recovery of my money, but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed and lonely man. I had been thinking thoughts that only burned my brain, but did not purify my heart.

"If I had only married sweet Lucy," I said again and again, "all this had not been so."

My housekeeper came in with a letter—an unusually large package it was—and as it bore a foreign postmark, I opened it with a trembling hand. What was that? A rustling, crumpled bank note! Another and another came forth, until there lay upon my knees twenty bills of the largest denomination. A few trembling lines accompanied them:

"My HUSBAND—I am dying; my disease—there is no need of telling you. Forgive me, and accept this enclosed as a faint hope toward restitution. It is not much over half that we took from the safe. The rest is—I know not where. I am deserted. Farewell, forever!"

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed as if her spectral presence was near me. I shuddered as I rolled the bills together, and threw them across the room.

"Lie there till I have conquered myself—aye, if the victory is not won till you are rotten."

I shut the door up and sealed it, and for six months I toiled like a penniless man, till I partially redeemed myself. By managing cautiously I placed my business on a successful footing, and began life again, a new man. It took many a year to wear off my old habits of parsimony, but every effort gave me a new and agreeable pleasure.

Meantime Lucy Manning became dearer to me than she had ever been in the flush of youth. I treated her forgiveness, humbled myself to a confession, tested myself in all ways, and convinced her at last that I was as worthy now as once I was only in seeming. On the day of my wedding, I opened the sealed door. The bank notes lay where I had flung them. I took them up with the pride of a conqueror, and placing them in her hands, exclaimed:

"They are no longer my masters; use them as you will."

Now I am a man!—redeemed from the thralldom of covetousness. I have three blooming children. Lucy is an angel of goodness and I will write myself as I did at the beginning—"By the grace of God I am what I am."

**THE CHOLERA SHIP IN THE LOWER BAY.**—SNOOKING REVELATION.—Some few days ago the Hamburg ship Leibnitz reached this port with 450 passengers—sixty days ago she started from the other side with 600 men, women and children. On the passage cholera broke out, and before reaching New York the bodies of 105 of the passengers had been thrown overboard. Yesterday morning a committee from the German Society, consisting of Dr. Piper, Dr. Schwartzberg, Mr. Althoff, Mr. Flagler, Commissioner Kapp and Philip Bissinger visited the ship Illinois, to which the survivors had been transferred. In a series of conversations with the surviving passengers of the Leibnitz, the committee learned that from the day of departure up to two weeks ago the food dealt out to the passengers was of the poorest quality; that the water was scarce and filthy, and that the sick and dying received no attention whatever from the officers of the vessel. Dr. Piper, Dr. Schwartzberg, Dr. Krause, Mr. Althoff, Mr. Flagler, Commissioner Kapp and Philip Bissinger, together with Drs. Swinburne and Reid, made a thorough examina-

tion of the Leibnitz, and closely interrogated a number of the passengers from whom they learned that the treatment received by the sick passengers was heartless.

For several weeks the amount of water dealt out to each grown person was about one quart for twenty-four hours. The food was miserable (a specimen, given with age and impurities, exhibited at the Tribune office), and the amount of food to eat. The suffering experienced by the poor people it would be difficult to describe. Suffice it to say, that out of 540 who left the old country in good health 301 reached this in a condition bordering upon starvation and lunacy. The survivors are all now in a fair way to recover from their fright through the kind offices of Dr. Swinburne and Reid.—N. Y. Tribune.

**SYSTEM ON THE FARM.**

There are a thousand little things that really do not take any time at all to attend to, because they come in as a part of one's general management and occupy odd hours only. One man, in passing through his fields, may see a machine or a dock, or some other vice ward of the soil, get up and up it comes. He will not allow a single growth to sap the goodness of his soil. Another will pass them by unobserved. A whole field of mullens, a whole field of white weeds, a whole garden full of yellow dock, would hardly excite his notice.

Now the farmer who takes a few moments to pull up a yellow dock, really spends a little time in keeping down the weeds, and the probably effects more in his day's work than the man who neglects it. He will not have any weeds in his fields as clean and free from such worthless growth. It is the system that counts, and the want of system on the part of the other, that makes the difference between the thrifty farmer and the careless one.

If you find a man's fields reasonably clean and free from weeds, his pastures free from mullens and such like growth, you will expect to find his barns kept in order, and would observe but little waste of feeding substances, or other things about the premises; you would find his heart in his business; and it makes a wonderful difference at the end of the year whether this general system of economy is adopted or not.

A farmer who keeps his tools scattered about, and who suffers the hay to go to waste on the barn-floor, will justify it on the ground of want of order; but the fact is, a reasonable degree of order and neatness saves time; and not only that, but it makes the difference between success and failure in any farming enterprise. It makes a vast difference in the results of the year, for instance, whether a herd of cows in a dairy are regularly milked, regularly fed, and regularly turned out of the barn or not. Everybody at all conversant with farm management knows that, in one case it is a steady persistent system; in the other it is chance, and the chance is that it won't pay.

In conducting any farm many things have to be done that do not in themselves pay any immediate profit. It is the future results that are to be looked to for the returns in money. If the fields are kept clear of weeds the grass will flourish and yield good crops. If the pastures are cleared of brush and mullens, they carry more stock, and the good crops of hay and the good pastures put on flesh and mutton, which, in the form of these products, or in the form of milk, or work, or wool, must be expected to pay in dollars and cents. Here is the result of system, and the farmer who adopts the true system and follows it up will be sure to succeed, or if not, he ought to, for the result will generally measure the value of the system.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

**ROOTS AND STOCK RAISING.**—The Canada Farmer says: "It is impossible to keep stock advantageously without roots. This fact, and the fact also that roots play such an important part in a judicious rotation, ought to induce more attention to them. The Turpie culture has been pronounced the sheet-anchor of British agriculture. It has wrought little short of a revolution in farming matters in the old country, and it will do the same here if it can be made general. Turnips do not require to be sown until the latter of spring work is over, and thus a season of comparative leisure may be appropriated to this important crop. They are a perfectly sure crop, and, on good land, highly productive and remunerative. In this country they flourish, as in Britain, best on a good, but not a heavy, soil. They, however, stand a considerable degree of cold, and keep well either in pits or moderately well protected cellars."

**OFFENDED TOO EASILY.**—It is better to pass a dozen innocent insults without recognition than to take offense at a single unintentional neglect or reflection. Misunderstandings are fruitful of more unkindly feelings and bitterness in society than ever result from deliberate ill-nature. Hundreds of friendships have been sundered by the slightest sensitiveness which is ever lacking for offence. We can all point to certain persons who are thus morbidly sensitive, to a painful degree. They are disagreeable companions. We need not spend our precious time in pointing to them, however. We have each something to guard in our own character. If we could remove this over-jalous watchfulness society would gain a new charm, or rather it would be relieved of a very disagreeable feature. Pass neglect, then, and personal reflections, as gracefully as possible, instead of taking the risk of being offended where no offence is intended.

**THE NOVA SCOTIAN FISHERMEN.**

The suffering caused by the almost complete fallow of the shore fisheries of our sister provinces appeals to us with a pathos which no benevolent heart can disregard. A class of men famed for their bravery and industry has, by no fault of their own, been brought face to face with misery such as stoutness of heart cannot alleviate or a-