

THE MIRROR

And Colchester County Advertiser.

VOL. II

TRURO N. S. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

NO 23

The Mirror

Colchester County Advertiser
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 ad-
vertisements.

AGENTS:
General Agent—Isaac Baird;
Travelling Agent—F. D. Simpson;
Halifax—W. G. Pender;
Acadian Mines—Isaac Hingley;
Old Barns—Ebon Archibald;
Folley Village—R. Davison;
New Annan—George Nelson;
North River—Robert Stewart;
Upper Stewiacke—R. C. Waddell;
Upper Economy—Robert McLeod;
Earlton—Wm. McKay;
Tatamagouche—J. Murphy;
Tatamagouche Vi. lège—Robert Parvia;
Tatamagouche Bay—Dobson;
New Annan—Gavin Bell;
Reversdale—J. B. McCully;
Renfrew—W. Prince;
Pictou—M. McPherson;
Durham—D. B. Graham;
North Sydney, C. B.—W. D. Dimock;
Logan's Tannery—D. W. McKean.

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

Miss C. Vincent

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

SPRING AND SUMMER
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, &c. &c. &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a Paint Shop
in part of the building occupied by W. C.
Smith, as a Carriage Shop, and is prepared to do
Carriage, Sleigh, and Sign
Painting.

In all its branches as heretofore, and in the best
style.

Charges Moderate.—TERMS CASH
L. B. McELHENNY,
Truro, April 25, 1868.

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, a great advan-
tage to Country Merchants and others.
It is also within two minutes walk of
the wharf, at which the steamers of
the Inman line call. Permanent
and Transient Boarders accom-
modated on reasonable terms.
Meals ready at all hours.
Halifax, Dec. 1.

Select Poetry.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late! the toast had dried
Before the fire too long;
The cakes were scorched upon the side,
And everything was wrong!
She scorned to wait all night for one
Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
And cleared the things away.

He came too late; at once he felt
The supper hour was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She closed the pantry door.
The table cloth had passed away—
No dishes could he see;
She met him, and her words were gay—
She never spoke of tea!

He came too late! the subtle chords
Of patience were unbound,
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew he would say nothing now
That could the past repay;
She bade him go and milk the cow,
And coldly turned away.

He came too late! the fragrant steam
Of tea had long since flown;
The bread was cold as stone,
And when with word and smile he tried
His hungry state to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And never deigned to move.

Miscellaneous.

'Now, children,' said a schoolmaster 're-
member what I have told you. All the misery
that afflicts the world arose from the fact that
Eve stole an apple and divided it with Adam.'
'What a pity it hadn't been our Sal,' ex-
claimed an urchin. 'She's such a stingy
critter, that whenever she steals an apple she
eats the whole on't herself!'

Something spicy comes out, and the editor is
a blackguard. Next comes something argu-
mentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And
so, between them all, you see the poor devil
gets roughly handled. They never think that
what does not please them may please the next
man; but they insist, if the paper does not suit
them, it is good for nothing.

Is it so?—Every subscriber thinks the paper
is printed for his own benefit, and if there is
nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped
—it is good for nothing. Just as many sub-
scribers as an editor may have, so many tastes
he has to consult. One wants something sound;
one likes anecdotes, fun and frolic; and the next
door neighbors wonder that a man of good sense
will put such stuff in a paper.

In Rochester, when hay is sold by the ton, a
man conceals himself in the load and is weighed
with it; while the load is being driven to the
barn of the purchaser, the man leaves his hiding
place and goes back to the hay market to be re-
sold. This trick, which was discovered a few
days ago, has been practised for years. It
might have remained undiscovered for some
years longer, but for the boldness of the swind-
lers; they were noticed by some mechanics who
were working near the market.

The Amherst (Cumberland) Gazette reports the
destruction by fire on a new school-house, at
Malagast Point. Its destruction is attributed to
incuriousness, and we are sorry to learn that this is
the third school-house that has shared the same
fate from the same cause, within the last ten months,
in Cumberland county.

I, Richard Gratto, hereby certify that I was
afflicted with Erysipelas for three years; it was
the worst case that ever I saw. Eight months
ago, I commenced using Mr. Gordon's medi-
cine, and in four weeks I was a well man, and
have been well ever since.
Truro, March, 1868. RICHARD GRATTO.

An unfortunate shooting affair occurred yester-
day at Herring Cove between two brothers named
Lathers. It appears that they have been at variance
for some time past, and yesterday afternoon a dis-
pute arose between them about drying a net, when
one of them, Henry, went into his house, brought
out his musket loaded with shot and fired at his
brother Hugh, the shot lodging chiefly in his legs.
The services of Dr. Wickwire were promptly call-
ed for, who at once proceeded to the Cove and afford-
ed medical assistance. The wound, we understand,
will not prove fatal. The brother who fired the
shot immediately after escaped to the woods.

CASTING STEEL UNDER HIGH PRESSURE.—Mr.
Galy-Cayalot of France has invented a process
for making sound steel castings by means of
gaseous pressure applied to the metal as soon as
it is poured into sand molds inclosed in iron
flasks. The pressure is generated by exploding
about a quarter of an ounce of a powder consist-
ing of 80 parts of saltpetre and 20 parts of pul-
verized charcoal. It is said the invention has
been successfully applied in France in the cast-
ing of steel cannon.

The Methodist showed unusual journalistic
enterprise the week previous to the meeting of
the General Conference by an exhaustive article
on the statistics of Methodism. The aggregate
membership of all the branches of Methodism is
calculated to be about 3,500,000; and the total
population connected with them about 9,000,-
000.

At the late annual meeting of the American
Sunday-School Union it was stated in the Secre-
tary's report that, in the last ten years 20,000
schools had been established, in which instruc-
tions are given to 1,000,000 scholars. During
the past year about 10,000 teachers have been
employed by the Union in teaching 70,000
pupils, and \$115,000 have been expended.

Select Tale.

Written for the Mirror.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

A few miles from one of the railway stations
in the southern part of Colchester county stands
a neat little farmhouse. To the passing travel-
ler there is nothing attractive in the appearance
of this place or its surroundings; but let us step
inside and see if things do not look more inter-
esting. In the tidy kitchen, with its white
newly-sanded floor, stands a middle aged respect-
able-looking woman busily engaged in moulding
pies. Her dark morning dress and check apron
are spotlessly clean, and the white table, polished
stove and bright tins hanging beside it, show
plainly that no slattern presides here. While
the steaming plum loaf just taken from the oven,
the large pan of doughnuts, and the long row of
pies she is making, seem to indicate that prepara-
tions are going on for something more than the
usual family dinner. Presently the door opens.
A tall pleasant-looking man, his hair slightly
sprinkled with grey, enters, carrying a huge
basket of chips. Looking up with a smile, he
said:

'Mother, I have picked up a nice basket of
chips to help heat your oven. But you look
tired. Where is Lucy, that she does not assist
you?'

'I fancied that Lucy looked unusually sober
and thoughtful this morning; and thinking she
might wish to be alone a little while, I told her
to go and put the trimming on her dress, and I
would attend to the baking myself.'

'Poor thing! I dare say she thinks of us.
For my own part I do not see how we can get
along without her. She has always been the
darling of our old age.'

'Sometimes I feel so, too,' replied the mother;
'but I try to wear a cheerful countenance, for I
do not want her to know that we are so selfish
as to wish to keep her. I know she loves James,
and he is worthy of her; and if we live to be old,
God will provide some one to take care of us.
He has brought us thus far in comfort, and I am
not afraid to trust him still.'

We will leave the parents discussing the merits
of their daughter and her affianced husband, and
step into the next room. A cheerful fire is
burning on the hearth, and a beautiful girl sits
in front of it in a thoughtful attitude. A large
table is drawn up beside her, on which lies a
white muslin dress, with its ample folds touching
the floor. On one corner of the table is a small
box lined with delicate lace and white ribbons,
while thread and needles, scissors and edging,
are lying beside it ready for use. But none of
these things seem to engage her attention. With
one elbow on the table, head resting on her hand,
she sits gazing intently in the fire. Her coun-
tenance looks sad, and now and then a tear steals
over cheek, and falls unheeded to her lap. So
much is she absorbed in her own thoughts that
she does not hear the front door open, nor ob-
serve a manly form standing in the room regard-
ing her attentively. A familiar hand is laid on
her shoulder, and a well known voice speaking
in soft low tones causes her to start with sur-
prise.

'Lucy, dearest, what means this? Tears be-
side your wedding dress?'

'Oh James! I did not expect you to-day, and
thinking I was alone, I was very busy with my
own thoughts, and did not hear you come in.'

'Not very pleasant ones, I presume; but you
have no right now to indulge in such sad
thoughts without allowing me to share them.'

Seeing that she blushed and hesitated he took
her hand tenderly, and seating himself beside
her, said:

'I know, darling, you have been very busy for
the last few weeks, and I suppose you are nearly
worn out. But come, get your hat and shawl;
I want to drive you out this fine morning.'

'Please excuse me, James. I am not at all
fatigued, and would rather not go out this morn-
ing; but I will call father to put in your horse,
for I want to have a long talk with you.'

'But why not talk on the road? The carpen-
ters have just finished my house, and I want you
to see how nicely I have it fixed. Come, dearest,
the ride will do you good, and I promise to bring
you right back.'

She colored deeply, but replied calmly: 'What
I want to say to you I would rather say in the
house. Please humor me this time; it is prob-
ably the last time I shall ask you to do so.'

He gave her a searching look, but without
speaking he went out and fastened his horse;
then returning to her side he said quietly:

'Lucy, I do not understand your last remark.
You surely cannot think it any trouble to me to
please you?'

'No, James. I had ample proof of your kind-
ness in every respect, and it grieves my heart to
tell you what is in my mind; but duty bids me,
and I must do it.'

Drawing his chair nearer, and slipping his
arm around her waist, he said kindly:

'What can you have to say to me, Lucy, that
makes you tremble so? or why do you look so

sad? Speak out. You make me feel uneasy.'
For a moment she laid her head upon his
shoulder, and felt as if she had set herself a hard
task; then recovering, she spoke, without look-
ing in his face:

'For a long time the feeling has haunted me
that I should not leave father and mother. You
know some of their children are lying in the sil-
ent grave; some are married and doing for
themselves, and my brother and I are the only
ones left to them. When I was younger my
health was very delicate, and mother nursed me
with tender care; and now, when I have grown
strong, and she is growing older and weaker, it
seems to me very selfish, to say the least of it,
to consider my own happiness only, and leave her
alone to get along as best she can. I have
thought a great deal about it during the last
week, and I have come to the conclusion that it
is my duty to stay at home and do all I can for
the comfort of my parents—at least till my bro-
ther marries.'

'And you wish me to wait till that time
comes?'

'Oh! no, James; I never thought of such a
thing. There are plenty of nice girls round, and
some I could name would make you a better wife
than I can ever hope to be.'

'And you can thus deliberately place a barrier
between us forever, and that within three days
of our expected marriage. Oh! Lucy, Lucy,
how have I been blinded in you?'

'Dear James, do not speak so harshly. I am
very sorry I had not come to this conclusion
sooner; but the subject did not press so heavily
on my mind till the last week. If mother could
afford to hire a girl in my place, I should not
feel as I do about it; but you know their cir-
cumstances, and you do not, you cannot wish me
to fulfil my engagement, and carry with me to
your new home an aching heart and sorrowful
countenance. No; it is better for me, it is bet-
ter for both of us, to separate now than for me
to have my mind continually hardened with a
sense of duty unfulfilled.'

He rose and commenced pacing the floor for a
few moments, then pausing in front of her, he
said: 'Some time ago you told me you had
learned to love the Saviour, and seemed anxious
that I could see as you did. Is this the way you
recommend your religion to me by breaking your
engagement, and casting my happiness to one
side as a secondary consideration. Oh, Lucy! I
begin to fear that you have not told me all. Can
it be that some one is trying to supersede me in
your affections?'

For a moment she looked at him, then cover-
ing her face with both hands, she burst into
tears. He resumed his seat beside her, and
drawing her towards him, he whispered:

'Forgive me, Lucy, if I spoke bitterly; but I
am feeling deeply, and this has come upon me
unawares.'

'I know it, James, and this is the hardest
part of my trial; but do not, I beg of you, add
to my already overburdened heart by throwing
out suspicions that are utterly groundless. In-
deed you wrong me by such cruel words. You
will never know what it has cost me to come to
this decision. But I had hoped the sacrifice was
mostly my own, and nothing but a high sense of
duty could have induced me to make it; and I
solemnly assure you that in severing the tie be-
tween us I have no other in view, nor do I think
it likely that I shall ever marry. I will also
confess to you that next to my Saviour, you are
dearest to my heart. I shall always be pleased
to hear of your happiness, and I hope one day
to hear of you rejoicing in the comforts of that
religion you have spoken of so lightly.'

Drawing her closer to him he tried all his elo-
quence for the space of an hour to induce her to
change her resolution, but in vain. Then taking
his leave, he promised to accede to her request,
and try to think of her as a friend only. Watch-
ing him till he was out of sight, she tried to
choke back the tears, then going to her bedroom
she bathed her face, and falling on her knees she
asked her Heavenly Father for that comfort she
so much needed; and who ever asked in vain
When she was again calm she went to the kitchen,
where her mother was still busy over the hot
stove.

'Dear mother, those preparations may as well
cease. I have just had an interview with James,
and there will be no wedding this week.'

'My daughter, you surprise me. I hope you
have more sense than to allow any silly lover's
quarrel to come between you now. I have known
such things to embitter more than one life-time.'

'Nothing of the kind, I assure you, mother.
But I have thought a great deal about leaving
you alone in your declining years; and lately I
have made it a subject of prayer, and it seems to
me now that my duty is plainly pointed out.
And you know it is but a short time since I made
a profession of religion, and I feel so weak that
I am afraid I get along without your prayers and
example to help me on in my Christian course,
for although James is strictly moral, yet he
knows nothing of the Christian life, and the
society I should be thrown into as his wife would
not be conducive to my growth in grace. So,
taking all into consideration, I think it best to
remain with you. And now, dearest mother,
do not look troubled. Help me to keep my reso-

lution, and see if I don't prove myself one of the
kindest daughters you ever had.'

'Your arrangement is a very pleasant one for
me; but I am afraid you will regret it some
time. James can easily suit himself to another,
and do you think you could bear to hear of this
—to meet him in society, as you will be com-
pelled to if you go out at all, and see another
receiving the attention you once thought was all
your own; perhaps in a few months to see a wife
leaning on his arm, enjoying the happiness your
own heart is craving for.'

'Hush, mother; do not speak of it now. I
hope in time to be able to endure all this if I
can only be assured of his happiness. And now,
mother, say no more about it. I will go and
spread the cloth for dinner, and you rest a while.'

Time rolled on with its never-ceasing regular-
ity. Twelve months had passed since Lucy's
last interview with her lover, and she had never
regretted what she had done. Sometimes she
had caught herself wondering if he had ceased
to care for her, but the thought generally ended
in a prayer for his happiness. They had met
often at church, at singing school, and sometimes
he attended the prayer meeting, where he always
found her in her place. A slight bow or a casual
word, as she stood with other girls, were all the
civilities that passed now between those two who
had so lately been all the world to each other.

Sometimes Lucy felt conscious of being watched
while maintaining her place in the social circles
around; but she paid no attention, and kept
on her way quietly. Another year passed,
bringing no change to Lucy, except that her
brother had married, and brought to their home
a tender loving-hearted girl to share with her in
the daily routine of house-work. To this new
sister, as Lucy playfully remarked, she had given
up the privilege of attending to dear Tom's per-
sonal comfort; of arranging his collar and neck-
tie, brushing his hair, and all those nameless
attentions which make up the happiness of the
domestic circle. To her parents she was all
kindness and attention, and her time passed very
pleasantly. But reverses were in store.

One night in walking home from singing-
school, after a recent fall of snow she caught a
severe cold, and in spite of careful nursing she
grew worse and worse, till the family, becoming
alarmed, sent for a doctor. He very soon pro-
nounced it a severe case of hip disease, and can-
didly told her he was doubtful if she ever walked
again. This was a severe trial to one so young
and hopeful, but, through grace, she was enabled
to bear it calmly. Her brother's wife was all
kindness, and Lucy often rejoiced in her own
mother had some one to share in the accumu-
lated duties that had now devolved upon her.
Constantly in bed, her days would have seemed
long but for the comfort she derived from her
Bible; and when her sufferings were so great
she could not read her mother read to her. One
day after a severe night's suffering, and on wak-
ing she recognized a fondly remembered voice in
conversation with her mother. Observing that
she was awake, James came forward to the bed,
and taking her hand kindly, he told her how
sorry he had been to hear of her sickness, and
how shocked he was now to find her looking so
pale and emaciated. She answered cheerfully,
telling him of comfort she had enjoyed during
those long weary weeks of sickness, of kindness
received from friends and relatives, till he felt it
was a privilege to listen once more to her voice.
This visit was repeated again and again. Some-
times he would read to her, sometimes he would
tell her the news or gossip of the village; and
when the weather grew warm he would sit by
her bedside and fan her by the hour; but as yet
no reference was made by either to their former
connexion. As the summer advanced, Lucy
seemed to improve. She regained a portion of
her strength, and could sit up a few hours each
day. When any of the family were in her room
she employed herself in sewing or knitting, and
when she was alone she read or studied in order
to improve her mind. One day on entering her
room James found her alone, and taking a seat
beside her he removed the book from her lap,
and taking both her hands in his, he said ten-
derly:

'Lucy, I have loved you, and you only, during
all this time. You are still as dear to my heart
as the day you so coolly severed the tie between
us, and renounced all claim to my hand forever.
I cannot now reproach you for that decision. I
believe you did your duty, and contributed to
the happiness of your parents by so doing. That
duty is now fulfilled. Your brother has provided
them a kind daughter to help care for them in
their old age. God has taken from you the
power to assist them any longer, and now do you
think you can possibly revive the affection you
once entertained for me. My house is still
empty. I have health and strength. I will
work for you, care for you, as nobody else can.
Answer me candidly, for on you depends the
happiness of my future life.'

She looked at him a few moments without
speaking, then replied:

'Dear James, your kindness overcomes me.
This unexpected proof of your attachment is en-
tirely unlooked for; but I beg of you to take
time to consider this. Think of my helpless
situation. Think what a burden you would take
upon yourself.'

'But why not talk on the road? The carpen-
ters have just finished my house, and I want you
to see how nicely I have it fixed. Come, dearest,
the ride will do you good, and I promise to bring
you right back.'

She colored deeply, but replied calmly: 'What
I want to say to you I would rather say in the
house. Please humor me this time; it is prob-
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between us forever, and that within three days
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to have my mind continually hardened with a
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few moments, then pausing in front of her, he
said: 'Some time ago you told me you had
learned to love the Saviour, and seemed anxious
that I could see as you did. Is this the way you
recommend your religion to me by breaking your
engagement, and casting my happiness to one
side as a secondary consideration. Oh, Lucy! I
begin to fear that you have not told me all. Can
it be that some one is trying to supersede me in
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