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Select Poetry.

For the Mirror.
"Life is real, life is earnest."
—LONGFELLOW.

Idle loiterer! vainly dreaming on the golden shores of time,
Wasting all the precious moments in this life of thine.
Pearls of price they are, these moments, of untold, unvalued wealth,
Given to us, oh! how freely, by the God of love Himself.

He hath given them in his mercy. He hath given them them; but for what?
Surely not to waste and trifle in nothing else but idle thought;
But hath given them for action, fraught with feelings pure and true—
For in this world of sin and sorrow we each and all have work to do.

Work to do! and time is flying—passing out beyond recall;
And we're dreaming, idly dreaming, heeding not the warning call.

That should wake us from our slumbers to take in life an active part—
To ease the aching, bind the broken, soothe and calm the troubled heart.

If we would help to bear the burden; if to lighten up the path
Of some weary care-worn mortal, to whom the world seems always dark;
If to speak a word of kindness, if to dissipate the gloom
That hangs around the life of others, as we journey to the tomb.

Why, methinks, 'twould be a mission fraught with blessings from above,
Guiding us to seek more truly for our Heavenly Father's love;

Bringing joy and peace and gladness to our hearts to know that we
Let us then be "up and doing." May we not not in vain,
For very soon the Reaper cometh, ready for the ripened grain.

May he find the seed God hath planted, not by weeds and brambles choked,
But standing in the golden harvest, ripened into beautiful growth.

EMMA

Bayside, Onslow, Jan. 16, 1868.

Select Tale.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

I was looking over some family papers in my library one winter's night, some years ago, when I met with the following strange story. I well remember the circumstance, for it was the last night of the old year, and there was a deep snow on the ground. After a snug dinner in the library, all alone, I had the fire made up, put my feet on the fender, and was fast going off in a doze, when I remembered that I had left unfinished a box of family papers which my lawyer had brought up for my inspection a week ago. I drew the tin box well up on the hearth-rug, made a dive, and fetched up a packet of yellow papers tied up with red tape. Expecting some old deed or other, I was somewhat surprised when my eyes fell on the following words: "The Dead Man's Hand; or, Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

I have since ascertained that the papers in question were the property of my grandfather, who was a barrister. I believe he had a large practice at the bar before he retired on coming into his property. The only other fact I knew about him was that the place is still shown in the hall, where, after a hard run with the Downshire hounds, he was thrown from his horse, and carried home to rise no more.

"Dead Man's Hand" was not a lively subject on a dark December night, with two feet of snow on the ground, and the winter wind howling wildly through the trees, and dying away in a sullen roar in the distant chase. However, I snuffed the candle, stirred up the fire, and cast a ruddy glow in the dark corner where the old bookcase stands, and read as follows:

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Some years ago I was engaged in a very singular case, the leading points of which I will endeavor to recall. I remember it made a deep impression on me at the time; and even now, some of the circumstances and persons come to my memory painfully distinct. The face of one old woman often haunts me—there I see her now, in the witness-box, haggard and withered as a witch; a malevolent smile playing round her face, and her eye—what an evil eye it was—gleaming with a wild light; the whole countenance indicative of suppressed cunning. I was a young man

then, and had not at that time met with the success that afterwards fell to my lot. Briefs, in those days, were godsend indeed. I remember very well that I had sat all day in my dull lonely chambers, and my small boy, dignified with the name of clerk, had sat all day in his duller and lonelier room, when creak, creak, creak, came a footstep on the old stairs. Few steps ever got past the second floor, so I listened anxiously at that critical juncture—yes—no—yes, on it came past the capacious maw of Mr. Deedes, that eminent conveyancer, whose table is covered with hundred guinea abstracts, and twenty guinea settlements.

Rat-tat-tat came a knock at the door; off rushed the clerk in such a hurry that he upset the ink over my 'Reports,' for which he was threatened with instant dismissal on the next provocation, my wrath being only appeased by the extremity of penitence and humility to which he was thereby reduced. I believe we should really have parted shortly afterwards, when I caught the young scamp in my wig and gown, pantomining out of the back window, had I not remembered his wretched home in Serag's Court, Fetter Lane, and his mother, who plaintively said she was a 'lone lorn widder, with thirteen children.'

But this by the way. My quick ear caught the word 'Brief,' muttered by a strange voice in the passage, and I waited in some anxiety, apparently plunged in a mass of papers—Viner's Abridgement, the Statutes at Large, and other works of the same light nature, forming a sort of breastwork round me. My clerk, who seemed suddenly to have increased in height and self-importance, and to be a clerk in high practice, inquired in a sufficiently loud voice if I could see Mr. — from Messrs. —, a large and wealthy firm—their very name made my mouth water—or should he wait till, &c.

The attorney's clerk was shown in. Why and how had it been given to me? Had Messrs. — & — observed my indefatigable manner in court—of doing nothing? Or was legal success written in my countenance?

But I was too anxious for much speculation, and I hastened to see and read the flattering note. Brief for plaintiff. It was an action of ejectment, and there was, of course, the usual fictitious personage, John Doe; but the substantial plaintiff was a certain Rev. John Miller, and he sued to obtain possession of certain estates in C—shire, now in the occupation of Lady Woodlands, widow of Sir Harry Woodlands, &c., &c., baronet. The whole question turns upon the will made by Sir Harry Woodlands, in favor of Rev. John Miller, leaving him sole devise of all his estates, to the entire exclusion of his widow, Lady Woodlands, and her two daughters. The defendants dispute the will, but do not, we believe, intend to call witnesses. Of the three at testing witnesses two are dead (curiously soon!), but the third, Sarah Varley, will prove testator's signature, and that it was executed the day before the testator died. Such was the substance of my instructions. Turning to the 'Faded Gentry,' I found on the back, 'Consultation at Serjeant Wasp's,' was admitted, and on the Serjeant's looking up, I ventured to remark, 'Ah! his lady's' came into his property then. I remember once—'

And then followed a story of other days, which lasted a quarter of an hour at least, during all which time he exhaled warmth and summer. During this time I thought—'Could the great sergeant have given me a helping hand, and mentioned me as a deserving junior? No; it was ridiculous.' When this story was over I again suggested 'Miller v. Woodlands.' 'Ah! I know,' said he. 'Great will case at C— assizes. Let me see, to-day's Thursday; come on about next Wednesday; go down Tuesday—come to my chambers on Tuesday evening at eight—consultation with our side. Good morning Mr. B—; remember me to your father. Dear me how time flies!' said the Serjeant, once more turning to his papers. The summer phase was past, and he seemed again frozen up into a kind of legal iceberg. So ended my consultation with Serjeant Wasp.

The following is from my diary: 'C—, Tuesday, March 21st, 1867.—Just back from the consultation—great excitement about this will case—the Woodlands family known and respected about here—great sympathy expressed for Lady Woodlands. I am told the estate has been in the family three hundred years. What was the motive of Sir Harry in cutting them off? No evidence of his ever having had a quarrel with Lady W.—very odd! That's not my business; ours won't be the popular side to-morrow. By the bye, the Serjeant calculated quite correctly about the case coming off to-morrow. Lady W. has got Vizard, Q. C., the leader of the circuit, against us, and Shiny for Junior. The Rev. John Miller came to the consultation to-night—large stout man

with small eyes. I don't like him, and found a difficulty in being polite to him—says he was at college with the late Sir Harry—pities Lady W.—offered a compromise, which was resolutely declined. N. B.—I don't believe a word of it. Wednesday, March 22nd.—Plaintiff's case over crowded court—Lady W. sat it out. I am afraid she hasn't a ghost of a chance. By the way, she looked more like a ghost than I, being—the case was quite straight forward—I opened the pleadings—the Serjeant made a masterly speech—the will was then put in—Sarah Varley, the only one of the three atesting witnesses living (the deaths of the other two witnesses is a curious circumstance, but their deaths were proved in the regular way), was called to prove the will; an ugly old woman, and very deaf; she swore positively that Sir Harry, before signing the will, expressed his entire satisfaction with it when it was read over to him. In cross examination, she was so deaf that Vizard sat down disconcerted. The Serjeant summed up his case, and the court then adjourned.

Thursday, March 23rd.—The case is over. The defendants call no witnesses.—Vizard's speech very eloquent—about three hours. The judge summed up briefly, and the result was a verdict for plaintiff. There was a suppressed groan when the verdict was given. Lady W. had fainted. Friday, March 24th.—My head swims, my hand shakes as I write, and I am hardly conscious of my own identity. I have just returned from the strangest scene. On leaving the court this afternoon, where I was conducting a small case, my sleeve was pulled by a tall woman, who asked to speak a word with me. I stepped aside into an upper window, and she said, hurriedly, 'Sarah Varley is dying. She sent me to find Mr. D.—the attorney. I can't find him. She says she would see you—she has something most important to say—some secret. Come quickly, so she'll be dead. Overcome by the woman's eagerness I followed her and we passed through several back streets and courts until she stopped at a door in a dirty courts where a woman pointed to an upper window, where a candle flickered and stared, and we passed up a creaking narrow stair. Sarah Varley was lying on a low bed in the corner. She was haggard and ghastly; there was a bottle near her head with a label, and I knew at once she had poisoned herself. She was apparently asleep—what if she were dead? What had she to confess? My fears were momentary, for I found a doctor had just left, who gave slight hopes of her recovering from the large dose of poison she had swallowed. The other woman took the candle and threw a yellow glare on the sleeper, saying, 'She's a bit mellowing at times, sir, don't mind that, she'll be all right.' She laughed hoarsely, then she woke up with a start, and fell back exhausted.

After a few minutes the other woman said: 'Here's the gentleman you wanted to see; Sarah, that you wanted to tell something to.' Sarah Varley turned her eyes towards me, and said faintly, 'Quick, I am dying!—lower, lower,' pulling me convulsively by the arm. I bent down, and she whispered in my ear. 'It was dead, quite dead; that man tempted me with money more than I had ever seen before. He put the pen in his hand—it was cold, quite cold, and he signed the paper.' Horrified, I exclaimed, 'tell me, as you're a dying woman, who signed the will?' She replied slowly and distinctly. Mr. Miller; he signed with the dead man's hand; and then she said, wandering, 'money! more money!—I will have more money! I made another effort.' I adjure you, Sarah Varley, as you're a dying woman, is this true?' She raised herself with an effort, and said, eagerly, 'It is! it is! I swear it is, so—so help—bel—.' Her head fell back—she was dead.

Odds and Ends.

If a Gun's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?
If a raft of timber contains several million feet, how many wooden legs will it produce?
When a man is out of money, he shows the least of it. When he is out of temper, he shows the most of it.

ENRAGED BY SERVANT-GALISM.—A gentleman hiring a servant, after patiently enduring the usual catechism, when asked, "And have you many children?" replied, "Yes, I have five; but I can draw two or three if you insist upon it."

MARRIAGE AND BURIAL.—A young couple went to a clergyman to get married. By an innocent mistake he began to read from his Prayer-book as follows:—"Man that is born of a woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, you mistake; we came to be married."—"Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

NOT TOO LITTLE.—"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to London?" said little three-year-old Ruth.—"Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said, "You are too little to have a muff."—"Am I too little to be cold?" rejoined the indignant Ruth.

HOW TO COOK A GOOSE.—Suspend yourself in front of a brick fire, revolve carefully and regularly until you are done brown.

A ROMAN QUESTION.—If "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," what must the Pope's head suffer from wearing three crowns?

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

FORTUNES made in no time are like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they long hang together.

Farmer's Column.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

In the management of a horse one should never get in a passion; but what is undertaken, or required of a horse, he should be made to do; yet nothing unreasonable, or what he does not know how, and is unable to do, should be required of him. When you have taught a horse that you are his friend and master, you have laid the foundation of complete success in his management.

If you are afraid of a horse do not go near him, and have nothing to do with him personally till you make him fear you. A horse knows when his driver is afraid of him, and he will have his own way accordingly; but no horse should be expected to do what has never been taught him to do. You might as well require a child to solve a question in algebra who had never learned to count beyond ten as to demand of a horse to do what no one has ever taught him how to do.

For instance, a young horse that has never been "set" in a gully, with a load before, is whipped by his owner, or driver, because he does not draw the load out. The animal is willing to do what he can, but he does not know how to draw out the load. He tries, and finds that it does not move, not knowing that a steadier and stronger pull would do it, and when the lash comes down upon him, and he hears the yell (that is the right word too often) of his driver, he is frightened, and jumps and rears through fear rather than ugliness or baulkiness. No better way could possibly be devised to make a horse baulk than to beat him under such circumstances. You might as well attempt to make a horse move a three story building, and draw it off, as to get out of a slough, with a heavy load, when the animal has never been taught, by degrees, to draw a load out of such places.

It is true that it is bad policy to unhitch a horse from a load, under such circumstances; but it is far worse to beat him an hour, and then have to do it. One way of teaching colts is as follows: requires hard pulling by degrees; and the animal learns how to draw the load out. He reasons as a man does, thus: "I've been here before and got out, and I can do it again," and out he goes. We add to the load one or two hundred pounds, and go through the same process, then wait a day or two and try him again, taking care that we require nothing to be done that he has not done before, except with a little lighter load. This is teaching a horse to have confidence in himself, which is the basis of all good draught horses.

A truckman of Boston got into a deep snow bank, with a load of two tons. He was "set." Did he bawl or yell at, and beat his horses? Not at all. "Charley," said he, addressing one of his horses, "we are in a bad fix here, and I want you to do your best." And when he gave the word, they did go, exerting themselves to the utmost, and the truck went on to its destination. These horses were rational animals, and knew what it was to be encouraged; and so it should be in all cases. A gentleman who witnessed the truckman's operation, stopped him, and handed him \$5. "Take that," said he; "it is the first time that I have seen a truckman treat his horses, under such circumstances, in a proper manner."—Rural American.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

Mr. Todd, of the New York Tribune, delivered the following sharp and pointed address upon butter-making at the meeting of the New York Agricultural Society held recently. He said:

"Butter is not that ring-streaked, speckled, spotted, and grizzled material that is transported to the New York butter markets in vessels that resemble an elegant swill pail more than a neat butter tub, but it consists of the fragrance of green grass, the aroma of the clover fields, the exquisite nectar of new mown hay, collected in glowing globules; like sparkling dew-drops on the petals of May roses, by fairy hands that are never soiled by dirt and offensive odours; and the delicious essence is imparted in an atmosphere as sweet and pure as ether, wrapped in a napkin as clear as the unsoiled snow-drifts. Dirt, foul odours, infected air, pestilential earth, and butter, are perfect antagonisms. Soap grease, shoe grease, wagon-wheel grease, which we see in such vast quantities in the markets in butter firkins, approximate about as nearly to butter as old mother countryman's pie crust shortening, which was extracted from the suet of skunks. This is the negative and affirmative of butter. Now, then, the next consideration is what to do and what not to do to make delicious butter. Negatively, do not allow Pat nor Dick nor any one else to do the milking after grooming the horses, dusting the piggy, or knocking the compost heap, without first giving his hand a thorough ablution in soapuds. Then set the milk in an apartment as neat and sweet as a beehive; and, if possible, let the cooling breeze from the greenhills pass in at one window, over

the milk, and out at another window. As soon as a thick cream has risen, remove it, with a little milk as practicable; and the sooner the cream is churned the better the butter will be. Never allow the cream to rise in temperature above 64° Fahrenheit. If it can be kept at 60° the butter will be all the better for it. After churning, instead of throwing the golden colored globules into a dirty wash-tub with the fire shovel, and allowing Bridget to mount on it with her pattering trotters to tread out the butter-milk as a donkey tapers clay at a brick kiln, remove the butter-milk as a donkey tapers clay at a brick kiln, remove the butter with a clean ladle into a clean butter tray or wooden never touching it with the bare hands. Then with the sharp edge of the ladle make deep gashes all through the butter, and the butter-milk will flow into the gashes thus made; and when the gorse is closed the liquid will flow away. After butter-milk has once been liberated by gushing the butter, it is not practicable to confine either water or butter-milk again in the butter. Neatness and the proper temperature are fundamental requisites in making a choice quality of butter."

HOW TO HAVE GOOD MILKERS.

No matter what breed of cows you have, something is necessary to reach the highest success of raising milkers. And can farmers ever expect to raise good stock from cows to which, for the purpose of making the milkers, they have been in the habit of using any animal they could pick up.

It's a great thing to have good blood; whether it be in Ayrshire, Jersey, or short-horn grades, but apart from this important advantage, the course of treatment in raising a milker in some what different from that in raising a beef animal or animal for labor.

The calf should be well fed and patted while young. Well fed to produce a rapid growth, so as to enable the heifer to come in early; patted to make her gentle and fond of the presence of her keepers. Fondling helps to create a quiet disposition; so important in a dairy cow, and this education must begin when young.

In at two years old, and if she has been well kept, so as to have attained a good size, she is then old enough to become a cow. She will give more milk for coming in early. It forms the habit of giving milk, and the habit, you know, is a sort of second nature. An older bull is better. We use too many young ones. A three or four year old is far better as a stock getter than a yearling, and many prefer a five or six year old to any other. After the heifer comes in let her be fed regularly. Clover is preferable to all others for stall feed. A little oatmeal induces a large flow. Indian meal is rather fattening. In bad weather give her a clean dry stall.

A cow never come in should not drink cold water in cold weather; but moderately warm slop. Calves intended for raising should be taken from the cow within a few days, and they will be less liable to suck when old. Feed them first with new milk for a time, then skim milk, then sour milk, taking care that all the changes are gradual by adding only a portion at first, and gradually a little meal.

Calves well fed and taken care of, with a quart or two of meal daily in winter, will be double the size at two years they would have attained by common treatment.

Heifers thus treated may come in at two years old, and will be better than neglected animals at three, and one year of feeding saved. Heifers dried up too early for calving will often run dry in after years, therefore be very careful to milk closely the first year until about six weeks before calving.

Hearty eaters are desirable for cows, and they may usually be selected while calves. A dainty calf will likely be a dainty cow.

Heifers should become accustomed to be freely lapped before calving and drawing their teats. They will not then be so difficult to milk. Begin gradually, and be careful not to startle them.

In milking cows, divide the time as nearly as practicable between morning and evening, especially at the time of early grass, that the udder may not suffer.

Persons who milk should keep their nails cut short; animals are sometimes hurt with sharp nails, and are unjustly charged with restlessness.

To determine which cows are best for keeping, try their milk separately, and weigh their butter—for sometimes a cow may give much milk and little butter, and vice versa.—Colman's Rural World.

THREE-MINUTE CHURNS.—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer, who milks about twenty cows, gives his experience with patent churns. He says:—"There are a number of different patents going through the country that will churn butter, or rather grease, in three minutes. I had one in my cellar this summer that I tried three times. It brought the butter each time in less than three minutes, but the butter would not have sold for more than ten cents per pound, when the same churned with the old dash churn, that required thirty or forty