

# THE MIRROR

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## Select Poetry.

Lines addressed to Mrs. Robert Kent on the death of an only daughter.

She's gone! your only daughter dear,  
The way we all must go;  
You must not mourn at the stroke,  
For God hath willed it so.

And if you're tempted to repine  
Think of the one who gave  
"His only Son," that we through him  
Might sure redemption have.

No doubt you hoped that she would live  
You in old age to cheer;  
That she would be the hope and stay  
Of your declining years.

But God saw fit to take her home  
To that bright world above,  
To join with saints in endless strains,  
And sing a Saviour's love.

She was so gentle, fair and good,  
She was beloved by all;  
Respected both by rich and poor,  
And mourned by great and small.

She's gone! Earth has no charm to cheer  
A mother's lonely heart;  
Though earthly friends may sympathise,  
They cannot ease the smart.

But Christ the "Man of Sorrows" is,  
He'll wipe the flowing tear,  
And in affliction's darkest hour  
He'll prove a friend sincere.

And He the great Physician is;  
He comes to seek and save;  
And He will bind your broken heart,  
And heal the wounds He gave.

Then plant with flowers the early grave—  
Fit emblems and sweet;  
The weeping willow at the head,  
And rest at the feet.

And when life's trials all are o'er  
May you meet on that shore  
Where death's divided friends  
Shall meet to part no more.

New Annon. RACHEL G. HENDERSON.

## Miscellaneous.

A St. Louis young lady walked in her sleep the other night, and was just about to kill her sister with a common table knife, when her hand was caught by a servant. The young lady had been reading a tale of "her-lud," and was addicted to novel reading.

A horrible murder was perpetrated on Sunday morning at the Ineane Asylum at Augusta, Maine, one of the female patients killing another by beating her head against the floor.

A young man confined in a French prison has developed such remarkable genius for mechanical invention, that endeavors are in progress for his liberation. He recently made a straw watch, two and a half inches in diameter, which keeps perfect time.

The Cape-Breton News says a young woman named Curry, aged 18 years was recently burnt to death, by her clothes taking fire while she was in a fit. The sad occurrence took place in her father's house on the southern side of Cow Bay.

The Machias Republican describes a wild animal recently seen near the woods at Crooked river. The body was about five feet long, stood about eighteen inches high, tail about three feet long, about the size of a broom handle and gradually tapered to a point; was of a dark yellowish color, with a head much resembling that of a cat. As it was approaching it walked off leisurely for a few rods, then stopped and stood crosswise the road, threw up its head, gave ten feet, disappeared into the woods without the least noise.

People who advertise are smarter than those who don't; better looking, too, nine in ten.—This is natural, if not logical. Advertising is an indication of intelligence, and intelligence is one of the leading elements of good looks. At all events the world believes in those who advertise, and it plants its dollars in their pockets.—Such are live people; and in these live days nobody wants anything to do with any but live men and women. Our advice to everybody—except in matrimony—is to advertise. It is sure to return largely, increase your reputation as a business man, make hosts of friends, and add to the number of shrewd and sensible people in the world, of which there has never yet been an overstock.

My friend has a great reverence for the truth, said a baronet to a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

A gentleman was speaking the other day of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt in particular visited him twice a year, and stayed six months each time.

A western editor has placed over his marriage a cut representing a large trap, spring, with this motto: "The trap down—another nunnyhammer caught."

## Select Tale.

### A VERY ODD STORY.

Bill and I were students in a western university. It was vacation, and, to raise the wind for the next session we started out to teach classes in grammar and penmanship. Dr. Woods hearing of our intent, and being acquainted with my chum, sent him word that we stood a 'good chance' in his village. Arriving there, we gave him a call.

'Good evening, doctor,' said my chum. 'How are you?' returned the young physician. 'Fine, sir, fine. My friend and partner,' said Bill, turning to me. The doctor warmly shook my hand, and assured me I was well known through 'our mutual.'

Chairs were proffered, pipes ignited, and easy postures taken for a good old talk in that snug little office.

On his table I observed a newspaper printed in Columbus, capital of the Buckeye State. I had visited this beautiful place, and, for a mere opening remark, said I: 'Have you ever been to Columbus?'

'Have I ever been to Columbus?' And he rose to his feet in dramatic sensation. Taking my hand and placing his pipe on the table, said he, mouthing his words: 'My friend, I HAVE.'

'You seem to have some absorbing association with that city,' I remarked.

Absorbing? You may depend upon that. Four years ago seven professors signed a piece of parchment assuring the world that, after a satisfactory examination, I was fully competent to murder scientifically. Three days after graduation, while flushed with honor and self-importance, business called me to Columbus.

I put up at the 'crack hotel.' In the afternoon the skies portended rain. Not being willing to risk my commencement hat, I resolved to carry what to me is a bore—an umbrella.

It was well I did, gentlemen. That umbrella has given me a firsides meditation for the balance of my life.

'Indeed!' said we.

Yes, gentlemen, for the balance of my life. When about two squares from my hotel down came the rain. Ah! I thought—fortunate this time, doctor. But on the opposite side there was one who was not so fortunate. This was a young lady of about twenty. I have read novels and seen women, but, upon my word, I never knew what an earthly angel was before! Size medium, form divine, face of the Madonna order, and all the et ceteras in correspondence. I was infatuated. Could I see rain fall on so much loveliness? Bah! Don't name it. What was my new hat or coat or pants or the fresh mirror-polish of my boots. Let them go, and offer the umbrella. Over I went handed her my silk awning, and said:

'Miss, allow me to assist you in this dilemma.' 'Oh! thank you, sir. You are so kind. You may assist me.'

Here I bowed myself out into the rain.

'No, no, sir, I cannot—will not consent to that. I will accept your escort, but would not be so unfeeling as to commit you to a soaking.'

I blushed, and told her in tender trembling English that I was her humble servant, and would be glad to see her to any destination—no matter how far.

On we went. Down came the aqueous element faster and faster. On we talked, each taking a steady look, doing the gentle and reasoning the voice with vocal honey. In about twenty minutes we approached a palatial mansion.

'We will stop here.'

I was about moving on for the front door, as the natural entrance for a lady.

'Pardon me, sir; we will go in the back way.'

We, thought I. In a minute we were at the door of a splendid yard—capacious and highly ornamented. 'I will see you to the house-door,' said I, knowing she would be drenched in walking the distance.

A push at the gate and we were moving to one of the grandest buildings I ever saw. Arriving at the door, and feeling my mission completed, I bade her a good afternoon, and reassuring her of the pleasure conferred by a lucky sky.

That wouldn't do. A fairy hand thrilled my arm.

'Oh! no, sir; you must come in. Really I would be delighted to continue the chat.'

'Delighted!' thought I. She would be delighted—delighted to chat with me—a poor unlocated M. D.

I revolved the thought and faced it on every side. It looked fine. I began to remember there was such a thing as romance. In I went: Yes, gentlemen, I entered a room containing the paraphernalia of refinement. There were a piano and guitar. There were books, paintings, furniture and articles of luxury.

'Let me bid you welcome. Here, take this seat—this rocking chair, while I put away your umbrella.'

Here I began to feel an embarrassment that was soon banished by this wonderful beauty taking a seat opposite and near me. As she looked me squarely in the face, relieved of her bonnet and thin shawl, I thought all the glory was running out of paradise.

'May I ask your name?' 'Woods is my name—Dr. John Woods.'

'You are a physician?' 'Yes, miss.'

'May I ask where located?' 'Ask me anything you please! I, as yet, am not located.'

'Newly graduated, sir?' 'Just through.'

'Well, in this world a will is a great thing, sir. I say will, seeing you have talent. Of course the first requisite to have something in you, the next to get it out. Be temperate in all things, honest and energetic, and I guarantee you a brilliant career.'

I was beginning to love her. Quit your laughing, I tell you I was. How could I help it? See what an interest she manifested in me. Yes, in a man who had but given her the use of an umbrella.

To her demonstration I replied fervently, and blushed again—this time down to my toes. I felt awful red. Even thought my jet locks were crimson as a burning bush.

'Do you perform, sir?' 'I do not, but would be overjoyed to hear you.'

Here followed a dashing gallop on the piano. Her performance took me by storm. It contained style, and passion—the mother of style.

'Probably you perform on the guitar?' This is a very fine instrument—the real Spanish guitar.'

'Am exceedingly sorry I do not perform on anything but a jewsharp.'

'A jewsharp! Why, I am fond of it. Often play myself.'

She opened a stand drawer and handed me one. Of course I was in for it. Gentlemen, had you been there you might have beheld Dr. Woods entertaining said lady by playing 'Leather-Breeches' on a jewsharp. She admired my skill, then asked me my favorite poet. I spoke of several, and of the difficulty in awarding the palm.

Here followed an animated discussion on several authors. I was amazed at her profound remarks. She talked like a man—that is, with masculine profundity. The literary converse ended by an agreement that Shakespeare and Byron were powerful fellows.

It occurred that I was staying a long time. I looked at my watch, and lo! I had been entertained two hours. I would most willingly have sent for my carpet-bag and taken quarters for a year; but how about some peculiar father, mother, or a very practical and unromantic brother?

These reflections made the time seem long. Nothing else could, I pledge you.

'Of course not,' said Bill.

'It is about the season for my departure, miss. The rain has abated and the walking passable. For your marked kindness I am sincerely grateful. I had no right to expect but a civil—thank you. Indeed, when I think of all this pleasure as compensation for such a trivial favor I confess to a feeling of having imposed on you.'

The beautiful creature gently laid her hand on my mouth and said:

'How do you know what pleasure you have afforded me?'

How that question went through me! On my word I'll never forget it. Then the accompanying expression! I tell you mother's prodigy was nearly wild. Said I: 'If I have conferred an unusual pleasure, it is certainly less than I would bestow.'

The lady sighed, and I stood before her full searching eyes completely confused.

'I now bid ye a good eve, for I find it near twilight.'

'I will consent to your departure on one condition.'

'Well, miss?'

'That you return, to-morrow eve, at eight o'clock precisely.'

'Miss—really—I—surely—truly—you know—that—that I cannot refuse you anything.'

'Then you accept the terms?'

'I do.'

Back to my room I went post haste. Ideality was high, and my pace rapid. En route, I saw nothing of Columbus. I saw but that transcendent beauty, and sufficient of the pavement to save my neck. In my room I indulged a tremendous think, and rose high in my esteem. I took supper, but wouldn't swear whether I had ham or catfish. I saw nothing but that girl; heard naught but her voice.

The next day was a bore. I mean daytime proper. In the eve I was in ecstasy. How my glass must have suffered. I used to laugh at persons practising 'airs' in the mirror, but on this event I found myself doing up all sorts of sentimental expressions and attitudes.

'Why, doctor, you were desperately in love,' said Bill.

Desperately! Yes, sir; madly in love. But let me proceed. Eight o'clock saw me tapping at the house door. There stood my lady attired

in a manner to kill. Jupiter! said I, mentally, I am gone. If anything should separate us what would become of me? All this passed my brain while we were indulging a silent hand pressure.

'I felt you would come,' said she; 'hence I left the yard door open, contrary to rule.'

Our evening was spent between literary and social themes. She was splendidly read, and often enthusiastically jumped for a volume to illustrate or corroborate some idea.

Music again charmed me. This time she sang. The ballad was 'The Rainy Day'—words by Longfellow, music by Dempster. The song was to serve a double effect—that of pure entertainment and also in reference to a friendship begotten by a rainy day.

Her singing had a weirdness and wildness in it that impressed you with mysticism and devotion. Her eyes became musical, and each glance darted a diapason.

After two hours had passed she excused herself for a minute, and returned with lemonade and a variety of choice cakes. It occurred that she would return with some family member.

Not she. I saw through it. No one was to be permitted within our presence. The time was precious, sacred. Affinities had met, and nothing external or an icy formality should intervene. Again I suggested a departure.

'Not,' said she, 'until we exchange locks of hair.'

Glory! thought I. Am I to have a portion of her—a portion of Maggie Anderson! The contemplation was exquisite, and I told her so.

In one minute two blue ribbons encircled two locks—one of auburn the other of jet. We were to be dear friends, for, as yet, not a word of wedlock escaped us.

'Now, sir,' said she, holding my hand, 'a favor.'

'Name it.'

'When you look at this remember the owner desires you to return to-morrow eve at the same hour.'

Again to-morrow eve! Why, what will be thought of it? Surely some one must know of this, and what will some one think?'

'Leave that to me, doctor. Leave that to me. Look at me. I am of age. I have a will—do you see it, sir—a will?' and her eyes struck fire. She looked awfully grand—superhuman.

She escorted me to the door. If I was a goner before, this time I was the gonest mortal you ever saw. Yes, fate had hermetically sealed my destiny. I was to wed this girl. Her parents would die and I would become lord of the manor. How my companions would stare at and reverence me. I could hear the million and one things the gossips would say of me. Every man has friends. Some are very dear. To the latter class I revealed my important position, and told them to forward all letters and papers to Columbus, until further notice.

On the following and third eve I took extraordinary care of my personal appearance.

I will not extend this, gentlemen. I repeated my call. Found the same greeting—same did I say? No, a reception thrice intense. Again had she left the door unbolted for my easy uninterrupted ingress.

The literary and social themes were retouched, this time, with an additional lustre. What before was interesting now was absolutely bewitching.

'You will excuse me, sir,' she said, at last. 'Certainly, miss.'

She stood in the door and threw a stern intense look at me. All the angelic had departed.

I thought the girl was ill, and was on the point of going to her, when she left. I had a sensation of mixed misery and mystery. However, suspense was not to be of long duration, for, in two minutes, the door opened. First appeared the beauty, sternly and dramatically. Then followed a splendid gentleman and middle-aged. His hair was silver, and bearing majestic. I will never forget him. After him there came two servants—powerful, formidable fellows.

'Sir,' said my lady, pointing to me, and speaking to this venerable gentleman, 'that man or thing, there—calling himself Dr. Woods—has come here thrice, and thrice insulted me!'

Here she burst into tears of rage. Her manner became turbulent.

'Of this, you rascal and knave!' cried venerable gentleman. 'Robert, Joseph; put him out!'

Here I was roughly seized by the servants.

'Sir,' said I, 'let me explain. I can satisfy you that—'

'You are a grand villain,' added the man. 'Out with him!'

'I demand satisfaction,' said I.

'Do you; then here it is,' and a cane was urgently placed on my shoulders.

There was no chance for a conference. Before I could collect my senses I was kicked into the street and the door bolted.

'The mischief you were!' Kicked into the street! said Bill.

Yes, sir; and to make it worse, I heard this angel indulge as hearty a laugh as ever left a female throat.

In what mood I went to my hotel this time you can easily divine. I was—well it will be

nonsense to attempt description. After what had passed you may readily comprehend the extent of the reaction.

'In such a case you must have some one to hear you.'

Of course. And, as no familiar was in the city, I broke for the good-natured sympathetic phiz of our hotel clerk.

'How are you, Mr. Reyes?'

'Comfortable, doctor, comfortable, I thank you. But you look rather singular. What's the matter? Are you ill?'

'Not ill, but very excited.'

'I see you are. May I inquire—'

'You needn't inquire anything. It is my purpose to inform you of all. Sir, since God made me I have never experienced or heard of such an odd thing as happened me this night!'

'You don't say! Here Reeves throw down his pen, and asked me to step behind the counter and take a chair. I did so.

'Now, doctor, I am boiling with anxiety.'

I gave the clerk part of my history. I saw an involuntary twitching of the facial muscles, and then heard him laugh a horse laugh and scream.

'You did!' said Bill.

Yes, sir; and right in my face! But hear me out.

'What are you roaring at?' said I.

'Doctor, pardon me. I know I am unmannerly; but pardon me, and let me call those gentlemen to hear your story. Shall I?'

'Certainly, sir. Call whom you like.'

He gave a 'hist,' and attracted the attention of three fine appearing men, one of whom was the worthy landlord.

'Now go on with your story, doctor. Gentlemen, I have called you here to listen to a very remarkable story from the doctor.'

All were seated, and I began. The entire facts were given from the incipient umbrella to the grand denouement.

I saw these gentlemen, like the clerk, were working hard for composure; but as soon as I ended my rehearsal, and spoke of satisfaction, the whole party broke into one chorus of vehement laughter. They so laughed that the very counter quaked.

'Doctor Woods,' said mine host, 'whom do you suppose you were courting?'

'One Maggie Anderson, I suppose, sir.'

'Sir,' continued the host, 'the young beauty with whom you have had this remarkable adventure is noted in Columbus as crazy Mag.'

'Fire and fury!' said I, 'is that so?'

'Yes, sir; and where do you think you were?'

'At the house of her father, I would judge.'

'Not at all,' said the landlord. 'You were courting her in no other place than her private room in the INSANE ASYLUM!'

FEARFUL PICTURE OF DISAFFECTION IN IRELAND.

An Irish landlord sends to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a recent date, the following letter, which he received from his agent in Ireland. He says he knows no braver man than his correspondent, and that as an agent he was the most popular until the Fenian movement commenced, having always a good word for any distressed tenant who deserved consideration. The following is the letter:—

'The new year has commenced with indications of disaffection to a very alarming extent, in my opinion, matters will not mend until some startling events take place. A conspiracy upon such a matured plan as Fenianism, cannot terminate without much suffering to rich and poor. From my own observation I clearly see that tenement farmers are in expectation of landlord expropriations, I apprehend they adopt the belief that Ireland ere long must be for them alone, and that non-residents have no right to draw funds from the country they left. I believe that every man of a certain class is a sworn Fenian, either from fear or affection for devilmint; therefore, I do not think a safe calculation can be made of getting rent in the South of Ireland next spring. I lately distrained a tenant on Mr W's property for a year's rent. I prosecuted at last Quarter Sessions. The jury was composed of petty shopkeepers, tenant farmers and a Fenian head-centro lately liberated from jail. Of course I got no satisfaction, and universal delight was manifested all through the neighborhood, particularly in C., where rejoicings took place for the downfall of the authority heretofore enjoyed by landlords and agents. My popularity has fallen below par and I latterly meet with daily insults during my perambulations throughout the country. You had better make arrangements for your requirements from other sources than from your property in Ireland. I fear we shall have great difficulty in collecting rents next spring, so let me beg of you to observe economy, so far as your expectations from Ireland are concerned. I never felt despondency before, but I believe my life is not safe at ——. It is not a place to be depended on, and I stand alone—all in my employment are Fenians, and I am constantly getting warnings to leave this neighborhood. The conspiracy has increased tenfold since last March. We have no military in the country parts, and the police have orders not to leave their barracks on any pretence whatever. The ridiculous lib-