THE MIRROR

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Select Poetry.

For the Mirror.

When the ways of the world oppress my heart,
And I'm tired of its vanity, its idleness and art;
The wild turmoil of a wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife.
When dark clouds of sorrow my soul o'ercast,
And sick of the present, I turn to the past;
There the shadows of things that have long since fled
Come hovering round like ghosts of the dead.
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the pleasures and scenes of that rapturous time.
In life's gay morn, when the world seemed new,
All robed in splendor enchanting to view;
Where the landscape around me in loveliness lay,
And my youthful comapnions, all cheerful and gay.
But those youthful companions and friends whom I loved
By the cold hand of death to the grave are removed,
And what once made my soul overflow with joy—
The sun's morning march up the deep blue sky.
And the wild woodland notes of the birds in their glee—
Have all lost their charms and their magic for me.
The eye has grown dim that gave beauty to flowers,
And the ear has grown dull that gave music to bowers.
The phantoms of earth, like the fleeting clouds, fly,
And the pleasures of life, like the fair flowers, die.
The visions of hope have vanished so soon:
Bright in the morning—all gone at noon!
My high aims abandoned, my projects undone,
I find "vanity all that is under the sun."
Wearied with travelling, I am here to day;
From the place that now knows me I'm passing away—
Passing away to take my last sleep
Where sepulchral sentinels night-watch keep.
There sown in weakness, for worms to devour,
And again to be raised by Almighty power:
With the clods of the valley dishonored to lie;
Then in glory raised, and enthroned on high.
With the whole creation have I travail in pain,
Waiting to be created again.
When this mortal, with immortality dressed,
Shall enter into that glorious rest,
Where there is no more pain, no sickness or sighing;
No more DEATH—no sorrow or crying.
Then why should I love a world like this,
When there's a world beyond of supernal bliss?
This world was once washed by a mighty flood,
And again it was washed by The Saviour's blood,
When by friends forsaken, betrayed and denied,
He was bound and condemned and crucified.
But while in this wilderness thus I moan,
Like Elijah at Horeb's Cave—alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild,
Like a father controling a fretful child:
It banished bitterness, grief and fear,
Crying: "Man is distant, but God is near."

S.

Onslow, Dec. 25th, 1867.

EYESIGHT.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork by artificial light. Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye sight by reading fine print and doing fine sewing.

In view of these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light or window or door.

It is better to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first awaking the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight with a light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be of a bluish tinge, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger; it is the speediest dilutent in the world. Then wash the eyes and face in warm water.

PRINTER'S DEVILS.—From wild, friendless boys in the streets are made what are called printer's devils; next they become printers, after that sometimes editors, in which capacity they not unfrequently make their mark in the nation and in the world. Dr. Franklin was a most eminent instance in the early days of our country, and Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Simon Cameron, Hannibal Hamlin, Gen. Dix, Schuyler Colfax, Gideon Wells, and many others, are striking examples at the present time.

SELECTION FOR A NEWSPAPER.—Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error! It is the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds and hundreds of exchange papers every week from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall but what shall not, be selected: is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not frequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the least of the labor. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes has he to consult.

☞ In Germany when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.

☞ It is currently reported in town that one of the State Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States, is at present on a mission to Halifax, connected with the movement. It is the duty of the authorities to be on the alert. —*Reporter*.

☞ My son, what would you do if your dear father was suddenly taken away from you. *Son*—Swear and chew tobacco.

PAT AND THE DEACON.—Some months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swanipscott, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new-made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There was a grand revival there at the time, and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited Brother Ingalls to a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned round to brother Ingalls, and, in a whisper that could be heard all around, he inquired:

"Sure, an' isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I speak at all at all," replied Pat

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor.

Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Amen!"

"Hist, ye divil!" rejoined Pat, in his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister; "be dacent and don't make a blockhead of yourself!"

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan—"Amen!"

"Hist, ye blackguard! Have ye no decency at all said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and extending his hands in a suppliant manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your rivrence," shouted Pat, "I will do it."

An suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror of the pastor, Brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, sent him into the vestibule of the church.

ENGLAND'S POLICY AND FENIANISH.—The *Imperial Review* records its opinion, that "there can be little doubt that execution of the convits would have an important effect on Fenianism. It is to be feared that the only result of leniency has been that clemency was mistaken for weakness and fear. It certainly is to the existence of an impression that the Government is in terror of the secret organisation of the Fe- [illegible] are to be traced. are to be allowed to believe that the punishment of crime will be mitigated when political causes are alleged for its commission, direct encouragement will be given to treason. If brutal offences against law are not sternly repressed, no security for order remains to society. It is suggested that the effect of the execution of the criminals will be to increase Irish disaffection. We maintain, on the other hand, that when it is seen that the Government is prepared to act with stern resolution, those who are halting in their allegiance will recoil from further complicity with treason. And we hold that all consideration as to the indirect consequences that may possibly follow on the carrying into effect of the sentences must yield to the imperative necessity of vindicating the law."

THE BURNING STAR.

The following account of an event more awful and sublime than the most vivid imagination can fully conceive is given by Edwin Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, England. It is only one of several similar cases on record. In May last a star blazed forth in the Northern Crown, and was of the second magnitude. The astronomers gave it immediate scientific observation and recorded the results in technical terms which need not be repeated:—

"There can be little doubt that, from some cause unknown to us, it must have been the subject of a terrible catastrophe at a period perhaps distant: for it must be borne in mind that, *owing to its immense distance from us, we may be only witnessing the calamity of a past age*. From the sudden blazing forth of this star, and then its rapid fading away, Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have suggested that, in consequence of a great internal convulsion; probably a large quantity of hydrogen and other gases were emitted from it.

During a discussion on this star, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, on June 8th, the Astronomer Royal expressed his firm belief that this wonderful object was actually in flames.

If we were inclined to speculate on this unique astronomical phenomenon, or the consequences arising from such a sudden outburst of fiery gas, what an extensive subject for contemplation is opened up to us! Astronomically we have known this minute star for years without suspicion; it has been classified with others of similar magnitude; it has been one of many millions of such; while now it will be remembered by all future generations as one of the most extraordinary among the most celebrated stars of the universe. Or, let our speculations be carried a little, and let us reasonably suppose this small and hitherto nearly invisible object to be an immense globe like our own sun, and surrounded probably with planets and satellites depending upon their centre for light and heat; what would be the effect of this sudden conflagration on them? It makes one almost shudder at the idea of a system of worlds being annihilated at once without warning. But such must doubtless be the fact. We, however, in this quiet world of ours, can scarcely, perhaps, realize such a catastrophe; but were our sun which, is only a star analogous to those in the heavens around us, to be suddenly ignited in a similar manner to this distant and unknown sun, all its attendant planets and satelites, the earth included, would be destroyed."

Select Tale.

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

How I do despise that old man! said Mrs. Wheeler, addressing Mrs. Wilson, and looking after Judge Withrow, who had just passed along the sidewalk under the window.

Despite him! said Mrs. Wilson, giving a peculiar emphasis to the pronoun *him*.

Yes *him*. Why not?

Rather let me ask why, Mrs. Wheeler.

Well, returned Mrs. W., I can scarcely say why; but the other day, when the sewing circle was held at my house, he became the subject of conversation, by passing along the sidewalk, as he has just this minute done, with that same straight, haughty dignity, and unbending self-pride so peculiar to him, and we all agreed that he was a grotty, proud old aristocrat, and that he cared for no one but himself.

Of course you would read his thoughts and tell who he cared for, and for whom he did not, said Mrs. Wilson, ironically. But pray tell me, continued she, did any one know a single thing that could detract from his character as a moral, a noble-minded, and a humane man?

Well, yes, replied Mrs. Wheeler, Harriet Smith said she had called upon him one day last winter, with a subscription soliciting a little aid to our sewing circle, and he evasively told her that when he wished to dispense benefits he would prefer not to sound a trumpet before him. Now don't you think that was very impudent, to say the least of it?

I wish, replied Mrs. Wilson, her voice trembling with emotion. I had been there to defend the good old man.

Why, what do you mean? inquired Mrs. Wheeler, in surprise.

I mean to give honor where honor is due, and to rebuke such injustice to one of the best and noblest of men. I can well bear witness that he does not sound a trumpet before him when he goes to do good.

You surprise me still more. He is not, certainly, in any way connected with your husband's family? said Mrs. Wheeler, dropping her crochet work into her lap, and looking inquiringly into Mrs. Wilson's face.

No: he is no family connection of his or acquainted with him? I did not suppose that you had ever spoken to him, much less did I suppose he was an intimate personal friend.

Nor is he. He has never spoken to me, nor have I to him.

Do you know that he is a Freemason, Mrs. Wilson?

Yes, I do.

How is it possible, then, that you can speak well of him to be a Freemason? Why defend a black-hearted Mason?

Mrs. Wheeler, I will tell you why, and after I have told you, if you do not love the dear old man, you are not as good a woman as I have always given you credit for being.

Love *him*, Mrs. Wilson? No I shall never even respect a Freemason, much less love one.

I think none the less of him on that account, though I confess that I can remember when my blood ran cold at the name of *Freemason*. But it is different now; I love the word. To Judge Withrow I owe a debt of gratitude that nothing short of love can ever cancel.

For what do you owe him gratitude?

For peace of mind, for a home, for bread for my orphan children, for plenty, and, to crown all, for one of the best, the noblest of husbands.

Mrs. Wilson, said Mrs. Wheeler, pray do explain yourself?

I will. You know that Mr. Clarke, my first husband, was without means, and, in fact, very poor. He bought a lot in the suburbs of the village, and built a small house on it, which was not yet finished when he died. He had no means except such as resulted from his daily labor, which, through the most scrupulous economy, enabled him to pay for the lot and the building, as far as it was completed. After his death I fully realized the responsibility of my position. An unexperienced widow, with two little children to provide for, the elder but five years old, the winter approaching, and no provisions for our subsistence. The only resource left me to provide my children with bread was to take in washing and sewing. There was so much competition in this line of business in our little village that I could not get employment one-half of my time. The consequence was that the first December storm caught me without fuel or food. I had not a friend nor an acquaintance in the country. We had been a short time in the State, and had made no acquaintances. I had not a relative in the world but the uncle who had reared me, and he was very old and indigent, and was not within a thousand miles of me.

On the 10th day of December I had been two days without food. I had husbanded a few potatoes, the product of our little garden, for my starving children. Oh, Mrs. Wheeler! continued Mrs. Wilson, you do not know the pangs of hunger, nor do you know the still deeper pangs and withering anguish that the cry of one's offspring for bread sends to the heart of the mother, when she has no bread to give them. Alas! I do; too well do I.

On the morning of the 10th of December I divided the morsel I had left between my two little ones, and put the last chips on the fire, a boxful of which I had gathered the day before, when the snow commenced to fall. Without having eaten anything for two days, I went out through the snowstorm to the grove where I found some sticks and bush; with those I started homeward, I had not gone far till I saw Judge Withrow, at a distance behind me making his way towards the village. I then regarded him as a proud old man, who cared for no one but himself. Embarrassed at my situation, I hid behind an old barn until he had passed. I had every reason to suppose that, if he knew me at all, he must dislike me, for my husband had abused him. My husband was a warm anti-Mason. His zeal had led him, on one occasion, that too, but a short time before his decease, to ridicule the institution of Masonry in the presence of Judge Withrow. This had no other affect than to produce a smile from the old man. My husband, as he informed me, become exasperated at the coolness, and reproached the good old man as a Mason. He treated him very unkindly, and, from what he informed me, must have allowed his feelings to betray him into very imprudent and abusive language, to which the poor old man made no reply.

I went home with my sticks and limbs, borrowed a loaf of bread from Mrs. Lisle, and after a day of grief and despair, went to bed at dark.

The next morning, upon rising, I found upon the floor, and under a broken pane in the window, a sealed letter. It contained a twenty-dollar bank note, and ran thus: Poor woman keep stout heart, and an upright life. The virtuous have nothing to fear, though they may be poor. The poor have nothing to fear if they are upright. This is your money, and there is more in store for the widow and the fatherless in the time of need.

I could scarcely believe my own senses.—I wept for joy, and laughed like a maniac, until I startled my children with the vehemence of my joy.

A little longer, and this munificence would have been too late, for I was near the famishing point. I had began to writhe under the hunger [illegible] ing of fainting mortality among the famishing paupers of Ireland.

Ah! Mrs. Wheeler, fancy a scorpion gnawing at the heart strings; fancy coals of fire applied to the naked flesh? No, no, you cannot. It is only those who have felt Death's cold fingers stealing along their pulses, and his chill, damp breath fanning their cheeks, that can know the pangs of starvation.

Of the sources of this gratuity, and the kind, the comforting, the blessed words which the letter contained, I could not form the remotest apprehension. But there they were, and I was happy.

From that day forward the same blessed handwriting, accompanied by a like donation and a few brief words of encouragement, periodically found its way through the broken pane in my window; but the kind hand that fed the widow and her orphan was still unknown to me. From that day neither I nor my little ones wanted anything.

The spring came, and the price of flour arose to eleven dollars per barrel, and was very scarce in the market. I would not—in fact, I could not—indulge in the luxury of wheat bread at such a price, and used Indian meal instead of flour altogether.

One day my little girl came running through the gate, shouting at the top of her voice: "O ma, I've got a piece of wheat bread!" Just as she entered the gate Judge Withrow passed along, I was overwhelmed with mortification, for I knew he must have heard what the child said.

The night following, about twelve o'clock, I was alarmed by a noise at the gate. I stole softly to my chamber window, and, concealing myself behind the curtains, looked out. The moon was at the full, and her pure silver light rendered objects almost as distinct as the noonday sun. What was my surprise on seeing old Judge Withrow at the gate, straining every nerve to ease down a barrel from a wheelbarrow! What could it mean? I could not be mistaken in the person although his back was toward me. At last, but with considerable noise, he succeeded in getting the barrel down to the ground, which from the manner in which he handled it, appeared to be filled with some heavy substance. Panting with the exertion, the old man bared his head, and fanning himself with his hat, turned his face in the direction of the window, where I stood concealed. There he stood, the Good Samaritan, for nearly a minute, the moonlight falling full upon his broad forehead and flushed face, and giving a silvery brilliancy to his white hair as it yielded in fitful flutterings to the motions of his hat, with which he fanned fresh currents of air into his face. Laying his hat upon the wheelbarrow, he softly opened the gate. He rolled the barrel to the gate, and then commenced another struggle to raise it over the threshhold. His effort was unsuccessful: the barrel rolled back. After some time thus spent in vain the poor old man arose from his labor, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, he again stood some time. After several fruitless efforts he at last succeeded, and rolled the barrel along the grassy door-yard till he got out of my sight. Shortly afterwards I heard it rolling on the floor of the little stoop in the rear of the house. He soon reappeared, and taking a paper from his pocket he stole softly up to the window, and threw it in at the broken pane. He then shut the gate, and, taking his wheelbarrow, started towards his home. I watched him as he retired, till his form in the moonlight, as seen through the tears that filled my eyes, seemed to dissolve into a halo of sparkling gems of light.

I could sleep no more that night. After some time I went below and found the note under the broken pane. It was in the same plain handwriting, and ran thus: "There's bread for the widow and orphans. They shall not want. Be of good cheer."

In the morning I found a barrel of flour in my porch. The secret was out as to whose was the kind hand who had been supporting me and my babes when there was no eye to bear witness save that All-Seeing Eye which is ever awake to take note of such goodness."

But Mrs. Wheeler, continued Mrs. Wilson, you can never know the anguish of my mind on discovering my benefactor. I reproached myself severely as I reflected and called to mind with what bitter feeling, almost amounting to hatred, I had regarded the dear old man. While such feelings were rankling in my breast no doubt he was devising plans to supply the orphan with bread in secret, in obedience to that divine direction: "Let not thy left hand know what thy left hand doeth."

My dear Mrs. Wilson, said Mrs. Wheeler, her eyes suffused with tears, I shall never forgive myself for having misjudged this good old man. Indeed, how people will talk about those whose merits they cannot know.

Think of it: only think of it, Mrs. Wheeler, continued Mrs. Wilson; only think of my children being fed by the man who had been called "proud old aristocrat—black-hearted Freemason," by their father. He had been told by my husband—the parent of my little ones—that he was no better than a murderer; that he would not believe him or any other Mason under oath. Still he had money for the wife and bread for the offspring of the man who had thus insulted him.

It was noble in him Many a man having seen you gathering sticks would never have given you a second thought, said Mrs. Wheeler.

Yes, and when my child came screaming with joy that she got a piece of wheat bread how readily his benevolent soul interpreted her joy, and traced it to its true cause. With what a thrill it must have appealed to his great heart to have led him to penetrate my situation from so slight a circumstance! This shows how diligently his suffering heart keeps vigil for suffering humanity while on his mission of mercy. I could stoop down and kiss the dust of his feet. Mrs. Wheeler, tell the sewing circle that God will thank Judge Withrow notwithstanding their decision to the contrary.

Thus was I supplied till Mr. Wilson and I were married. Since then I have been a rich man's wife. I am proud to own that my present husband is a Freemason. When he sued my hand I told him that I would remain a widow or marry a Freemason, and that, until he became a member of the Order his suit must prove unavailing. He then told me that he had been a Mason, and that he was indebted to that circumstance for his acquaintance with me, as it was in the Lodge he had first heard my name mentioned by Judge Withrow, whose eloquent pleadings for the widow and orphans had directed his attention, and ultimately his affection towards me. And in this manner I learned that I and my children had long been subjects of the special care and solicitude of the Lodge.

I will never say another word against the Freemason's again, said Mrs. Wheeler, and I will persuade my husband to join the Lodge if he is not afraid that the church might reprehend such a step. You almost make me love old Judge Withrow.

Well you may, said Mrs. Wilson. But little does he need our love; he has the brave manly love of the strong hearts of his brethren over whom he presides. They love him with an affection surpassing woman's love. Their love is an offering to the truth of his noble soul; their love is that heritage which true hearts pour out upon the shrine of purity and goodness. He has that fame which, like his own good deeds, is not the less glorious from being enjoyed in secret, and not the less pure from not having floated on the breasts of the babbling multitude—not the less dazzling from being locked up as precious gems to the faithful bosoms of his brethren.

☞ While Gen. Butler was in Norfolk recently, a white hackman named Adams refused to let him ride in his hack. A subscription has been started among the citizens to purchase the hackman a new carriage.