

# THE MIRROR

AND COLCHESTER COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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TRURO, N.S., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

NO. 9.

## Select Poetry.

For the Mirror.

Questions for Anti-Temperance Jurors and Magistrates.

Pray, tell, is it right to sell what will bite  
And sting like the poisonous adder?  
For the sake of gain to make men insane!  
To descend on a dangerous ladder!

Not the ladder once seen in the patriarch's  
dream,  
With angels upon it ascending,  
But (fearful to tell!) one that leads down to hell,  
And men on its dangerous steps pending.

Is the evil less awful for being made lawful  
To sell drink to a fellow or neighbor?  
Pray what do you think of "Woe to him that  
gives drink?"  
Is it pay for the groggeller's labor?

If 'tis legal and good to sell liquor and food,  
Why so dearly to pay for the former?  
Why not allow all—poor and rich, great and  
small—  
To put on the groggeller's armor?  
Onslow, 14th February.

## Miscellaneous.

"I know a gal so modest, Sam, dat she ordered  
her bean out ob de house." "What for?" "Be-  
cause, in a conversation on the subject ob de wed-  
der, he said de wind had shifted."

In the old Wisconsin volunteers, it is a rule  
that no soldier can leave the camp without a pass.  
The complain one day was distributing tracts;  
among them one headed: "Come, sinners,  
come!" Soon after the tract was picked up in  
camp, and under the heading was penciled,  
"Can't do it: Colonel Rogers won't sign my  
pass."

On one occasion, as a darkey minister was  
holding forth to an attentive audience, on the  
virtues of "Jivine woman," when he wound up  
with what he considered a conclusive argument,  
"Like my word, my dear friends and brethren,"  
said he, "there is nothing beats a good  
wife." "Beg pardon," said an old bachelor, ris-  
ing, "a bad husband does."

The following good one is told of an Irishman,  
who was sent by a gentleman into the stable to  
saddle his horse. Now, there were two horses  
in the stable, and our Irishman did not know  
which belonged to the gentleman. Wishing to  
avoid the imputation of ignorance, he saddled  
both horses and brought them to the door. The  
gentleman recognizing his horse, pointed to him  
and said, "That's my nag." "Shure, yer honor,"  
replied he, "I know that will enough, but I  
didn't know which was the other gentleman's!"

"My dear husband, am I not your only trea-  
sure?" "Certainly, I should like to lay you up  
in heaven."

Almost every young lady is public-spirited  
enough to be willing to have her father's house  
used as a court-house.

Wordsworth cautions a studious friend against  
"growing double," but the girls think it is the  
best thing a nice young man can do.

An Irishman, having been told that the price  
of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "This is  
the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my  
best friend."

Said a teacher to a playful child: "What would  
you have been without you papa, mother, and  
mother?" The little rogue replied, "I suppose,  
mam, I should have been an orphan."

An editor who was shaved in a barber's  
shop offered the barber a piece of gold which he  
refused. "Because," I understand that you are an editor."  
"Well, what of that?" "Why, we never charge  
editors nuffin." "But such liberality will ruin  
you." "O, never mind dat, we make it off de  
gentleman."

SHARP PRACTICE.—The late storm so filled  
one of our new and smaller streets with snow that  
it became almost an impossibility to pass through  
it, but as only two houses were on that street, and  
only two persons had occasion to pass through it  
daily, the task of breaking a path became a  
formidable one, and the expense of having one  
broken would by no means be trifling. One of  
its inhabitants, however, had an eye for busi-  
ness. In the *Republican* he inserted an adver-  
tisement offering his house for sale at a mere  
song. The plan worked like a charm. From  
immediately after breakfast until late at night,  
and on the next day also a stream of hungry  
speculators of all sexes and nations, on foot and  
in sleighs and carriages, poured down the block-  
aded street to secure the great bargain. Of  
course they were all just too late; as they were  
told, but long before the last departed, the last  
snow drift had vanished and the street was  
smooth and hard as a plank floor—and all for  
half a dollar!—*Springfield Republican*.

PIES IX. ON PRIDE AND PROFANATION.—The  
Pope has issued a decree against the use of pro-  
fane language in Rome and the extravagant style  
of dress adopted by the Roman ladies. He com-  
plains that the Romans seem to forget that a  
church is the house of God, and says that "prob-  
ably the cause of this evil is to be found in the  
conduct of the women, who when they go to  
church dress as if for a theatre or fashionable  
promenade." The recommendation as a remedy  
for this state of things is that a number of respectable  
ladies should form themselves into a society with  
the object of countering by their example  
and influence a luxury which produces the ruin  
of families and leads to immorality." The Car-  
dinal Vicar, in publishing this decree, announces  
that women with extravagant headresses shall  
in future not be admitted to the communion  
table, and that any persons taking the name of  
God, the Madonna, or the saints in vain shall at  
once be dismissed from their employment, or, if  
the offence is committed in the street, be arrested  
by the police.

## Select Tale.

### TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were  
bright with the variegated hues which follow the  
light touches of frost, a mounted traveller was  
pursuing his way through a dark broad lonely  
forest in the western part of the State of New  
York.

He had ridden three miles since seeing a hu-  
man habitation, and he had yet two to go before  
he could get sight of another. He was descend-  
ing a hill into a gloomy looking valley through  
which flowed a shallow but swift-running stream,  
and on reaching the water he permitted his  
thirsty horse to drink.

At that moment a man stepped out from a  
cluster of bushes into the road or horse-path on  
the other side of the stream. This man was  
dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his  
shoulder. In his general appearance there was  
nothing that indicated hostility or wicked de-  
sign. He was of medium size, compactly built,  
with intelligent features and a certain air of gen-  
tleness—seeming rather as one abroad from some  
settlement for a day's sport than as a professional  
hunter.

All this the mounted traveller carefully no-  
ticed before he crossed the stream to continue his  
journey, and when they came together pleasant  
salutations were exchanged. "Fine weather for  
travelling, sir," remarked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting, also, I should suppose,"  
smiled the other on the horse.

"Yes; there is game enough," returned the  
other; "but I am not a good hunter, and can  
only show one bear for my day thus far, and  
that is almost useless to me, for I have no means  
of taking it away. I would willingly give a  
dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a cou-  
ple of hours. If you can spare five minutes or  
so, I would like you to see the bear; it is nearly  
beyond these bushes, some two hundred yards  
from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the trav-  
eller, dismounting from his horse, "but if not too  
heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am  
going your way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial  
manner; and then, as if to make himself agree-  
able, and keeping up conversation, inquired  
where the other was from, whether journeying,  
and so forth; and learned, in reply, that the lat-  
ter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good  
business, and was travelling partly for health  
and partly with a view of making an extensive  
purchase of land.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the hunter,  
as the two emerged from the dense thicket,  
through which they had slowly forced their way  
into the more open woods; "here we are, and  
I'll show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever  
saw. Observe where I point my rifle."

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, delib-  
erately raised the gun to his eye, and pointed  
the muzzle at the head of the traveller. There  
was a flash, a report, and the victim fell like a  
log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first  
crime committed by the man with the rifle, but  
as the traveller fell the rifle dropped from his  
hand, and he shook violently from head to foot;  
yet he ran to the victim and hurriedly robbed  
him of his pocket-book, a gold watch and chain,  
some curious seals, a diamond breast pin and a  
diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his  
finger; then he dragged the body into the thicket,  
picked up his rifle, plunged nimbly through the  
bushes into the road, mounted the traveller's  
horse and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.  
In the spring of 1837 there lived in the city of  
New York a millionaire, whom we shall call  
Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion,  
splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the  
town, and he and his wife were among the lead-  
ers of the fashionable world. They had a beau-  
tiful daughter just turned out of sweet sixteen,  
who was about to be married to a foreign noble-  
man, and great preparations were making for the  
happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker  
stood conversing with a gentleman from another  
city, who had called to see him on business, he  
observed that the latter suddenly turned pale and  
began to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said in his usual tone of off-  
hand sympathy, "what is the matter, are you  
ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause any  
alarm," replied the other hurriedly. "I am sub-  
ject to similar spells. If you will be kind enough  
to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a  
short walk and return better."

In ten minutes he did return, said he was quite  
well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with  
the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was perhaps a week after this that one  
night the great banker was sitting by the fire in  
his library when a servant came in and presented  
him with a letter. He took it with a yawn,  
opened it in the most indolent and indifferent  
manner possible, but he had not read a dozen

words before he came up with a start, turned  
deadly pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled.  
He finished the note—for it was rather a  
note than a letter—worked one hand nervously  
at his throat, and with the other clasped his  
forehead and temple. For a minute or two he  
seemed to be choked into caleness, by his iron  
will, some terrible emotion, and he so far suc-  
ceeded as to address the waiting servant in an  
ordinary tone.

"James," he said, "who gave you this letter?"  
"A man, sir, as said he'd wait for an answer."  
"Then I suppose he's waiting?"  
"Yes, sir."

"Very well, show him in."  
Soon there was a light tap at the door, and  
the banker said "Come in" in an ordinary tone.  
The servant opened the door, ushered in the  
stranger, and then withdrew. The latter was a  
man verging on sixty, of rough appearance and  
attire. He wore an old grey overcoat, buttoned  
to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and  
his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a  
chair near the fire.

"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff re-  
ply. "You got my letter, and of course you  
know my business," he added.

"You allude to this, I suppose," replied the  
banker, producing the letter which had caused  
him so much perturbation.

"Yes."  
"I do not understand it. You must have made  
a mistake."

"No, no mistake at all. I was present twenty  
years ago the tenth day of next October, and saw  
you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man; and if  
you go for to deny it I'll have you in prison  
before morning. I have laid my plans, and got  
everything sure; and if you go to playing inno-  
cent, and refuse my terms, I'll take care to see  
you die stretching lemp."

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale,  
shuddered and staggered to a seat.

"I can't give it—it would ruin me."  
"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving  
towards the door; "you know what will follow  
if I go this way."

He argued, urged and implored for mercy at  
less fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker—  
seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he  
refused—agreed to the terms. He also agreed  
to meet the stranger with the required sum on  
the following night in front of St. Paul's Church.  
Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills  
and checks to the amount of one hundred thou-  
sand dollars changed hands.

A month later there was a heavy run on the  
bank of which Stephen Edwards was the princi-  
pal owner. It was soon broken and closed.  
Then the Sheriff was set to work by eager credi-  
tors, and all the real estate and personal property  
of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leav-  
ing him a beggar and just claims unsatisfied, and  
the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined  
banker's accomplished daughter.

In the very midst of his disgrace and tribula-  
tion Stephen Edwards encountered the man who  
had turned pale and become so agitated in his  
presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me, sir," said  
the gentleman with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but I  
cannot place you," returned Stephen Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection,  
then, as I wish you to know me." A little  
more than six weeks ago I was talking to you on  
business, and you turned deadly pale and became  
agitated."

"Ah, yes—I remember you now."  
"Let me tell you why I was thus affected.

My eyes had just chanced on a curious seal  
which had belonged to a merchant named Philip  
Sidney, who was shot in the western part of the  
State some twenty years ago; and on looking at  
your features closely I knew you to be the villain  
who committed the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the ci-devant  
banker with a blanched face and a quaking form;  
"Yes, I know you," pursued the other, "and a  
week afterwards I disguised myself and had an  
interview with you in your own mansion. You  
remember that of course?"

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I  
not pay you your own price to keep the fatal se-  
cret?"

"Yes; and with that very money, and what  
other I could command, I was enabled to buy up  
enough of your own bills to make that run upon  
your bank which broke it and forced ruin upon  
you."

"And what would you, now that I am ruined?"  
inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of  
desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge I want you  
to know that I myself am the man whom you  
attempted to murder and did rob! I am Philip  
Sidney! Behold where the ball struck and  
glanced!" and he took off his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other; "God  
be praised that you are still living!" and unable  
to restrain his emotion he burst into tears. "Oh  
sir," he exclaimed, "you have taken a load from  
my soul. Though poverty, beggary, disgrace  
and death are staring me in the face, I am not  
guilty of murder—more happy than I have been

in twenty years, with all the luxurious surround-  
ings of wealth. It was my first and last crime,  
and I have never been able to tell how I was  
so tempted to outrage my nature as on that fearful  
occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you  
will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my inno-  
cent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending  
his hand—"I forgive you. You have been fear-  
fully punished already, and as God has seen  
proper to preserve us both and bring us together  
let us hope, for our present and future salvation,  
to endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessing  
we receive. I will restore you enough to place  
you and your family above want; and for the  
rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall  
soon have to render an account in another world."

Philip Sidney kept his word; and with a start  
in the world, and an easy conscience, the still  
enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated an-  
other respectable fortune, much of which he  
spent in charity.

Philip Sidney died in 1847, and Stephen Ed-  
wards in 1841.

Is not truth, indeed, stranger than fiction?

### ARREST OF TRAIN.

The arrest of this wide-mouthed spread-  
eagle orator in Ireland has given a portion of  
the American press cause to let off a little extra  
bile against England, and say a good deal  
about reprisals. Do these expounders of the  
rights of American citizens abroad, remember  
the manner in which British subjects were  
seized by the American authorities during  
their rebellion, and kept confined in prison for  
months, merely on suspicion, and then dis-  
charged without even a preliminary investiga-  
tion as to the causes which led to their deten-  
tion, and for which no redress was given? Have  
they forgotten that spies and pimps in the  
pay of the American Government were  
constantly prowling about this country evas-  
dropping, and if a man expressed even sym-  
pathy with the South, he was dogged until he  
set foot on American soil, where he was watch-  
ed, until upon some miserable pretence, he was  
seized and imprisoned in some of the military  
bastilles, and left there in many cases  
without the comforts of life? Did the British  
Government come to their rescue and talk  
about indemnity? No; they allowed the Ameri-  
cans themselves, in their troubles and tribula-  
tions, to be the best judges as to what was  
necessary for their country's safety. It was  
necessary for their country's safety, and it was  
necessary for the safety of the United States,  
to be a cause for indemnification, let it be  
met with denials from British subjects who  
suffered in their dungeons, and who never had  
even the shadow of a trial. If Great Britain  
is true to herself, she will not allow Brother  
Jonathan to pull the wool over her eyes in this  
instance.

BRYANT having been asked by the alumni of  
Williams College to send them a poem for their  
annual meeting, the aged poet declined in this  
letter, which is to be described by the words  
charming and touching, and which is of more  
value than many occasional verses:

New York, December 27, 1867.

"You ask me for a few lines of verse to be  
read at your annual festival of the alumni of  
Williams College. I am ever ill at occasional  
verses. Such as it is, my vein is not of that  
sort. I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Be-  
sides, it is the December of life with me. I  
try to keep a few flowers in pots—mere re-  
membrances of a more genial season, which is  
now with the things of the past. If I can have  
a carnation or two for Christmas, I think my-  
self fortunate. You write as if I had nothing  
to do in fulfilling your request but to go out  
and gather, under the hedges and by the  
brook, a bouquet of flowers that spring sponta-  
neously, and throw them upon your table.  
If I were to try, what would you say if it  
proved to be only a little bundle of dead stalks  
and withered leaves, which my dim sight had  
mistaken for fresh green sprays and blossoms?  
So I must excuse myself as well as I can, and  
content myself with wishing a very pleasant  
evening to the foster-children of Old Williams  
who meet on New Year's day, and all manner  
of prosperity and honor to the excellent insti-  
tution of learning in which they were nurtured.  
I am, sir, very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

RATS, MICE AND WATERFALLS. The Detroit  
Tribune tells a good story of a German barber,  
of Saginaw City. This gentleman went to Ger-  
many last summer, and bought some \$6000 worth of  
silks, ribbons, fine cloths, diamond jewelry, &c.  
He returned in December, bringing with him  
three ladies, whose hair he dressed on going  
on shore in the highest style of American wa-  
terfalls, rates, mice, &c., which was all very proper.  
But the story now is, that in those waterfalls,  
etc., were stowed away fine ribbons, and a large  
amount of jewelry, while the skirts of the ladies  
concealed rich silks and broadcloths. He nar-  
rowly escaped detection on landing, but now he has  
been arrested, and a considerable quantity of  
goods have been seized by the revenue officers.

A STORY THAT NEEDS NO COMMENT. A New  
York paper knows of a poor woman in that city  
who embroidered a child's garment by fourteen  
days' steady work, received therefor \$4. The  
material cost the merchant who paid the price  
for work on it \$7. The complete article cost  
him \$11, and he sold it recently for \$70.

## LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

SATURDAY, February 22.

House met at half past two.

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE PROVINCE—POLICY  
OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Hon Dr Parker—I was proceeding yesterday  
to make some remarks when it was suggested  
that I should defer them until the Hon Treasurer  
should be in his place, and I at once acquiesced  
in the suggestion. One of the questions that I  
proposed to ask was, whether or not the Provin-  
cial Government had had the cordial co-opera-  
tion, in their enquiries into the financial condi-  
tion of the Province, of those who represent the  
Dominion Government here. I may say that I  
was inclined to ask that question solely on ac-  
count of the observations made by the Treasurer,  
and not on account of those made by any other  
person. He stated some time since that the ac-  
counts for the Dominion and local services were  
so mixed up that it was impossible to understand  
them—that the Clerks were all gone, &c. I know  
of only one Clerk in any of the public depart-  
ment having gone to Ottawa, and the impression  
left on my mind is that the Clerks who remained  
here had not given that assistance to the Govern-  
ment which they might have given. I was glad  
to hear my hon. friend (Hon Mr Melley) say  
yesterday that the Government had received  
every assistance from the gentlemen representing  
the Dominion Government here.

I spoke yesterday of the appointment of the  
Commission to examine into and report upon the  
financial condition of the Province. I said that  
I cordially concurred in the names, and that I had  
I to appoint a similar Commission myself to-  
morrow I would name the same three gentlemen.  
I did not take exception to the *personnel* of the  
Commission, but to the appointment of the Com-  
mission at all.

I beg leave to ask whether the Commission  
have reported in part or in whole, and whether  
it is the intention of the Government to lay their  
Report before the House.

I have been led to make these remarks by  
the statement in the Governor's Speech that the  
finances of the Province are in an unsatisfactory  
condition. That statement has been repeated by  
gentlemen holding responsible positions, and has  
been widely spread by the press and otherwise.  
We have been here now between three and four  
weeks. At an early period of the Session, a Com-  
mittee commanding not only the confidence of  
this House but of the whole Province was ap-  
pointed to examine into and report upon the  
Public Accounts. I had hoped that before the  
adjournment, which is shortly to take place, that  
Committee would have reported as far as they  
could report. I imagined that some (names would  
require considerable time for examination, but  
still I thought that they might report as far as  
to enable us as individuals to make up our minds  
whether the Province was in the bankrupt con-  
dition that has been represented or not.

Hon Treasurer—I may say in reply to the Hon.  
gentleman that the Commission have made a re-  
port in part, but by my advice it has not been  
submitted to the other branch of the Legislature,  
nor is it in a state to submit here, because it is  
very incomplete. I think it would not be wise  
to submit that report incomplete, as it might  
have to be very materially modified hereafter.  
The gentlemen appointed on that Commission  
have discharged their duties down to a certain  
point. They could proceed no further until Mr  
Tims, who is the authorized agent of the Do-  
minion, and myself, who am duly authorized by  
the Local Government, and as between current  
expenditure and arrears. The publication of the  
incomplete Report of the Commission would only  
mislead the public mind. For the same reason  
it would be premature for me to make any Fi-  
nancial Statement.

I am happy on this occasion to bear testimony  
to the gentlemanly conduct and courtesy of Mr  
Tims in our mutual investigation. His conduct  
in this respect has been all that could be desired.  
To show, however, the impossibility of making  
a satisfactory financial statement just now, I  
may say that only two days ago I said to him:  
"Mr Tims have you any idea at this moment of  
what is the actual indebtedness of Nova Scotia?"  
His reply was: "I could not tell you within  
\$200,000, and I would not attempt just now to  
give a definite answer." That is really the state  
of matters at the present moment.

Let me give the House an illustration of how  
the accounts have become confused. Take Pictou  
Railway extension. It would seem to be a sim-  
ple matter enough to arrange the accounts of ex-  
penditure under that head. We find, however,  
that a large sum of money was expended during  
the summer months of last year in Colechester  
and Cumberland in making surveys, giving em-  
ployment to a good many people at a very inter-  
esting period. We find the amount so expended  
charged to "Pictou Railway Extension."

Then, again, take the Windsor and Annapolis  
Railway. Some of us thought that the company  
that is constructing that Road were making the  
surveys at their own expense. We find, how-  
ever, that a large sum of money was drawn out  
of the Treasury to defray the expenses of these  
surveys, and that it has been charged to "Pictou  
Railway Extension." These accounts have all  
to be adjusted.

A large sum has been charged to Pictou Rail-  
way Extension for damages of buildings taken at  
Pictou. The sums payable for damages of the  
kind have previously been paid direct from the  
Treasury.

It is due to Mr. Tims to say that he is more  
familiar with the finances of Nova Scotia than  
any man in the Dominion, because he has devoted  
all his time for several months past to the sub-  
ject. It will require three or four more meetings  
between him and myself, and a good deal more  
information before we can arrive at a conclusion  
as to the real financial state of Nova Scotia.

Again as I had occasion to remark before  
one of the items to be adjusted is the New  
Provincial Building. The sum of \$29,600 has  
been expended on it. There is an indebtedness  
remaining on it of \$25,000. So that altogether  
upwards of \$50,000 have been expended on  
that Building since we came into power. It  
may be said that that is an Asset. The Govern-  
ment, however, have come to the settled deter-  
mination to hold that Building until the great  
question now agitating this country is settled.  
They have appointed Commissioners to super-  
intend the completion of it, and they are ex-