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Select Poetry.

HOPE ON.

Hope on! how oft the darkest night Precedes the fairest day! On! guard thy soul from sorrow's blight-Clouds may obscure the day god's light, Yet shines it still as clear and bright When they have passed away.

Hope on ! though disappointment's wings bove thy path shall sour: Though shander drive her rankling stings, Though malice all her renom brings, Though fostering parts detraction flings, Still guides the helm and hopes to mark.

If slave to poverty thou art. Evar bravely with thy lot; Though keen her galling claims may smart, Strive still to read their links apart Hope on! for the despairing heart God surely leveth not.

Hope on! hope on! though drear and dark The future may appear; The sailor in his storm-tossed bark Shall guide the belm, and hope to mark, Amil the gloom, some beacon spark His dangerous way to cheer.

Though wealth take wings, or friends forsake De not by grief opprest: Stern winter binds with us the lake, But genial spring its bands shall break; Hope on! a firmer purpose take!

And leave to God the rest.

The Late Railroad Accident in New York State.

Pull Particulars of the Catastrophe.

the following particulars of the dreadful accident ton others, and at various houses in the neigh-near Angola, New York, which has already been borhood some eight or ten more.

p. m.f. but was two house late, having been detained by a broken bridge on the Cleveland and ill-fated train was joined to the train due at other folks—are you any smarter? Tuledo Royd. It was composed of three first- Buffalo at 5:20 p. m , and started for its destinaclass carriages filled with passengers, a smoking tion. On board it were twelve persons who were car, and two baggages cars, and was under the conductorship of Mr. Frank Sherman of this city, ment, and who were brought to Baffalo all Silver Creek was the last station stopped at prior slightly injured. Only a few of those seriously to the accident, and Angola was passed about injured arrived in Buffalo on Wednesday evening, three olchock, the train going, it is stated, at a they being, we presume, generally unable to speed of about 20 miles an hour From Angola travel. to the bridge over the Dig Siger Creek, however, As to the cause of the disaster the Countin the read was going at a greater rate than that "Examination of the track showed that the ing at the brawny arms and bright eyes that mentioned above, when the casualty occurred, disaster could not have been occasioned from it, promised strength and interingence. Besides, I dobs were thrown in his way, kind words and it must be referred to a defective wheel or right when the bridge was reached, but when the right when the bridge was reached, but when the train had crossed half way over, a fearful jerk than the bridge was one of those sad creats which train had crossed half way over, a fearful jerk hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in hy Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in hy Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have taken in by Irish hands before the butter of the butt net one of the inmates of either of the two coaches these. Their work is its own rewardhurried into the presence of their Maker.

of numerous of few others care where the content as a calamity. It is expected that the dead and job? I wan't to be airning, and the whole big fearful one, and one which no tongue or pen can wounded at Angola will be brought down some city seems against it, and me with arms like describe. The car which first went over the pre- time this morning." cipice took fire instantly, and before any person could get to it the flames had made rapid headway, and in a few moments it was all ablaze a little pig, he is weaned young and begins Those persons on the spot proceeded to render all tew root airly. the assistance they could, but, horrible to relate, hearn, were saved from the harming car, and the only some four or five persons, so far as we could remainder, between forty and fifty human beings

escaped injury gave their attention to the burn-ing car, the balance attended to the other, which for this climate. had also taken fire. Fortunately the flames in the latter instance were extinguished before they the conductor of a street kar-he is often had made much headway, and as speedily as like a hornet, every bizzy, but about what from the burning coach, were conveyed to residences near at hand. Justice Southwick and Ho lights up like a cotton faktory, and ed every penny, and wore the same shabby haint got enny more time tew space than a clothes in which he had made his first appeartheir families, were speedily on the spot, and did skoolboy haz Saturday afternoons excellent service in assisting the unfortunate ost severely injured were conveyed to Mr. Southwick's residence, and ten others to that of Mr. Griffith, and were made as comfortable as

the scene when the train arrived is thus described

"It was about dark, and objects at a short distance were anything but distinct. The burnt car was a mass of ruins, but the odor of burning human firsh permeated the atmosphere, and gave convincing evidence that the catastrophe was a heartrending and awful one. The second car which met with disaster was lying a perfect wreck, but all of its late immates had been removed, and everything that medical skill and dizzy and meets death a good deal az an kindness could suggest was being done for them. How many perished in the burning car it is impossible as yet to say, and it is very probable will not be known for some time.
"The place where the first car struck after

being precipitated off the bridge was difficult of access, and after rescuing the half dozen or as persons before the flames had much headway, no attempt was made last night to disturb the remains of those who perished in the burning car. That, however, will be attended to this morning.

"Soon after arriving at the locality of the accident, our reporter visited Judge Southwick's house, which presented the appearance of an white slab in the cometery not many miles from accident, our reporter visited Judge Southwick's New York, but you might read them an hundred house, which presented the appearance of an artimes without gassing at the little tragedy they my hospital. Kvery room in the house was filled indicate, without knowing the humble romance with objects of pity in the shape of injured pas- which ended in the placing of that stone above sengers. In one corner would be seen a woman, insensible, her face bruised and discolored with blood, and in another a man who had, a few brogans he was scarcely an attractive object as he he wakened in the morning, he found his treasheurs previously, started from home in the fall walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hardware ure gone. Some villain, more contemptible than enjoyment of health, but was now hovering be- shop, one day, and presented himself at the tween life and death. Everywhere could be seen those angels of mercy-kind and tree-hearted I've been too women - administering to those thrown upon their hands, and we are sure from what we saw that the injured ones were kindly and tenderly cared for."

At this house were found eleven persons in ured in various ways, but chiefly in a serious The Buffalo Courses of the 19th inst., centains manner. At the house of a Mr. Griffith were

e train was going at a greater rate than that disaster could not have been occasioned from it, promised strength and intelligence. Besides, I Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words entioned above, when the carnelly securify cented by those on board, and the next the most careful foresight cannot guard against, another. plunging off the besign and down the abyes to the reflection that no blame for the terrible said the man, despairingly, for I've tramped all Still he was helped along. A present from train could be stopped the coupling of the second as far as in them lay, to care for the dead and and it's but a half one: broken, and it, too, had got wounded, and this they nobly discharged. Oreoff the track and rolled down the embankment dit must also be given to physicians and others, English half-penny upon it. off the track and round noun the tracking on its side at the bot who did their utmost to alleriate the pungs of team. So suddenly had all this happened that the sufferers. We do not attempt to specify by the odd speech as he turned upon his heel,

had time to make his compe, and without a mo- "The trains on the road were, of course, in ment's warning some forty or fifty persons were great disorder, none leaving or arriving on time after the i p. m. run. To-day everything will The scene which was presented to the eyes be regular, and a number of citizens will take the man. O, masther, jist thry me. How'll I of immates of the other cars when the train was the early train this morning for the scene of the bring 'em over to me if no one will give me a

He is the pepper sass of creation

A man who kin draw New Orleans m emainder, between forty and nity numan cennes - men, women and children - were consumed lassis in the menth of January, thru half- obeyed, while Mr. Bawn, untying his aproninch augur hoie, and sing "Home! Sweet "While a portion of the passengers who had Home!" while the molassis iz runing, may

The Live Man is az full of bizziness as

He iz like a docy duck, always abuy water passengers. Some twenty of those who were the and lies at least 18 menths during each He iz like a runaway hosse, he gets the

whole ov the road. He trots when he walks, and lies down

looking at.

He is the American pet, a perfekt mistiry tew foreigners ; but has dun more (with charcoal) tew work out the greatness ov this untry than enny other man in it.

He iz just az necessary az the grease

eyster duz, without enny fuss .- Josh Bill-

Select Cale.

CONNOR.

"To the memory of Patrick O'Connor, his sample stone! was erected by his Fellow Workmen."

These words you may read any day upon

the dust of one poor and humble man.

In his shabby firize jacket and mud-lade

I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer

Fally supplied, my man, said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book. I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wage

till I could betther, and I'd learn steady. I would that." It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn always declared that he would never employ an orbeed some eight or ten more.

Between seven and eight o'clock the dead were

He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his

received to in our community.

"The train to which the accident happened conveyed to the freight house at Angola station, and was diversal the man, who was only one of and at eight o'clock thirteen bedies had been the fifty who had answered his advertisement brought in and laid upon the floor.

Shortly after eight o'clock the balance of the fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

What makes you expect to learn faster than

I'll not say that, said the man, but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make it easier.

Are you used to work? I've done a bit of it.

be in the way, I calculate, said Mr. Bawn, look- the shop, and now that sympathy was ex-

a distance of some thirty or forty feet. casualty, which will carry grief into many a day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I Mr. Bawn at pay day, sets Nora, as he the see-a assume or some contry or corry rete. home, can be attached to them. Their duty was, get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, said, a week nearer, and this and the sother As he spoke, he spread his palm open with an

and turned back again. Jist Nora and Jamsey.

Who are they?

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, THE LIVE MAN .- The Live Man is like and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then at his coming.

I'll hire you for a week, he said, and now a it's moon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner-a hungry man can't

And with an Irish blessing, the new hand went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of his new hand's in

tegrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Conner worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grow he hoardivery cint I spend puts off the bringing Nora and Jamsey over, and as for clothes, them I have must do me-better no coat to me back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and any how, it's

slow work saving.
It was slow work, but he kept at it all the ame. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, of course, very great excitement; but as soon as at night only bekause everybody else haz. tried to make him drink-made a jest of his arms, and bless those which had been so the floor like a log.

the sufferers. Several physicians were on it, and er; he jumps at conclusions just az the frog places of amusement or to share in their Sunday the epistle which Connor proudly assured duz, and don't alwas land at the spot lie iz frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. fun, liked companionship; but he would not She had lived at service as a girl, with a one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamsey.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose 'wild Irish' ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kercherf, before their eyes, and shouted, Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamsey over at last! Whoroo! I've got it!' All felt a sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting place was a poor lodging house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard carned tidy savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep. When most men are, had robbed him.

He searched every corner of the room, shook his and all manner of employees were yelling and quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to ' quit joking and give it back.'

But at last he realized the truth. Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me? he asked, in a breathless way. Boys, is any man that bad?

And some one answered-

No doubt of it, Connor. It's sthole. Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his hands and wept. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and hi child put, as he expressed it, months away from

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new who nodded to him kindly. determination. His hands were never idle His face seemed to say, I'll have Nora with me yet. At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted, and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what Mech! had happened; and those who observed him, No, yer honor. I'd tell no lie. Tim O'Toole noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of how think she didn't.

This seemed a sort of charity to his added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Conner's burden was not so heavy. At last before he hoped it, he chief, in which, as before he tied up his earnings; this time, however only to his The wan's me wife, the other me child, said friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid his treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man-even he who had taken sickfalls to the lot of man—even he who had cooly hurled his hammer at an offender's His mother watched him night and day, said head, missing him by a hair's breadth, the captain, and we did all we could; but at would spend ten minutes in the noon hour last he died-only one of many. On the same in reading the Irish news to Connor. There day there were five buried. But it broke my was Tom Baker, the meanest man among heart to see the mother look out upon the water the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely to see poor Jamsey. bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a pedlar brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantle-piece. And here was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked on Connor's work, when illness ance. Beer costs money, he said one day, and kept the Irishman at home one day. Con- to meet me,' and my man, God help you, she nor felt this kindness, and returned it when- never said anything more-in an hour she was ever it was in his power, and time flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

She would start as he desired, and she was well, and so was the boy, and might friends: was well, and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's I've got my death, boys, and then dropped to

possible a train was formed to convey relief to The live man iz not always a deep think- saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to kind to him. That was the substance of belay that long looked for bringing of Nora over, certain good old lady, who had given her others.—He kept his way, a martyr, to his one great wish—living on little, working at night on an education, the items of which Councr told upon his fingers. 'The radin', that's any extra job he could carn a fow shillings by; one, and the writin', that's three, and morerunning errands in his noontide hours of rest, over, she knows all a woman can.' Then and talking to any one who would listen, of his he looked up at his fellow workmen, with tears in his eyes and asked:

Do ye wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?

So it was-Nora at the dawn of day-Nora at night-until the news came that the 'Stormy Petral' had come to port, and Connor breathless and pale with excitement flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

She hadn't the like of that in the ould counthry, he said, but she'll know how to keep them

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamers lay at a pace which made it hard at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came sweeping up; At first Connor could not even believe it lost. five cabin passengers were stepping into cabe, shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait for her husband-he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amidst those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at firsteagerly but patiently-but bye and bye growing

She would niver go alone, he said. She'd be intirely lost. I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys. I think she's not in it.

Why don't you see the captain? asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few moments he stood before a portly rubiound man,

I'm looking for my wife, yer honor, said Connor, and I can't find ber. Perhaps she's gone ashore, said the captain.

I bade her wait, said Connor. Women don't do always as they are bid, you

know, said the captain. Nora would, said Connor : but maybe she was potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men left behind Maybe she didn't come. I some-At the name of Nora the captain started In

moment he asked-

What is your name? Pat Connor, said the man.

And your wife's name was Norah? That's her name; and the boy with her is

Jamsey, yer honor, said Connor. The captain looked at Connor's friends-they Sit down, my man; I've got something to lite

She's left behind, said Connor. She sailed with us, said the captain. Where is she? asked Connor.

The captain made no answer. My man, he said, we all have our trials; God ends them. Yes, Norah started with us. It's been a sickly season. We had illness on board -the cholera. You know that.

I didn't, said Connor. I can't read. They kept it from me. We didn't want to frighten him, said one man

in a half whisper. You know how long we lay at quarantine! The ship I came in did that, said Connor Did ye say Norah went ashore? Ought I to be

Many died, went on the captain-many children. When we were half-way your boy was

It's his father I think of, said she; he's longing

Keep up if you can, my man, cried the captain. I wish anyone else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill alsovery suddenly. She grew worse fast. In the norning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him

Connor had risen. He stood up trying to steady himself, looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his