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Select Poetry.

THE WEDDING DAY.

I cannot sleep, I tremble so,
And such tumult fills my brain;
It must be joy I feel, I know,
But oh, how near it seems to pain!
The wind moans through the old pear tree;
The morn is cold, and damp, and grey;
Who would have thought the world would be
So sad upon my wedding day?

No less I love thee, Charlie Ray?
God know's my heart is full of thee—
So full, that if I knelt to pray,
Thine image only I could see.
And I would not exchange this morn—
Its cold, its mist, its hoary time—
For all the splendors that adorn
The young day in some fairer clime.

Hark, hark, he comes! Be still, be heart—
Be still, be proud, be blest, be gay!
What need hast thou to ache and start
When Charlie comes—my Charlie Ray?
He comes—he comes! and I must be
All smiles, and wipe these tears away;
It would be wrong to let him see
I've wept upon my wedding day.

WEE NELLIE.

BY M. M'GROVER.

My heart is sair, my bairnie,
Since ye were ta'en awa';
I scarce could lay my darling
Aneath the wintry awa';
I watched w' silent sorrow
And mony a bitter tear,
My ain, my precious Nellie,
I wad hae kept ye here.

For oh! 'twas sair, my darling,
'Twas sair frae thee to part,
Ye were sae blythe and winsome—
Amasit it brake my heart.
Your sang was a' that cheered me,
And aft within the ha'
I listen, must forgetting
My birdie's flown awa'.

We may not see the wisdom,
Sic clouds o' sorrow fall,
And we maun theer my bairnie—
But oh! ye were my all;
And He wha gies us sorrow
In wisdom does not lack—
My ain, my precious Nellie,
I wadna ask thee back.

Your laugh was aye sae gleesome,
Sic music in its mirth,
That tears amasit w' blin' me
Beside the lanely hearth;
And when ye speered sae childlike,
What gart me greet sae sair,
Ye little thoelt, my bairnie,
The pain I had to bear.

Sae angel-like was Nellie,
The fair wee face was hid
In folds o' snowy draping
Aneath the cawny lid.
I thoelt when tears wad blin' me,
Although it was sae fair,
That mamma's precious bairnie,
Wee Nellie, wadna there.

The's grieves me sair, my darling,
And gies an aching breast,
Wha kens, my precious Nellie,
For as that 'twasna best;
And soon, my bonnie bairnie,
We'll join thee t' the skies,
Theo' mamma weeps that Nellie
Aneath the yew tree lies.

OLD FASHIONED CUSTOMS IN DUMFRIESHIRE.

Every respectable family gave a great tea-party once a year. The "tea" was quite a feast. The order of eating was regulated by strict rules sanctioned by long usage. There were first oysters and delicious ham, then came piles of toast soaked in butter, then home-baked "scones" and honey, then biscuits with jams and jellies, then currant buns, and finally large pieces of rich "shortbread." The pressing was dreadful. We constantly remembered our old proverb—"meat's guid, but mense is better," so every one affected to stop before they intended to do so. Immediately the kind and fussy mistress was upon you: "You have eaten nothing," "How did ye manage to leave ara?" &c. There was no escaping. You had "to go the whole round." But the eating was not the worst; the drinking was such as will now scarcely be credited. It began with a "cinder" in your last cup of tea; this was the hirs cup. No interval intervened between the removal of the tea things and the introduction of the materials for toddy. To this the old men settled themselves down with a will, the younger folks going off to the barn, which had been "red-up" for the occasion, to dance reels and contra-dances, or to engage in games involving "wads," or forfeits, the relieving of which required a great deal of kissing. Fifteen

tumblers was no unprecedented quantity to be consumed by the seniors. Sometimes the landlord, when he suspected his guests of an intention of escaping, locked the room door, putting the key in his pocket. The wives sat round the room sipping glassfuls gallantly handed to them by them by the men. Before commencing every one's health was drunk by each guest in succession. These were the days of toasts and "sentiments;" "Corn, horn, wool, and yarn," "Live and let live," "The single married and the married happy," "May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection," were among the most common. Every one had to propose a sentiment or sing a song. After the host could prevail on his guests to drink no more, there was always the "goldwife's tumbler," which she filled out with her own hand. But even after this the drinking was not quite over. When you were in the lobby the host attacked you again. Every one had to take a glass of raw whisky "to keep out the cold" and help him home; this was "deochan-doras." As an illustration of the drinking habits I may mention the following: A noted clergyman, after preaching an evening sermon, went to a farm-house noted for its hospitality, for supper and bed. After eleven tumblers of toddy had been the servants were ordered in for prayers. The niece and housekeeper (from whom I had my information) went in gladly to remove the glasses. "Stay, stay, Miss Mysie," said the minister, "we'll just shoot (push) the things into the middle of the table, and they'll be easier drawn back after exercise."—*Reminiscences of a Quisperegrina.*

THEODORE'S BARBARITY.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a communication from Lieutenant Prideaux, one of the Abyssinian captives, which shows a degree of barbarity in King Theodore, it is to be hoped, without parallel at the present day, even in uncivilized countries. Lieutenant Prideaux writes:

"His Majesty seems now to set no bounds to his cruelty and ferocity. When I last wrote he was on a plundering expedition against the small island of Metrala, in the Lake Tana. Every inhabitant of that place he consigned to the flames, with the exception of three Gondar merchants, who had fled thither for security, but who unluckily reckoned without their host, for they were plundered of their property, and are now lying in chains in the camp of the tyrant, and are frequently tortured for money. Shortly afterwards the King made a trip to Irag, one of the most flourishing little towns in Eggera, on the northwestern portion of Begemmeder. The place was surrounded, and 1500 of the peasants captured. These were burned alive in five large houses selected for the purpose.

"It is said there is not a single man, woman or child alive between Debra Tabar and Enfras on the borders of Dembea. In the camp his Majesty has been playing the same game. It was reported to him that two thousand of his soldiers wished to desert; they were surrounded by the others, and their throats cut like cattle. For two days the camp resounded with the reports of Ercarnas; the mothers, wives, children, and nearest relatives of these wretched men were being pistolled by the soldiery. Ladies of good family, the wives of the chiefs, were stripped naked and tied to posts, where they were exposed to the noontide glare of the sun; afterwards they were tortured with ropes, &c., until a pistol shot put an end to their sufferings. Unmentionable barbarities have been perpetrated on the miserable women; 295 chiefs of districts have had their hands and feet cut off, and then been left to die of starvation. Still the King's position does not improve; desertion continues daily."

To be a prisoner in the hands of such a monarch as this is certainly not an enviable position.

LATEST FROM THE STATES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—An Havana special despatch of the 11th states that advices from Mexico say it is rumored that the Ministry resigned at the meeting of Congress, with the intention of giving President Juarez the opportunity of forming a new Administration. The Ministers would all probably be re-nominated. Juarez had been returned to Congress especially to provide for a contingency.

The new Submarine Wrecking Company's steamer *Perseverance*, and the schooner *Conqueror*, with provisions, have arrived at Boston.

A telegraphic despatch received at the Merchants' Exchange states that the Bank of the State of New York, at the corner of Wall and Williams streets, had been robbed of 200,000 dollars in Government bonds. Another account states that the messenger of the Bank was knocked down on the street, with \$60,000 worth of bonds on him, and robbed, and that the robbers jumped into a car and escaped.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—A widely extended furious north-easterly snow storm has prevailed last eighteen hours.

Railroad travel is incumbered in all directions.

The *Berwick Star* says a child of the late Mr. Kerr Fisher, of Smead, Cornwallis, aged about 2 years, was seriously burned on Tuesday, by its clothes taking fire during the absence of its mother, as to cause death in a few hours.

RECIPROCALITY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

We do not profess to be much of a politician, on some points we find our impressions of what is right and just are not so far wrong after all, and experience, the best teacher, has proven in relation to several matters of public interest that we were correct in our estimation. When the government of the United States repealed the reciprocity treaty with our Province it was our deepest conviction that we would be the gainers by the act, and that the Yankees would feel the effects of it more keenly and sensibly than we; and we are now happy to report that our cousins themselves have come to the same conclusion.

An influential American journal, the *Harper's Weekly*, in speaking upon this subject says: "It is time that more serious thought were given to the matter of renewing reciprocal trade with the British American Provinces. The country has now had two years' thorough trial of the high tariff policy, and the results are far from satisfactory. Those who advocated and succeeded in securing the abrogation of the treaty of 1854 are now seen to have acted upon mistaken views. The repeal of the treaty has not only seriously diminished the trade between the two sections, but it has shut up the shops and the ship yards of our workmen. More than this, it has driven the Provincials to manufacture for themselves those articles which they have heretofore been in the habit of purchasing from us, thus depriving us of a valuable market."

It is understood that a strong pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress at its next session by Americans largely interested in the coal-fields of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to secure the importation of Provincial coal free of duty. It is likely to prove successful. We are now paying vastly too much. The cost of importation is so excessive as to amount almost to prohibition. Some idea of the state of the coal trade may be gathered from the figures of Major Norton, the American Consul at Pictou; these show that he has had only one American vessel this year against seventy during the last year of the treaty! Other branches of commerce languish in less degree.

An industrial exhibition has just closed at St. John, New Brunswick, after a successful term of five days. The variety of domestic manufactures exhibited there surprises those who have supposed that New Brunswick built only ships. These embraced steam-engines for steamships, factories and locomotives, cotton and woollen fabrics, spinning, knitting and sewing machines, stoves, cutlery, carriages, manufactory, and many other products that would do credit to Yankee skill and inventive genius. The impetus which manufacturing has received the past two years in the Lower Province is something remarkable. There are now nearly one hundred factories in St. John alone. Halifax, Nova Scotia, has gone largely into the wool, paper, and sugar refining, branches of industry scarcely known hitherto—direct effects of the repeal of the reciprocity treaty. We need not, however, enumerate; we shall merely confine ourselves to stating general facts.

Protection has not profited our manufacturers. It gave them an ephemeral flush of good fortune; but the huge dividends which they enjoyed for two or three years have now ceased to gladden them. The July dividends of the New England companies showed the most radical of any for a long previous period, and there is no probability of the same. The fact, manifesting any improvement. While the fact, however, that the protection cannot make torics—the pets of protection—cannot make more than a living profit, who can reap advantage of a change of opinion upon this subject that New England papers are now earnestly advocating a renewal of commercial relations with our northern neighbors upon terms similar to those of the old treaty. One Boston paper says the question is vital to the interests of New England, which, almost without exception, have been seriously compromised and injured. While we do not fully endorse the free trade doctrines that obtain in certain quarters, we agree with those who believe that the old arrangement was mutually advantageous, and the sooner renewed the better for the prosperity of all concerned.

We have heard it confidently asserted by residents of the New Dominion that a resolution would be brought forward at the approaching session of the Canadian Parliament, to ask upon what terms the United States would consent to restore the provisions of the former treaty. There is no denying that the Provinces have suffered less from its repeal than this country has done; still they are anxious for its renewal, and are ready to make overtures. It is to be hoped that at least a modification of the existing law may be secured. The political transition which the Provinces are now undergoing favor a change.

On the above extract the *St. John Morning News* of the 4th inst. very properly remarks:

"All this is very well in its way. We trust that a mutually good understanding in the interest of both parties—the only ground on which trade relations can be rendered permanent—will soon be arrived at. But the *Weekly* could not express its views upon this subject without showing itself afflicted with that antipathy with which most of its American contemporaries are distressingly debilitated. Hence it adds:

"The facilitating of commercial intercourse with them would favorably influence the people toward the United States, and hasten the consummation of annexation, in which most of them look forward to as ultimately certain."

And again:

"American enterprise is not naturally drawn toward the Provinces by a community of interests and political sympathy. What is needed is that commercial gravitation assert its power to influence political attraction."

Why upon earth can they not stop that confounded annexation rant? Why can they not prosecute commercial objects for commercial reasons? They gave us reciprocity years ago to secure our annexation. They took it away from us to starve us into annexation. Now they talk of returning the boon to us, but with the same ultimate object in view. If they only knew how we loathe and hate the eternal

thrashing of this dirty annexation humbug in our faces! If they only knew how much better we should like them if they would cease at once and forever to utter this vile balderdash! We covet the rule neither of their copperheads nor their radicals. We aspire to work out our own destinies, to mould our own institutions. We want to trade with them, to live in perfect peace side by side with them, in the interchange of all kindly offices. Is not that enough? Sakes! have they not land enough of their own without coveting ours?"

It is true that in these Provinces we do wish to live in peace, harmony and friendship with the people of the United States; but for the latter to talk and write so much about British subjects submitting to a form of government that they justly hate with a most perfect hatred—a form of government that, in our estimation, is without the shadow of respectability, and about as undignified as it is unjust—is sheer nonsense and simple mockery. The mobocracy, we all know, is had enough among ourselves, checked as it is by that which secures to every British subject his liberty and protection; but for us to be placed as the respectable portions of the Americans are at present, under the jurisdiction of a loathsome and filthy mob of blacks and whites combined, with the scum of all Europe to their back, is a little more than British subjects would be willing to bear. Nor do we now think that our convictions deceive us when we say, and hereby express our belief, that annexation is as inevitable as the rising of the sun, not, however, to the mobocracy of the American Union—a mobocracy of the lowest characters of Dutchmen and Irishmen; but an annexation of the American States to the DOMINION OF CANADA, or, in other words, to British America.

The wealthy and educated portion of the United States people are at this moment anxiously looking forward to this result. The State of Maine has again and again petitioned the home government for annexation to these Provinces, through which, as a nation, they could be honored and respected abroad, as well as at home; and be possessed of a power to protect the rights of all classes of the people. And who knows but that our United Dominion is raised up by Divine Providence for this very purpose, viz., to secure the blessings of freedom to our American neighbors as well as to the people of the Provinces.

Indeed it is well known if there be any blessings in a republican government, we, in these British Provinces, are in possession of them; for Americans themselves, when they visit us, and become acquainted with our institutions, are free to admit that we are the freest people under the sun, while at the same time we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are still under the protection of that glorious old flag that for

"A thousand years
Has braved the battle and the breeze."

At the present moment respectable men in the United States keep aloof from politics altogether, and positively refuse to become the servants of the mob, while they are free to confess that their government, with its enormous taxation, to support some ignorant wretches that, half starving, are thrust upon them into office, is an unbearable nuisance which is growing worse and worse every day, and ripening the public American mind more and more for annexation to British America—or as it will all soon be known as "The Dominion of Canada." With a Government that could be respected the United States would not only become great as it is now, in point of numbers and territory, but also its influence and moral worth would be felt throughout the whole world, whereas now the mere name *American*, as applied to the United States, is a byword and an object that we hesitate to mention. This, however, is not much caused by the American people themselves, as by the government of the very lowest rabble among us, who emigrate there to take the charge of their public affairs. The repeal of the reciprocity treaty has been most advantageous to our Dominion. It has encouraged a spirit of enterprise among our people, and has aided us not a little in forming that Union which has made us independent of our cousins, and which will ultimately make our country gloriously great. Witness the recent exhibition in St. John. In fact all parts of the Dominion have felt the effects of it already. Factories have sprung up in all our cities and villages as if by magic, and instead of building up a foreign nation, we now, like true British patriots, are building up our own, and encouraging our own people in their own enterprises, while formerly our bad policy and our want of union had its natural effects in making our young men discontented at home, and driving them to a foreign country, while they might have been an honor to their own Provinces.

An aged woman named M'Laughlin died at her residence, corner of St. James and Carmarthen streets, St. John, on Monday night, in consequence, the papers say, of injuries received by falling on the ice near Queen Square.

A man, who must, judging from reports, be a great walker on "stilts," has been frightening the people at the north end of the city during the evenings of the past week. "Unprotected from the elements," it is said, have been dreadfully scared at the sight of a man eight or nine feet high, whom no one can capture.—*Halifax paper.*

Wm. and Donald McLean, son of Mr. Hugh McLean of Wreck Cove, St. Ann's Bay, C. B., were drowned on the 23d ult. by the capsizing of their boat within a short distance of their homes. They were aged 24 and 20 years, respectively.

Select Tale.

MRS. BRENT'S BABY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Concluded.

"What is all this row about?" said a sharp-nosed little man, with a newspaper in his hand. "A child, is it? Fall back, gentlemen, and let me look at it. If it should prove to be the one."

"How? What do you mean?" queried a dozen voices at once.

"It is! it is! It can be no other!" exclaimed the sharp-nosed man, excitedly. "How strange, that I should chance upon it! Listen to this, gentlemen," and he read from the paper in his hand the notice:

"Stolen—supposed to have been stolen from its carriage in Central Park, on the morning of the eighteenth inst., a male child, about nine months old. Said child has blue eyes, and rather dark hair; and is a remarkably forward and interesting child. Any person who will return him to his afflicted parents, at No. Forty-Ninth street, or give information that will lead to his recovery, shall receive a reward of three hundred dollars. Louis Roscoe."

"Wall! I never!" exclaimed the old lady. "It must be the very same baby! This child has got blue eyes, and dark hair, and 'pears remarkable forward!"

"Yes, ma'am, unquestionably the very same," remarked the sharp-nosed man, confidently; "consider it my duty to take possession."

"Oh, take it, do!" cried Corban, imploringly. "I'll give a hundred dollars to get it off my hands!"

"No doubt you would, my man; but I ain't took in that way. My name is Smithers—Peter Smithers, sir; and I live in Albany. I'm a magistrate, sir; and I arrest you for child stealing."

"I tell you I didn't steal it. She went off after a cup of coffee."

"Don't trouble yourself to repeat that story again. I understand the case fully," said Mr. Smithers, promptly. "Conductor, is there a place on the train where this rascal would be any safer than here?"

"We don't run prison vans," responded that worthy, sulkily.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smithers, blandly, "you are all men of honor, and have wives and children, or ought to have; and you all have feelings of sympathy, doubts, for the parents of this unfortunate babe; and I depend upon you, gentlemen, to assist me in guarding him until we reach a station, where I can place him in charge of the proper officials. At the next stopping-place I will telegraph to Bridewell, and have constables ready to take possession of him the moment we arrive."

"You shall pay dearly for this!" roared Corban, now fairly infuriated. "Yes, sir! I'll take the law on you the moment we get anywhere where there is any law! Call me a rascal, indeed!"

Just at that moment the sharp signal to "down brakes" sounded; and in a few moments there was a slight shock, and the train came to a sudden stop.

Everybody rushed out to ascertain the difficulty, and it was found that a wheel of the engine had broken, and the locomotive was partially off the track.

No one was injured; but it would occupy some time to get things so that the next train could run; and, in the meantime, Mr. Corban, thought, with rapture, he could make his escape.

He formed the plan of dropping the unfortunate baby and fleeing to the woods. In the bustle and confusion it could only be accomplished. But he had reckoned without his host. Mr. Smithers was right at his elbow. He had no notion of allowing that tempting reward to slip through his fingers; and a couple of other gentlemen kept guard with him. And there stood poor Corban, holding the whimpering baby, and expostulating, swearing, and blustering in a way that made all the ladies decide that he was a monster—and they gave him and the baby a very wide berth.

Suddenly the whistle of the next train from Parkersburg was heard. A bright hope sprang up in Corban's breast. It was possible the baby's mother might be on board.

He rushed forward, but Mr. Smithers seized his arm and held him back.

"Be quiet, sir!" said he. "Remember, you are under arrest!"

The train had been warned of the detention of the first express, and came to a halt at a little distance behind; and the moment it did so, the door of one of the carriages was burst open, and out leaped the baby's mother.

A cry of joy came from Corban; and with one bound he broke the grasp of Mr. Smithers upon his arm, and rushed toward her.

"Oh! my baby! My precious baby!" screamed she, snatching the child from Corban. "My darling! My little angel darling!" and she fell to kissing it in a way that set all the ladies round about to pulling out their handkerchiefs, and exclaiming, "Did you ever?"