

# The Mirror and

which would have cost hundreds of lives and millions of dollars, leaving behind a mighty record of prostrated blocks, shattered streets, broken fortunes, and crushed hearts.

**CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.**—Thousands of men think a thousand times more of reputation, what men think of them, than of character, what they are. They would be content to be nothing if they could only pass for something in the world. This insanity of seeming is the top root of all our cant and hypocrisy and sham. The first step toward excellence, is to stop taking the census of the world's admiration, and set about being somebody and doing something. The sun does not stop shining to ascertain what men think of its light, but regardless of the world's opinion keeps on its steady course content to be the sun, and fill the spaces with its beams. Fill your mind with splendid qualities and your life with noble and generous deeds, and you may leave your reputation, as the comet leaves its trail, to take care of itself.—*Liberal Christian.*

## The Mirror

Colchester County Advertiser.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

### The Queen's Birth Day.

Forty-nine years ago our present Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria was born.—At the age of eighteen she was crowned. On the 10th of February 1840, in her 21st year, she was married to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. For nearly twenty-two years she enjoyed the felicity of wedded life. But the year 1861 proved a sad one to our beloved Queen. "March saw her weeping for a mother dead: December saw her a widow. Leaving a blank in the royal house that can never be filled again. Albert, Prince Consort, died at Windsor of typhoid fever, Dec. 14, 1861. Long shall British Art and Science miss his fostering hand and kindly counsel!"

At Prince Albert's death, four sons and five fair daughters were left to console Her Royal Highness "whose crown has now become a lonely splendor." For almost thirty-one years she has swayed the royal sceptre over the greatest, freest, most illustrious and powerful nation, on the face of the earth. Her reign has been one of mildness and firmness. In this way has she secured the homage of millions of loyal hearts, throughout the vast dominion of the British Empire, as well as the respect and confidence of other nations. Bigotry, oppression, intolerance, find no genial soil in which to take root and bring forth their bitter yet natural fruit of misery, persecution and death, beneath her nurturing hand. These relics of semi-barbaric ages are pretty well swept away, and in their stead, liberty, freedom, toleration and forbearance are inculcated. The arts and sciences are being brought nearer to perfection, and popular education is liberally encouraged. The poor and needy are cared for, and the suffering and sorrowful have their wants attended to and their grief assuaged. Liberty of conscience is secured to all without distinction or partiality, and a free and unfettered Bible is within the reach of all.—Is it any wonder then that when Her Majesty's birth day comes round, the heart of every free born Briton and lover of constitutional and religious freedom, should beat with pulsations of the liveliest gratitude and keenest joy? Well indeed may joy bells peel, drums beat, and cannons roar, as ushers in that returning morn which commemorates the auspicious day on which her Royal Highness was born. Fitting prelude of the joyous, happy day, are the rich strains of "God Save our Noble Queen," as they are breathed forth from thousands of warm grateful hearts upon the pure air of spring. Appropriate expressions of loyalty and thankfulness, are the thousand flags that wave in the breeze from government buildings, company establishments, public school buildings, private shops, residences, &c. These things all tend, doubtless, to deepen our devotion to our sovereign, and the vast realm over which she presides.

But we feel there is still a want in our Province on the return of this bright day. Much and all as we venerate the institutions and usages of the past, yet we believe there is room for improvement. The proclaiming of the Queen's Birth Day as a general holiday, the rich display of bunting on the occasion, the dulcet strains of martial music and the cheerful greetings and festivities enjoyed, all have our warmest sympathy and most hearty approval. Yet we say we feel a want. To that want then let us for a moment advert.

In the church of Rome, when the day returns which is regarded as sacred to the memory of some patron saint, an oration is often delivered, suited to the occasion. A like custom has for years been observed in the neighboring Republic. Every fourth of July is not only a grand "gala-day," but is also a season for declamations and orations, which tend to awaken a national pride, and a love for national institutions. True we

would not wish to see that cringing devotion manifested towards the Crown and Queen of Great Britain, as the followers of Rome manifest towards the Papal See or Pope. Nor would we desire to see developed, such a spirit of haughty pride and insolence towards other nations, as is sometimes exercised by our neighbors over the border. Still we contend that the abuse of anything is no argument against its legitimate use. That others have in their orations on such memorable occasions, carried matters to excess and accomplished more than was or is desirable, is no reason why we should not make a wholesome use of the same lever. The fact that they have accomplished so much, only proves the vast power which suitable orations on such occasions, can wield. Why then, in view of these things, could we not in Nova Scotia have orations delivered, on every birth day of our beloved sovereign, in every town and village throughout the land? Is there no need of such an arrangement? Can any one look calmly at the facts of the case and answer no? We fear not. Traitors are at this hour seeking to destroy our allegiance to our Queen and love for British institutions. Spies are searching out our most vulnerable points and giving information to those who seek our destruction, or are anxious to secure our vast mineral wealth and valuable fisheries. Devices are resorted to, and means fair and foul are tried, to blot out our love for the old flag and for our illustrious and sovereign lady Queen Victoria.

If these things be true, is it not time that something were done, to awaken within us and our children, a spirit of steady allegiance to the Crown and Queen of England. Is it not time that means lawful and right were employed, to foster and deepen our love and veneration for the laws, usages, and institutions which now surround us.—And what more suitable way for accomplishing this, than the one referred to above. And also what more suitable way for spending a portion of the Queen's birth day, than by assembling, male and female, old and young, to hear a soul stirring oration; an oration that would make our hearts beat with mingled pride and gratitude to think that we are subjects of so great, illustrious, and pious a sovereign; and that we are members of the greatest, freest, and mightiest nation on the face of earth.

### BAPTISM.

There was another baptism of six persons last Sabbath morning by the Rev. W. Dimock of this town. About four weeks ago there were nine added to this church. Surely there is every reason to believe that the Spirit is at work amongst our Baptist brethren. We trust that the other churches of this town, as well as this one, may receive a still deeper baptism of the same Spirit, and that the cause of pure religion may flourish abundantly.

These awakenings in any particular portion of the Church universal should never be the occasion of jealousy or envy to any other section or denomination, but rather be a source of rejoicing and thanksgiving, serving to stir the others up to more zeal and devotedness in the ways and work of holiness. We are not of those who think the particular church they belong to is and must be right and all others must necessarily be wrong; but we believe there is good—yes, and some evil—in every church; and hence our motto is: Let those who are without any spot or stain whatever cast the first stone at a sister church. If this rule were strictly observed we would hear less about "plunging people into the river like so many sheep," "the idea of sprinkling unconscious infants," &c., &c., which, to say the least, evidences a great lack of that crowning Christian grace, "charity." We therefore heartily bid our Baptist brethren God speed in their Christian labors.

## Correspondence.

[No Communication will be taken notice of unless accompanied with the author's name.—We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

### THE VILLAGE BY SUNRISE.

Seated on a grassy mound of a neighboring hill, where gentle heights overlook my native valley, I find the morning's bracing air dispel the dreaming languor of the invalid. The dew of heaven distilled in silence, beads like glittering points on the earth's green mantle, or nestles in pearls on the gossamer web of the spider, and save the soft lullaby of the neighbouring brooklets or the gentle sighing of the trees stirred by mornings light zephyrs, no sounds disturb the placid stillness of all nature wrapt in soft repose. Stretching far away in the rear is the majestic forest, with its unbroken solitudes. In front and directly beneath, lay the village steeped in morning slumbers, from its quiet streets float up no sounds of busy crowds engaged in active labor. No echoing footfall breaks the impressive hush of those deserted pavements, which at noonday hours pours the clattering stream of busy industry. Here and there from the domestic hearth ascends the morning incense, whose curling wreaths float gracefully in the azure blue: In the wide spreading interval beyond the village, noble and majestic elms rear their tall heads in stately beauty, the surrounding verdure, laden with pearly drops of chrysal dew, sparkle in the rays of summer's young sun from the east, the dull grey clouds of early morn lay piled up like battlemented towers, or float in fleecy grandeur above the woodland height beyond. Through this vale of exquisite beauty I trace the graceful windings of the sister rivers, as murmuringly they roll their tribute to the sea. Above the eastern horizon, the cheerful face of

the broad sun peers gloriously, casting a sea of molten gold o'er rare scenes of sylvan beauty. Upon the spruce clad slopes of Cobequid's mountain range, still hang like a pall, the vapoury mists of morning, while far away in the distance glitter in the sunlight the now placid waters of the Bay. The smiling homesteads of the Lower Village dot the table land of the west against whose jutting banks, for ages, has beat Old Fundy's foam capped surges; around the brow of Savage Isle the wild sea gull floats on lazy wing where the waters of the Bay chaunts a wild requiem o'er the mouldering bones of the aborigines that here and there gleam out grim and ghastly from the crumbling face of the rugged cliff, deposited there amid no pomp or glittering pagentry, the barbarous followers of the shrouded corpse, uncoffined lay the child of the forest in his narrow home, and above the low wail of the mourners as they perform the savage rites in the Mic-mac's soft idiom, is heard the stern roar of Fundy's seething tide. In the east small clearings amid the forest-clad hills reveal the rural beauty of the settler's home, glistening in the splendors of the early morning sun, where in quiet grandeur the monarchs of the forest tower away into the blue vault, casting their sombre shadows o'er bubbling stream and forest glade. There, in happy quiet, dwells the hardy husbandman.

But the busy hum that wells up from below, with the distant rumble of the carriage wheel, and the sharp ring of the hammer of industry, betokens the village is astir. From scores of chimneys issue the curling smoke from the newly kindled fires, around whose genial glow the little household gods cluster in happy glee, the music of whose pattering feet and joyous prattle shed around the festive board contentment's happy halo.

The village beneath, now rejoicing in the full tide of old Sol's effulgent beams, presents a scene where gods might dwell and wander with delight.

J. A. T.

### For the Mirror.

#### SKETCHES OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

From her early commencement, the Secession branch of the Presbyterian Church has been essentially missionary in her character. Whilst striving to extend her borders in her own land she has also directed her attention to foreign fields. In the year 1754 her first missionary crossed the Atlantic, and began his labors in Octorara and Oxford; and in 1766 the Rev. Samuel Kinloch came out. He was the first Presbyterian minister who came to Nova Scotia, and proceeded to Truro, where he labored for a space of three years. This was the first preaching which the people of Truro had enjoyed since they arrived in the country, and hence they evinced a strong desire to have him settled among them. He, however, declined according to their request, and returned to Scotland, where he shortly afterwards died. After Mr. Kinloch had labored but a short time in Truro he was succeeded by Rev. James Murdoch, who labored at Windsor for a short time and then proceeded to Megargle's Grant, where he was unfortunately drowned. These two were, after a brief period, followed by two others, Revs. Daniel Cook and David Smith. The former was settled at Truro, and the latter at Londonderry. In the year 1785 Rev. Hugh Graham arrived, and was immediately settled at Curwallia, and afterwards at Steiwastake. These three brethren at once resolved to constitute themselves into a Presbytery which was accordingly done at Truro in 1786. This was the formation of the first Presbytery in Nova Scotia, and was called the Associate Presbytery of Truro. The men who composed the Presbytery received but a scanty income, and besides enduring the hardships of preaching the gospel in a new country, they in some instances suffered from an actual deficiency of the means of subsistence. Under these circumstances they needed a piece of land which could be had at a merely nominal price, and depended upon it to some extent for a means of support. At this time, too, there were but few roads in the country, and hence it was a matter of great difficulty to travel from place to place, and they had many hardships to endure. In the year 1795 the Presbytery of Pictou was formed; and now there were about eight Presbyteries in our Province. These two Presbyteries acted in a separate capacity for a number of years. Various ministers had now arrived in the Province, and their ranks became strengthened, until in the year 1817 the two Presbyteries were united, forming one Synod. This union constituted what was called the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia. The Synod was divided into three Presbyteries—Truro, Pictou and Prince Edward Island. One minister now survives who was present at this union, viz., the Rev. Thomas Crowe, Meitland. Previous to this time three Presbyteries had engaged to some extent in mission work. Now, however, it was more systematically pursued. A committee called the Committee of Missions was appointed for the purpose of raising funds and dispatching preachers to the most necessitous places. The Synod, however, soon felt their utter inability to occupy the wide field before them. Being also aware of the fact that native teachers were scarce, and that the work of the ministry, in fact, was almost at a standstill, an attempt was made to train their own youth for the work of the ministry. Accordingly the late Dr. McCulloch, in addition to the various duties incumbent upon him, was induced to take some young men under his care who had finished their philosophical curriculum at Pictou, and give them a theological training. This he consented to do, but declined taking any salary until the first students who had composed his class were licensed, when he accepted of £40 a year. After Dr. McCulloch's death the attention of Synod was called to the necessity of more efficient means for the training of the rising ministry. The subject was discussed, and after due deliberation the Rev. John Keir, of Princetown, P. E. I., was chosen as a Professor of Systematic Theology. After a time the staff was increased by the addition of a Professor of Biblical Literature. Rev. James Ross of West River, Pictou, was chosen to fill this chair. A Seminary was then opened at West River, under the superintendence of Drs. Keir and Smith. In 1858, when the new College was opened in Truro, the Theological Hall was transferred there, and during its first session Dr. Keir died, and his chair was temporarily filled by Dr. Ross, now of Dalhousie College. Now, however, since the union of Free and Presbyterian Churches, the Hall has been removed to Gerrish-street, Halifax, having three Professors.

(To be continued.)

Remember the lecture at the Parade School House on Thursday next.

The Rev. John McMillan will preach in St. Paul's Kirk to-morrow, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Several communications crowded out this week.

On Wednesday last a lady passing through the Lower Village was attacked by a large dog. Fortunately she escaped unhurt.

The Mutual Improvement Society was re-organized on Thursday evening last. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: G. P. Nelson, President; J. L. Sutherland, Treasurer; B. Wilson, Secretary.

We direct the attention of farmers to the advertisement of E. O. Fitch in another column for the sale of the Patent Horse Pitchfork. No farmer should be without this labor-saving fork. Specimens can be seen at Mr. Robert Saitth's store.

**TRURO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.** A special Prayer Meeting of the Association for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this and all kindred associations will be held in the Presbyterian Hall on Monday evening, June 1st, commencing at 8 o'clock. All young men are earnestly invited to attend.

Mr. R. M. Barratt, Agent of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, will lecture in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening, June 2nd, at half-past seven o'clock p. m. The public generally are respectfully invited to attend. There will be a collection taken up at the close in aid of the funds of the Grand Division.

### CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Monday the 23rd inst. was duly observed by the inhabitants of Truro as a day of rejoicing. At 2 o'clock p. m. the Rohnsay Blues Volunteers, headed by their fine band, marched from their Drill Room to the front of the Court House, where they fired a royal salute, and gave three hearty cheers for the Queen. Then to the soul-stirring martial music of their band they marched around the town, after which they dispersed for the day. Throughout the entire day a profusion of bunting was displayed, which gave the village a gay appearance. In the evening the Volunteer Band gave a splendid "Promenade Concert" under the patronage of Lieut.-Col. C. Blanchard. The concert was largely attended, and was pronounced a decided success.

The Cape Breton News says that the coal trade at the outlying Mines is very dull, and what is equally to be regretted, that the prospect of large shipments this season is exceedingly gloomy and discouraging.

A cow belonging to Mr. Murray of Rogers Hill gave birth this spring to four lambs. They were brought forth two at a time, an interval of two weeks elapsing between the birth of the former and latter twins. The lambs, at last accounts, were all alive and doing well.—*Pictou Standard.*

The best outward application known for fishwounds, sprains, bruises, swollen or stiff joints is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It stands upon its own merits, and is the best family medicine in the world.

Never indulge in the inordinate use of any medicine. It is important to take even a good medicine judiciously. Parsons' Purgative Pills are safe, prompt and reliable, and free from all deleterious substances.

St. John is to have a Street Railway built this summer. Mr. Reynolds is making every preparation for commencing operations.

### PRIVATE LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

We have been favored with the following extract from a private letter from Dr. Livingstone to a gentleman in Bombay. It is dated March 2, 1867, and was written at Bamba: "I have been unable to send anything to the coast since I left till now, and have heard nothing from the coast. . . . We have been very long in our progress thither, but I think we are now on the watershed between the Zambesi and Isapula, which flows, as report says, into Lake Tanganyika. I have only nine of a following, but hope to get on in time, and do what I have undertaken. In some parts we had plenty of meat, I could easily supply the boat with my rifle. In other parts nothing could be procured, and we had to go on as best we could. It was the rainy season, and we had a long trudge through dripping forests, with the soil often so sloppy the feet were constantly wet. This was made worse by want of food, not of fine dishes, but even of a little porridge. The people could not sell grain; they were subsisting themselves on mushrooms, which are very good as catsup, but wretched watery food, producing vivid visions of roast beef of bygone days. Now we have come to a land food is to be bought, and we mean to rest a little. When we get to Tanganyika Lake we hope for news, and to find a second supply of goods. That shall write to you from thence. Tell—that his dog turned out a famous one, and I never was so sorry for any animal as when we lately lost him. He had more spirit than fifty dogs, and as soon as we got a hut in a village he kept it clear of all curs, and never stole himself. He was as much of an attraction as the white man himself. He took charge of the whole line of march, and was so spirited he went at anything. This is how we lost him: we had to wade a marsh a mile wide and waist deep—a peaty bottom, with holes made by buffalo's feet, which made us all flounder. I went first, and forgot the poor doggie. He must have swam among the boys, each one minding himself, till he was drowned; no one noticed him. I am unable to write to Dr. Wilson, though I ought to do so, but the slave trader will not give me more time. I resumed Mrs. —'s extract of meat from my horse, and found it excellent. I have lost all my medicines—the worst loss of goods I ever sustained. You will excuse my brevity. The slavery party leaves, and I must write several letters. Blessings from the highest be on you all, my dear friends. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.—*Times of India, April 11.*

We were shown some very fine carriages the other day by Mr. W. C. Smith, of this town, which he has lately manufactured.

**OCCUPATION OF ABYSSINIAN WOMAN.**—The country from Attala to sakhian appeared thinly peopled. We met, however, a number of women carrying grain in the direction of Attala, but scarcely any men. It is said that the Gallas kill every man they meet, but spare the lives and often the property of the women; though possibly this theory is a convenient invention, devised to escape work, by the lazy lords of the sea coast. The rainy season had commenced, and some of the women were very pretty, with delicate features and rich olive complexion, not much darker than that of a Spanish brunette; but their charms were marred in British eyes by the usual Abyssinian taste for grease and distaste for soap. As the Americans say, we are a sadly prejudiced people.

## By Telegraph.

LONDON, May 25 (even).—Despatches from the British expedition report rear of column on May 18th had reached Antalo in the return march to the sea coast. The rainy season had commenced, but the troops were still arriving at Amnesley Bay, and rapidly embarking for Bombay. No lives were lost by the British at Magdala.

The German scientific expedition to the magnetic pole has sailed on a voyage of exploration.

In the House of Commons this evening the Home Secretary, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, in reply to some question of Mr. John Bright, said the Government had decided to give the Clerkenwell conspirator, Barrett, a new trial.

VISITING, May 25.—Imperial assent has been given to the public school and civil marriage bill which recently passed the Reichsrath.

LONDON, May 14.—In the House of Commons last night Mr. Disraeli moved a vote of thanks to General Sir Robert Napier, commanding the Abyssinian expedition. Sir Stafford Northcote, Secretary of State for India, said: Despatches have been received from General Napier; the last despatches which had reached London were received April 22nd.

The dispatch concerning the action of the Government on the question of Scotch Reform in the House of Commons last night was incorrect. The following is a correct report: Mr. Baxter, on Monday night moved an amendment to the Scotch members of Bill that the number of Scotch members of the House of Commons be increased by taking the franchise from some of the English boroughs. This amendment, which was opposed by the ministry on Monday night, but was afterward carried on division of the House, was accepted by Mr. Disraeli. The Premier subsequently proposed, on the part of the ministry, a new clause providing that all persons excused from the payment of the rates, by reason of their poverty, be not entitled to vote. Further consideration of the bill was then postponed.

Despatches from Rome state the Pope has invited the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States to raise one thousand volunteers for the Papal Army, and authorizing them to make such terms with recruits as may be necessary and proper.

LONDON, May 24.—The efforts made to prove an *alibi* in the case of Fenian Barrett the Clerkenwell conspirator, have failed, and his execution will take place at the expiration of the week for which he was respited.

Telegrams from Sydney, Australia, in anticipation of overland mails, say that Prince Alfred had left there for England in command of the steam frigate Galatea, and that he was quite well. Farrell, the attempted assassin of Prince Alfred, was executed on the 22nd of April.

Despatches received from General Napier of the 6th instant state that a portion of his troops had reached the coast and embarked for Bombay, and that the remainder of the troops and stores belonging to the expedition had been hastened forward, to be shipped from Zoolia as possible, and that the evacuation of the country would be soon effected. The wounded are doing well, and rapidly becoming convalescent. The troops are generally in good health.

LONDON, May 25.—The Morning Post in an editorial to-day says it is true, as previously reported, that Great Britain has officially urged a general disarmament.

The Government of Austria has also lent its good offices in the same direction.

PARIS, May 25.—The grand prize of Paris, the gift of his Majesty the Emperor, and one hundred thousand francs given half by the city of Paris, and half by the five great Railway companies of France, won yesterday, Sunday, by M. A. Schicklers, Brown colt "Souzerain."

BERLIN, May 25.—The Zollverein diet has adjourned. The session was closed by King William of Prussia, who made the customary speech in which he said he hoped the results of the session would strengthen sentiment of mutual feeling among the people of various states of the Confederation, destroy the prejudices which had existed in some portions of the country, and prove that the Germans though apart in some interests, were one people in a brotherly sentiment. The King closed by saying that the rights entrusted to him by Germany would be sacredly exercised as his highest rule of action.

LONDON, May 27th, (eve).—The greatest event of the year on the England turf took place to-day on the Epsom Downs. A vast throng was present; business was entirely suspended. The Prince of Wales and other male members of the Royal family were present. The day was delightfully fine and the course was in capital order. More interest than usual was taken in the race in consequence of the heavy amount ventured by the Marquis of Hastings in backing his horse "Lady Elizabeth" against the Field. The race for the Derby stakes of 500 sovereigns each half forfeit mile and a half, the second horse to receive 10 sovereigns out of the stakes, there were 263 subscribers, eighteen horses ran, the race was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Bay colt "Blue Gown," Baron Rothschild's Bay colt "King Alfred" second, and the Duke of Newcastle's Bay colt "Speculum" third. Time 2. 44.

NEW YORK, May 28th.—Great Prize fight on the tapis between McCall and Coburn, to come off yesterday in Indiana, was prevented by the arrest of both, and holding them to bail. Gold 89 3-4.

## Married.

At Onslow, on the 28th inst., by the Rev John Baxter, Mr. Charles McCallum, of the North River of Onslow, to Miss Elizabeth A. Cummings of Truro.

At the residence of C. Benedict, Esq., Oeate, Iowa, on Thursday evening, April 9th, by the Rev. Aloa Bush, Matthew Creelman, to Elizabeth Janet daughter of the late John Gammell, of Upper Stewiacke.