

# THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS I'PHERS SEE US."

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Pradey talked a little with Phibbert. Presently he went up to see for himself. At the mainmast he stopped and leveled his glass.

"There springs up a light," I said, pointing to the low fast-rising crest of the hill.

As I spoke two or three more glimmers appeared, but lower down. The short tropic sunset was now over, and comparative darkness was at hand.

"I fear he stands fast to fall into a trap," said I, uneasily, to my companions. "Will he still hold on?"

"I think not much farther," said Mr. Tym, but he spoke with no great tone of confidence.

A half mile, it might be more, and then Pradey called Phibbert and gave an order.

The lieutenant leaped upon a gun. "Ready at the braces!" he roared. The men rushed to obey.

"Now, sir," said Phibbert, turning to Pradey and touching his headpiece. "I have the honor to report."

Brodey, with 300 men, holds the castle. The governor and most of his command are dead, and we have captured above 50 cannon, six or eight pipes of muskets, the value of £4,000 or £5,000 in treasure, and a goodly store of provisions.

"Excellent!" cried Pradey in high good humor. "And St. Catherine's? Since Brodey is here, I throw the chief command there—which is to say, he took it?"

"He did, indeed, sir," answered Phibbert, "but he is not in a way to remain there long. Brodey had dispatched the news to him, and he must soon come."

This happy conclusion of the matter relieved Mr. Tym, Mac Ivrah and me quite as much as it did the rest of the ship's company. The fact is our personal aims were not only thereby furthered, but we felt some little patriotic pride as well.

At last Pradey and I went forward toward the poop according to that moment Pradey himself discovered.

"What news ashore?" asked Pradey, hurriedly.

"Why, senator, the English have taken the castle," answered the man.

"Enough!" cried Pradey, impatiently. "To the braces, men! Master Phibbert, lay our course for the word and once more the Black Eagle was fetched into the wind. A cable had been prepared to slip, and one of the anchors was immediately let go.

Sail was clewed up but not furled, and when ammunition had been served out to the men and all the cannon prepared for instant use we were in case either to fight or to fly.

We were near enough to the castle by this time, so that a shot from one of its heavy guns might reach us, but otherwise there was no present risk.

Everything had been managed as quietly as possible, and there was no hint from any sign on shore, that we had been perceived.

Pradey spoke to the first lieutenant, and one of the quarter boats was lowered.

"Take her, lieutenant, pick two men for a crew, and see what you can learn," said Pradey, briefly.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Phibbert. "If all is well fire two successive pistol shots; if we have been cheated, one," pursued Pradey.

and before us was the dark, strong mountain, almost fetching the eye to a little giddiness and yet pleasantly steadfast, while breaking away to the right was the refreshing green of the forest.

We made no talk for a bit, the others of the crew pushing steadily on and leaving us, and it was only when the last of them were disappearing in the gateway of the lower forts that we finally started on.

Above this fort was communication by a steep path with a still more complete defense, good walls and bastions being here, and finally was the sharp, sudden rise of the great rock itself.

At this point we could not but wonder at the desperate valor of Brodey's men, for from here to the summit the only regular ascent was by a flight of narrow, rock-hewn stairs, and the chance for placing scaling ladders was of the worst and riskiest.

Yet up here they had won their way, and the fragments of some of the soldiers, and more than that, a stain of blood here and there still remained as witnesses to it!

At the top of the stairs was a large, square building that we afterward

found was designed to hold military stores, and from here a single walk led to a narrow, high sham, the castle itself lying on the other side. There had been a bridge here, but the Spaniards, in their final defense, had destroyed it, and in its place was now a rude affair of planks partly supported by guys.

On the other side was a kind of barbican, and then the wall of the castle proper. The structure was of no great size, rising merely in a small tower or keep, and thence stretching out in two short, low wings. By this time the sun was pouring down fiercely, and as we had explored the greater part of the place, we concluded to seek a more comfortable spot, and accordingly descended the hill again.

The excursion had afforded us much pleasure, besides getting us into the knowledge of things that it was profitable for us to know. More than all, perhaps, it gave us the assurance of the desperate and seemingly resistless valor of our present comrades.

It was not long after we had returned to the bottom of the hill that we met five or six of the garrison, and with them a sturdy middle-aged man, who turned out to be the hero of the late battle, Capt. Brodey. He was busy just then in giving some orders about the strengthening of the bastions, and we merely got a short nod from him in exchange for our salute, though this proved to be but the beginning of our acquaintance.

I can now compass the events of two weeks or more into a very brief space. My companions and I passed most of the time ashore, and though we did not seem to slight our shipmates, took care to have as little of their rough and unaccepting company as possible.

But these small things soon passed out of our thoughts, for one morning Capt. Morgan's fleet was sighted. In a moment there was the loudest sort of stir and excitement. Flags were taken from the ships and hoisted on the castle and forts, and the guns were made ready to fire salutes. Everyone furnished up his arms and harness, and the ships were cleaned and made trim.

At first the wind was contrary, but finally one craft and then another beat its way in, and before nightfall all had fetched the mouth of the river. Here a rather serious misfortune happened, for, what with our rejoicing and their own pleasure and tumult, the people of the first four of the ships steered upon the dangerous sunken rock, and their crafts were wrecked. The north wind coming on to blow completed the mishap, and it was only by considerable exertion that all the men and contents of the ships were hopelessly wrecked. At last Capt. Morgan himself stepped on shore, bying till now stuck to his ship, and at once our men broke out in a great cheer, and, rushing down, caught him up and placed him on their shoulders and bore him up to the castle.

My companions and I fell into the wake of the crowd and continued on to the castle, where at last the panting and shouting buccaneers set Morgan down. At the same time a final salute of all the cannon about the place was let off. Morgan removed his headpiece, giving a flourish of acknowledgment, and in a few words thanked the company for this cordial display and assurance of confidence.

There was nothing more of note done that day, and I saw no more of Morgan, though I was once or twice again on the mountain. In the morning orders were given to build up the barricades, and all the crews were mustered and set to work. We found the chief's design was to make this a strong place, that we might have a haven of refuge in case things went wrong at Panama.

To be continued.

ADVICE WORTH A QUARTER.

An advertiser proposed to reveal for 25 cents an easy way for any young lady to keep her hands nice and soft.

A budding damsel sent the cash and received this advice: "Soak your hands in dishwater three times a day, while mother rests."

## PRIME MINISTER JOSEPH

### Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of the First Man in the Palace.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And when he saw the waggon which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived."—Genesis xiv. 27.

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth, in ships and cargoes that had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory, and diamonds; from the north marble and iron; from Syria purple and silk; from Greece some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures, their eyes and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower-buds; there were stone pillars, the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom, along the avenues lined with sphinx and fane, and obelisk; there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet, or else were driven in vehicles, the snow-white horses golden bitted, six abreast, dashing at full-run; there were fountains from stone-wreathed vases climbing the ladder of the sun. You would hear a bolt drawn and a door of brass open like a flash of the sun.

This was the place where Joseph, the shepherd boy, was called to stand next to Pharaoh in honor. What a contrast between this scene and his humble standing, and the pit into which his brothers threw him! Yet he was not forgetful of his early home—he was not ashamed of where he came from. When they came up from the famine-struck land to get corn from

THE KING'S CORN-CRIB,

Joseph, instead of chiding them for the way they had maltreated and abused him, sent them back with waggon, which Pharaoh furnished, laden with corn; and old Jacob, the father, in the very same waggon, was brought back that Joseph, the son, might see him, and give him a home all the rest of his days.

Well, I hear the waggon—the king's waggon—rumbling down in front of the palace. On the outside of the palace, to see the waggon go off, stands Pharaoh in royal robes, and, beside him prime minister Joseph, with a chain of gold around his neck, and on his hand a ring, given by Pharaoh to him, so that any time he wanted to stamp the royal seal upon a document he could do so. Waggon after waggon rolled down from the palace, laden with corn, and meat, and changes of raiment, and everything that could help a famine-struck people. Yonder they go, Jacob and his sons, and their wives, and their children, eighty-two in all, followed by herds and flocks, which the herdsmen drive along. They are going out from famine to luxuriance, they are going from a plain country home to the finest palace under the sun. Joseph, the prime minister, gets in his chariot and drives down to meet the old man, Joseph's charioteer holds up the horses on one side, the dust-covered waggon of the emigrants stop on the other. Joseph, instead of waiting for his father to come, leaps out of the chariot, leaps into the emigrants' waggon, throws his arms around the old man, and weeps aloud for past memories and present joy.

My friends, we are in a world by sin famine-struck; but the King is in constant communication with us, his waggon coming and going perpetually; and in the rest of my discourse I will show what the waggon brings and what they take back.

In the first place, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's waggon now brings us corn and meat, and many changes of raiment. We are apt to think of the fields and the orchards as feeding us; but who makes the flax grow for the linen, and the wheat for the bread, and the wool on the sheep's back? Oh, I wish we could see through every grain-field, by every sheep-fold, under the trees of every orchard, the King's waggon drive up three times a day, morning, noon, and night. They bring furs from the arctic, they bring fruits from the tropic, they bring bread from the temperate zone.

NONE BUT A GOD could clothe and feed the world. None but a King's corn-crib could appease the world's famine. None but a King could tell how many waggon loads, and how heavily to load them, and when they are to start. They are coming over the frozen ground to-day. Do you not hear their rumbly tread? They will stop at noon at

your table. Oh! thank God for bread—for bread!

I remark, again, that, like those that came from the Egyptian palace, the King's waggon brings us good news. Jacob had not heard from his boy for a great many years. He never thought of him but with a heart-ache. There was in Jacob's heart a room where laid the corpse of his unbared Joseph; and when the waggon came—the king's waggon—and told him that Joseph was yet alive, he faints dead away. Good news for Jacob! Good news for us! The Bethlehem shepherds were awakened at midnight by the rattling of the waggon that brought the tidings. Our Joseph—Jesus—sends us a message of pardon, of life, of heaven; corn for our hunger, raiment for our nakedness. Joseph—Jesus—is yet alive.

I think that the King's waggon will take us up to see our lost friends. Jacob's chief anticipation was not of seeing the Nile, or of seeing the long colonnade of architectural beauty, or of seeing the throne-room. There was a focus to all his journeyings—to all his anticipations—and that was Joseph. If Jesus were not in heaven there would be no music there; there would be very few people there; they would be off looking for the lost Christ, crying through the universe: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?"

Oh, the joy of meeting our brother Joseph—Jesus. After we have talked about Him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk with Him! and to clasp hands with the Hero of the ages, not crouching as underlings in His presence, but as Jacob and Joseph hug each other. We will want some new term by which to address Him. On earth we call Him Saviour, or Redeemer, or Friend; but when we throw our arms around Him in everlasting embrace we will want some new term of endearment.

THE KING'S WAGGONS

took Jacob up to see his lost boy; and so I really think the King's waggon will take us up to see our lost kindred. How long is it since Joseph went out of your household? How many years it is, now, last Christmas, or the fourteenth of next month? It was a dark night when he died, and a stormy day it was at the burial; and the clouds wept with you, and the winds sighed for the dead.

In my boyhood, for some time, we lived three miles from church, and on stormy days the children stayed at home, but father and mother always went to church. That was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we stayed at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted, for the roads were very bad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window at twelve o'clock to see if they were coming; and then we would go at half-past twelve to see if they were coming; and at a quarter to one; and then at one o'clock. After awhile, Mary, or Daniel, or De Witt would shout: "The waggon's coming!" and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in the front of the old farmhouse; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear brethren, I think we are many of us in the King's waggon, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly; but after awhile we come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead; and our departed kindred—who have been waiting for us will rush out, leaving the doors, and over the lawn, crying: "The waggon's coming! the King's waggon's coming!" Hark! the bell of the city hall strikes twelve. Twelve o'clock on earth; and likewise it is

HIGH NOON IN HEAVEN.

Does not the subject of the morning take the gloom out of the thoughts that would otherwise be struck through with midnight. We used to think that when we died we would have to go aloft, sagging down in the mire, and the hounds of terror might get after us, and that if we got through into heaven at all, and bleeding, I remember when my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I heard anybody talk about death; but I have come to we would come in torn and wounded and bleeding. I remember when my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I heard anybody talk about death; but I have come to think that the grave will be the softest bed I have ever slept in, and that the bottom of my feet will not be wet with the passage of the Jordan. "Then that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." I was reading a day or two ago Robert

Southey, who said he could die far away from his friends—like a dog, crawling into a corner and dying unobserved, those were his words. Be it ours to die on a couch, surrounded by loved ones, so that they, with us may hear the glad, sweet, jubilant announcement; "The King's waggon's coming!" Hark! I hear them now! Are they coming for me or you?

ROYAL TALISMANS.

"Good Luck" Articles Possessed by Various Potentates.

Some of the most powerful monarchs in the world are the possessors of talisman the loss of which would fill them with dire forebodings and dismay.

The autocratic Czar of All the Russias constantly carries about with him a ring, without which nothing would induce him to move a step from his palace. Though this is really a fiction, it is believed to contain a tiny piece of the cross on which the Saviour was crucified.

The ring is supposed to be endowed with some occult power of shielding its wearer from personal danger; hence the Czar's anxiety to always have it with him. Belief in its magic influence was immensely strengthened by the fact of the present Emperor's grandfather being without the ring at the moment of his assassination.

The Shah of Persia always wears a belt set with a superb emerald, to which he ascribes the same virtue as the Czar attributes to his sacred ring. The belt is filled with onion-peelings, the object of which is said to be to move any would-be assassin to tears.

When the late Shah visited England he was never seen in public without this protecting belt and gem. He thoroughly believed that if he traveled without the emerald disaster would overtake him, and by a strange coincidence

IT ACTUALLY DID.

It will be remembered that this Persian monarch was foully assassinated not many years ago, and it was a singular fact that he was not wearing the gem at the time.

King George of Greece possesses a talisman which is also a grim reminder of an attempt on his life. Just at the conclusion of the war with Turkey he was waylaid and shot at several times, one of the bullets embedding itself in the box of his carriage.

His Majesty's escape was so miraculous that he had his bullet extracted and made into a charm for his watch chain. He would not part with it for a kingdom, firmly believing that as it mercifully missed him when directed at him, it was designed to insure him immunity from assassination.

The Sultan of Turkey, who lives in constant dread of what has been described as the "happy dispatch," would not be an Oriental if he did not believe in the efficacy of charms. His own particular talisman is said to be a richly jeweled miniature dagger which he invariably carries about with him.

Despite its virtues, however, he takes the precaution of insuring on one of his ministers against every dish prepared for him before partaking of it himself.

When the late German Emperor was lying desperately ill at San Remo a remarkable amulet was sent him by the Sultan. It consisted of a string of nine stones of the size of hazel nuts, each of which bore an inscription from the Koran and had been prayed over by a Moslem priest.

Accompanying this royal talisman was a letter assuring the Emperor that if he only wore it his health would be

AT ONCE RESTORED.

The Ameer of Afghanistan wears a beautiful gold ring, to which he ascribes the fact of his having survived so long the machinations of his enemies. He has been a good many times reported dead, but thanks to the magic of his golden ring he still lives to praise its protecting virtues.

No Chinese potentate has ever been without his pegasus amulet. It is recorded of a former "Son of Heaven" that his talisman was a bracelet which he wore upon his forearm.

The result was that, when his Celestial Majesty was stricken with paralysis, the use of that particular amulet was preserved to him, and he was able to issue his decrees as usual. But the full extent of the amulet's mystic power was only revealed at the Emperor's death.

Three days after that event, when the priests were viewing the body, the removal of the bracelet was suggested. Instantly the hand was lifted up in deprecation of the proposal, which was thereupon abandoned. At least so runs the story.

The talisman of the sorrow-stricken ex-Empress Eugenie is an artistically jeweled breastpin fashioned in the shape of a clover-leaf. That has been her companion throughout her checkered career, albeit it has not always brought her happiness.

She is said to have pinned it on her bosom before bidding farewell to her beloved son, the late Prince Imperial, when he left England to meet his death at the hands of savages in South Africa.

## OUT OF A FRENCH PRISON.

The Thrilling Experience of Some English Midshipmen.

During one of the wars between France and England, Mr. Midshipman Boys, R. N., placed in command of a merchant prize, with orders to proceed immediately to Catalonia and join Lord Nelson in the Victory, fell into the hands of the enemy instead, and was committed to the prison of Valenciennes.

There he remained four years. Then the time came when a scheme to get away, in which he was joined by three companions, seemed practicable. They must scale a wall, ascend the parapet unobserved, escape the observation of three or four sentinels and the patrols, descend two ramparts, force two locks and get over two drawbridges; but by the grace of God they expected to manage it.

In one way and another they procured ropes and picklocks, and when the night came it was dark and cloudy, while the wind blew and the leaves kept up a rustling favorable to the enterprise.

At half past eight Boys and Hunter, with woolen stockings over their shoes, each wearing a rope, a small poker, a stake and a knapsack, went into the back yard, climbed over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road and climbed on their hands and knees until they reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel.

With the utmost precaution they crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork toward the outer edge of the rampart.

Both the poker and stake were then driven into the ground—by rising and falling with his full weight Boys hammered them in with his chest—and

THE ROPE MADE FAST.

This done, they let the rope down through a groove in the ramparts, and Boys descended. About two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, but he caught it between his knees, and carried it down without noise.

When Hunter had also gone down, they crossed the drawbridge and found themselves in an arched passage, ending in the door which separated them from the upper citadel. This was the moment for the picklocks to be proved, and they were tried in vain! The bolt was of cast iron; filing was useless; and the stone in which the bolt was fastened was so fortified with bars of cast iron that it could not be cut out.

"Checkmate!" murmured Hunter. "We must undermine the gate," said Boys. "We have our pocket-knives."

They had worked about a quarter of an hour, making little headway, for the paving-stones under the gate were about ten inches square, and closely bound together, when they were alarmed by a noise when the distant report of a gun. As the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate.

For a moment all seemed new. Stories, only too true, of the barbarous treatment of fugitives had often reached Valenciennes; to be overtaken meant a horrible death. There was a faint sound of footsteps in the passage, and the two men rose to their feet and stood back to back.

"Boys!" It was Whitehurst's whisper, and instantly all was hope again! The noise had been caused by Mansell dropping his knapsack on the echoing bridge. Whitehurst had remained perfectly still while he heard the sentinel walk up and examine the inner side and then walk away. It was a narrow escape; the fugitive and the soldier were scarcely more than a YARD APART.

They all began work now, and at half past ten the first stone was raised, and half an hour later there was a hole large enough to creep through. The first and second drawbridges they crossed on the iron handrails, and thus gained the upper citadel. They then proceeded to the northeast corner, fixed a stake and fastened a rope upon the breastwork of the fourth and last descent, feeling as if they were already embarked for England.

As Boys was getting down, with his chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched the rope, Mansell seized Whitehurst by the coat and Boys laid hold of the grass, and by all these means together he was saved from a fall of about fifty feet. They all came down safe at last, with their knapsacks and this fourth descent had landed them fairly outside the fortress; and in excess of joy, like true Britons, they all shook hands.

Getting out of a citadel like that of Valenciennes was one thing, and to leave the enemy's country was another, but at last, after many adventures, the young midshipmen were able to offer up their humble thanksgiving for deliverance on English soil.

HER EXCUSE.

Clara—What is your idea in being engaged to a man old enough to be your father?

Maud—I didn't know but I would marry him.

CHINESE FEED THEIR DEAD.

Twice a year, in the first week in April and October, the Chinese carry food to their dead.