

Carleton Place

VOL. XIII.

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No. 4.

SABBATH READING.

Consolation.

Thou'rt down, low down, poor heart—
At bottom of the hill;
The prudent friends who knew thee,
When fortune seemed to wane,
Are true to fortune still.
So deeply are thou fallen,
Who once didst soar so high,
That beggars of thy bounty
Look forward pass thee by;
And former boon companions
Whisper thy name and frown—
"The ways of heaven are righteous,
So—kick him—he is down!"
And yet, though down, poor heart—
Thy consolation's thine—
Thy conscience still berates thee,
And kindly memory sends thee
To bear, and not repine.
The sun that lights the ocean,
Shines also on the mire;
The mole hill and the mountain
Alike receive its fire.
The humblest dewy daisy,
Tast blossoms on the sod,
May put, like the pine tree, skyward,
And drink the light of God.

A Peep behind the Scene.

"There the wicked cease from troubling
and the weary are at rest."—Job iii. 17.
"What is the matter, James?" said Mrs. Dudley to her husband, one evening, as he sat before the fire with his head leaning up on his hand, in an attitude of deep depondency.
"Matters enough," said he, gloomily, "I am heart sick and discouraged. It is nothing but work, work, work in and week out, and nothing gained by it. You and the children are really suffering from the weather, and I have no means of obtaining any. It takes all that I can earn to purchase the food necessary, and I don't know how long I shall be able to do that, everything is so high."
"Has 'Squire Eastman paid you for your work on his new house?"

"No," replied Mr. Dudley, impatiently, "and what is more he don't mean to. I've asked him for it a dozen times, but it is never convenient. But I'll make it convenient. I'll be defrauded out of my just dues no longer; if he won't give it to me peaceably, the strong arm of the law shall make him!" A strange word this, he added, bitterly, "where the wicked flourish, and the poor, however worthy, are trodden into the dust."

"Well, what success did you have, Isabel?" inquired Mrs. Dudley, the following evening, after he had returned from his day's work, drawing his chair up to the fire where his wife sat busily engaged in sewing.
Mrs. Dudley made no reply, but leaning her head on her husband's shoulder, burst into tears.

"Why, what has happened?" said he anxiously taking her hand in his. "Surely," he exclaimed, his brow darkening, "they did not dare to treat you otherwise than civilly?"

"No, oh no," replied Mrs. Dudley, raising her head, and smiling through her tears. "I was only thinking how thankful I am that I have so good a husband and so many blessings."

Mr. Dudley drew his wife closer to him, and waited patiently for her to explain. "I suppose you think me very childish," said Mrs. Dudley, after a pause; "but if you had seen what I have to do, you would not wonder that I weep."

"When I called at Mrs. Eastman's, which was quite late in the afternoon, the servant who came to the door said that his mistress was unable to see me. I told him that my business was urgent, and was shown into the parlor. And oh, you cannot think, James, what a beautiful room it was!"

"When I told her my errand, she looked very grave and sober; when I requested her to speak to her husband in regard to it, and induce him to pay at least a part of it, she hesitated and said that she should be glad to assist me if it was in her power, but she never liked to interfere in such matters that it was something which she had nothing to do, and she would rather I would go to Mr. Eastman myself."

"I grew quite indignant as I listened. It is very well, and I make much of it, for you surrounded by all that heart could wish to, to sit there and coolly say that it is 'something which you have nothing to do,' but with me and my poor needy children it is very different."

"I was almost sorry that I had said this, she looked at me so sadly and mournfully. 'This is a very pleasant room,' she said when I had finished gazing at her eye around. 'It is, I replied, 'very.'"

"You do doubtless think me very happy?"

"I am sure that I should be in your place," I returned, warmly.

"Perhaps I am," she said, smiling bitterly, yet the heart knew its own bitterness; and I sometimes think that my cup is a very bitter one."

"She then asked me a number of questions with regard to the account. And when I told her how long it was since it was due, how much we needed it and how often you had applied to her husband for it, her eye grew quite bright with indignation, and compressing her lips, she took the paper from my hand, and went to a door at the other end of the room. She hesitated a moment and then tapped softly on the door. A gruff voice bade her enter, and she did so, closing the door after her. I heard her speaking to some one, and although I could not distinguish what she said, it seemed to be the language of gentle, yet earnest, entreaty. I heard the deep stern voice of her husband in reply. Finally, Mrs. Eastman said something which seemed to irritate him very much, for he exclaimed loudly:

"Woman! do you dare to insinuate that I do not mean to pay my honest debts?"

"Then there came an oath, and a sound as though he had pushed her violently from him, then there followed what seemed to me a long silence. Not knowing what might have happened, I was about to enter, when the door opened and she came out. There was a bright spring smile on her cheeks which were so pale before. One hand held a handkerchief to her mouth; when she removed it, it was stained with blood. I would have called for assistance but she forbade me.

"You have doubtless envied me," she murmured in a low tone, "as many envy me now; yet I am in reality most miserable. I cannot, I may not tell you why. I am dying slowly but surely dying! In a few months, at most I shall cease to be; and I look forward to the period of my release with joy unutterable. Yet, she added, throwing her arms around her child who had left his toy and stood at her side, looking at her with a sad, wandering expression in his large blue eyes, my boy, my only one? how can I leave you, exposed to so many fearful influences, to so many dark temptations?" She wept, and I could not help weeping with her, when she became more composed she handed me five dollars, saying, "It is all I have, but tell your husband that I will send him the remainder to-morrow." She smiled sadly as she observed my colors, "Do not weep for me," she said, "I am really, holding out her hand to me as we parted, 'in a little while I shall be 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

"I was with very different feelings that I passed through that beautiful apartment, and down the lofty staircase; all their splendor and elegance were distasteful to me, and I did not breathe freely until I had regained the hallowed precincts of my own dear home."

"The base wretch! the cowardly villain!" exclaimed Mr. Dudley, indignantly, as his wife ceased speaking, to rise his hand against a woman, and that woman the wife he had vowed to cherish. I knew that he was an unprincipled and passionate man, but I did not think that of William Eastman."

The next day, about night, Mr. Dudley received a letter from Mrs. Eastman, enclosing the remainder of the money which was due him, which was nearly fifty dollars. How she obtained it they never knew, probably by the sale of some of her jewels.

The lesson impressed upon the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley was a deep and lasting one. They never gazed upon the princely dwelling, which towered so loftily above their own, without a feeling of pity for its inmates, and an emotion of gratitude to Him who, though he had denied them a life of splendor and ease, had given them a far better and purer inheritance of peace and love.

Several times during the following summer Mrs. Eastman rode slowly by their humble dwelling, reclining upon the velvet cushions of her luxurious carriage, and every time she looked paler and weaker. At last there passed another carriage, which by its gloomy pale and nodding plumes bore her to the only refuge earth gives to the weary and heart-broken. Her husband, who had tramped upon her path, and holiest affections, whose harsh and cruel conduct had sent her to an untimely grave, was a wide band of aspen round his hat in token of his deep affliction. He raised above her head a costly monument, inscribed with the memory of his "beloved wife," embalming upon her many virtues of whose very existence he was unconscious while she was with him. Mrs. Dudley's eyes filled with tears, as leaning upon the arm of her husband, she gazed upon it, pointing out to him near the base of the monument, and in similar characters than the rest of the inscription these words, which she afterwards learned, were placed there by her own request:—"Here the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The Muddy Penny.

When I was a boy, a circumstance happened which I never shall forget. As I was playing in the streets of the large city where I lived, I saw a little boy, younger than myself who was in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his loud sobbings attracted my attention.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother will whip me," he replied; and then burst into tears.

"Where did you lose it?"

"It dropped out of my hand, and rolled right there into the gutter."

"Poor little fellow!" I thought as I really sympathized with him and offered to help him to find the lost treasure.

The boy brushed away his tears with his arm, and his countenance brightened with hope, as he saw me roll up my coat-sleeve, and thrust my hand into the gutter. How intently did he watch each handful, as it came out freighted with the mud, and pebbles and pieces of rusted iron! Perhaps the next word would bring out his penny. At last I found it.

"O, I am so glad!" I heard the little red cry say. "And how glad you must have been too! Now you could dry up the little boy's tears, and make his face bright, and his heart happy. And he would skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother's displeasure."

But dear children listen to the end, and while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime. I kept the little boy's penny as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and in the Sunday school. I forgot about God, that his eyes were looking right down on me, as you know he once did to Judas when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold, I sold, honor, my good feeling and my veracity, all for a penny.

I searched a little longer, after I had washed it and contrived to hide it; and then, putting on a sad face, told the little boy that I could not find it; that there was no use in looking for it.

O, how big tears ran down his face, as with disappointed look he turned away. I had learned at home and in the Sunday school. I forgot about God, that his eyes were looking right down on me, as you know he once did to Judas when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold, I sold, honor, my good feeling and my veracity, all for a penny.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Governor General in Toronto.

Of the reception in Toronto, altogether we may say, that although it was not so demonstrative as those which have been given to former Governors—Lord Elgin on his first visit to Toronto and to Sir Edmund Head, for instance—it was fully as warm and cordial, and was offered with genuine feeling of love and respect for the British crown and the representative in this Province as ever filled the hearts of Britons in any part of the Empire. It may be that the arrangements were not conducted on so extensive a scale as some would have wished, and as perhaps might have been expected in the first city of Upper Canada; but the welcome was no less cordial than if it had been accompanied by an army of the most extravagant chivalry.

His Excellency, the Governor General, called a "fine-looking fellow" if he were in the ordinary ways of life, and we do not know that an idea of his general appearance could be better conveyed than by those words. His face is genial and beams over with good nature. He wears a thick brown beard resembling that of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, which was so prominent a feature in that nobleman's physiognomy. His forehead is high, but not expansive, and his eye clear, bright and full. When he rose to reply to the address, he displayed a well-proportioned figure and presented altogether a fine appearance. His dress was dressed in travelling costume, a black frock coat, white vest and white pantaloons.

KARL MÜLLER. This nobleman sat on the extreme left of the party. He is a fine, portly old gentleman of true English type. His face is intellectual and expressive, but does not display great brilliancy. Truly gentlemanly in bearing he apparently lacks the elastic vigor and buoyancy of Lord Monck, but is no doubt possessed of substantial acquirements. In his communication with the public he appears somewhat retired, shrinking modestly from popular honors. He was a light travelling suit.

In accordance with previous announcements His Excellency held a levee in the City Hall at four o'clock in the afternoon, and very many of our citizens embraced the opportunity of being presented. The Governor General, accompanied by Lord Mulgrave and by his wife, and a small suite, started from the Rossin House shortly before four o'clock. His Excellency on this occasion appeared in the Windsor uniform of blue and gold, and Earl Mulgrave and the members of the suite were also in uniform. The party as they proceeded along King street, and the pleasant landscape that bathes in the Frith of Clyde. One of the most favorite modes of summer and winter recreation is to visit the island of Armstrong, which is the scene of our present narrative, whose inhabitants, Celtic in origin, have the Celtic pride, and at the same time more to be proud of than the Celt can conceive of. The island is a beautiful one, and its delightful spot that need no further public devotion, the blessings of Heaven to descend (on Muckle Cumbrae and Little Cumbrae, and the adjacent island of Great Britain). A very small island hold very close to the eye will cover a star at the horizon. The Western Islands of Scotland have long been the scene of a few clans, which, at various periods of their history, have stoutly contested for superiority, a point which to this day is considered sufficiently important to justify the appeal from argument to blow.

On the 15th of April, 1860, an old man of eighty died at Millport, the principal town in Cumbrae, who looked upon his biographical to the Clan of Lennox as a greater honor than his colonelcy in the British army, and who left in his will the singular injunction to raise the bones of his mother's father from their resting-place in the Isle of Mull, and to carry them to the island of Iona. He contained yet more remarkable instructions. To the three parishes of Mull and Iona he bequeathed twenty pounds each for sacramental plate, ten pounds each parish to the poor, fifty pounds a year to the drunken woman with whom he was living in a state of celibacy, and twenty pounds in the English funds for the education of orphans, boys—an annual bursary of twenty-five pounds a year to be afterwards bestowed on the best of them, and to his own relatives nothing. The boys were to be all Macleans, born in lawful wedlock, in needful or destitute circumstances, and to keep up the pride of birth, the maiden name of the mother, as well as the Christian name of the father, was to be duly entered on the registry, which moreover, was only to bear the name of a single boy from any one family at a time.

The number of boys on the register at once was to be exactly one hundred and forty, and each died at Millport, the principal town in Cumbrae, who looked upon his biographical to the Clan of Lennox as a greater honor than his colonelcy in the British army, and who left in his will the singular injunction to raise the bones of his mother's father from their resting-place in the Isle of Mull, and to carry them to the island of Iona. He contained yet more remarkable instructions. To the three parishes of Mull and Iona he bequeathed twenty pounds each for sacramental plate, ten pounds each parish to the poor, fifty pounds a year to the drunken woman with whom he was living in a state of celibacy, and twenty pounds in the English funds for the education of orphans, boys—an annual bursary of twenty-five pounds a year to be afterwards bestowed on the best of them, and to his own relatives nothing. The boys were to be all Macleans, born in lawful wedlock, in needful or destitute circumstances, and to keep up the pride of birth, the maiden name of the mother, as well as the Christian name of the father, was to be duly entered on the registry, which moreover, was only to bear the name of a single boy from any one family at a time.

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of his visitors, especially to the war-worn veterans who bore medals of honor upon their breasts. His Excellency extended his hand and warmly grasped their outstretched palms; to others he simply bowed, and they went on their way.

"Stonewall" Jackson.

This rebel general is gaining a reputation at the North out of all proportion to his real merit, and which we are quite sure, is not acknowledged in military circles at the South. That he is a quick, dashy officer; who is loved by his own troops and feared by his opponents, is very true, but he has fought comparatively few battles, and in these has been often defeated as victoriously. Gen. Shields whipped him handily at Winchester capturing his wounded and colors, and compelling a rapid and disorderly retreat. General Banks followed him down the valley to Stanton, without getting a fight out of him. The "Stonewall" drove Banks across the Potomac, when the latter had only four thousand men to contend with the former's thirty thousand. Jackson then ran away from Fremont, who compelled an indecisive fight at Cross Keys, in which neither side gained any advantage, and then retreated in opposite directions the day after. It is denied by Mr. Hulbert and others, who ought to know, that Jackson did any fighting in the battles on our right wing before Richmond. We next hear of him at Cedar Mountain, but he marched in the wrong direction the day that battle to be fought, and was defeated. The stories about the eagles are relied on for showing in his way, "and yet I was better pleased with what I have seen of the world than if I had left a million to my friends—Glory be to the Almighty God for the variety of his handiwork!" The stories about the eagles are relied on for showing in his way, "and yet I was better pleased with what I have seen of the world than if I had left a million to my friends—Glory be to the Almighty God for the variety of his handiwork!"

The following is a synopsis of a dispute in the Court of Sessions, Edinburgh, where the eccentric Testator was pronounced sane when he indicted the will, although some of the provisions are odd enough for any Bedlamite.

The Renowned Maclean Case.

No one has made the tour of the Western Highlands without observing the pleasant landscape that bathes in the Frith of Clyde. One of the most favorite modes of summer and winter recreation is to visit the island of Armstrong, which is the scene of our present narrative, whose inhabitants, Celtic in origin, have the Celtic pride, and at the same time more to be proud of than the Celt can conceive of. The island is a beautiful one, and its delightful spot that need no further public devotion, the blessings of Heaven to descend (on Muckle Cumbrae and Little Cumbrae, and the adjacent island of Great Britain). A very small island hold very close to the eye will cover a star at the horizon. The Western Islands of Scotland have long been the scene of a few clans, which, at various periods of their history, have stoutly contested for superiority, a point which to this day is considered sufficiently important to justify the appeal from argument to blow.

On the 15th of April, 1860, an old man of eighty died at Millport, the principal town in Cumbrae, who looked upon his biographical to the Clan of Lennox as a greater honor than his colonelcy in the British army, and who left in his will the singular injunction to raise the bones of his mother's father from their resting-place in the Isle of Mull, and to carry them to the island of Iona. He contained yet more remarkable instructions. To the three parishes of Mull and Iona he bequeathed twenty pounds each for sacramental plate, ten pounds each parish to the poor, fifty pounds a year to the drunken woman with whom he was living in a state of celibacy, and twenty pounds in the English funds for the education of orphans, boys—an annual bursary of twenty-five pounds a year to be afterwards bestowed on the best of them, and to his own relatives nothing. The boys were to be all Macleans, born in lawful wedlock, in needful or destitute circumstances, and to keep up the pride of birth, the maiden name of the mother, as well as the Christian name of the father, was to be duly entered on the registry, which moreover, was only to bear the name of a single boy from any one family at a time.

The number of boys on the register at once was to be exactly one hundred and forty, and each died at Millport, the principal town in Cumbrae, who looked upon his biographical to the Clan of Lennox as a greater honor than his colonelcy in the British army, and who left in his will the singular injunction to raise the bones of his mother's father from their resting-place in the Isle of Mull, and to carry them to the island of Iona. He contained yet more remarkable instructions. To the three parishes of Mull and Iona he bequeathed twenty pounds each for sacramental plate, ten pounds each parish to the poor, fifty pounds a year to the drunken woman with whom he was living in a state of celibacy, and twenty pounds in the English funds for the education of orphans, boys—an annual bursary of twenty-five pounds a year to be afterwards bestowed on the best of them, and to his own relatives nothing. The boys were to be all Macleans, born in lawful wedlock, in needful or destitute circumstances, and to keep up the pride of birth, the maiden name of the mother, as well as the Christian name of the father, was to be duly entered on the registry, which moreover, was only to bear the name of a single boy from any one family at a time.

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