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SABBATH READING.

voidly delayed. The Switzerland took the lead, and reached midway between the batteries when a shot struck the boiler, exploding it and sending three negroes badly, and the mate, G. Conner, slightly. The vessel then floated down the river, and was taken in tow by the Albatross. Her damage is slight.

The Lancaster, less fortunate, was struck soon after passing the first battery, and she striking her, almost splitting her hull in twain, and several passing through her boilers and cutting her steam pipe. She soon commenced to sink, but fearing that she might fall into the hands of the rebels, Lieut. Col. Ellet discharged his revolver into the cotton around her boilers, and set her on fire. Her bow went under, however, and in a few seconds the vessel disappeared beneath the engulfing waves. One of her pilots lost a leg, and her engineer was slightly wounded.

My Little Daughter—Sleeping.

Soft be thy pillow my darling,
That bears thee in slumber to-night;
Sweet be thy dreams, till the morning
Wakes thee to fairer delight:
My precious, my innocent darling,
My loving my beautiful one,
God keep thee from sickness and sorrow,
Till life's little journey is done.

What were the light of the morrow,
If thou shouldst not wake again—
What but a cloud and a tempest,
And sadness, and anguish, and pain;
The curls on thy brow are our sunshine,
The light of thine eyes is our joy;
The smile on thy lip brings us gladness,
And pleasure unmix'd with alloy.

Surely the angels my darling,
Will watch you in waking and sleep,
And God, in his infinite goodness,
The way of thy footsteps will keep:
Tenderly, lovingly, benevolently,
Shield her, God angels, to-night;
Sweet be her slumber, till morning
Wakes her to dearer delight.

Sterling Integrity.

I have bled before you from my childhood
unto this day. Behold, here I am
witnessing to the Lord, and before
his anointed, whose ox have I taken?
or whose ass have I taken? whom have I
defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or
whose hand have I received any bribe to
blind mine eyes? and shall I will to re-
sist it?—I am, xii, 2, 3.

Such was Samuel's address to the
elders of Beth-lehem, where he had assembled
for Saul's public inauguration as king. It
was a glorious testimony to the justice of
this appeal when the shout of an assembled
people echoed back, "Thou hast not de-
fraded us, or oppressed us."

Can we, each of us, say the same? Can
we stand up before high heaven, whatever
our situation, or circumstances or profession
and say with an honest heart, "These
hands are clean? I have never defrauded
my neighbor, and embroiled my character,
or sought to exalt my own on the ruins
of the expense of his? I have never sought
to do an underhand deed or be a party to
a clandestine transaction that cannot stand
the light of day? I may be in humble cir-
cumstances; wealth or position, or influence
I may have none. I may be poor the vic-
tim of designing men, but, thank God, I
have a good conscience." This volume of
my inner life corresponds with the outer.
Every leaf may be read; find the blot if
you can.

There are volumes of this world's strange
library which have their splendid exteriors
—a binding of gold and embroidery, but
opening them, they are tattered and worn
even; they cannot bear inspection; they
are to be looked at, not examined. When
opened they fall to pieces like the dust in
the mummy-case! O, rather have the out-
side cover poor—the binding tattered—than
the leaves soiled with mercenary dirt, and
villain fraud; rather the scanty meal
and the frugal dwelling than the banquet
with its every piece of plate showing the
reflected face of a hungry creditor, and the
music jarred with the whimpering cry of
the defrauded orphan!

If there would be a character which we
would more than another—the character
of the cave Endor—conjure up from
the invisible world, as a grand pattern for
the times, it is this great Aristides of the
Hebrew Commonwealth—this venerable
impersonation of old-world honor and in-
tegrity. Would none ever in guilty shame
at his apparition? Would no knees trem-
ble if he should appear in the shop, the
warehouse, the market-place, the exchange?
We have plenty of Sauls nowadays—warrior
of brave heart and fiery imagination—warrior
spirit, all ready with the graves of brass
and spears of iron. But what of the
Samuels, who, with the moral armor of
probity and honor, will save their country
from a sordid invasion than that of sword
and bayonet, and from a more humiliating
and debasing ruin.

Avoid—avoid and young men especially—avoid
all base servile, unbecoming, and mean
Part with anything sooner than their in-
tegrity and conscious rectitude; flee from
injustice as you would from a viper's fang;
avoid a lie as you would the gates of hell.
Some there are who are callous as to this.
Some there are who, in stooping to mercen-
ary dishonesty and larceny—in driving the
immoral bargain—think they have done a
clever action. Things are often called by
their wrong names; duplicity is called
shrewdness, and wrong-headedness is called
long-headedness; evil is called good, and
good evil, and darkness is put for light,
and light for darkness. Well! be it so. You
may be prosperous in your own eyes; you
may have realized and envied; but you
may have your carriage and plate and pa-
per; but rather the shielding, and a crust
of bread and a good conscience, than the
stately dwelling or palace without it.
Rather than the marble mausoleum, which
glides and another's eye of heartless villany
and fraud—rather, rather, that lovely
heap of grass we were wont to feed
upon in an old village churchyard, with the
simple stone that bear record of a cotter's
virtues, "Here lies an honest man."

There is nothing more sad than to be car-
ried like a vessel under the straight course
of principle; to be left a standard course
ship on the sands of dishonor; a man bol-
dering himself up in a position he is not
calculated to. "That is a man of capital,"
say the world pointing to an unscrupulous
and successful swindler. Capital! What
is capital? It is what a man has? It is
counted by dollars and cents, stocks and
shares, by houses and lands? No! capital
is not what a man has,