

# THE CARLETON-PLACE HERALD

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## BARBER, SPARE MY CHIN.

A PARODY.

Barber, spare my chin,  
Touch not a single hair,  
Let not thy ruthless steel invade,  
My cherished goatee there!  
Withhold thy barber-on blow;  
Think of thy future lot,  
Oh, barber, let it grow,  
Thy steel must harm it not.  
'Twas my forefather's pride,  
His glory and renown,  
As with a trembling hand,  
He stroked "his" goatee down.  
Blas't not my future lot,  
Forbear thy cruel blow,  
Oh! barber, harm not,  
But let my goatee grow!  
Of ten a lying child,  
In innocence arrayed,  
My mother fair and mild,  
In accents sweet has pray'd!  
A tear was in her eye,  
As she checked my childish glee,  
I ask thee, with a sigh,  
Oh! barber, let it be.  
My heart-strings round it cling,  
Lay, try to the oak,  
Wouldst thou deeper anguish bring!  
Forbear! thy barber-on stroke!  
The storm without may rave,  
Accused be my lot,  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy steel shall harm it not.

## ISIDORE DE MONTIGNY:

The Smuggler of St. Malo.

A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY SYLVANUS COBE, JR.

(Continued.)

AN ENEMY IN THE DARK.

Not far from the estate of the Marquis de Montigny was the large and magnificent chateau of Count Arnaud Montigny. The former estate was upon the river Ile, while that of Montigny was to the eastward, and through the grounds ran a considerable stream which emptied into the Ile nearly opposite to the city of Dinan. Montigny was called the richest man in the province of Brittany, and surely his estate was one of the most desirable, his chateau one of the most grand, and his grounds the most beautifully laid out and the most productive. And yet Arnaud Montigny was one of the most grasping and avaricious men in the kingdom. He was a stout man, somewhat tending to corpulency, and showing in his every look and movement the result of his besetting vice. His hair was of a lightish brown—almost red in hue—and his eyes were a deep grey. His complexion was verging upon the sandy cast, though a few scattered wrinkles here and there, and the result of a stout. He was fond of wine, and an insatiable appetite it found consumption at his hands.

It was early on the morning succeeding the events just recorded that the Count Montigny mounted his horse and took the road towards St. Malo. He was gaily dressed, wearing every ornament and gew-gaw that could be placed with any degree of right upon his person. It was not yet fairly daylight when he started, and he rode as one who had business of importance to transact. The late rains had made the roads bad, and the count was forced to ride very slowly in order to keep his garments clear of the thick mud. He rode to St. Malo, was not far from the city, and he was about to enter the city, when he was overtaken by a man who had apparently been waiting for him.

"Ah, sir, count, you are late," said the latter, as he took the noble's hand, and speaking in good French.

"No wonder I'm late. The roads were never worse since they were made. I couldn't hurry," Tollings.

"Well, never mind," said he who had been called Tollings. "You are in time enough."

"Here—let's step into this recess and have a bowl of hot punch, and there we can talk."

"You can have the punch if you like," returned the Englishman, "but I never allow myself to drink so early in the day."

"Poo!" uttered the count, with a slight show of contempt, "the cheering beverage is good at all times. Give me punch, or give me wine, or what is sometimes better, than the pure old can de vie, at all times of day."

The punch was called for, and the two men retired to one of the many recesses and dropped the curtain.

"Now?" said the count, after he had drunk a good share of the smooching punch, "how fares your young seaman?"

"He's gone, sir, count."

"Gone?" uttered Montigny, setting down the silver cup from which he had been drinking and starting as though he had been struck.

"Gone, did you say?"

"Yes."

"But you promised you would keep him. You said that if the proof could be made by me that he was son of an English sailor, you would make him fast. Now I can prove that I can prove that he was not only the son of an English man-of-warman, but that his father gave him up to the English naval service when he died."

"Perhaps you can, sir, count," calmly returned the other, "but that matter is not now. He made his escape last night. So you see your burden of proof don't help the matter any."

"Escaped, did he? Then we will find him."

"But I should advise you to be very careful how you work, for if the youngster should claim the protection of the French government you might find it hard work to get him off again."

"I know all that," returned Montigny, hastily, "but I should not stop for trifles. I knew you wanted me, and I knew that this young French fellow was a good one for you, and I pointed him out to you. If you have lost him, then you have lost one whom I would have been much easier to keep than to place again."

"Here, mind, soon cher, we can make his place good."

"But that is not the thing, my honest friend. I wanted you to have him for, as I told you at the time, I wanted him out of the way. If you can see any old in 'fraternizing' the son to question me."

"O, you need not fear that. It is for me that the youngster is a stout speck English well, and can be claimed Englishman. It is a part of my business good man I can. If you will count return this fellow to the ship I'll warrant we'll keep him, at least if I come across him take him if I can. But you must see that thing will be difficult, for I do not suppose to show your land in the business ready?"

"No, no, of course not," returned count. "But how did he escape?"

"It must have been some deeply laid plan. A man came on board the ship last night and answered to the name of Wickham. One of our old quarter gunners; but morning we found that Wickham had been aboard. He was found at old tap-room down by the water, and he had been drugged. The fellow who came on board and answered to his name dragged the man who stood sentry of prisoner, and then both he and the man made their escape through an open door, gave them chase, but in the darkness we lost them."

"Well, it's a curious piece of business, say the least," uttered the count, "and on the whole you may go. You had better not think of getting on board your ship again. It was a wile in the first place, and it has turned out as well as could have been expected. The fellow goes."

"Then you have no real fears of him?"

"Fears?" repeated Montigny, quickly up. "O, no, no. The whole is—and I suppose I might have told you in the first place—the youngster is a most systematic gambler, and he has almost ruined my intimate friends. Not far from my own chateau lives a young man in whom I feel most lively interest, and by some means he has met this Henry Fretard at the table. He not only lost all his cash, but he actually made out a count of more than half his real estate, and he has sold it to him. My friend has a wife, and if he has to say this it will ruin him. It was to save him that I had to get the rascal out of the way."

"It was kind of you, at all events," said Tollings.

"I can be kind to my friends," returned the count, with a show of magnanimity. "Then it's all sham about his being English born?"

"O, no. He is that truly; and that fact led me to seek you for aid in the matter. But I will contrive some means, if possible, to get that deed from your wife, and if he has to say this it will ruin him. It was to save him that I had to get the rascal out of the way."

"Now whether the Englishman believed all this or not is more than can be with safety known. He knew or ought to have known, Arnaud Montigny well enough to be able to doubt it. However, and Montigny is first when mere boys, at school in England, on the Oder, and since that time they had often been together, though at late years had only casually met. Tollings, perhaps, perhaps Tollings did not know the whole of Montigny's character, but the count knew well enough not to be afraid to trust his own eyes."

"Can you not contrive to get the deed away from the fellow?" the latter asked, at length.

"I know he must be fellow, for his looks show it; but I confess that he does not look like a bad man. Looks are often deceitful," returned the count's reply. "But I will have the same rate."

"Then you will not have him in your power?"

"No—I guess not. Let him rest for the present, and I will watch him."

Shortly afterwards the two men called on the Englishman, and he was fully discussed, Tollings understood what was to give the matter up so far as his friend the count was concerned.

Poor Henry—he had a new crime to charge, but it could not matter for one who knew him as he did, and he repeated. In truth, Henry Fretard saw the inside of a gaming saloon, and he had come so high being ruined, he had to let him up from the mirror of his own mind, for he never had an answer to her.

It was past noon when Arnaud set out on his return home, and he left the intelligence that Henry Fretard had been seen at the city. He talked with him of his plans, and they may find out of his mind by listening to him for a moment:

"I was a fool to think of having impressed on board that ship," he said, "for even had they got him off, he would have found his way back to the day of the deed. But there's no help for it. Tollings don't suspect more than I do, and no one else knows anything about the whole. I'm glad the thing didn't work out, but I must make sure-gone of him, and he must get away."

"He's gone, sir, count."

"Gone?" uttered Montigny, setting down the silver cup from which he had been drinking and starting as though he had been struck.

"Gone, did you say?"

"Yes."

"But you promised you would keep him. You said that if the proof could be made by me that he was son of an English sailor, you would make him fast. Now I can prove that I can prove that he was not only the son of an English man-of-warman, but that his father gave him up to the English naval service when he died."

WHEN Henry Fretard arose in the morning he found that Montigny had been gone. He made the marquis in the old nobles' great hall, and he said with a smile.

"Your companion is off," de Montigny said.

"Did he leave any word for me?"

"Not exactly. He made me promise to give you a home here until again, and of course I gave the promise. You read I presume?"

"I am fond of reading, sir."

"I think you can pass your time pleasantly. I have a large library, you are here it is at your service. I don't find me lacking in gratitude."

Henry expressed his thanks very cordially, and shortly afterwards he was in breakfast-room and found that the valet and postman and other attendants of that stamp, but of this he thought nothing, as he was in the habit of looking round him. He saw the valet that came were three in the chateau. First the valet, then the postman, and then the valet took breakfast alone; the second attendants ate in the dining-room.

There was no company; and lastly come the cook, scullion, bread, grooms, and those whose occupations brought them in contact with the dirt—they ate in the kitchen. Not yet had Henry seen the maid, and his curiosity was waxing strong on this point. Shortly after breakfast he had been informed that some one was to see him in the hall. He went down and found his old father there. Pierre Fretard had been a father to him, and the youth could not but look upon him in that light; the relationship of blood turned out as it might. The count's fisherman was at his table, and he was the first to see him. He was dressed in a coat of a more safe, and as soon as the first transport of his joy was passed he informed Henry that the smuggler had been at his cot before the day had fairly dawned.

"He told me," continued Pierre, "that I had been bringing up some of your clothes, and so I have done so, and more too: I suppose you might do some pleasure in your boys, and I forced them, also. I borrowed some of your things, and so you things have come easy."

Henry followed the old man into the yard, and there, sure enough, he found everything he could have desired. Pierre had not only brought the best part of his wardrobe, but also his little casket containing his portfolio, and with this last acquisition was the youth particularly delighted, for it contained all the materials for drawing, a good assortment of crayons, and some water colors. Some years before Henry had gained an opportunity to learn to draw of an old artist who had lived in the city, and he would not have let such time pass without seeing her child?

"I should think of, of course," returned the youth, in a thoughtful, melancholy mood. "I fear she is really on earth no more. But you spoke of the smuggler—was there anything about him?"

"Ah, there you have me on the hip. I can't think anything only that there is something very strange about him."

"I cannot be that—Poo!—of course not."

"Where were you going to say?"

"You will think me foolish, perhaps; but I was going to say that that could not be that he was my father?"

"O—why, no," uttered the old man, vehemently. "That's impossible. In the first place, your mother attended the funeral of your father; and he was wounded, and he died. In the second place, Montigny is not old enough to be your father."

"That is true," added Henry.

"And next," resumed the old man, "the smuggler knew your father well, and was with him when he died. He made Henry your mother's name—you know my family name, Pierre?"

"No. Your mother told me to call you after my own name. I know no more."

After this conversation turned upon the smuggler, but they arrived at no other conclusion than that the subject of their remarks was a very strange man. That was the most they could make out.

Pierre remained at the chateau until the middle of the forenoon, and then he took his leave. He had been very much interested in what he had seen, and he promised again that he would never leave the poor old man who had been so long a true father to him. They both had the promise with tears in his eyes, and it had not spoken at his manner would have assured the youth that the subject of their remarks was a very strange man. That was the most they could make out.

When Henry returned to his room after having seen his old protector off, he had plenty to think and ponder upon, and it was not until the bell summoned him to dinner that he was aroused from his reverie.

severe punishment. The old story of the "pious man" exemplified every day: "John, my boy, have you seen the tobacco? Have you seen the sugar?" "Watered the rum?" "Yes, sir!" "That's a good boy, now let us say our prayers and go to bed!" It is the instilling of such vicious principles into the young and plastic mind which is the curse of society and peoples our jails.

Surely the unfortunate subjects of such natural propensities, and evil tuition, are far more deserving of commiseration, than cruel and relentless chastisement. Even the oldest and most degraded of fender, is not entirely dead to some of the noble impulses of the soul. There can be no such incarnate devil as not to be influenced by the look, the address, the soothing tones of kind words.

Instead of degrading him still more in his own estimation and of those who surround him, let him learn that he is a creature of God, and that he has a soul that is capable of being elevated by the laws, to christian men, who feel for his fallen condition, and would cheerfully tender him the hand of succour and friendship. This persuaded, even the most obdurate and rebellious become ere long generally subdued. That profound philosopher, the late Professor John Stuart Mill, in his last and most celebrated work: "White reformation is aimed at, the moral sense will be found most accessible when the mind is maintained in the most healthy activity." Some of the words of the late excellent Judge Talbot, pronounced from his judgment seat, and what his dying breath may be repeated here with advantage, and should serve as a lesson to society the world over. "I am afraid that all of us keep too much aloof from these beneath us, whom we should encourage to look upon us with respect and desire."

attributed the frequency of crime to the denial of that education which is given by the sympathy that should exist between high and low, by the active kindness and gracious admonitions that ought to bind us to each other in habits of respect, and to the too ready disposal of a recent able writer treating of Prison Discipline says: "Kindness compels belief and gratitude; many a casual word give issue to feeling long concealed under the lava crust of vice." A little further on he remarks: "The convict's confidence must be won before his feelings or his judgment can be influenced; by the other hand, firmness and sagacity investigation and caution, cannot be dispensed with."

The most powerful auxiliary to the success of prison discipline after the magic influence of kindness is the granting of rewards for good behaviour, such as have of late been adopted in the British Military Prisons, in the distribution of badges to the deserving. By this means the prisoner is not left to mourn that he is a convict.

That comes to all!

Colonel Jebb, in this valuable annual Reports of Military Prisons, dwells with much emphasis upon the efficiency and necessity of a system of good behaviour. It will thus be found that the late of the British soldier which certain sentimentalists so feelingly commiserate, is far preferable to that of the civilian which all his boasted privileges as a free man; for so soon as the former has undergone his sentence, his crime is expiated, and the door of advancement is open to him as to all others who deserve it. The "rage and fury" of the whip which was once all the fashion, and looked upon as indispensable is now rarely heard of in the British Army or Navy; nor do we hear now, now of complaints of violence and mutiny, which were once so frequent. And we have every reason to believe that there should be less insubordination, attempts at conspiracy and escape, in some penal institutions, if more regard were shown to the feelings, and the very rights of the miserable creatures under confinement. Acts of violence, arson, and murder of keepers, would seldom occur, if the convict felt that he had all to gain by obedience and submission. For the maintenance of good order and the furtherance of reformation, the most powerful adjunct to kind and humane treatment, would be the exercise of the Royal clemency of pardon to such convicts as by a continued observance of the rules of the prison, and a clear manifestation of repentance, might be deemed worthy of such favour. This would have a most beneficial influence on the whole institution, even if the pardon shortened the sentence by only a few months. It would be esteemed a certificate of good conduct, and would serve as a passport to a kind reception if an old friend and relative. We are sure that a system of pardon established, all would strive to gain the boon—their spirits would be kept up—long expectation cherished, and no other means than propriety of demeanour would be sought after to obtain freedom. On the other hand, as has already been pointed out by a high prison authority, a very powerful inducement for the observance of discipline would be the knowledge that its violation would be punished by the imprisonment being prolonged for a time proportioned to the ill-behaviour. There may be some difficulty in enacting a law of this kind, but in the interests and for the success of an efficient system of penal government, the idea may not be deemed all though underserving of attention.

The Provincial Penitentiary has supplied not a few instances in proof of the reformatory effects of kindness. One case, in particular, is well deserving of being related: that of a desperate man, whom it was thought impossible to subdue even by the most harsh and coercive measures, and who was daily guilty of some violent act of insubordination. He had repeatedly been an inmate of State Prisons in the United States, from one of which he effected his escape to Canada, where he was soon detected in horse stealing, and sentenced to the Provincial Penitentiary for seven years. On two occasions he attacked his keeper, with a shoe-maker's knife, wounded him severely. He was most weakly under punishment, and confined to bread and water, and he was not allowed to see any of his friends. But all seemed to make him only the more determined. On the very first visit of the Inspectors this individual was brought before them for destroying six pairs of boots belonging to the colour of a professional. After being remonstrated with

in the kindest terms, he was told that he had placed the Inspectors in a most painful position for instead of making their entrance upon their duties by some act of lenity and grace, as he had fondly anticipated doing, he had imposed upon them an obligation abhorrent to their feelings—that of manhandling, corporal punishment. On their second visit, this same unhappy man was again under severe punishment. One of the Inspectors conversed with him in the most friendly manner, and closed with this remark: "I am perhaps the only man who would take your word, and promise you not to misbehave until my next visit, and I hope that you will become friends."

With much feeling and emphasis he replied, "I will, Sir," in a tone never before assumed. He faithfully kept his word, and the prison officers made it a duty to speak to him in the kindest manner. It is now more than two years since the above occurred, and the man has made no further transgression, and his conduct has been good, and the altered demeanor of this reckless and obdurate man who seemed to encourage others in misbehaviour, has served as a most beneficial example. As his term is drawing to a close, he manifests a great desire that it may be curtailed, even for a few months, by a pardon, in order that (as he remarked) "it may convince my friends that I am not entirely lost." His case will be represented in due form, and the Inspectors entertained the hope, that their request in his behalf, will be granted, and they would fain believe that this hitherto deluded man, will duly appreciate the favour, and search in his own bosom, for the cause of all his misery, and not attribute it (as was his wont) to the laws, or a conspiracy of his fellow-men.

No pardon, however, should be awarded but as a recompense for proper behaviour, else all the benefits that might otherwise accrue, would be entirely set at naught; nor should it be obtained through any other medium than the officers of the Institution, who, if entrusted, should be held responsible for all their acts in the government of the prison under their supervision, as well as for all the suggestions they may make.

matter to mind." And so the result is that religion is made altogether a Sunday thing—a robe too fine for common wear but take out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put past when the state occasion is over. Life is idler in a crowded thoroughfare, religion is jostled aside in the daily throng of life, as if it had no business there. Like a needless yet disagreeable medicine, man will be content to take it now and then for their soul's health, but they cannot, and will not, make it their daily fare—the substantial and staple nutriment of their life and being.

Now, you will observe that the idea of religion which is set forth in the text, as elsewhere in Scripture, is quite different from any of these notions. The text speaks as if the most diligent attention to our worldly business were not by any means incompatible with spirituality of mind and serious devotion to the service of God. It seems to imply that religion is not a mere Sunday observance, as something that has to do with all duties—of a man's life, and that it is not a mere Sunday observance, but a constant and unintermitting devotion to the service of God. It is not a mere Sunday observance, but a constant and unintermitting devotion to the service of God. It is not a mere Sunday observance, but a constant and unintermitting devotion to the service of God.

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