

Carleton Place

VOL. XXII.

CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, MARCH 20, 1872.

NO. 24.

MICKY'S LUCK.

For the C. Herald.
The neighbors called him Micky, and a "drinking boy" was he;
A manly form, a swarthy face,
And hale as hale could be.
Micky, besides his farm, maintained
Of flocks and herds a care;
By honest labor fairly gained,
For yet he wished for more.

For Micky had a single fault—
Stingy and hard was he;
But yet was punished, as he ought,
As by and by you'll see.
He wished no children round his knee,
And wedlock long delayed;
Till, hoping for no progeny,
He married an old maid.

When scarce a year had flown away,
Micky was roused one night,
To fetch his mother-in-law,
And in her second sight.
Then, musing at the kitchen stove,
On times and things gone by,
He suddenly exclaimed, "The John,
How an infamy cry!"

The granny came and shook her head,
(Was it with age or fear?)
And with a straight to Micky, said,
"Here, hold the child, my dear."
"God's will," he said, and held his arm,
To clasp the tiny being;
And with joy and half alarm,
To soothe it, tried to sing.

While thus employed a twin was brought,
And left for him to see;
But though he shuddered at the thought,
They laid it on his knee.
Ere long from out the inner room,
They cried, a third has come!
And Micky, smitten by his doom,
Remained a man of doom.

Then springing to his feet with haste,
(His speech came back to him),
"Bodad, I'll go and fetch the Prastie,
And put a stop to him."
He rushed his hat, and spite of all,
His first step led him;
While voices with beseeching call,
Pursued him down the road.

Good Father John had long before,
Retired for no reason;
When Micky, thundered at the door,
And thus the Priest addressed:
"Oh, Father John! come quick, for she
Has children in galore;
Before I left they showed me three,
And soon there will be four."

"What do you mean?" the Priest replied
"Oh, stop this, Father John!
Quick, or the mother will have died,
With six instead of three."
"Sit what?" spoke out, "you're like a ghost,
—Or are you crazy quite?"
"Six twins?" gasped Micky, "and I lost
Unless you can't make it right."

Good Father John suppressed a smile,
But frowning low and stern;
He rode with Micky mile by mile,
To visit Micky's farm.
Arrived at length at dawn of day,
They found her safe and well;
And Micky, with a wailing cry,
All smiling, as they tell.

They told why Micky chose his bride,
And laughed at Micky's fright;
Till Father John had split his side,
And said, "it served him right."
Then Micky's china rattled loud,
And doors flew of two;
Potatoes went steamy cloud,
And burst their coats with gloo!

And bacon hissed and splattered out,
And Micky yelped and howled;
And snuffing mufins flew about,
Till mirth and fun grew loud.
Now must all the truth relate,
For Micky never endured;
Ray, was he still pursued by fate?
Or was he still pursued by fate?

Or was it that his mutton wife
Was obstinate? Or what?
Was certain that his married life
Was not an envied lot?
For once again the children roared,
(When muttony folk were gone),
And just as she had done before,
Had three instead of one!

And later still, (I would be brief)
Two cherubs graced her knee,
Their names are on the Bible leaf,
As anyone may see.
But Micky prospers just as well,
And now is quite resigned,
And Micky's wife was known to tell,
That she was well inclined.

And Micky in future that she would,
(Though proud of what she'd done),
Instead of having all she could,
Remain content with one!
And Father John when on his round,
Is sure to linger there;
And watch the merry children bound,
And stroke the shining hair.

And Micky joins them in their play,
And says, "what cherubs!"
He "loves them better every day,"
"God bless them one and all!"
FREDERICK JONES.
Ontario, 1871.

Why should young ladies get good examples?
Because the young men are
So apt to follow them.

Thick soled shoes are generally con- sidered good things for the "elevation and protection" of the tender gender at this season.

A blushing bride in Missouri had her marriage certificate to the conductor instead of her ticket, and was horrified to hear the announcement that it wasn't good.

A lady in Aberdeen, Scotland, is more advanced in woman's rights than other women in Great Britain, she goes regularly to the barber to get shaved.

A man who was driving a cow through the streets of Wapuan, Wis., was so much flustered by a bow from a lady that, in return he made a bow to the cow and threw a stone at the lady.

A Newark lady whose husband had to go to the lodge every night, because he was on an important committee, fol- lowed him to a masquerade ball the other night and led him home by the ear. This led to going to open the eyes of lots of women.

The local editor of the Mobile Register has lately chronicled the fact that while sitting up of a lady whose dress was somewhat disarranged, he had his attention attracted to her "bustle" and, being blessed with strong optics, was enabled to read nearly the whole of a double- ended editorial therein.

A Western paper relates a touching tale of aspiration for knowledge. A youth and a maiden, leaving over the front-yard gate, Time, night, Fair Lane and several stars standing the blue vault. Youth and maiden pensively gazing at the same. The maiden breaks the poetic silence: "Henry, dear, oh how I would like to study Geometry!"

THE CRANBERRY SWAMP.

AND WHAT GREW THERE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.
"There's only one alternative left for me, Dr. I can see," said Dr. Garland, sternly, "and that is, to send her away."

Miss Keziah, his maiden sister, wiped her eyes, mournfully.
"It'll be taking away the light of the house," said she.

"Well, but what is a man to do, when he's got a girl in love with a man, and he's got to send her away?" asked Dr. Garland, sternly.

"I'll be taking away the light of the house," said she.

"It looks awfully like it," groaned the Dr. "Yes, she must go out West to Cousin Caleb."

"To Cousin Caleb?" echoed Keziah, holding up both her white, skinny little hands. "Why, you might as well send her to the Rocky Mountains at once, and done with it!"

"Not so fast, dear," said Dr. Garland, disposing a red silk pocket handkerchief round his head, preparatory to his usual post-prandial nap. "There are neither silver mines, nor Red Indians in the immediate vicinity of Cousin Caleb's farm house."

"I know, for I've been there myself."

And when her brother set his lips together after he decided fashion, Miss Keziah knew that there was no appeal. Poor little Edith's fate was sealed.

But Edith Garland, who was perhaps not so deeply in love as her over-discriminating relatives imagined, thought the Cranberry farm house "great fun," and Cousin Caleb and his wife "darling old antediluvians." It was so nice to live out in the woods on the very verge of a huge old river, with only a stray wolf or so in the thicket up the hill-side. And Edith kept a journal and sketched, and enjoyed herself to the very top of her eighteen year old bent.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Carstoke, Edith was like a glimmer of sunshine in the gray, solitary monotony of their every day existence. She was such a cherry, checked, bright-eyed, graceful little creature, and took so naturally to her new life. It gave the old map a new sensation when Edith put her arms round his neck, and gave him just such a hug and a kiss as she had been wont to bestow upon her head and shoulders.

And as for Mr. Carstoke, who could hardly bear to have the pretty little child dwell out of her sight for a moment.

But the fate which Edith had fled, in the shape of Perry Vaughan, was destined to follow her even into the arms of her new friends. Dr. Garland could hedge his pretty daughter round with a cordon of precautions and restrictions, but he could not evade the little winged god with the bow and arrows.

For Edith, one day, one day, she was out walking in the Cranberry swamp, in the middle of a cranberry swamp, somehow missed the right path in returning home, and fairly lost herself like a grown-up babe in the wood.

Not being one of the preternaturally courageous females that we read of, and seeing no immediate way out of the dilemma, Edith very naturally and ignominiously sat down on a fallen tree to cry. Suppose a wolf should come down from the leafless hill-side and eat her up? Suppose a rattlesnake should crawl out from behind the roots of the gnarled old forest favorites?

Suppose—And just then Harry Sepley came into the clearing with his gun on his shoulder and a game bag slung pic- torously at his belt.

A very handsome young man is certainly an improvement on a wolf or a rattlesnake. Edith Garland stopped crying at once, and answered radiantly to Mr. Harry Sepley's concerned questions.

"O, I thought I was lost! But I'm not afraid any more!"

They went cranberrying together afterwards, in that same old swamp, and came home to the Carstoke farm-house, with baskets brimming with rubbed fruit, and bones rose and weariod out, but happy as crowned potentates.

"Why don't you cut down that dead old tree, Cousin Caleb?" said Edith, the one with the hawk's nest on the top.

"Because, child," said Cousin Caleb, "it's a sort of fancy for that old dead tree. It's old, and so am I; and 'taint likely we'll either of us hold our own very long."

"Aha!" said Edith archly; "so you can't be so romantic after all, Cousin Caleb?"

The dimsy of Dr. Garland may be imagined, when his pretty daughter came home, dressed to be married to a young Westerner, who was even more penniless and good-looking, if possible than the doomed Perry Vaughan.

"There!" cried Miss Keziah. "I told you so. One's fate will follow one, even into the cranberry swamps of the West!"

"If the marriage will follow," cried Dr. Garland, slinging his spectacles across the floor. "I'll disinherit her."

MR. BEECHER ON SWEARING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTREAL HERALD."

DEAR SIR,—I have prepared two lectures on this subject, which I purpose delivering at St. Andrew's Church, corner of King and Simcoe streets, Toronto.

To facilitate this, I would respectfully request the co-operation of all disposed to take an interest in such a subject, and especially of the various literary and loyal associations scattered so plentifully over the country.

The subject is one which I conceive it to be of the utmost importance for our people through to consider and comprehend. The national status of the Dominion is still a matter of speculation with many. There is an uneasy feeling in certain quarters that the existing order of things is not meant to be permanent, and that the change is necessary.

It is a subject which I have intended only as the prelude to further and more sweeping changes in our political condition. Hence the public mind is unsettled, and public emotion, in many cases, paralyzed; unity of purpose and action is wanting.

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AN ENTERPRISING WIFE.

There has resided in the south end of Boston, for a number of years past, says the "Traveller" of that city, a man and wife—the man a kind and indulgent husband, the wife a most extraordinary woman, which the sequel of the story will show.

They were a General, a fine, brave man, the very soul of honor, whose chief hobby was the study of the law, and there is an Admiral who is likewise a good man, but indulges in the profanity. Is there any excuse for such men? He claimed that a person had no more right to take the name of the Lord in vain than he had to insult him or his family, and closed by saying upon the young man in the congregation to do so.

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THE HARMONIES OF NATURE.

Another of the course of lectures being given this winter, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of St. Andrew's Church, corner of King and Simcoe streets, Toronto.

The lecturer was the Rev. George Bell, of Clifton, and the subject, "The Harmonies of Nature," a subject on which was delivered a discourse containing more scientific information, conveyed in a most pleasing and entertaining manner, than a person could gain by many months of industrious reading directed towards the various topics on which the lecturer touched.

The lecturer said that when he looked around on nature, although we found a great deal that apparently told us of irregularity, yet the intelligent human mind was capable of tracing out certain principles of regular order and harmony.

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BOYS' RIGHTS AND PRESIDENTS.

Boys, I'm right glad to see you, and you seem glad to see me. I saw by one of the newspapers I was going to make a speech to the newboys and bootblacks. It's no such thing; I'm just going to talk to you. [Cheers.] I think so much speaking on such an occasion is not according to God's Word. Here are the newboys and bootblacks, and that is all right. Boys, this is a "first edition."

It's a regular "shine 'em up" sort of an affair. Now, I like boys; always did like boys; haven't forgot I was a boy myself. Sometimes I go out in the morning and go out in the capital, and a gentleman comes in, buying, hat in hand, and says, "I am glad to see you, Governor; that was a splendid message you sent in yesterday." And I don't know whether he means it or not. Then I go out into the street, and the boys say, "How are you, Governor?" "Did I know they mean that?"

Now, Dr. Clark has said to you, newboys and bootblacks are in the same business; both have something to do with the understanding, and that is all right. There is nothing in this world like a good, smart head, and a good heart to make that—that is if they sell the right sort of papers. The next thing to a clear head and an easy conscience for a man's comfort is a clean and easy pair of boots. You are all pretty much of the same size and age, though it is pretty hard to tell how old boys are nowadays. Some boys in New York used to sell a first edition paper, a second. Now that isn't right, boys. No matter whether you are blacking boots, or keeping store, or in the State House, or in the square. Never try to get the best of anybody except in the right way—by getting up a little earlier in the morning, or using a little more energy, but never in any dishonest way.

Now, I know sometimes men get boys together, and tell them if they only do so, and so they will all be great men. Well, they may. Some of you may become the President of the United States, but I would not try for it if I were you, for two reasons: first, if you try hard you will be pretty sure not to get it; and then if you get it, it is doubtful if you would ever get very good satisfaction. I had rather be a good bootblack than a poor President. If you boy, if he works hard, saves his money, takes opportunity to improve himself, may become an editor or publisher of some great newspaper. From selling newspapers he may get to be a newspaper man, and make newspapers for other boys to sell.

So it is with bootblacks. Some of the biggest hotels in the country are run by men who began life as bootblacks; then they got to be porters; then something else about the hotels, and finally got to be the owners. I only speak of these positions as connected with your daily surroundings. You can get along well in the world if you only try hard to get along to-morrow is to get a good stomach-ache to-night. There will only be one other speech, which will be the best of the evening, and that is by your supper. I have said this is a first edition, but if you are good boys, there will be a second and a third. I may not be here, but others will. And now I wish you all a good evening, assuring you I am always glad to see and hear you say, "How are you, Governor?"

A dentist was recently saved from drowning by a laborer, and from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed: "Noble, brave, gallant man! how shall I reward you? Only come to my house, and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth in your head and not charge you a sixpence."

An interviewing Raleigh, N. C. reporter visited the prison and questioned a big black fellow who was there, who answered: "Stealin' chickens, boss."

"How long are you in for?" "Three months, boss." Seems to me that is a long time for so small a matter? Yes, sir; and it weren't much of a chicken either. As I didn't steal him too. But dere was a lot I did. Dage was a heap more than I didn't steal it."

How to LIVE ON TEN CENTS A DAY.—An ingenious individual, concludes after long experience that a person can live on ten cents a day, and tell how it can be done, as follows:—A perfectly sure method is never to spend more than ten cents. Another way is to borrow all the money one needs and spend it in ten cents. Another plan is to go round and live with your father-in-law, and another is to steal all you want, and still still another is to play the old fashioned system of taking dried apples for breakfast, water for dinner, and tell them all for supper.

The Shenandoah Star has the following: "Reader, if you have borrowed the paper you are reading, don't do it again. Subscribe. It isn't safe to borrow papers. We once knew a poor but honest man, who borrowed a paper, innocently, and inadvertently, from a wholesome neighbor. Fatal act! That terrible confession, the small pot, was covered in confusion in the fibres of the sheet. Of that extensive and interesting family, a dotting father, a fond wife, several intelligent and heroic sons, thirteen lovely daughters, two popular mothers-in-law, and three beautiful aunts—not one remained to tell the tale."

The most distinguished personage in Georgia appears to be a sort of wild man in the woods or fields. He is very fond of animals, both as food and companions. He eats grasshoppers, birds and reptiles, without the superfluous formality of looking, and has written "the most complete work (in manuscript) ever compiled on the Ornithology of Georgia." It seems to have a special fondness for reptiles; reptiles; and devours snakes alive and wriggling. At the same time he counts the noses, and produces verses which according to the prevailing custom of the time, he chants himself in a "monotonous guttural accent." This remarkable son of Georgia, bears the name of Sumner, and lives near the old town of Sanbury, now a melancholy ruin.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by

\$20,000 TO LEASE ON REAL ESTATE

T. Gaud, Custom Farm,

