

Carleton Place

VOL. XXII.

CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, JANUARY 17, 1872.

NO. 15.

UNDER THE ELM.

Sing to me, gentle summer wind,
Of the beautiful days I lost,
Ere the track of my shining angel
By sin was ever crossed;
Sing of the far off summers,
And woe back to the hours
When my heart reflected the sunlight,
And tears were as April showers.
I lie in the elm's broad shadow
And see through the branches green,
A glimpse of the sky above me,
A blue and shining gleam;
I hear the low sweet warble
Of a bird that sings alone,
A tremulous song of happy love,
With never a note of fear.
The air is all a-tremble
With songs of a thousand things,
And glancing athwart in the sunbeams
I see their glittering wings;
Against my trailing garments
The beautiful breezes blow,
And down at the elm root's green
The mosses are cool and true.
And somewhere from over the meadow,
On the faint breeze borne,
There floats to my ear the thrilling note
Blown from the distant horn,
And a rapturous song of thanksgiving
Well up from my heart's deep core
To the giver of sun and sunshine
And summer's bountiful store.
My soul is drifting afar to-day
To the land of the purple
The Isles of Hope that were dim with mist
Seem fairer and more near to me;
Whose color is turning to gray,
My visions will lose their golden light
As night overshadows the day.

DADDY DODD'S MONEY.

HOW IT WENT, AND HOW IT CAME AGAIN.

"Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, isn't it?"
"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a cheery tone.
"Will you take it here?" John asked.
"Is this the Nag's Head?" John asked.
The Nag's Head was the house which he had "used" for forty years.
"No, grandfather," John said, "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here."
"Well, just as you like," Daddy assented.

So John took the old man into a public house opposite the workhouse yard, and gave him the usual five pence; for it was Daddy's pride always to pay for his liquor with his own hand. While Daddy was sipping his ale, John tossed off a couple of glasses of spirits: he was trying to screw his feelings courage to the point. When the old man had finished his glass, John took him once more by the hand, and hurriedly led him across the road. He was at the gate, hesitating, with a full heart, looking through a mist of tears at the handle of the workhouse bell, inviting only the clench of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said:

"John, yes, grandfather."
"Ain't this the workhouse?"
Daddy's look, his intimation that he knew where he was, the thought that he suspected his design, struck John to the heart, and he hurried the old man away from the gate.
"The workhouse, grandfather, no, no!" John said, "what made you think of that? Come away, we're going home, grandfather, going home as fast as we can."

John was so anxious to drag Daddy away from the gate, that he carried him off his legs, and carried him across the road. In his excitement and haste he quite forgot Daddy's feebleness, and hurried him along at such a rate that the old man lost his breath, and was nearly falling. It was not until a street had been put between them and the workhouse, that John took him in his arms and allowed Daddy to recover himself. After that he led him gently back to the workhouse, took him in, and replaced him in his old chair by the fire.

"I couldn't do it, Martha," he said; "my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me, and his look, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I couldn't do it, I felt as if I was going to murder the poor old man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in yonder; it's burying him alive!"

"But, John—"
"I say it shall never be done by me, Martha," John interposed sternly. "We must do the best we can for him, and strive to the last to save him and ourselves from that disgrace."

An interchange of looks sealed the compact between them—that Daddy was to have a home with them while they had a roof to call their own, and a loaf of bread to share with him.

Old Daddy had not only been a considerable expense to John and Martha, but during the winter months he had been much in the way. He was always pottering about in the shop, which being also the dining-room, did not afford much scope for business and domesticity combined. But now the fine days were coming, and Daddy would be able to spend a good deal of his time out of doors. No, when the fine days came, little Benji, John's youngest but two, who was not old enough to be of any assistance in the business, was appointed to the sole and undivided duty of minding grandfather, and taking him for walks, when it was convenient to get him out of the way. Little Benji, a little, large-headed, wise-looking boy, of six years, was Daddy's especial pet and favorite; or, perhaps, he might have been said, so much more responsible a person was Benji, that Daddy was his pet and favorite. Be that as it would, they loved each other, and on fine days, when the sun shone, it was their delight to wander hand in hand among the neighboring streets, prattling together like two children.

And going and coming, and the childlike wonder, at the pretty things in the shop windows. The people round about called them the Rabes in the Wood, and old Benji was especially as much a babe as Daddy.

In these wanderings Benji was careful not to allow his father to get into any mischief, and he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and, whatever he did, not to let him tumble down. One muggy day Benji did let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for his father should call it out. He did his best, with his little eyes, to keep his father from falling, but he was afraid that the old man might get into mischief, and he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and, whatever he did, not to let him tumble down. One muggy day Benji did let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for his father should call it out. He did his best, with his little eyes, to keep his father from falling, but he was afraid that the old man might get into mischief, and he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and, whatever he did, not to let him tumble down.

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"tell on him." Not that there was any want of loyalty between them, but Daddy was getting so nervous that he sometimes, quite unintentionally, let out things which got Benji into trouble; so, when anything happened, Benji was obliged to remind grandfather that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they beat their steps homeward.
"Oh no, Benji," the old man protested. "I—I shan't say a word about it."
At first, before complete confidence had been established between them, Benji sought on one occasion to purchase his grandfather's silence with a cent (which he did not at that moment possess, but expected to have some day), but he had come to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to enable his natural devotion, without the aid of money, to overcome any invidiousness, or a lapse of memory, which, in Daddy's case, was beyond the power of either love or money to control. Going home, in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benji had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of flowers.

Alas, that those relations should so often have fallen upon indifferent ears! But John and Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a prey both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing, but the business continued to resist all efforts, in the direction of development. John was getting deep into debt. The times were hard, and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eight cents a hundred, potatoes at a cent a pound. The poor people could pay the price. Poor women came for a few pounds of coal, and took them away in their aprons. There was scarcely any use for the truck. When coals were so dear and fire so small, Chaldron street was a good deal given to warm itself in its bed, which became a permanent institution. The consequence was that his bed was much used in idleness, and in view of the oxyde which accumulated upon it, it might be said to have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of eating its head off.

The fortunes of the emporium were at a very low ebb; John and Martha could scarcely afford to keep the place. The black beads, clamoring for victims, and not finding satisfaction in the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short work of the carrots, attacked even the cabbage-leaves and turnip-tops. John and Martha were wearying themselves all after day, that the old man might have a bit of something nice and nourishing. But things were coming to a crisis now. The coal-merchant, the potato-merchant, and the landlord, all three threatened process, and John was in hourly expectation of an execution. All his efforts, and all his energy, were directed to the point of saving his home and them from that disgrace. It must come now. Nothing could avert it.

One afternoon John was sitting on a stool, on the site of the mountain of coal, which had been removed to the shelter of dust (and, alas, the capitalist at the wheel had no faith in the old man's ability to do his duty, and replace it) utterly dejected and dispirited. It was a terrible trial for a strong man, to be thus beaten down and trampled under the feet of a cruel and relentless Fortune, when he had worked with all his art, and struggled with all his strength. For John had needed no more heavy falls than the spirit was almost crushed out of him. When he looked up and saw a strange man darkening his door, he felt that the last blow was about to be struck.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand upon ceremony, I beg; I'm quite prepared for you."
"Are you?" said the man, earnestly.
"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do yourself."

"Do you?" said the man, in the same tone.
"Do come here to me, John," cried John, angrily, rising and facing the intruder; "to mock me as well as ruin me!"

"Mock you?" said the man.
"Yes, mock me," John repeated, in the same angry tone.
"I did not come here to mock you; far from it," the man returned. "In fact, my business is not with you at all. I came to see Mr. Dodd, who was an old neighbor of mine."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said John. "You'll excuse me, I hope; but we are in great distress, and I expected nothing but news from you."

"If I am not mistaken," said the stranger, "it is good news I bring you. You are Mr. Dodd's son-in-law, are you not?"

"I am sir; and I wish I were a richer son-in-law, for his sake," John replied.
"Perhaps there will be no need for that, for his sake," the stranger returned.

"What do you mean?" John asked.
"Well, just this," said the stranger. "A few days ago I noticed an advertisement in the paper, addressed to Daniel Dodd, informing that if he applied to Mr. Johnson, attorney, in Nassau Street, he would hear of something to his advantage. Now, thinking that the Daniel Dodd wanted might be my old neighbor, and knowing Mr. Johnson, of Nassau Street, I called upon that gentleman, and learned that the person wanted by Daniel Dodd, was my old neighbor, and that, as next of kin to his brother George, who died some time ago in Brazil, he is entitled to twenty thousand dollars, as the proceeds of an insurance policy held by his brother on his own life."

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"You see, sir," said John to his visitor; she thinks I must be mad; so wonder if I thought you were mad. But here's Daddy; he knows you, I dare say, and you can tell him; he often talked about his brother George who went to India. I think I should have been dead long ago."

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"What will I do with it?" said the old man. "I'll keep my promise to Benji, and buy him that gun."

"But there's more than will buy the gun, father."
"You don't mean that, Martha," said the old man.
"Oh, yes, father, a heap more."

"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John, to buy a horse and cart."
"But there's more even than that, father; ever so much more."

"Oh, well, you just keep that for yourself, Martha, for taking care of your old father."

And Daddy, with no elaborate design, led his simple innocent of a child, and in some cases, in the very provisions of law, saved the dangerous formalities of law-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to the daughter Martha the bag containing all the money.

Before John even thought of his horse and cart—though that was lurking in the corner of his mind—he regained the tenancy of Daddy's old house, furnished it with as many of the old sticks as he could recover from the brokers' shops, with many splendid new ones besides for the drawing-room, and when all was done, led Daddy to his old quarters, and joined him there with Martha and all the family.

But Daddy had been coming upon poor old dotage, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He came last to the new house as a dream, and sitting by the fire-side of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the faces of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by-and-by.

And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a loud voice, and there was no more going to sleep. And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

As it is characteristic of great wit to say much in few words, so it is of small wit, to talk much and say nothing. Men are frequently like tea; the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

"You don't think so highly of the young man as I do," said a wife to her husband. "Yes, I do," he replied, "it is only when you wish to make it a double bluff that I object to it."

It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from whatever is objectionable.

On Friday night a terrible thunder storm deluged the town of Fourteenth, England. Half lost a death of two inches, and much damage was done.

A clerk writes home to his sweetheart: "Can't marry you this winter. Our firm don't advertise; business is awful dull, and I will get my wages cut down, if the firm don't bust up all together. So let's postpone till '72."

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A minister lecturing in East Boston, recently, suddenly remembered that he had promised to marry a couple at that very time. He stopped his lecture for fifteen minutes, fulfilled his agreement, married the happy couple, and returning, finished his lecture.

London, Jan. 4.—The floor of the Court-room at Kilday's, in Leinster, Ireland, gave way while a trial was in progress. The room was crowded at the time, and 300 persons were precipitated a distance of 30 or 40 feet, the bodies are now lying on the floor, and the trial is suspended.

Sixty have already been taken out in a dead or dying condition. The building where the accident occurred is described as an old and very narrow one, and the authorities are charged with criminal carelessness in allowing such a building to stand.

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THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Pierre Raymond was engaged to Jean Martin and his sleep was troubled by dreams about his idol. He dreamt that they were in a dark wood, of old gnarled hemlocks and spruce, and Jean was struggling in the ever-tightening folds of a huge box constructed with human face, like that of Lindley Grey, a discarded lover of Jean's, while he, striving vainly to get out—to hasten to her assistance—remained paralyzed by every limb, helpless and motionless as a marble statue.

He woke, cold with perspiration, with a painful sense of the vividness and reality of the horrible vision which had oppressed his dreams.

Surely something had happened to Jean. Surely some dark peril hung threateningly over her future.

It was some time before reason, and Jean's brother George who went to India, I think I should have been dead long ago."

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And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a loud voice, and there was no more going to sleep. And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

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But Daddy had been coming upon poor old dotage, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He came last to the new house as a dream, and sitting by the fire-side of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the faces of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by-and-by.

And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a loud voice, and there was no more going to sleep. And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

As it is characteristic of great wit to say much in few words, so it is of small wit, to talk much and say nothing. Men are frequently like tea; the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out of them until they have been for a short time in hot water.

"You don't think so highly of the young man as I do," said a wife to her husband. "Yes, I do," he replied, "it is only when you wish to make it a double bluff that I object to it."

It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from whatever is objectionable.

On Friday night a terrible thunder storm deluged the town of Fourteenth, England. Half lost a death of two inches, and much damage was done.

A clerk writes home to his sweetheart: "Can't marry you this winter. Our firm don't advertise; business is awful dull, and I will get my wages cut down, if the firm don't bust up all together. So let's postpone till '72."

Never attempt to do anything which is not true. Just as you do, you will get into trouble. If you even suspect that a thing is wrong, do it not until you are sure that your suspicions are groundless.

Chicago, following the example of New York, is attempting to drive corruption from the charge of their Municipal Affairs. Two ex-Aldermen have been indicted by the Grand Jury for having refused to accept bribes for carrying through certain works.

A minister lecturing in East Boston, recently, suddenly remembered that he had promised to marry a couple at that very time. He stopped his lecture for fifteen minutes, fulfilled his agreement, married the happy couple, and returning, finished his lecture.

London, Jan. 4.—The floor of the Court-room at Kilday's, in Leinster, Ireland, gave way while a trial was in progress. The room was crowded at the time, and 300 persons were precipitated a distance of 30 or 40 feet, the bodies are now lying on the floor, and the trial is suspended.

Sixty have already been taken out in a dead or dying condition. The building where the accident occurred is described as an old and very narrow one, and the authorities are charged with criminal carelessness in allowing such a building to stand.

"I am sure that the person wanted by Daniel Dodd, was my old neighbor, and that, as next of kin to his brother George, who died some time ago in Brazil, he is entitled to twenty thousand dollars, as the proceeds of an insurance policy held by his brother on his own life."

"Hold hard, sir," said John, grasping the stranger by the arm, and staring at him with fixed eyes. "You're not having

