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Poetry.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

A NEW VERSION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A MAN'S A MAN," says Robert Burns,

"For a' that and a' that,"

But though the song be clear and strong,

It lacks a note for a' that.

The lout would shirk his daily work,

Yet claim his wages and a' that,

Or beg, when he might earn his bread,

Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare

Were true and brave, and a' that,

And none whose garb is "hoddin gray,"

Was fool or knave, and a' that,

The vice and crime that shame our time

Would fade and fall, and a' that,

The plowman be as good as kings,

And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,

Who swagers, swears, and a' that,

And thinks, because his strong right arm

Might fell an ox, and a' that,

That he's as noble, man for man,

As duke or lord, and a' that;

He's but a brute, beyond dispute,

And not a man, for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,

Have palace, park, and a' that;

And not from birth, but honest worth,

Be thrice a man for a' that;

And Donald, herding on the muir,

Who beats his wife and a' that,

Be nothing but a rascal boor,

Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—

The truth is old, and a' that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gold for a' that."

And though you'd put the minted mark

The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,

And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

'Tis soul, and heart and a' that

That makes the King a gentleman,

And not his crown, and a' that

And man with man, if rich or poor,

The best is he, for a' that,

Who stands erect, in self-respect,

And acts the man, for a' that.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]

JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JOE.

JOHN ALCOHOL, my Joe, John,
When first we were acquaint,
I had money in my pocket, John,
But now, you know, I hain't!
I've spent it all in treating you,
Because I loved you so,
But mark how you have treated me,
John Alcohol, my Joe!

John Alcohol, my Joe, John,
We've been too long together,
You must now take one road, John,
And I will take another.
For we must tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have to foot your bills,
John Alcohol, my Joe,

To Let.--Inquire Within.

Two young damsels and a spinster aunt entered next, and after a lengthy inspection of the premises came to a state council in the parlor.

"I like the house very much," said the spinster aunt, solemnly, "and with a few alterations, will engage it for my brother's family."

"Very good, ma'am," said Nahum, rubbing his hands, and scenting a speedy termination to his trials. "Name 'em."

"The door handles must all be gilded, and I should like the house new papered in velvet and gold, and re-painted, and the partition between the parlors taken down and replaced by an arch, and an extension dining room built out behind, and a bay window thrown out at the parlor, and a new style of range in the kitchen, and a dumb-waiter put in, and new bronzed chandeliers throughout, and another furnace in the sub-cellar, and"

"Hold on, ma'am—just hold on one minute," said Nahum, feebly gasping for breath, "wouldn't you like to have the old house carted away and a new one put in its place? I think it would be rather less trouble than to make the trifling alterations you suggest."

"Sir!" said the spinster loftily.

"I don't think we can agree, ma'am."

"Very well—very well—come girls."

With prim dignity the lady marshalled her two charges out, muttering something about the extortionate ideas of landlords now-a-days.

While Nahum, wildly rumpling his iron-grey with both hands, soliloquized:

"Well, if Job had been alive, and had a house to let, there never would have been any book of Job written. There goes that everlasting bell again; I'll haul it out by the roots if this thing goes on much longer. I'll tear down the bill and put the place up at auction."

Another lady, but quite different from the other—a slender, little cast down lady, with a head that drooped like a lily of the valley, and a dress of brown silk that had been mended and darned and turned and re-trimmed, until even Nahum Briggs, man and bachelor though he was, could see how very shabby it was. Yet she was pretty, with big blue eyes and dark brown hair, and cheeks tinged with a faint, fleeting color, where the velvet roses of youth had once bloomed in liquid carmine. And the golden-haired little lassies who clung to her dress were as like her as tiny little buds to a full-bloomed chime of flower bells.

As Nahum Briggs stood looking at her, there came back to him the sunshiny days of his youth—a field of blooming clover crimson in the June light, like waves of blood, and a blue-eyed girl leaning over the fence, with her bright hair barred with level sunset gold, and he knew that he was standing face to face with Barbara Wylie, the girl he quarrelled with years and years ago, and whose blue eyes had kept him an old bachelor all his life long.

"This house is to let, I believe?" she asked, timidly, with a little quiver in her mouth.

"I believe it is, Barbara Wylie."

She looked up, starting with a sudden flash of recognition.

And then Barbara turned very pale, and began to cry, with the little golden haired girls clinging to her skirts and wailing, "mamma, mamma—what's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing now," said Barbara, resolutely brushing away the tears. "If you please, Mr. Briggs, I will look at the house; I am a widow now, and very poor, and—and I think of keeping a boarding house to earn my daily bread?"

"We'll talk about the rent afterwards," said Nahum, fiercely swallowing down a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him.

"Come here, little girls to me; I used to know

your mamma when she was not much bigger than you are."

Barbara, with her eyes still drooping, went all over the house without finding a word of fault, and Nahum Briggs walked at her side, wondering, if it really was fifteen years since the June sunshine lay so brightly on the clover field.

"I think the house is beautiful," said meek Barbara. "Will you rent it to me, Nahum?"

"Well, yes," said Nahum, thoughtfully. "I'll let you have my house if you want it, Barbara."

"With the privilege of keeping a few boarders?"

"No, ma'am!"

Barbara stopped and looked wistfully at him.

"But I don't think you understand how very poor I am, Mr. Briggs."

"Yes I do."

"And that I cannot afford to take the house without the privilege of boarders."

"I'll tell you what, Barbara, I'll give you the privilege of keeping just one boarder, and you've got to keep him all your life long, if you once take him."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Briggs," said Barbara, but she blushed very becomingly, and we are rather inclined to think that she told a naughty little fib.

"What do you say to me for a boarder, Barbara?" said the old bachelor, taking both the widow's hands in his. "Barbara, we were young fools once, but that is no reason why we should be old fools now. I like you as well as I ever did, and I'll do my best to be a good husband to you, and a god-father to your little girls, if you'll be my wife."

Barbara blushed again and her heart was not to be eluded thus.

"Shall I take down the 'To Let,' Barbara?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost under her breath.

So Nahum went deliberately out and coolly tore down the bill, to the great astonishment and disappointment of a party of rabid house-hunters who were just ascending the steps.

"And when shall we be married, Barbara?" he next demanded.

"In the summer, perhaps," said Mrs. Barbara, shyly.

"To-morrow," said Nathan, decisively, and to-morrow it was.

"Upon my word, Barbara," said Nathan on the first of May, as he watched his wife's blooming face behind the coffee urn, "you can't think how much jollier it is with you for a housekeeper than that hag, Mrs. Parley."

Barbara only laughed, and said, "he was a dear good old stupid."

So the probabilities are that neither Mr. Nahum Briggs nor his brown stone house will be in market again, or "To Let"—Inquire Within.

The intelligence, and education of a people are the passports of a country to eminence and prosperity.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Why does the letter R hold an enviable position? Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

A woman being enjoined to try the effects of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on her head, replied that she had tried "boiling water and it didn't do a bit of good."

The people of Ottawa and vicinity can find a complete assortment of boots and shoes suitable to the season; good and poor, fine and coarse, at the very lowest prices, at Crossby's 51 Sparks Street, sign of the mammoth boot. No second price.