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## The Ottawa Free Press

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### Poetry.

#### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY JEAN KOWLEY.

"Out of the depths, where human souls are dying,  
Crushed 'neath the serpent-coils of doubt and sin;  
For aid, relief from fiery tortures crying,—  
Fightings without, and faithless hearts within.

"Out of thick darkness, which thy hand o'ershadowing  
In heavy judgments laid, casts like a pall,  
Till earth and heaven seem reeling, falling, falling,—  
Oh LORD and SAVIOUR, unto thee we call.

"We would believe; but a dark turbid torrent  
Of human crime and guilt rolls swelling by,  
Wrecked, drowned hopes and faiths around us strewn  
Till, each with horror, Lord, we faint, we die.

"Fain would we do thy will. Wild, human passions,  
Off backward rushing, hound us to the brink.  
Up to the hills we lift our eyes despairing,—  
All's dark. None cometh. LORD we sink, we sink."

Into the depths an arm is stretched to save thee,  
The Balm of Gilead can thy torture heal,  
Borne on the night wind, Jesus' voice shall reach thee,  
E'en on the strand, where heart-sick thou dost kneel.

He, thine own SAVIOUR, was in all points tempted,  
He knew thy suffering when he bore thy sin.  
No murmur, but he that overcometh  
The robe shall wear, the starry crown shall win.

Still by the living fountains rest remaineth,  
The brightest gems that in God's casket shine,  
Are human souls, by fiery trials tempered,  
Through suffering, fitted for the life divine.

Down life's blest river, triumph songs shall echo  
Throughout the cycles of eternal time.  
One golden harp unstrung an angel bearth,  
Thou shalt perfect the harmony sublime.

#### THE RISING GENERATION.

In the United States there are about 60,000 common schools, which are supported in part by the State Treasury, and partly by school funds and school taxes. In England and Wales there are 46,042 public and private schools, attended by 2,144,378 scholars. In addition there are 1,545 evening schools, which provide for 39,783 children. The number of Sunday Schools is 23,514, with 2,407,642 scholars. It is estimated that in England there is a scholar for every 8.36 persons; in Scotland about one-seventh of the people are at school, while in the United States there is one scholar for every five persons. In Russia only one child for every two hundred persons receives instruction in schools; so that while at nine o'clock on every Monday morning there are 4,000,000 American boys and girls at school, there are in Russia only 100,000 enjoying the benefit of instruction.

#### THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

A THRILLING SCENE.

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine!" ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going toward his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please ME."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair.—Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist; but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits, and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted. But smiling tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell. I see," she added—slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his native land."

"See!" she exclaimed while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice

was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and his beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead."

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands, and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my FATHER'S SON—my OWN TWIN BROTHER!—a victim to this deadly poison! Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with voice he had uttered not but, in, with, without

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously, every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying—"Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills, than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. "Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read, that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever, from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made. Many from that hour, renounced forever the social glass.

A DANGEROUS CASE. Some twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many citizens had gone to the fire, when a fop, well strapped and dicked, with a cap on one side of his head, met a celebrated doctor, and accosted him in this wise:—"Can you, ah, tell me, doctah, how fah they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the, ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?"

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills and handed them to him, saying, "Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel any better in the morning, call at my office."

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.