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OPPOSITE THE RUSSELL HOUSE,
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WATCHING.

ALMOST alone? There's but one more
Left this side the silent shore;
Long I have waited and weary grown,
Watching on the strand of the great unknown.
Waiting for barks that went out on the tide,
And now are moored on the other side—
Barks that went silently one by one,
Leaving me here almost alone.
They were freighted each with a precious soul,
As they drifted away o'er the wave to the goal
On the island of bliss, the pearl-strewn shore,
Where the pure in heart shall rest evermore.
Hearts that I loved, thus borne away
To dwell in the light of eternal day,
Passed through the sunlit gates of the west,
And now on the beautiful isle are at rest.
But my eyes are not gladdened by sight of sail,
Or boat coming in on the rising gale:
Ah, how many are watching sadly in vain,
For fairy barks to return o'er the main;
Bringing back friends, the loved and the lost,
To this world with tempests of sorrow tossed—
Back to its trials, its care, and its strife,
Back to this weary working-day life.

CHURCH BELLES.

Coming in couples,	Whispering softly,
Smiling so sweetly,	Heeding no sermon—
Up the long aisle	What they are there for,
Tripping so neatly,	Hard to determine.
Flutter of feathers,	On all around them
Rustle of dresses,	Gazing benignly;
Fixing of ribbons,	Wholly unconcerned,
Shaking of tresses,	Singing divinely,
Envyng bonnets,	Prosy discoursings
Envyng laces,	Don't suit their whims:
Nodding to neighbors,	Plain they assemble,
Peering in faces,	All for this "HMS."

Manners.

"I make it a particular point of morality," says an eminent writer, "never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are if the man means well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all the fantastic rules and ceremonies; and if there is any standard of manners, it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon those artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely, but welcome salutation—'How are you, my old friend?'"

LUMBERMEN will do well to make their purchases of boots and shoes from CROSBY, who supplies the principal lumber establishments in this part of Canada.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mr. Fitz Simmons, who had been decidedly uncomfortable while Jenny was in the room, and had been on the point of retreat at the first opportunity, now settled himself comfortably again in the large arm-chair; then, mastering his aversion to the red hair and loud tones, tried to look very lover-like on Kate.

But Kate was determined to display her powers of singing; and so, after a preliminary humming of the tune, she favored him with "Old Hundred" and "Greenville," much to the apparent pleasure of Mr. Fitz Simmons. Just as she finished, the door-bell rang, and Mr. Fitz Simmons, rising hastily, excused himself on the plea that he had business down town, and must then leave, but he should do himself the honor of calling on her again very soon; and with a tender pressure of the hand he left her. On the steps he met Philip Otis, who saluted him with—

"Ah," you have been taking time by the forelock, I reckon!" and then entered.

As the door closed on the retreating figure of her admirer, Kate threw herself upon the sofa and burst into merry peals of laughter, from which she was aroused by the entrance of the new visitor. She started up in confusion; but, recovering in a moment, said, "Mr. Otis, I believe? I will call my cousin Jenny," and left the parlor.

As she spoke to him, and passed him on leaving the room, Mr. Otis thought her not so awkward as she had appeared on the evening previous. He was interrupted at this point by the appearance of Jenny Campbell, to whom he had lost his heart on that evening; and he was soon chatting pleasantly with her.

"I believe the lady whom I met just now was your cousin?" he said, "I have not yet been presented to her."

"O yes; she will be down directly," Jenny replied, and soon Kate made her appearance; and notwithstanding that she continued to enact the country lass, Philip Otis saw that, despite the country tone and manners, she was a girl of uncommon good sense and character. Still, the poor cousin was more attractive in his eyes than the heiress of fifty thousand, and he left Dr. Campbell's more thoroughly in love with Jenny than on the previous evening.

An hour later the heiress and her poor cousin sat together in their room.

"Jenny," exclaimed Kate, "tell me if I enacted my *role* of 'the country girl' to perfection, for I thought Mr. Otis regarded me somewhat closely, as though he suspected something of the kind."

"Perfect! perfect! could not have been better?" exclaimed Jenny, with tears of laughter in her eyes. "Why, you ought to have been an actress, cousin Kate! Poor Fitz Simmons! ah, how I pitied him when you exposed his innocent love-making; and when you insisted on singing the 'Doxology,' I was forced to apply my handkerchief to my mouth, and make my exit. And you kept such a sober face all the while!"

"Yes, Jen; and I told Mr. Fitz Simmons you had doubtless got the toothache from eating sweets last evening. I managed to keep a smooth face till he left, though, when Mr. Otis came in, I was laughing most immoderately, and I suppose he thought I was quite insane."

A month went by, and still the two girls kept

up the farce. Mr. Otis was very attentive to Jenny Campbell; and she felt that with him she could be very happy, for he had not sought her for wealth, as others had often, and as many there would have done, had they known she, in reality, was the heiress instead of her cousin Kate.

But the reputed heiress, notwithstanding her fifty thousand, did not abound in admirers. Two or three gentlemen had, at first endeavored to approach her "with matrimonial intent," but the iron head and red face had daunted them, and so they withdrew, sighing over the loss of the fortune with such "an incumbrance."

Yet one had remained besides Mr. Fitz Simmons—Ned Leland, a young man of sterling integrity of character and quiet exterior, who saw that beneath Kate's awkward manner and uncouth ways there was much to respect and admire. And, somehow, in his presence the loud voice and uncouth manners softened, and she came near betraying herself several times.

Mr. Fitz Simmons still continued his attentions, and so the time glided on. At length his landlord grew more impatient (notwithstanding poor Fitz Simmons promised to pay "when his remittances from England arrived,") and threatened him severely; and the tailor and washer-woman thrust their bills into his face each day; and so Fitz Simmons grew desperate, and found at least that he must bring matters to a crisis with the heiress. So, one evening, dressing himself with unusual care, he wended his way to Dr. Campbell's.

Upon admission, by the servant, he found, to his joy, that there was no one in the parlor but Miss Kate Barton, who was seated on the sofa with an extra frizzle in her red hair, and arrayed in a brilliant red dress which harmonized (?) with her ruddy complexion most wonderfully. His heart whispered that she was expecting him, and he imagined the fifty thousand already in his possession. No more threatening landlords and insolent tailors, and whining washer-women; already, "beyond the seas" he was riding in his own carriage, while his dowdy wife—well, I fear me that she did not mingle very largely in the gentleman's anticipations of the future!

"Aw, my dear creatchaw!" he exclaimed, in most tender tones, seating himself beside her, after the salutations of the evening, "were you expecting me?"

"Well, I don't know as anybody else was expecting you but me!" she replied.

"Yes; you are the only one, dearest!" murmured Fitz Simmons in tender tones: the only being whom I could wish to expect me, or desire my coming; and, most lovely one, I have to-night to pour into your listening ears the secret I have kept hidden in my heart since the night I first beheld you. I can keep it there no longer. It has burst its bonds and must be released. Can I hope that my wild worship is returned by you most adorable girl!" and he took her hand as he spoke, and raised it to his lips.

"There, I *knowed* it!" exclaimed Kate. "I knowed you loved me, and told uncle so, when he said the bank was failed where all my money was put. I told him I *knowed* there was one heart that was true—that would stick fast when money had took wings and flown away. But, what is the matter, Mr. Fitz Simmons! You look dreadful pale, and kinder tremble all over! I'm afeared you're took sick. I'll get you some camphire, and mebbe you'll feel better to rights."

"No, no, I thank you, Miss Barton, I am bet-

(Continued on fourth page.)