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## Correspondence.

[From the Recorder.]

No. 3.  
HON. CHARLES TUPPER,  
President of the Council, &c.

Sir,—I perceive that your organ, the *Colonist*, has this morning bestowed upon me a *blatant* attack of blackguarding. I cannot and do not accuse you of having penned it. Popular rumor attributes that dirty production to a certain old, wretched, political, he-draws-it [A hated, self-sold, scorned [scorned] who has, long since, lost whatever little reputation he ever acquired by clinging to other people's coat tails. I think it probable enough that popular rumor is correct. That individual has, probably more than any other person that has yet existed, devoted his pen to saying offensive things about you. I suppose there is a semblance of just retribution in your—as a Cabinet Minister—now making him hug and kiss you, and besavor you with adulation, and pitch dirt at anybody you dislike, preparatory to your giving him a salaried position in the office.

I might wonder, if I could wonder at anything done, these times, by your intimates, that Mr. Alpin Grant could allow such a trade of personal abuse against me to go into his paper. He, from the first moment that I ever met him, down to the last time that I saw him, has always professed great personal regard for me and has, whether unwisely or not, been in the habit of expressing himself to me in the most highly complimentary terms. Now, he has allowed his paper to be made use of by one of your hangers to represent me to the public as deserving the title of "scoundrel." I have to lower my eye to bandy that kind of vulgar abuse. I could easily find ample and really reliable material in the personal history of you and that galaxy of talented friends which now surrounds you, with which to tickle the palates of such tastes as might enjoy this day's *Colonist*. I have too much of what is called self-respect to bring myself down to the use of any such coarse vituperation. Perhaps, as your *Colonist* scribe says, I am "unpopular." It has never, at any period of my life, occurred to me as a desirable thing to cultivate the arts of winning popularity. On the contrary, I hesitate not to candidly confess, if this is a crime demanding confession, that I prefer my own good opinion to that of any other mortal man.

I must apologize to the public who may read this, for thus bringing my own personality before them; but your *Colonist*'s man has honored me with so large a share of abuse that I could scarcely refrain from making a passing allusion to it. However, before dropping the subject, I will tell you what I will do with you. There is to be a general election of members of the House of Commons throughout this Dominion, within the incoming year at the latest. Your tonies say that I am unpopular. If no better man can be found to do it, I am prepared as a Parliamentary Candidate to meet you or any of those who are now so zealously thumping you and blackguarding me in Cumberland, Lunenburg, or any other constituency in the Dominion, and die if I do not poll a majority of votes over you.

You may just as well call off your dogs. You and your accomplices in political iniquity may think that by traducing and vilipending Hon. William Annand and myself, and others whom you believe to have been instrumental in exposing your evil deeds, you will divert public attention from those deeds. You need not, for a moment flout yourself up with any such delusive idea. The thing cannot be done. I am not flattering myself that the great mass of the people of Canada care as to who, or what, I am; but I am perfectly confident that they do feel a deep interest in the question as to the extent to which you as a Cabinet Minister, have been a piffner. You know but little of human nature—you know especially little of the nature of our own fellow-countryman when you conjecture that their attention can be arrested and diverted from so serious a question by any quibbles, or false issues, or personal onslaughts upon unoffending private individuals, made by you and your interested supporters. Neither need you suppose that the public is to be fooled by you and those supporters, reiterating the silly assertion that the charges against you are *not proved*. You may and I believe you will yet have the opportunity of seeing them all triumphantly proved. But because they have not as yet been proved on the testimony of witnesses under oath, do you suppose the people of this Dominion believe them any the less? Do you suppose for a moment that men of sense can wink out of sight such condemnatory circumstantial testimony, as is to be found in the facts that you framed an Order in Council, which you were previously warned by those best qualified to know would be unjust and iniquitous; that you supposed that Order for over a month; that then one of your most intimate friends under its illegal provisions grabbed forty square miles of one of the most valuable coal fields in America, and which then really belonged to other people?

E. M. McDonald, M. P.

that you afterwards offered to sell that property as your own for fifty thousand pounds; that you employed engineers at the expense of this Dominion to locate a railway for opening up that coal tract,—can you suppose that men who are aware of all it is and of many other corroborative circumstances bearing upon the same transaction, have any doubt in their minds as to your guilt? Can you suppose that when you plunged your hand into the Dominion Treasury and took from it some thousands of dollars to give to your own son-in-law—money to which he was no more entitled than the child unborn, that any observer could suppose there was anything in money matters too mean for you to be guilty of? Do you imagine there is anybody in Halifax, observing, although in silence, your pleasant little operations in handling over all the Provincial Railway ironmongery business, and at fancy charges, to a hardware firm that your friends, Messrs. Alpin Grant and C. H. M. Black, have been nursing for years past, that in so doing you were moved solely by the milk of human kindness? If you do I will venture to say that your greedily extends that of anybody else in the subsidiary sphere. No, no; such antics cannot be cut up by any cabinet minister without the observing public recognizing their dishonesty and duly despising the perpetrator. I will take the liberty of remarking, too, that I believe you have enough of humanity in your nature to know and feel that whatever you may pretend to the contrary; for

Scorn will be felt as scorn,  
Dissemble as you may."

I remain  
Yours truly,  
P. S. HAMILTON.

## Poetry.

### THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP.

They say the professions are crowded,  
By seekers for fame and for bread;  
That the members are pushing each other  
As fast as their footsteps can tread;  
But be not discouraged, my brother,  
Nor suffer exertion to stop;  
Though thousands are pressing around you  
There is plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country,  
The dastard wins never a prize;  
But the earnest are ever the victors,  
And he who in justice relies,  
Who will not be wronged in the street,  
Will garner sweet rest as his crop,  
And find, as the hills sink below him  
That there is room enough at the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,  
There's gold if you but search it out;  
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,  
Nor mind what the rest are about.  
And whether your work may have fallen  
In sanctum, or office, or shop,  
Remember the low grounds are crowded,  
But there's always room at the top.

## Select Tales.

### THE POOR RELATION.

#### INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC STORY.

"Will you put away that book, Miss Studious, and listen to me for a moment?" said a tall, fashionably dressed woman, entering a poorly furnished little room in the attic of her elegant mansion, and addressing a young girl who bent over a book by a small table. She raised her head and looked around without speaking, and her visitor went on:—"I came up to tell you that you are not to go to school any more; so you need not trouble yourself to study."

"Aunt!"  
"Be quiet, will you, and hear what I have got to say. I have promised you a situation as waiting maid with my friend, Mrs. Russell, and you are to go a week from to-morrow; meanwhile you will have enough to do to keep you busy, and I positively forbid you to go into the parlours or leaving the house."  
The young girl's eye flashed, and she turned very pale, but said calmly:—"It is not possible for me to go until the close of the term? I want so much to take my diploma; and then I am very confident of getting a situation as a teacher in one of the public schools. I shall be out of your way then, and will not be as well as for me to be a waiting maid?"

"The idea of having a relative of ours teaching in the public school! You need not think of such a thing! I have fulfilled my promise to your mother, and kept you at school four years; you are now nineteen. I was to keep you under my charge, if you did not marry until you were twenty. With my friend, Mrs. Russell, you will be as well cared for as if you were with me. You will have good wages. Now I wish you to remember that you are not to go down stairs, and must obey my instructions without any trouble, or I shall be forced to find means to make you," said she, majestically as she turned to leave the room. Her listener started up as from a trance, exclaiming:—"One moment—wait! Was it not Hubert Lester's voice I heard in the parlour this morning?"  
Mrs. Morris turned first very white and then red, as she replied hastily:—"No, indeed, it was not. Of course you would have been sent for if it had been."

"me to wish to be an angel and be with dear mother. Oh, mamma, mamma, why did you leave me alone in the cold world?—This is hard, hard, when I have tried to qualify myself to teach, as dear mother wished me to, and now, just on the eve of examination to have that woman (she cannot be my angel mother's sister) scatter all my cherished plans to the winds. It is not enough that the four years that I have lived here they have treated me worse than a hired servant. I have been permitted to go to school, and have never rebelled, but I will now, if they persist in keeping me from teaching. I am so tired," she said, as she threw herself down on the floor beside the low window, and closing her arms on the seat, leaned her head upon them. "There is no use in trying to be good; if I do try something will happen to make me angry. Everybody hates me; other people have some one to love them; but I am alone. It was not Hubert then, that I heard this morning; where can he be? It is four years since we parted; can it be that he has forgotten me? And, if he has not, I feel he could not love me now. I shall never forget the morning he went away, how he held me close to his heart, and smooching my curls, told me how much he should miss his birdie. But I must not repine; I have a duty to perform, and I will try and meet my destiny bravely. I can pray; if I have few earthly friends, I have a kind Father in heaven who is ever near me."

And a fervent prayer went up from the heart of the motherless child to the Father of mercies.  
"Poor little Flora! if she was a little wicked I cannot find it in my heart to blame her. I think there are few of us that would have done better. She was beautiful, with her broad, white brow shaded by clustering brown curls; her mouth small and sweet and pearl-like teeth, and her large bright and beautifully blue eyes; yes she had the gift of beauty, and I think that was one reason why her aunt, Mrs. Foster, treated her so cruelly. She had three daughters of her own, who were not blessed with pretty faces."  
The pale moon looked down out of the blue sky on the lonely girl, and the bright stars came out one by one, while she sobbed and wept. At last the door opened softly, and Bridget looked in with a knowing grin on her broad face, and said:

"Sure, and there's a jentleman in the back parlour, he wants to see ye."  
"I think you must be mistaken; probably it is my cousins," said she, without lifting her head.  
"No, it is yourself intirely. I told him the young ladies were out, but he said it was Miss Flora Chilton he was after wanting."

"What shall I do, Bridget?" Miss Foster said.  
"Yes, I know, Miss Flora, she bid me after watching ye, and so I will watch that you are not disturbed. The family are all gone; is there anything I can do for you?"  
"No, thank you, Bridget. Did you know the person who called?"  
"No, but he was a rare jentleman; and said I to myself, why should Miss Flora be snatched up like as if she was a thief? So I just remembered mistress's orders, and I told her you was here."

"Flora smoothed her hair and arranged her simple dress in its usual neat manner, and went slowly down stairs and into the parlour. A tall, manly form stood near the grate, his back turned to her as she approached close to him with a noiseless step, and said timidly:—"Did you wish to see me, sir?"  
He turned; and holding out his arms, said:—"My birdie, my angel, my fair princess, have I found you again? And holding her close in his arms, he kissed her fondly. She clung to him, and hid her face on his shoulder as she said:—"Then do you love me Hubert?"  
"Better than all the world besides, my darling. Did you doubt me? Then holding her off, and looking at her said:—"You have changed in the few years since we parted, little one; you have grown tall and slight and there are marks of care and suffering on your face that shall be my care to smooth away. There were traces of tears on your face when you came in; what has vexed you?"

"We will not speak of that now," she said, as he seated her beside him on the sofa with his arm close about her, and her hand clasped in his.  
"I am so happy, don't let me think there is such a thing as care and sorrow in this world!"  
Her eyes filled as she spoke, but he bent, and kissing the tears away, said:—"Have you no curiosity to know how I found you?"  
"Yes, I thought I heard you in the parlour this morning."  
"Ah! and did not come in to see me."  
"I never go into the parlour. Why did you not send for me?"  
"They told me you were not here. When I received your letter telling me of your mother's death, I started for your home as soon as possible, and got there only to find you gone; but I learned that your Aunt Morris had taken you home with her. I had seen her several times, as you know; and although from her appearance I thought her to be very proud and very fashionable, I never dreamed

that she would be unkind to you. Business of my father's called me immediately to Cuba, and from there to South America. But I wrote letters to you frequently; did you ever receive my letters?"  
"Never but one, written before you left New York."

"Poor child, no wonder you thought yourself forgotten. I returned home only a few days ago, and hurried here as soon as possible. I arrived in the morning train, and although it was an unfashionable hour, I called here immediately. Your Aunt seemed delighted to see me, and I should have had a very pleasant time with your three cousins had I not been so disappointed in not finding you. Mrs. Morris said you had got discontented here and left two years ago; that the last she heard of you, you were learning the milliner's trade with a Mrs. Jones, in L—."

"I never thought but that she was telling the truth; she put her embroidered handkerchief to her face and seemed to be very much affected when she spoke of your ingratitude."  
"What could be her object in telling such an untruth?"  
"I will tell you if you will not think me conceited. I think she thought, as I was wealthy, I would make a brilliant match for one of her own hopeful daughters, if she could secure me."

"It may be so. But you have not told me how you found me at last."  
"Well, as I was on my way to the depot intending to leave for L—in the evening train, who should I meet but my dear old friend Horace Barton."  
"Indeed! he is my teacher, and almost my old friend."  
"Yes I know. Well, after we had shaken hands, &c., he asked if I had acquaintances in the city. I replied that, with the exception of himself, I had only the Morrises, that I knew of."

"Ah!" said he, "the Morrises of Chestnut street? Have you called? and did you see my little prodigy?"  
I enquired to which of the Miss Morrises he referred; he replied, "Not either of them, but to a cousin, Miss Flora Chilton. I caught him by the shoulder and asked him so many incoherent questions he thought I was crazy, came to my senses, and told him of my errand to the city, and its results."  
"Ah!" said he, "it is as I thought; there is foul play there. I have had my eye on that girl ever since she has been in the family; she has uncommon beauty and talents, and they were afraid of her eclipsing her own daughters. I go in there occasionally, but never find Flora in the parlour, and do not see her without I inquire particularly for her; but Mrs. Morris always has a good reason for her absence—says she has no taste for company. I dare say, now, that half the families on Mrs. Morris's visiting list do not know of her niece's existence. She took her out of school two years ago. I missed her, and called to inquire the reason of her absence; and Mrs. Morris, fearing I would make some talk about it, sent her again. Once a year, at the close of the annual examination, I gave my scholars a party; and, although I have always insisted upon Flora's coming, and she has sometimes promised that she would, Mrs. Morris has always some excuse for her staying at home."

"I went home with Burton to tea, and, between us all, Burton, his pretty wife, and myself, we have got everything planned in the most satisfactory manner. Mr. Burton chanced to know that the Morrises were to be at Mr. Verner's this evening; so as soon as there was a prospect of their being gone, I hastened here. And now I am the happiest man living," said he, kissing her again.  
"What makes you wear that net? It is exceedingly unbecoming."  
"Aunt Morris don't fancy curls."  
"Fudge!" said he, pulling it off, and letting the luxuriant hair fall in rippling curls on her shoulders; then something it with a careless movement, he said:—"You are going to Mrs. Burton's, Thursday evening—are you not?"

"I cannot, Herbert."  
"And why not? You are not afraid of Madame Grundy, now, are you?"  
"I will tell you. I have had so much to listen to that I have forgotten that I was a prisoner."  
She related what the reader is already familiar with. Herbert was very angry, but he laughed gaily as he thought how Mrs. Morris would look when she found that all her plottings were of no avail. A nice, long, confidential chat they had, forgetting, meanwhile, how late it was getting, till Bridget opened the door with:—"Excuse me, Miss; but if Mrs. Morris should come home and find you down stairs, I should be after lovin' my place."

Herbert rose to go, and kissing Flora tenderly, he said:—"Good night, my little flower goddess. I dare say it will be impossible for me to see you again before Thursday eve; meanwhile go about your duties as usual, and do not despair. Remember you have now a friend who will never desert you."  
Flora went up stairs with a lighter heart than she had before for many a day. Bridget overtook her on the landing, and holding up a piece of gold, said:—"Sure, an' I didn't make this to make me remember to be kind to ye while ye are in the house. And the gentleman says, bless his kind face, that if I lose my situation I shall find a better one."

Flora; for that young lady, for all the humble opinion she had of herself, had many friends among her school mates.

Mrs. Morris had caused the story to be circulated that sickness prevented her niece attending the closing exercises at school, and now she replied to the eager questioners that dear Flora was very much better, but still she could not think of letting her be exposed to the evening air.

"The Diamond Wedding," said the master of ceremonies. The curtain went slowly up, disclosing—were they mistaken, or is that lovely creature in white satin with the diamonds sparkling on eyes, neck and brow, Flora Chilton? And the noble looking man by her side, gazing down so fondly upon her, is our friend Hubert Lester.

A murmur of admiration ran around the room; but what is that? The clergyman steps forward, and the ceremony commences. Mr. Burton gives the bride away, and the solemn voice of the man of God pronounces them man and wife.

Poor Mrs. Morris sat near the stage, as the curtain rose, and as the ceremony went on, her face was a study. Astonishment, anger, wounded pride and shame were in turn represented there; but she recovered herself, and was one of the first to offer her congratulations. In talking with her friends, she bowing and smiling, and looking very knowing, told the tale of their early love and romantic reunion, forgetting however the part she had played. Although Mr. and Mrs. Lester forgave her for the wickedness and cruelty to the poor orphan, and kept it to themselves, the story, somehow, got round, and all people smiled to hear Mrs. Morris and her daughters speak of the wealthy Mrs. Hubert Lester as "dear cousin Flora; and how very much we were attached to her when she lived in our family."

"Ah, me," as Mrs. Partington says, "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world and I'm glad I'm here."  
I took occasion one evening in Berlin to ask Mary Meyer to tell me about silver weddings and golden weddings, which our people have borrowed of late years from the Germans. The lady is one of the most charming persons in the world; of literary fan; her house the rendezvous of the best of Berlin society; her heart full of sympathy for suffering humanity in every shape, and her life beautified with good deeds. She sat down and applied herself to the task of exposition with the gusto of congenial occupation. I knew she was in earnest, because like Fadladeen in the Eastern romance, whenever he spoke oracularly, she folded her hands and began to twist her thumbs.

"The silver wedding," said she, musingly, "the golden wedding! Oh, yes; but I will begin with the real wedding! No; (after a pause) I must go back farther—must begin with the *pollers abend*! No; further back still; in short, without the beginning."  
Somewhat apprehensive that my fair informant would commence with the birth, rearing and education of the two illustrative lovers, who were in process of time to become husband and wife, I ventured to say that the very slightest notice of preliminaries would suffice. Miss Meyer bowed assent, and continued:

"When, in Germany, a gentleman experiences a tender sentiment for a lady, the first thing he does is to speak to her father and mother. If they look approvingly, then the gentleman asks consent to pay his addresses to the young lady; if not there the matter ends."  
I opened my eyes, "Has the young lady nothing to say on her own behalf?" I demanded.  
"Not much; 'tis not like in the United States. We do things differently in Germany. Our way is better,—far better."  
"Why better?" I somewhat hurriedly asked—more hurriedly than good-breeding in Germany allows, for the cool, assured manner of the lady annoyed me. Why better, pray?"  
"Why better?" she echoed with imperturbable self-confidence; simply because it is."  
I could not be otherwise than satisfied with the woman-like logic of the answer.  
"If the lady's papa and mamma see no objection, the two young people exchange rings, become engaged, call themselves bride and bridegroom, and advertise their engagement in the newspapers."  
"But if the lady should happen to see a gentleman she loves better? I asked very deferentially. Quick as quick could be, my words were caught up."  
"A woman never loves twice," observed Miss Meyer, her face suffused with an instant displeasure. "Women are not like men."  
I did not argue the point, but went on, quite deferentially, to suggest the hypothetical case, a change of feeling and opinion on the gentleman's part.  
"A German young gentleman is only too happy to get a good wife," said Miss Meyer. "He does not marry a girl for her beauty alone, or her style. He wants a help-mate, not a doll. Daughters are brought up in Germany to be good wives, not

fashionable women. They know that a husband wants comfort, and so they are prepared, the highest as well as the lowest, to preside at his table, superintend his house, oversee the kitchen, make the coffee, light his pipe and bring his slippers. German's betrothed do not wish to change their minds. They are quite different from Americans."

"Different! How? Why?"  
"Because they are," said Miss Meyer. "I could not be otherwise than satisfied."  
"If engagements are thus irrevocable," I inquired, "why don't the young people get married at once? It was a stupid question. I ought to have reflected upon the pecuniary means. That was not, however, the point of view from which the lady contemplated the marriage postponement."  
"The bride and bridegroom wait a long time—years sometimes, occupied in studying each other's character. Moreover, it is a pretty practice in some parts of *Vaterland* for the lady, however poor, to furnish the house and find the linen."

"It was explained that want of dowry did not often create the hindrance to marriage, because each of the bride's friends would give a present—not trumpery, trinkets or silver or laces—but substantial household goods. In Germany a great number of the men are Government employes; and in this case a man's income is known to a penny. A young lady does not expect to begin wedded life with all the luxuries enjoyed by her parents."  
"Well, the wedding-day being fixed, we come to the *pollers abend*," if you consult your German dictionary, you will find that *poller* means a great noise—what you Americans call *row*, and *abend* evening. Well, bride and bridegroom, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors meet together on the evening before the wedding, eating and drinking, singing and dancing, telling stories and playing games, according to the rank and taste of the family. Then, next day comes the wedding."  
"And then the honeymoon," I added.

"Not in your American sense," she replied, "for the whole married life of a German couple is one lasting honeymoon; they never get tired of each other. Incomes are mostly small, but certain; hence there is no money anxiety. People, knowing what they have to live upon, are content. Everybody being aware of the play of the means, there is no money worry."  
"The *poller* evening," she said, "is a very interesting one. They look after the household, and the *poller* evening, they examine and repair clothes from the laundry, knit the stockings and make the shirts. They have a custom in parts of Germany of presenting a fitch of bacon to any married couple who have not quarreled for seven years. To carry out this practice in Germany would be impossible. Pigs enough could not be found to supply the bacon. So you see it should please God to grant twenty five years of married life to a German couple, it is natural that some sort of rejoicing should take place. This we call the *'Silver Wedding'*; not because the gifts made are of silver, but because the hairs of both husband and wife have usually turned silver gray."

"And lastly now, about the Golden Wedding. Alas, it falls not to many folk to number fifty years of wedlock! Death, in most cases, will have laid his cold hand on man or wife ere then. It happens sometimes however,—the occasion for this golden wedding,—and it is celebrated as if it were the setting of an autumn sun in gorgeous skies upon a harvest of golden grain, not with rich presents, but with oratorical flourishes of thankfulness, such as you would expect from a thoughtful and imaginative people."

"I thanked Miss Meyer and went musing to my hotel. Making allowance for a certain exaggeration in the style of her recital—not uncommon among clever women in company—there was not a little of what the lady had said that seemed both timely and interesting to us on this side of the Atlantic."  
BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The same maker who moulded out the sun and stars, watches the flight of insects. He who balanced the clouds, and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his two rings, and placed the moon, like a ball of silver, in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf its delicate tint. And the same Being notices equally the praise of the cherubim and the prayer of the little child.

"The other day a town crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up the parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: 'Here's an orphan child, Madam, and I'm trying to find its parents.'"  
"We think this extract from a medical advertisement is entirely correct: Consumptive, cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture, you can't."

"A young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself, and don't use scissors."  
"A traveller on being asked whether he had been through Euclid, replied that he didn't quite remember, but thought he had passed a night there."  
"Well, Par, why don't you put up your umbrella?" "Because, yer honor, the rain ud spile it, an' so I kep it in order my arum, an' divil a drop it go."  
"Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?" "Because it is farthest from the bark."



Miscellaneous

A GERMAN LADY'S VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

BY N. S. DODGE.