

# The Free Press.

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## The Free Press.

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## Original Poetry.

### A BELIEVER'S PRAYER.

Father of life! eternal Love!  
Alone and limitless in might!  
Look from thy glory's throne above,  
And flood my darling soul with light;  
Wife as I am, and weak, I dare,  
In Jesus' name, to urge my prayer.

I plead thy promises, O Lord,  
In Christ immutably revealed;  
Mercy and truth in Him accord;  
In Him thy grace shines unobscured;  
Jehovah, Jesus, save—O ye—  
Purify, convert, and sanctify.

Repentance, not the righteous seek;  
The healthy no physician need;  
I come, because corrupt and weak,  
To thee who dost for sinners bleed;  
O thou Redeemer of my soul,  
Thy life breathe, and make me whole.

Hast thou thy sacred law reversed,  
And granted pardon free to sin,  
And left thy creatures half-secured,  
Without the hope of life within—  
Such mercy could no peace impart—  
It could not ease my aching heart.

Not thus doth thine Anointed save  
And leave us banished, foul, abhorred;  
He who descending sought the grave,  
Leaped from its jaws his mighty Lord—  
Wrenching from death its sharpest pain,  
And rising Prince of life, to reign.

Jesus a full redemption earned;  
And gifts unmeasured hath received;  
By his own people blindly spurned,  
At thy judicial anger grieved,  
Drooping, thy fury's dregs he quaffed,  
Pard'nt out his soul, and dashed the draught.

My Saviour God! thy crown of thorns  
Every command of Thine endears;  
Thy quenchless love thy laws adorns;  
Thy dying anguish quells my fears;  
Thy final woe—thy piercing cry,  
Conquered for us, on Cavalry.

Oh, by Thine own unflinching faith  
When of thy Father's light bereft,  
Conform me, Master, to thy death,  
Lest I lurk earth's last appointed hour,  
And, long before earth's last appointed hour,  
Teach us, O Lord, Thy resurrection's power.  
BURNTHORN MUSGRAVE.

## Interesting Tales.

### A DETECTIVE TAKEN IN.

Our readers may remember the circumstances of the arrest, some eight or ten years ago, of a band of counterfeiters in Canada, and of the capture of a marvellous quantity of tools and implements of that nefarious craft. It may have been ten years ago, though I am inclined to think it was a later date. However, the newspapers were full of the startling intelligence at the time, and as my story does not depend for its interest or its truthfulness upon the exact date, we will not be particular. And, furthermore, if Mr. Sharp should see this bit of gossiping history I beg that he will not blame me for having written it. He will observe that I have kept his real name out of sight; and so, if he keeps his own counsel, the uninitiated will be none the wiser touching his share in the transaction.

In that other time of which I have spoken the business community of New England was startled by the appearance of new and dangerous counterfeit bank notes. They came in great quantities; and ere long nearly every trader in the country had suffered in the possession of one or more of those bogus promises-to-pay. The flood of counterfeiters increased as the weeks passed on, and so nicely executed were they that people began to lose their confidence in all kinds of bank paper.

At this stage of the game it became necessary for the banks to step in and do something; and they did it—they did it for their own salvation. They came together by their representatives, and formed an association for the purpose of breaking up counterfeiting then and in all coming time; and in the hands of an elected commission was left the business of employing such means as might be necessary to the end in view. Intelligence had been received which rendered it certain that the counterfeiters were manufactured somewhere in Canada; and after a deal of inquiry and patent investigation the bank commission not only became assured that Canada was the point of issue, but they also obtained the names of some dozen suspected men against whom the evidence was least strong enough to warrant their apprehension.

But now, how should these men be found? Of course the work must needs be carried on carefully, and shrewdly, for counterfeiters are much like crows—they should be approached so stealthily that the springing of the trap shall precede the alarm.

Away up in Maine lived an old deputy sheriff named Ralph Barnum, who had some experience in such matters, and it was suggested to the commission that they should employ him; but they fancied they knew better. They wanted no countryman to blunder in their work. They had their eye upon the very man. Mr. Samuel Sharp was a policeman of the city, and such marvellous stories had he told of his exploits in capturing rogues that his fame had reached the ears of the commission, and he was fixed upon as the agent who should bring the hidden places of the counterfeiters to light. Mr. Sharp was a gentleman and, perhaps, a scholar; and it was fancied that perhaps he could travel over the road without its being suspected that he was an officer. At all events Mr. Sharp was engaged to do the work; and he was accordingly furnished with money for the trip, and also with the names of the suspected parties. The last item was a very important one, and the policeman determined to make the most of it. With such information to start upon he felt sure of success—so sure, that he told his employers they might depend upon him. Written down in a little book he had the names of a dozen men who were known to be great rogues; who had been seen in Canada within a month; and who were furthermore known to have had some hand in issuing the bogus notes. The thing was now to find their lurking place, get possession of their tools and implements and stock in trade, and bring the villains to justice.

Mr. Samuel Sharp said he could do it. He said he would do it. He had a clue to the whereabouts of the rascals, and they could not escape him. He took the rail as far as that would carry him on his way, and then took the stage. At Derby, close by the Canada line, he stopped to make his final arrangements. He was sure that his game was not far away—not many miles from the line—and he determined to approach it very carefully. On the following morning he took the stage which was to carry him into Canada, and, as the day was fine, he rode upon the box with the driver. This driver was a jolly, loquacious individual, and soon learned from his passenger, that he was travelling for his health and amusement. At noon they stopped for dinner at a small settlement, and in the afternoon Sharp had come to like the jolly driver exceedingly well—so much so that he laughed and joked about the peculiar institutions of the country.

"I have heard," said he, "that you have a good many sharp rogues in Canada; and, if it is all true, that has been told to me, you must be more than a match for the Yankees."

The driver laughed, and in a joking way claimed that his people were really overburdened with honesty.

"But," suggested Mr. Sharp, "they do a little keen horse trading once in a while?"

"When they can do it honorably," replied Jehu, with a wink.

"And," pursued the detective, in a careless manner, "I have heard that a goodly share of the bogus bank notes come from Canada."

"I've heard such stuff myself, but I don't believe it. I never took but one bogus note, and that I got in Vermont. I guess you Yankees make the most of that."

And so they rattled on till night, when the stage stopped at a small inn, where Mr. Sharp engaged lodgings. He did not speak for a seat in the coach for the next morning, for he imagined that he must already be in the neighborhood of his game. It might be many, many miles away, but, in all probability, not on the line of the stage route. So he told the landlord that he might stop with him several days, at the same time intimating that he might want a horse and carriage to ride around and view the country.

In a little while after this the landlord and the jolly stage-driver were closeted together in a back room.

"Who is that chap?" asked the landlord.

"He's a poke!" emphatically replied the stage driver. "He's come up here to look after our folks. He ain't no pleasure hunter; but he's a bogus hunter." He talked about bogus money.

"Aha!" said the landlord, "I thought so."

"But," pursued the jolly stage-driver, "that ain't all. That ain't half. He asked me if I'd ever heard tell of such a man as Bill Sawtell; not long afterwards he wanted to know if I ever heard of a horse trader named Jack Downer. In course I never heard of any such chaps. But what does he want of Bill Sawtell and Jack Downer? How did he know these was such men?"

"Aha!" said the landlord.

"He must be watched," said the jolly stage driver.

"Aha! leave him to me," added the landlord, "leave him to me!"

In ten minutes from that time a sharp witted, quiet man named boy was put upon Mr. Samuel Sharp's track, with directions to watch his every movement and report.

After tea Mr. Sharp sat down upon the piazza, and having convinced himself that he was alone, took the little book from his pocket and looked over the names he had written down.

Now it so happened that Mr. Samuel Sharp was leaning his back against the sill of a window, the blinds of which were closed, and it further happened that within the little parlor stood the boy, peering down between the slats of said blinds, directly upon the aforementioned book. By and by Mr. Sharp put up his book and walked away, and the boy went to report. He, the boy, found the landlord and the jolly stage-driver in the back room, and he told them what he had seen. He had seen the book in the stranger's hands, and he had read a lot of names written down there. He had read the name of Bill Sawtell, and the name of Jack Downer, and the

name of Dennis McKnight, and some eight or ten more, which he called over, and which the landlord recognized as belonging to very particular friends of his.

"Aha!" said mine host, "I begin to smell!"

"Oho!" echoed the jolly stage-driver, "that's his game, eh?"

In the evening the landlord went into the bar-room and found the overcoat of his guest hanging upon a peg. It was a light loose sack, which Mr. Samuel Sharp wore as a 'duster.' Mine host took the garment down and carried it away, and having ripped open the collar, and examined its make and quality, he packed in a little extra stuffing, and then sewed it up as it should be, after which he carried the coat back, and hung it up where he found it.

On the following morning, after Mr. Samuel Sharp had eaten his breakfast and smoked a cigar, he proposed that he would take a ride. He said he might ride on to the next town, and if he did he should not be back before night. The landlord didn't mind that. He furnished the team, as desired, and expressed his willingness that the guest should ride whither he pleased.

In about an hour after Mr. Sharp had gone the landlord and the jolly stage-driver bestirred themselves. They hunted up a justice and an officer, and lodged a complaint setting forth that said Samuel Sharp was an issuer of counterfeit money. The justice issued a writ, and the officer started off to serve it, the landlord and the jolly stage-driver hearing him company. They overtook Mr. Sharp just as he drove up to the door of the inn at the next town, and the officer arrested him at once, and took him into the parlor, where a large number of curious people were soon gathered.

"Good heavens, gentlemen, what do you mean?" cried Mr. Sharp. "No a counterfeiter!"

"Oho," returned the jolly stage-driver, "don't try none of that on us. I took the measure on you when you was on my stage. I marked what you said. Oho, you was a little too leaky, old fellow. That was a bogus bill as you passed on me."

Mr. Sharp was astounded. He knew that he had said something to the jolly driver about counterfeiting, but he had no idea that it could have been turned against him.

"I must search your person," said the officer.

"Certainly," replied the detective.

During this operation the landlord suggested that counterfeiters sometimes hid bogus money away in strange places.

"Oho," that's so," said the jolly stage-driver; and thereupon a more thorough search was commenced.

"Aha! what's this?"

It was something peculiar in the feeling of the collar of the over-sack. The officer cut with his knife and ripped it open, when, lo and behold, the evidence was in sight! Within that collar very nicely packed away between the cloth and the lining, they found eight thousand dollars of counterfeit money!

Mr. Samuel Sharp stood aghast, and knew not what to say; and when he did speak his words were only taken as so much more evidence of his guilt. In due time Mr. Sharp was fully committed, and marched away to jail while the lookers-on went about their business; the accommodating landlord and the jolly stage-driver returning to look out for the next detective that might happen to come along.

Mr. Samuel Sharp remained in jail eight and forty hours, and then managed to gain an interview with the high sheriff. He told his story so plainly and directly, and had such documentary evidence to show, that he soon convinced the sheriff that he was really an officer in pursuit of duty, and that a rascally trick had been played him. The sheriff saw through the matter at once, and concluded that the prisoner might be set at liberty.

"Of course," he said, "I cannot give you liberty at present by any legal process; but, under the circumstances, I am willing to take a great responsibility. If you will give me your word that you will return at once to your home, and not remain around here I will persuade the jailor to let you make your escape this night."

Mr. Sharp accepted the offer with many thanks. That night he found the door of the jail open, and before the light of another morning, he was beyond the line in Vermont. He reached his home and made his report, and it was the conclusion of the bank commission that Mr. Samuel Sharp was not sharp enough for that sort of business.

The next step was to send to Maine for Ralph Barnum; and in due time Mr. Ralph Barnum made his appearance. He said he would go in quest of the rogues, and his terms were as follows: In addition to the pay he demanded the right to expend as much money on the account of his employers as he wished. He promised that he would keep a fair account of every dollar thus expended. If he wished to buy a horse, a horse he must buy; and if he wanted to buy an ox, an ox he must buy. And if he wanted a hundred horses or a hundred oxen he must have the means to purchase. Only he promised he would be as careful as possible, and purchase that which would readily sell again.

The commission finally consented to this, and Mr. Barnum went his way. Just imagine a middle-aged, red-faced man, with an honest, jolly look, standing six feet four inches in his stockings, and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, and you have the idea of Ralph Barnum. In the garb of an old cattle drover he made his way into Canada, and commenced at once to examine all the best stock, occasionally buying as his fancy seemed to be suited. In this way he spent a month in the very neighborhood where Mr. Samuel Sharp had been operated upon, and at the end of that time he was master of every secret he desired to know; and yet so carefully had he kept his own counsel, and so persistently had he followed his professed calling, that his real intent was not suspected. In the end the train

was laid, the force was made ready, and the trap sprung.

As I said at first, those who read the newspapers of the time cannot have forgotten the result. It was the largest and most important haul of counterfeiters and counterfeiting implements ever made in this country. And, in closing, I may add that conspicuous among the prisoners were the accommodating landlord and the jolly stage-driver.

## From Late Papers.

[From the Chronicle.]

Mr. Howe's friends make appeal to the mercy of Hants County. They say: "He has done good in his day; he is not rich; he should be allowed to feather his nest now that he is moulting through age." The force of the plea cannot be acknowledged. He is now striking at the very roots of our independence, and although we may pity him we must stay his hand. Were a mad dog rushing through our streets, few would be fools enough to say he was a fine dog in his day, and though a sad dog now his life should be spared. Benedict Arnold, to whom Mr. Howe compared Tupper, fled from the American lines to escape the vengeance of those whom he sought to betray; and even now there is no tender pity for his memory in any nation, although he was a staunch warrior and spilled his blood freely in the cause of American independence. To use Mr. Howe's own language, it would have been madness run riot to have entrusted the last defences of America to Arnold, after his treason; and it would have been madness to have entrusted Tupper with power after his treacherous tyranny. And we say that to lift Howe into power after having sold his country for a paltry subsidy, abandoned his party for no cause whatever, and forsaken his principles for a small salary and the delights of second fiddlehood, would be to show ourselves bereft of reason.

Howe was a pure politician. Granted. All will not grant it. Howe's vanity never misled him. Granted. All will not grant it. Howe never appealed to mean prejudices. Granted. All will not grant it. Let us make a parallel—one we hope not too forcible, because we do not wish it applied too exactly. Lucifer was a bright Archangel. All will grant it. Yet Lucifer suffers in Hades, and we have no compassion for him; we cannot hold any terms with him; and good Christians do not wish for his escape, except good Christians of the school of Poet Longfellow. Although refusing to compare Roman Caesar with the would-be Caesar of Nova Scotia, we may ask "whether it is better that Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead and live all free-men."

It is time, when the future of the country is imperilled, to lay aside all mawkish compassion for grey heads, which should, for the sake of their own honor, have been laid under the sod years ago. It is well that Mr. Howe be pensioned. For the case of his own brain it is well that he should be allowed to occupy a sinecure. But although he has figured largely in Nova Scotia for years, Nova Scotia cannot, for his sake, sacrifice its independence. Many of the soldiers of Arnold would have been glad to have seen his desperate necessities relieved. Remembering his reckless bravery and his genius, few of the lovers of American independence would have refused to lend their aid to lift him into a station where he could have found both profit and honor. But who among them all would have given all hope for his country and been content to have submitted to the tyranny of North and Grenville to have succored Arnold?

Will we to-day prefer to despair of the safety of the Province to flinging Joseph Howe on the tender mercies of MacDonald? We may regret the sacrifice. But liberty calls for it, and we cannot refuse it.

If Mr. Howe finds himself numbered among the victims of the Knight of Kingstons' craft, he will have to blame only his own headstrong rashness and curbless vanity. All that men could do, his best friends and firmest supporters did in his behalf. They endeavored to restrain him, to point out, not only the ruin that he was bringing upon his country, but the disgrace he was bringing on himself. Their well meant efforts were made in vain, and Mr. Howe is now a Jack in office, pledged in their entirety, institutions he denounced with a virulent vigor peculiar to himself.

The men of Hants County have now to consider whether Joseph Howe should be allowed to deceive them grossly and to reap exterior honor and profit from the deception. If they decide in the affirmative let us erect a statue in honor of Stewart Campbell, a little wind-mill in honor of McKeaney, and grant triumphal processions to Tupper and Archibald.

In the annals of this Province no more cowardly and causeless desertion of party than that of Mr. Howe can be found. If there be any old elector in Hants who can remember any more shameless breaking of pledges than Howe's, let him give Howe his vote.

But when Howe is returned a representative to Ottawa, it will be time for the people

of this Province to close their mouths about politics in utter disgust, and to acknowledge themselves victims of mere epileptic fits of aspiration for liberty.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, says:— "The Evangelical sects have steadily gained upon the increase of our population. Within a century, the Methodists have grown from 15,000 to 2,000,000 communicants; the Baptists from 85,000 to 1,700,000; the Presbyterians from 10,000 to 700,000; the Congregationalists from 75,000 to 275,000; the Episcopalians to about 170,000. The population has increased six-fold, and the church communicants more than ten-fold. In 1800 there was one communicant for every fifteen of the population; now there is about one for every eight."

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and Legislature in the cause of Repeal, and we pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors to sustain them in their efforts to procure it."