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The Free Press.

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Correspondence.

[From the Recorder.]

HON. CHARLES TUPPER,
President of the Council, &c.

SIR,—I perceive that your organ, the *Colonist*, has this morning, bestowed upon me a very liberal and kind notice. I am glad to see that you do not accuse you of having penned it. Popular rumor attributes that dirty production to a certain old, wretched, political, head-drawn [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 beslaver 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 a scoundrel, and, I have to lower myself 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 todies 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 burning 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 delusion. The thing cannot be done. I am not flattering myself that the great mass of the people of Canada care as to who, 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 pillar of support to the public school. You know but little of human nature—you know especially little of the nature of our own fellow-countrymen 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 suppressed 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 handing 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 expects that of anybody else in this stationery 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 wins the laurel wreath and the crown,
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 Huber 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 Huber 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 wicker 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?" Mrs. Foster said I am not to go down stairs."

"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 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. I wrote letters to you frequently; did you 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 parlor, 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."

The long looked for Thursday eve arrived, Mr. Burton's elegant residence was filled with wealth, wit, youth and beauty. As Mrs. Morris and her daughter entered, they were surrounded by an eager crowd, clamorously inquiring after

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.

Tableaux were to be one of the features of the evening—in which some of Mr. Burton's scholars figured as actors—and all were eager for them to commence. After a great deal of running back and forth, bustle and confusion, they came at last; some very good and others indifferent, none worth mentioning till the two last. The first of these was called the Penny Marriage, representing a miserable looking couple, standing before a clergyman, taking a leap in the dark. Few would have recognized pretty Bessie May, who had appeared once before as Highland Mary, in this awkward looking creature dressed in calico, clinging to the hand of her lover. The next was the opposite of the last.

"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, somewhat got round, and 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 one of 'em."

Miscellaneous.

A GERMAN LADY'S VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

RIED TIME FOR US.

BY N. S. DODGE.

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 Fadliadeen 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 *'poltersabend'*. 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 *'poltersabend'*, if you consult your German dictionary, you will find that *polter* means a great noise—what you Americans call *rauc*, 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—everybody being aware of the play's means, there is no money anxiety."

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Late Despatches.

New York, Sept. 23. Advice from the Cape of Good Hope report renewed excitement there. Diamonds of great value are found daily.

It is reported that the members of the "ring" are transferring their property to friends not involved in the public frauds.

A Honolulu letter states that the hurricane of 9th August was the most severe ever experienced in the Sandwich Islands.

The despatch announcing the death of Earl Derby was a mistake.

There was a great fire in San Francisco on Saturday. Loss \$1,000,000. Several firemen were injured.

Nine deaths from yellow fever at Charleston during the last 48 hours, and five in Yeksborg during the last 24 hours.

The Coulter-Bigin crew have challenged any crew in the United States to row a 5 or 6 mile race for from \$1000 to \$5000.

London, Sept. 20. Marshal McMahon, in his examination before a committee on the conduct of the war, assumes the entire responsibility for the disastrous results of his march from Chalons to Sedan.

The declaration has produced a profound sensation, and the "Bonapartist" journals are joyful over it.

M. Thiers is afraid of assassination, and his chamber is guarded nightly.

Queen Victoria suffers from rheumatism in the foot.

The Princess of Wales will soon return from the continent.

Correspondence has been discovered in the Tuileries developing a plan to put Napoleon on the throne of Belgium.

The discovery occasioned a sensation in Belgium.

The Standard to-day says advice from Berlin report that the relations between Russia, France and Turkey become more intimate.

The Free Press.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28, 1871.

BRIDGETOWN—LONG AGO.

A half century is something in the world's history. When imagination turns to the "buried past," the lapse of by-gone ages seems almost interminable, and a century of the long ago dwindles into an exceedingly brief period in the march of time.

The past of Bridgetown is not without interest in the memory of those who have been intimately cognizant of its beginning and progress. Fifty years ago it had not even an embryo existence.

In the month of September 1821 (just half a century ago) Mr. Reuben Dodge—now a resident of Clarence, enjoying a cheerful old age—was busy, with compass and chain, in laying out the projected "town plot," as it was then called, into building lots.

Next year five other houses were built; and from year to year additions were made. Churches in 1825 were erected, and the inhabitants soon began to imagine that they were dwelling in a town, and, in conversation—after a walk or a drive, would say they had "been out in the country."

the folly of licentiousness and dissipation. Some of the school-boys of the period referred to, have been successful in life, respected and honored as useful members of society, and are now in the decline of their days occupying positions of distinction; but the most of them have passed from earth, and are almost forgotten.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Next Sunday will be the anniversary of the inauguration of the FREE PRESS. On the 1st of October 1863 its first number was issued.

When the FREE PRESS was started, there had been a recent General Election, and a new Government formed, pledged to protect the rights of the people, and to carry out a rigid system of RETRENCHMENT in our public expenditures.

Our first number had scarcely been issued, when the speedy death of the FREE PRESS was predicted. The prophets who foretold its demise, spoke with an exultant confidence; and the Western Record was called into existence, to secure the soothsayings of the wise ones who have "spoken evil" of "Gidney's rag."

In the darkest hour of our country's history, we have been faithful to its rights and interests. We have been identified with the conflicts of two General Elections, in which our policy and our principles were triumphant in this county and in the Province at large.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Not so able and luminous as they were in their early career. When Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Brinkley, Sydney Smith, Professor Wilson, Lockhart and others were living contemporaries, they imparted to literature an interest and a value which powerfully operated upon the aggregate mind of the whole civilized world.

The October number is now before us, replete in all those attractions—artistic and literary—which have rendered it a welcome visitor into thousands of those circles, where the endearments of home-life are cherished and enjoyed.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—This admirable aid to those who excel in song, is a great favorite in musical circles. We acknowledge the receipt of the October number. It contains several specimens of new and exquisite melodies which fall upon the ear as sweetly as the toad's song in June.

THE TEA MEETING.

On the 20th instant there was quite a gathering in the basement of the Wesleyan Church, now in course of erection in this town, to participate in social greetings, and in a most sumptuous repast prepared by a bevy of Eve's beautiful daughters.

THE TOPPER SCANDAL.

DR. TOPPER TRIED AND FOUND GUILTY.

Our Nova Scotian exchanges throw some further light on the charges made against Dr. Topper in connection with the Spring Hill coal mines. They contain—in the columns of the Colonist Dr. Topper's organ—an elaborate attempt at vindication, and this is supplemented by numbers in the papers in which the allegations have been promulgated and sustained.

It will be remembered that Dr. Topper was charged with having, when Provincial Secretary in 1865, in collusion with other persons, deliberately connived at the withholding from publication in the official Gazette and order in council relating to licenses to search for coal for other minerals; with further delaying the issue of the Gazette, in which the "order" finally appeared, so as to enable one of the "ring" to secure priority for his application, which embraced 40 square miles of the finest coal area in the Province; with having—as President of the Council of the Dominion Government—promoted a branch line from the Intercolonial in order to enhance the value of the Spring Hill property, with having bought land in anticipation of those branch lines requiring it for certain purposes; with having admitted himself to be a co-proprietor in the Spring Hill estate by offering to sell it for £50,000; and finally, with having promised the people of Parrishboro' that the Intercolonial branch should be constructed through their district, whilst he already knew that surveys were at work, preparing for its construction in quite another direction.

The Colonist first enters into a justification of the Order in Council of which, as it is alleged, the Topper "ring" took advantage. But the merits of that official act per se have never, so far as we know, been challenged. Its effect, as we understand it, was to throw open the mineral lands to speculation to a greater extent than had ever before been done.

The Colonist then endeavors to meet the charge of delaying the Gazette for a day to suit the plans of the "ring." It says of this allegation—The story is a lie without a shadow of ground to justify it. The proposition of this paper, held the title of Queen's Printer at that time, and no such delay in the issue of the Gazette ever took place while it was published by him.

The affidavit of John M. Dowdell, the foreman, then follows, in which he confirms the statement of the ex-Queen's Printer. But if this were true, it would only half meet the case if it is intended to overturn. The Order in Council was passed on the 19th of May, 1865, and confirmed by the Lieutenant-Governor on the 24th. But it did not appear in the Gazette until the 28th of June following, and whatever may have become of the Gazette on the 28th, it is quite certain that the first intimation the Mines office got of the Order was from Mr. Black, one of the "ring," who presented himself with a copy in his hand before 10 o'clock on the morning of the 29th.

The confederates had already their eyes fixed on Spring Hill; but an important bar stood in their way. Three of the areas included in Mr. Black's applications on Thursday morning were already covered by licenses of search, which expired on the 29th of June. On that morning, as the confederates well knew, if the former licenses failed to select a square from each area, their claims lapsed. On the very morning, therefore, without losing an hour, after weeks' suppression of the order, Mr. Black stepped into the Mines Office with the application, covering these three areas, in his hand.

We have here, then, not only a purely negative attempt to disprove the statement as to the delay in issuing the Gazette, but an absence of any effort to account for the delay in the publication of the "Order," and finally, the strongest possible motive on the part of the conspirators for doing exactly as they are alleged to have done. It is not easy to see how proof could go much further. The Colonist, too, it appears, so incorrect in some of its statements as to justify a doubt whether it can in any case be accepted as a truthful and reliable witness. It alleges that other persons than Mr. Black—political opponents of Dr. Topper—were but a few minutes later than

Mr. Black in their applications. But the other side bring the books of the Mines office into court to show that the two names which appear next to Mr. Black's are those of old and faithful supporters of Dr. Topper, whilst one gentleman entered his application in the books on receiving information from the officials during the day, and another—mentioned by name by the Colonist—did not make application until the 1st of July, or two days afterwards.

But now as to Dr. Topper's personal complicity. The Colonist on this point alleges with a show of exultation that when these occurrences took place Dr. Topper was "three thousand miles away on a delegation to England." But unfortunately for the Colonist its own pages supply a refutation of this assertion. It will be found that Dr. Topper and his colleague sailed from Halifax on the 23rd of June, a month after the order had been confirmed by the Lieutenant-Governor, and only five days before its deferred publication in the Gazette.

He now openly admits his partnership in the Spring Hill mines, but denies that, when in the Local Government, he engaged in mining speculations. The truth of this assertion is, it is said, to be tested in the law courts, and it is quite possible that it is technically accurate, although the doctor may still, if not so actively engaged in mining speculations—have had a very considerable interest in their prosperity.

As to these later transactions his organ is absolutely silent. It does not deny the promotion of the Intercolonial branch line to benefit the Spring Hill property, nor yet the purchase of land in expectation that the lines so promoted would require it. Nor is any attempt made to explain the speech at Parrishboro, and to vindicate the character of the Minister of the crown, who could profigately give a promise with a knowledge that, at that very moment, steps were being taken that would make it impossible of performance.

HEALTHY CONSUMPTION CURED BY FELLOWS HYPOPHOSPHITES. CAMP NEAR NEW BRUNSWICK JAN. 8, 1871.—MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—Sir: I came to this country in May, 1869. I found a countryman of mine laboring under some affection of the lungs. I recommended your Syrup, tried at the Druggists in Harbor Grace, but they thought I was inventing the same at their expense.

Fortunately I learned that your Syrup could be obtained at Mr. Dearie's, in St. John's and immediately procured some (shown one to W. H. Thompson, who ordered a supply from you at once.) This was Tuesday afternoon; at night he took the prescribed dose, and experienced the very results notified on the wrapper. His appetite soon began to return, and a voracious one it was too; the dry hacking cough changed into hoarse, but violent attacks, finally disappearing altogether; pains left his side, his hand assumed its usual steadiness, and before he had finished ten bottles his health was quite restored, and to-day not a more healthy person is to be found on our streets; and it is the opinion of all, had he not been fortunate in getting your valuable Syrup of Hypophosphites, he would now be in his grave.

HE HAPPENED TO BE IN W. H. THOMPSON'S DAY YOUR FIRST SHIPMENT ARRIVED AND TOOK AT ONCE SIX BOTTLES TO THE LABRADOR WHICH HE WAS VERY ANXIOUS TO DO BUT HAD NO OCCASION TO USE THEM HIMSELF. NO OTHER MEDICINE WILL EVER PRESCRIBE, RECOMMEND OR GIVE, BY YOURS. I ALSO RECOMMENDED IT TO ANOTHER CONSUMPTIVE BUT HAVE NOT HEARD FROM HIM SINCE, AS HE LIVES IN A DISTANT PART OF THE ISLAND. HOPING THIS WILL GIVE YOU SOME ENCOURAGEMENT. I REMAIN, YOURS, &c.

ANOTHER.

We have chronicled so many Railway Excursions of late that the mere mention of them has grown monotonous; but it will be expected that we say something of that which came off on Tuesday between Annapolis and Kentville. We were not of the party; but are prepared to say it was a large one.

The very best medicine in use for a horse among us is that prepared by Professor Clark, called Clark's Detergy Condition Powder. He is one of the Professors of the Veterinary College in London, and a graduate of the Royal College of Medicine, and has conferred more distinction on it than its diploma upon him. This remedy has become celebrated throughout the world, wherever there is a horse or herbivorous animal.

Missionaries and others sojourning in foreign lands should not fail to take with them a good supply of "Johnson's Anodyne Lincture." It is the most reliable medicine for all purposes there is in the world.

THE GREAT FIRE IN ST. JOHN.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

The fire broke out shortly after half-past 12 o'clock; so far as can be ascertained, in a building in the rear of Mr. B. McCrossin's house on Sydney street, either that used for the storage of rags to be conveyed into flock for mattresses or that close by it known as Donohue's stables.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour from the time the first alarm was given until anything like a body of water could be brought to bear upon the fire, and in this time the flames had taken hold of so many buildings that the water had little effect in subduing the conflagration.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE quickly assembled, and their services were willingly given to aid in removing property from the stores and houses threatened. Could these have been organized and put under the direction of cool and active leaders, much more might have been saved and in good condition, but too generally the idea seemed to prevail that mattresses, beds and bedding ought to be carefully carried down stairs, and tables, couches, chairs, and furniture generally thrown from the windows.

THE UTILITY OF BRICK BUILDINGS. was clearly demonstrated, as, notwithstanding the tremendous heat of two acres of towering flame and solid coals of fire beneath, the four brick buildings nobly stood the attack and checked its power, and it is to be hoped that no building of a less inflammable character will be erected on the ground now occupied.

THE LOSS SUSTAINED will probably amount to \$75,000 or \$100,000, and of this not more than \$50,000 or \$60,000 is covered by insurance, but the full particulars cannot yet be given.

THE NEW BRIDGE.

This structure across the Annapolis River, near our office, is nearly completed. Its roof is covered with cedar and its sides with spruce shingles of superior quality. It is now being painted, and makes a fine appearance. Horses and carriages as well as pedestrians have been passing over it for the last fortnight. A more thoroughly built and substantial bridge is scarcely to be found anywhere.

THE WARNING.—Does it not appal the strongest mind to think upon the sad results caused by neglected colds! Then why delay? What excuse can be offered when the timely warning is sounded in your ears! When the danger is pointed out, why not avoid it? Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam has been used with success in so many cases that its virtue need not admit of a doubt.

THE WESTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION OF NOVA SCOTIA will be opened at New Brunswick on Saturday next at 10 o'clock, A. M.

FIRST

New Goods this Season, DIRECT FROM MANCHESTER!

ENGLISH TWEEDS AND COATINGS, FANCY FLANNELS and SHIRTINGS, GREY and WHITE COTTONS, Fancy Dress Goods, In Winceys and Lutras, Thibet, Colours, Satin, Belgian Cord, &c.

A WONDERFUL YEAR.

The present year is characterized by marvellous occurrences. There have been drought and inundations—great extremes of heat and cold—destructive thunder storms—hurricanes—eyelones—earthquakes—steam boat disasters and railway accidents—potatoes and grasshoppers. Speaking of insects reminds us that Tom Chesley vainly aspired to legislative distinction this year.

Another Tidal Wave is to sweep the whole Atlantic coast, to the height of fifty or sixty feet, on the night of the 5th or the morning of the 6th of October. Professor Agassiz is credited with the prediction.

People living on the sea-shore had better flee to the mountains.

What is Howe doing down here among the Blue Noses? Perhaps some of our readers may be curious to know? Well he has been sent down to tamper with certain members of the Local Legislature. We have quite enough proof of the fact. With all Howe's cunning he was not cute enough to keep the cat in the bag. Sir John A. MacDonald ought to have had more brains than to have sent such a man on such an errand. He is played out in this Province, and none but a fool or a sycophant office-holder would listen to a word he would say.

THE LAST BRITISH SOLDIER LEFT ST. JOHN yesterday morning, and the Barracks are now deserted except by one man, an old pensioner, employed as caretaker by the Imperial Government, who we suppose by the means intend to keep possession of a property which by law reverts to the Corporation of this City when it is no longer required for military purposes.

THE BOAT-RACING EXCITEMENT in Halifax has partially subsided; and the Civic Elections, to come off in a few days, are causing a bubble in the pot of popular agitation. Several prominent citizens are spoken of as candidates for the Mayoralty.—We understand the present efficient Mayor positively refuses to accept that re-nomination which has not been offered him.

THE GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE has been received that S. Savin, the escaped convict, was caught this morning at McAdam Junction, Charlotte Co., by Mr. Sprout, who recognized him by the descriptions published in the newspapers. Savin was walking on the St. Andrews Road at the time. He will be brought to town by train to-night, and will be at once assigned to his old quarters; where he will in future be better secured.—St. John Globe.

MR. MARI'S NEGOTIATIONS with the Dominion Government relative to the right of way over the Windsor branch of the Nova Scotia Railway have been successful, and that the new arrangement will go into effect on the first of January next.

THIS YOUNG INDIAN COMBINATION has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms in persons of all ages. Prepared by W. J. Nelson, Bridge-water. Sold everywhere.

THE HON. L. J. PAPINEAU, formerly a leading politician in Lower Canada, died last Saturday, aged 82 years. His policy led to the rebellion, in which Sir George E. Cartier played a prominent part—and saved his life by flight.

THE NEGOTIATIONS for a match race between the Benboth and St. John crews have fallen through, and there consequently be no race. The Kenford crew left Montreal for England.

ON TUESDAY the Railway train, on the way east, broke the bonnet of two cows, and threw them from the track, where they were trespassers.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Fredericton, N. B. eight days ago.

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