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The Ottawa Free Press

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OPPOSITE THE RUSSELL HOUSE,
—AND—
Circulated Gratuitously.

WATCHING.

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

CHURCH BELLES.

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

Manners.

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

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

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY BELLE RUTLEDGE.

(Concluded from our last.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A month went by, and still the two girls kept

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on fourth page.)

The Ottawa Free Press.

OTTAWA, NOVEMBER, 1866.

This paper will be published Monthly, and sent gratuitously to all who will send their address to the Editor. Its columns will contain much useful and instructive reading matter, and also advertisements informing the public where goods of the best quality may be obtained at reasonable prices. Nothing objectionable will be admitted into the pages of *The Free Press*; but articles interesting to farmers, mechanics and merchants, and carefully selected anecdotes, will make the paper cheap at one hundred times its price.

Send your address to

EDITOR OF *Free Press*,

OTTAWA, C. W.

FORGET NOT GOD.

"BEWARE that thou forget not the LORD thy God, in keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes. Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses and dwelt therein, and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied, then thy heart be lifted up, and thou forget the LORD thy God."

THESE words were addressed to the children of Israel, and are part of the instructions which God gave them when they were about to enter the land of Canaan. May they not with propriety be considered as applying to many in the present day? Like theirs, ours is a "good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills,—a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, a land wherein thou shall eat bread without scarceness—a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." In this goodly land very many find that their herds and their flocks, their silver and their gold, is being multiplied. How sad if, in our prosperity, we should forget the Great Giver and source of all our blessings. For pride ourselves as we may on our wisdom, our diligence, and prudence, our skillful plans and well-executed schemes for the accumulation of wealth, the goodness of God is at the foundation of it all. He gives the power of mind to plan. It is His gift that elevates us above the beasts, or makes us to differ from the poor imbecile whose thoughts wander powerlessly from object to object. No ground for pride here, but abundant reason for gratitude to God. He likewise gives us strength of body to carry our plans into practice. Life and health are from Him.

And lastly, it is God who gives success. "Except the LORD build the house, they labor in vain that build it." God gives the rain and the sunshine; His wisdom and power have distributed the subtle elements in the air and earth, without which not a single spire of grass could grow. His hand has impressed the mysterious laws of Nature which govern the germination, the growth and the maturity of the grain. God is everywhere. Evidences of His power and wisdom. His goodness and love, surround us on every side. Shall man, the creature and recipient, forget the great Creator, and the giver of every gift? To remember God as taught in His word, is to obey Him—"to keep His commandments, and His statutes." It is not simply to remember that there is a God, but in addition to this, it is to strive to know and do His Holy will. God has created us; in Him we live and move and have our being; in His providence we are located in a land like Canaan of old, fertile and fruitful, with civil and religious privileges scarcely equalled in the his history of our race. Surrounded by blessings, we are swiftly passing through life, and the hour approaches when we shall go to the presence of our Judge to render an account of our stewardship. How important that we heed the divine command, "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God."

ADDITIONAL STOCK.

GARLAND, MUTCHMOR & Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ADDITION TO THEIR ALREADY LARGE STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Millinery!

CONSISTING IN PART OF

- NEW STRIPED WINCIES.
- NEW PLAIN GREY WINCIES.
- NEW BLACK AND COLORED FRENCH MERINOES.
- NEW FANCY DRESS GOODS.
- NEW ASTRICAN CLOTHS.
- NEW WELSH FLANNELS.

NEW WHITNEY AND BLANKET CLOTHS.

- NEW TWEEDS AND SILK MIXTURES.
- NEW CANADIAN TWEEDS AND ETOFFES.
- NEW FANCY FLANNELS.
- NEW CANADIAN FLANNELS.
- NEW CANADIAN COTTONS.
- NEW PRINTS AND SHEETINGS.
- NEW SHAWLS.

300 NEW MANTLES.—VARIOUS STYLES AND PRICES.

NEW MILLINERY,

In Great Variety and at Moderate Prices.

No. 20, SPARKS STREET, CENTRE TOWN.

GARLAND, MUTCHMOR & Co.

OTTAWA, November 15th, 1866.

GEORGE HAY,

IMPORTER,

AND

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Shelf and Heavy

HARDWARE,

SPARKS STREET,

OTTAWA.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Kept in Stock or supplied to order.

DR. JOHN LEGGO,

DENTIST,

HUNTON'S BLOCK,

Next door to Crosby's Mammoth Boot,

Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

WANTED.

A NUMBER OF FIRST-CLASS MEN wanted to work on LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE BOOTS AND SHOES Sewed and Pegged at

The Ottawa Boot and Shoe Manufactory,

51, SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA.

DR. C. LEGGO,

Physician, &c.,

Next door to Crosby's Mammoth Boot,

Sparks Street, Central Ottawa.

An ingenious little machine has been put on some of the Parisian hacks. It indicates to the passenger, who engages it, at once the time he is riding, the distance he has made, and the price he has to pay according to the official regulations. The little machine is called "*comptoir mechanique*," and the police intend to put them on all the hacks if the city.

KEEP your feet dry; therefore, buy good boots and shoes. They may be found cheap at Crosby's 15 Sparks st., Centre Town.

Wanted,

2,000 Cords Prime Shingle Blocks.

Enquire at the STEAM SAW MILL, Chaudiere Flats.

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.

By N. B. WEBSTER.

At his Hall, on Albert Street.

- Monday, Oct. 22nd—CHEMICAL AFFINITY.
- " " 29th—CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.
- " Nov. 5th—CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS APPLIED TO VARIOUS DOMESTIC ARTS.
- " " 12th—LIGHTNING RODS & TELEGRAPHS.
- " " 19th—THE ATMOSPHERE.
- " " 26th—LAWS OF STORMS, AND OTHER METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.
- " Decr. 3rd—ARITHMETICAL PRINCIPLES AND CALCULATIONS.
- " " 13th—MECHANICAL PRINCIPLES & CALCULATIONS.
- " " 17th—LAWS AND PHENOMENA OF HEAT.
- " " 24th—ASTRONOMY.

These Lectures will be extensively illustrated by pleasing and instructive EXPERIMENTS.

Tickets, for the COURSE OF TEN LECTURES, \$2.00 each, payable before the second Lecture.

Lectures at 8, p. m.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is in extreme delicate health. In a letter dated Feb. 13, she says:—"I am always and entirely a prisoner in my room, and latterly to one position."

THE late Mr. Cobden is to have a monument, in the shape of a marble bust to his memory, in the gallery of Versailles, by order of Napoleon. Mrs. Cobden will present a marble bust of her deceased husband to the French Emperor, as a private memento.

WELCOME TO THE 100TH REGIMENT

BY WILLIAM PITTMAN LETT

Royal Canadians, welcome!
 Thrice welcome every man
 That wears the magic cyph'rs,
 Formed for the battle's van;
 We claim you as our children,
 Ye brave young scarlet band;
 We hail you as if coming
 Home to your native land,
 We claim you 'mongst the legions
 Which defend the British throne.
 The Regiment to be honor'd,
 As especially our own.
 In the day and hour of danger,
 We fear not that the post
 Confided to the HUNDRETH,
 In battle shall be lost.
 We fear not that your colors
 Will ever be disgraced,
 Or far from Honor's chosen wing
 Ye ever can be placed;
 Invasion's lawless footsteps
 Our borders may harass,
 But Canada's own 100th
 Will meet them in the Pass.
 Companions of the Numbers
 That fought at Waterloo,
 And plung'd through fire down the slope
 At Balaklava too!
 Comrades of those who proved in blood,
 In Inkemann's dread vale
 That British pluck o'er numbers
 In battle can prevail!
 Comrades of those who fought and bled
 'Neath India's blazing sun
 Where deeds of noblest daring;
 Intrepidly were done;
 Where disciplined rebellion
 In savage might arrayed,
 Shrank cowering, crushed and vanquish'd
 Heart-stricken and dismay'd
 Before the valiant legions,
 Whose conquering British cheer
 Told Britain's foes, that Britain's sons
 And British steel were near.
 Sons of those gallant sires who fought
 On many a bloody plain,
 We give you hearty welcome
 To Canada again.

THE FRANKLIN FUND.

In a recent number of the *Boston Journal* is an account of the accumulation of the one thousand pounds sterling set apart in the will of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, to be loaned out to young married mechanics under twenty-five years of age, to the amount of sixty pounds each. These loans were to be repaid in yearly instalments of ten pounds each with interest. The first loan was made in May, 1791. In 1811 the fund had increased to nine thousand dollars, when a Treasurer was appointed. After a series of years this functionary resigned the charge, when a Committee was appointed to examine and report on the condition of the Franklin Fund. This they did on the 17th of February last, when it appeared that the bequest of a thousand pounds sterling had risen to the sum of \$110,166.58. It was anticipated by the donor that in one hundred years the thousand pounds would have increased to one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds. In this event the hundred thousand was to be devoted to public improvements in and about Boston, and the remaining thirty-one thousand pounds, he provides, shall be let out again on a similar plan and, as he estimated at the end of the second hundred years that the sum would be four millions and sixty-one thousand pounds sterling, he donates three millions to the State and the balance to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, thus terminating the fund.

A NEW THEORY FOR PROLONGING LIFE—Dr. Julius Vondem Fiskhaveiller died very recently in Prussia, at the advanced age of one hundred and nine years. He has left behind him a scientific treatise upon the art of prolonging life, the main feature of which appears to be that, in order to exist in harmony with the electric currents of the earth we should always sleep with our heads toward the north pole. A great demand for compasses will result from this suggestion, and, indeed a society has already been organized to test the truth of the doctor's suggestions, and we doubt not at least twenty thousand Prussians are every night horizontally located according to this new prescription. The doctor cannot be accused of mercenary motives in making his discovery public, and his own advance age gives a basis for those inclined to place faith in his theory, for it is certainly very harmless, provided that the length of days is in reality a boon worth striving after.

Lumbermen and Others,
 TRY FOR YOURSELVES!

THE GREAT RUSH

TO MY ESTABLISHMENT,

51, SPARKS STREET,

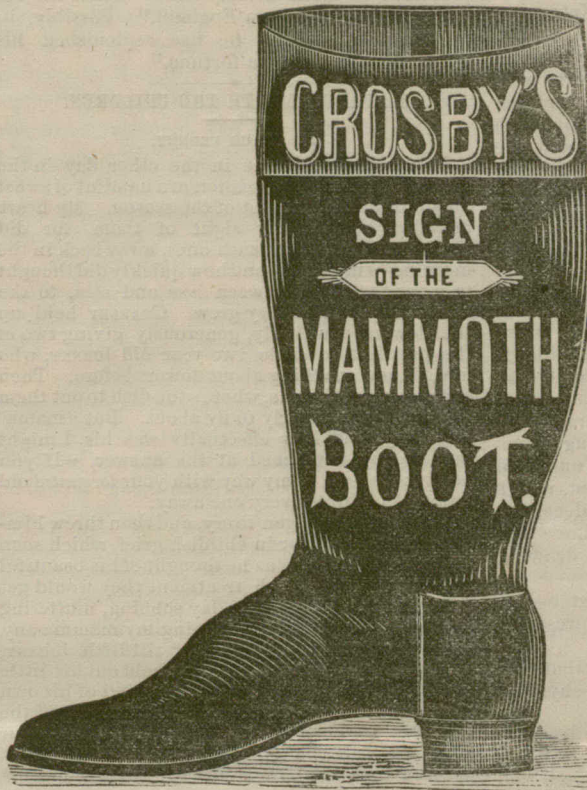
(SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH BOOT,)

has obliged me to increase my force, by which means I hope to be able, sa heretofore, to accommodate customers with

The best Hand-made
 BOOTS & SHOES,
 In Central Canada.

I now supply many of the principal
 Lumbermen on the Ottawa and
 Gatineau,
 and would respectfully invite others
 to CALL AND INSPECT THE WORK.

Encourage Home Manufacture, and
 get good value for your money.



VERDICT IN FAVOR OF
 THE TEA POT.



Some dealers in Tea, Sugar, Coffee and Spices,
 From various causes were vying in prices,
 Till rivalry into fierce quarrel was veering,
 Which timely w'rs checked by some stranger ap-
 pear[ing]
 "Fie! Fie!" he exclaimed. "let this quarrelling
 [cease,
 Your passions restrain, and disturb not the
 [peace;
 Low PRICES 'tis folly to quarrel about,
 'Tis QUALITY, only, that's worth finding out—
 Let's fairly and calmly put that to the test;
 And we shall find out the cheapest and best;
 And when 'tis decided, proclaimed, let it be,

Who sells the best Coffee and who the bet Tea."
 The plan was approved of, and judges elected,
 Whose honest opinions had ne'er been suspected;
 When this Tea, and that Tea, they tasted in turn,
 And then tried the Coffees from out a new urn
 And in a few seconds returned to decide.
 "Unbiassed, and void of all prejudice, we
 Unite in asserting that ROBINSON'S TEA
 We've put in each possible way to the test,
 And find it to be really the CHEAPEST and BEST;
 And as for their COFFEES, we also declare,
 Such Coffee is not to be met with elsewhere."
 Thus was ended a noisy affray,
 And Robinson's Teas are the theme of the day.

ROBINSON & Co.,
 THE TEA POT, OTTAWA.

ESTABLISHMENTS: Union Block, Sussex Street, and Rideau Street.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TEA.

FIRST—See that the water boils before you attempt to brew the Tea.

SECOND.—Never use hard water—it will spoil the best of Tea. If you cannot obtain soft water, put a small piece of Baking Soda, about the size of a pea into the Tea Pot, and you will find your Tea better and stronger.

THIRD.—Attend to these directions, get your tea from THE TEA POT in Ottawa, and you will always have

A CUP OF GOOD TEA.

(Continued from first page.)

ter already; but I must be going. I don't feel very well. I wish you a good evening." And, in an astonishingly short space of time—short as his last exclamations had been—the confounded gentleman found himself on Dr. Campbell's front door steps.

As the street door closed on him, Kate gave loud vent to her laughter; and, as once before, the bell rang again, and Mr. Leland was ushered into her presence. Kate rose to meet him with fluttering heart and downcast eyes, for she trembled for the effects of the same knowledge of the loss of her property" on him; and she felt that it would be a hard struggle to give up his acquaintance as easily as she had Fitz Simmons. And so, when Ned Leland avowed feelings similar to those she heard from Fitz Simmons, her voice trembled as she told him the same tale of the loss of her property.

"It is not your wealth, I care for, Kate; it is not that I would wed, but your own self, *minus* the *paint* and red wig!" he answered, smilingly.

Kate started up in astonishment, and unconsciously grasped at the offending wig; but it was there, too securely fastened to be easily removed.

"O, Kate, I have known it all along—from the very first—that you wore a wig and used the *paint*, you wretched girl!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; and though others were deceived, I saw through the disguise at once. Love has sharp eyes you see, Kate," he added, drawing her to him.

"Kate, tell me if you love *me*, or that odious Fitz Simmons, who is always in your presence, I must know which this night!"

There was no need for other answer than the uplifting of the blue eyes, and the shy, but happy laugh that followed.

And when, a few minutes later, Kate descended to the parlor from her own room, whither she had retired, what a complete change had taken place in her. Hair of the richest brown had usurped the place of the red wig, and from her delicate complexion all traces of *paint* had vanished; while, tastefully clad in a becoming dress, she stood before her astonished lover.

"I had thought you *passable*, Kate," he murmured, as he met her, "but now you are more beautiful than a dream. Can it be that you are the country girl who but just now left the room?" he asked, fondly.

"Yes, the same, dear Edward; the same, but *minus* the 'fifty thousand,' as before, for *that* belongs to my cousin, Jenny Campbell, who is the heiress, while I am only the adopted child of my Uncle Campbell. Can you take me as I am?" she added, roguishly.

"Al! I ask is *you*, Kate," he murmured, fondly drawing her to him.

After a time Kate related the interview with, and abrupt exit of, Mr. Fitz Simmons, earlier that evening; and a merry laugh followed at the fortune-hunter's expense.

The next day Ned Leland had a consultation with Dr. Campbell, to whom he told his love for his niece, and its return, asking his consent to a certain event in the immediate future; and the old doctor only said "Yes," very pleasantly, asking with a smile, "if he knew that Kate had lost her 'fifty thousand.'" And it furthermore happened that, on that same forenoon, Philip Otis also sought the doctor on a similar errand; and he, too, went away happy in its results.

"There, girls!" exclaimed the doctor at dinner. "here I've had *two* consultations without a single fee, this morning—both on your accounts, you naughty girls! But then I administered the right potions, and the patients are doing finely, and I think will be out soon, and able to come here and speak for themselves."

Soon after two weddings took place; and the astonished world at B— learned that Jenny Campbell was the real heiress, while Kate proved the handsomest lady in the town, and niece to the old doctor,

Mr. Fitz Simmons was not seen in B. after that night. He probably "stepped out incontinently," for the landlord of the A— House was heard making inquiries for him, together with the tailor and washerwoman, and various other creditors, who, I much fear, cherish his memory to this day as the gentleman who promised to settle certain bills "when his remittances arrived from England." Possibly, in the mother country he has replenished his purse by "marrying a fortune."

BE PATIENT WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY GRACE VERNEY.

LITTLE CHARLEY came in the other day in the greatest joy at the possession of a handful of sweet May blossoms, the first of the season. My heart bounded at the very sight of them, for did not I once gather just such ones, away back in the morning of my life?—and how quickly did thought traverse the space between *now* and *then*, to the sunny slope where they grew. CHARLEY held up the flowers exultingly, generously giving two of the prettiest to little two-year old JOHNNY, who never knew anything about flowers before. Then exclaiming, "Mamma, where's the dish to put them in?" he began eagerly to fly about. But "mama" was busy, and how effectually was his, I might say *our* joy dampened at the answer, "If you don't keep out of my way with your *tormented* old flowers I'll throw every one away."

POOR CHARLEY began to cry, and then threw himself upon the floor in childish grief, which soon merged into passion as he thought of his beautiful flowers and the harsh treatment they would get from his mother; and he lay sobbing, muttering over and over, "I'll never bring my mamma any pretty things when I get big," till little JOHNNY, seeming to understand the case, held out his little tin dipper, which put CHARLEY in mind of his own dipper which was soon filled with water and the precious flowers in it. Then I showed him their tiny cups and the small stamens, till the good-natured look came back, and we had a good time over them after all. LITTLE JOHNNY brought his two flowers to me with their poor heads in the water and stems sticking straight up, and what matter if he did spill a little water on the floor and on my dress, it didn't do one half the injury that one cross word would have done the little innocent.

And now I would ask how much longer would it have taken "mama" to notice the flowers and speak a few words in their praise, and to get a vase and place them where we could all see them, instead of their being hidden out of sight on the top of the bureau behind a pile of books?

Mothers, do you think your children never need any of your sympathy in their pleasures small to you, no doubt, but great to them? How much better to have spent a few moments with CHARLEY, pointing out the beauties in the tiny leaves, impressing upon his mind a lesson of the goodness of the Creator in giving us these beautiful objects, and deepening his love for beautiful things. Instead he learned to think evil and wicked things, to cherish resentment against his mother, and all because of one impatient outburst of thoughtless words. If mothers would but interest themselves more in their children's amusements, they might insure themselves, and the children also, against many a trial of temper. I know it requires a constant care and watchfulness to guide them always aright, but does fretting, scolding and storming about lessen it any? Then it is *so much* better and pleasanter to have them good-natured than to be always in a broil. It is but a few years that this care must be exercised for they will become so habituated to being pleasant tempered, and their youthful years will be controlled by the habits taught them in infancy. Mothers can hardly begin too early to train their children to obedience. It is so much easier than to wait till they are older. Every mother possessed of even a small degree of intelligence can mould the disposition of her children, if she will only have the courage and patience, and not give way to weak and foolish indulgence, which will cause her cares and troubles for her child to extend through the years of its youth, if not *maturer years*.

Marrying for Show.

To the questions often asked of young men as to why they do not marry, we sometimes hear the reply, "I am not able to support a wife." In one case in three, perhaps this is true, but as a general thing the true reply would be, "I am not able to support the style in which I think my wife ought to live." In this again we see a false view of marriage—a looking up to an appearance in the world, instead of a union with the loving woman for her own sake. There are very few men of industrious habits who cannot maintain a wife, if they were willing to live economically, and without reference to the opinion of the world. The great evil is, they are not willing to begin life humble, to retire together in an obscure position, and together work their way in the world, he by industry in his calling, and she dispensing with prudence the money that he earns. But they must stand out and attract the attention of others by their fine houses and fine clothes.

I NEVER knew how it was, but I always seemed to have the most come in when I gave the most away.—*Baxter*.

No man can ever become eminent in anything, unless he worked at it with an earnestness bordering on *enthusiasm*.—*Robert Hall*.

HE who has not forgiven an enemy, has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—*Lavater*.

A YOUNG lady, whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a beau window put in for her benefit.

If it were possible to separate the globe at its center, in the same way as an orange or a cheese is frequently divided, and to stand at the base of the division, the chasm would represent a height 1,456 times higher than the Himalayas, or if Great Britain were reared on end from the Solent to Cape Wroth, it would reach but about one-twelfth of the distance.

ECONOMY is a great virtue in Japan, to encourage which a strip of fish skin is sent with every letter from an official, whatsoever the subject, to remind the receiver that their ancestors were once poor fishermen, and that therefore none of their descendants should be ashamed of industry and economy.

A THING WORTH KNOWING—CROSBY manufactures his boots and shoes of the best materials, and by the best workmen in the country. Try them.

Whittier's Theological Opinions.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, finding himself quoted as authority for certain theological opinions, writes to the *Friend*, the organ of his denomination, as follows:

"Painfully sensible of my own moral infirmities and liabilities to error, I instinctively shrink from assuming the office of teacher and guide to others. I simply wish to say that my ground of hope for myself and humanity is that Divine fulness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings, and self-sacrifice of Christ—the way, the truth, and the life. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I reverently, humbly, yet very hopefully trust. I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed, and in judging of my fellow men, I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny I dare not dogmatize; but wait the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all."

We advise the readers of the FREE PRESS to purchase their stock of boots and shoes early this fall. Although the present prices are high, the prospect now is that they will be still higher. Raw hides are still on the rise, with no prospect of a decline, because of the scarcity of cattle in the country; consequently, leather cannot be expected to fall very soon.

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