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A. M. GIDNEY, Editor.
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Original Poetry.

LITTLE BONNETS.

I sing the Bonnet,—next to nought in size,
Not fit to warm the head or please the eye:
A tiny, shapeless, trifling doll-like thing,
And not much larger than a sparrow's wing!
Upon the Ladies' lengthened head it lies,
And fills the race of men with strong surprise,
A thing the world of fashion ne'er could gain
Till waterfalls had held their wondrous reign,
And ladies' heads had grown to ample size
Behind the ears, to emulate the wise.
And the fair race the longest heads displayed,
Casting the heads of nightingales in shade,
The longest heads the fairest ones now own,
That they're the coolest they have plainly shown,
Cool as the winds upon a Winter's day,
That round their little panache bonnets play!
Long headed and cool bonnets, they'll surely share
The honors of the great, and burliness bear,
In planning, railing, guiding well the State,
And making all the nations safe and great!

'Tis strange to see how heads do sudden grow
Where cunning people say the passions flow,
And then to find no growth from top to side
Where moral powers within the head abide,
We fear from this that passion may prevail,
And long these heads to rule the world may fail.

'Tis curious how our sturdy men to see
Defended from the cold on land or sea;
Their coats of ample size and thickest kind,
To other coats of stronger texture joined,
For caps upon their heads in Winter keen—
Their cheeks and noses scarcely to be seen,
And those to find the cheeks of Beauty bare,
And ears all previous to the frosty air:
The little Bonnet,—but a velvet ball,
To meet the raging storm and chilling cold—
We look upon that little cap with pain,
We fear disease does here have entrance gain,
The tearing cough that Doctor's skill defies,
The sure decay that hath a sudden rise,
The slow consumption fast'ring in its reign;
The death untimely following their train.

Whence do those strange fantastic fashions rise,
That spread o'er States and reach to distant skies?
What mind prolific can those fancies give,
That power so potent, makes such vagaries live,
Some distant lady, formed as Beauty's Queen,
Some jewell'd Duchess striving to be seen,
Some busy meddling mind that loves to rule,
And finds in every lass a willing fool!

O potent Fashion, mighty in thy way,
Thy whims as changeable as an April day,
Thy dictates cruel, dressing to the shade,
A thousand forms of dress thy laws have made,
And forming new ones every changing year,
To make the fairer race deformed appear!
Not sparing thou the famous Grecian bond,
As if thou wouldst the upright stature mend,
And make the hands and feet more closely go,
The back well stuffed to form a graceful bow!
But not so grateful as in creatures found
Who walk erect or place their paws on ground!

O Fashion old thou art a doating fool!
We cannot bear thy harsh and cruel rule,
That backs thyself on the neck of the poor,
And lest a heavy head should cause a fall
Has made the Bonnet next to nothing small.

Annapolis Co., January, 1869.

Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Times.]

Ritualism in the English Church—The Threatened Schism.

The position which Ritualists have assumed, or, as they would say, have been forced into, in relation to the Church of England, has now become full of danger to the unity of the communion. A schism appears to be impending such as has not been seen in any Church for the last three hundred years. The danger was not unforeseen, but it was a danger of that kind which scarcely any forethought can avert. It is not too much to say that at this moment the Protestant Episcopal Church in England appears likely to fall into pieces, not from pressure from without, but from dissensions within.

For a period now extending over the lives of most of us, a powerful society has been in existence in London designed to bring about the violent separation of Church and State. Its work is now actually taken up with eagerness by the very members of the threatened Church. While the State gives patronage, it claims to exercise control over ecclesiastical discipline and organization. It is not a mere form to say that the Queen is the head of the Church. The laws of the Church, which here are exercised independently of secular Courts, are liable in England to be altered, corrected or expounded by the ordinary tribunals. When the Church is at peace no party has any reason to complain of this State control. But now a very large proportion of the clergy are in favor of adopting forms, and wearing vestments, and inculcating doctrines, such as that of the real presence, which others consider to be dangerous approaches to the practice of the Church of Rome. Under these circumstances the State is called in as a dictator, and the power which it exercises is immediately felt to be a grievous yoke.

We need not recall at any length the events which have led to the disorders in the English Church. The same causes are at work here, although on a restricted scale, and it will be remembered that at the Episcopal Convention held

last Autumn in this City, the House of Bishops thought it necessary to address an earnest remonstrance against the extreme doctrines which the Ritualists profess. In England the contest is of older date, and it has acquired a bitterness to which we are at present strangers. A single clergyman has been singled out for the purpose of bringing to a test the strength of the secular courts, in cases where ordinary ecclesiastical authority has been found unavailing. Mr. Mackonochie is the rector of a church in the heart of London. He is a Ritualist of the most extreme kind. His method of conducting service differed very little from that which is adopted in Roman Catholic churches. The Bishop of London interfered, but his warnings and appeals were alike disregarded. Litigation was tried, and after a long time it has been decided that the burning of candles, and the more objectionable of the Ritualistic practices are unlawful.

In what way this decision could be enforced is perhaps not very clear to the Ritualists who are most afraid of it, but when we consider that Mr. Mackonochie is condemned to pay the costs of the suits in which he has been involved, amounting, it is said, to £30,000, it is evident that the use of lighted candles and magnificent robes is likely to be attended with considerable expense. The Ritualists have, however, held a great meeting in London to consider what should be done. The question was put plainly to them,—would they obey the decision just given against them, or would they defy the law? The discussion was conducted with moderation, and it is on that account all the more entitled to be regarded as a true expression of the opinions of a large section of the clergy. Rev. W. J. Bennett, Vicar of Frome, whose name has often been before the public, declared plainly that he "chose to obey the law of God and His Church rather than the law of the Queen." He was for disregarding the decision of the Court of Appeal. Another clergyman, Rev. George Nugee, took the same view, and remarked that "the American Church had imposed no such conditions on her clergy, and the providence of God had been in that Church." But as a succeeding speaker justly pointed out, the illustration was nothing to the purpose, for the Church in America is not "Established"—it has no connection with the State. While the English Church is united with the State, and receives its patronage, it must be amenable to its laws. And this necessity leads to a cry from the Church itself for disestablishment.

It is this change of feeling which promises to render "Anti-Church-and-State" Societies superfluous. Here are the clergy themselves clamoring for the voluntary principle. Their motive, as we have said, is to be left free to act as they think proper—to be at liberty to light as many candles as they please, and to preach from the pulpit the doctrine that the bread and wine used at the sacrament are miraculously changed into the "very body and blood" of the Redeemer. Bishops might protest, but this authority they would set aside. Rev. A. Mackonochie told the meeting which was held on the 13th inst. that "he thought the time had come when the Church must seek to be delivered from the burden of its union with the State," and this announcement was received with loud cheers. The clergyman present ultimately refrained from passing a resolution to act in defiance of the Court of Appeal, but they left each minister to decide for himself what course he would take.

All this is but the beginning of strife. Men like Mr. LURCHAM, of Brighton, and Mr. BERRILL, of Exeter, are now engaged in conducting the service in the mode which they sincerely believe to be right. The Ritualists are very much in earnest, and it is at present quite uncertain how far public opinion in England goes with them. Their churches are, as a general rule, crowded, even when other churches in the immediate neighborhood are empty. The tendency of the age is toward startling external effects, even in the house of worship. No one who is attached to the Episcopal Church can fail to regard the present troubles within it without melancholy forebodings; but if these troubles should end in the dissolution of Church and State, our own experience forbids us to believe that religion will suffer. The clergy in England begin to discover that the people are willing and able to support the form of worship which they prefer. It is quite possible that in many rural districts the present "fat" livings would become very lean ones. But the general cause which the clergy have at heart would not be impaired, nor do we believe that the clergy, as a body, would be poorer than they are now. The wealth accruing to the Church would be more evenly distributed, and if there would be fewer livings of £1,500 or £2,000 a year, there would also be fewer of £70 or 90. The tendency of Ritualism is to produce disestablishment, and from that point of view we cannot pronounce it wholly pernicious to the Church.

NEGROES IN PARIS.

Among the wealthy foreign residents of Paris are fifty negro and mulatto families, who hold intercourse with a great many aristocratic French families on terms of perfect equality. M. Ponthery, a wealthy negro from Port-au-Prince, lives with his family in one of the finest houses on the Champs Elysees, keeps half-a-dozen white servants, and was invited last Winter to all of M. Rouher's parties. He is a millionaire, and has a very fine gallery of paintings and statuary. Another negro resident of Paris is Canforis, whose father owned a large plantation on the Island of Martinique. The son sold the plantation, married an Englishwoman at Cape Town, and went with her to Paris, where he lives now in brilliant style, is one of the boldest operators in the Bourse, and is considered very rich. His children are almost white, and his eldest daughter, a belle of eighteen, is courted by a great many young officers and others, who seem not to care a fig for her colored descent. Bellisle, a very black negro, owns two or three large business houses in Paris, where he settled thirty or forty years ago, and made money in the oyster trade. He is also married to a white woman. His daughters are all married to Frenchmen.

Poetry.

ICEBERGS.

BY T. DARCY MCGEE.

Written on board the Steamer *Africa* on Sunday evening, May 19th, 1867, in Lat. 46.55 N., Lon. 52.30 W., while suffering under severe illness.

Parting their Arctic anchors,
The bergs came drifting by,
A fearful fleet for a ship to meet
In the midnight sky.
Their keels are fathoms under,
Their prows as sharp as steel,
Their strokes, the crash of thunder,
All silently on as they steal.

In the ruddy glow of daylight,
When the sea is clear and wide,
When the sun, with a green and gay light
Gilds the avalanche's side;
Then the sailor boys see castles
And cities fair to view,
With battlements and archways,
And horsemen riding through.

Lonely in nights of summer,
Beneath the starlight wan,
A wayward berg is met with,
Sad featured as a man;
All softly to the southward
Trailing its robes of white,
It glides away with the current,
Like a hooded Carmelite.

To-day—'twas Sunday evening,
When dimly from the North,
Under the fair horizon,
A church-like cloud came forth;
It came; a white reminder
Of the memories of the day;
As a silent sign, we fancied;
It passed,—and passed its way.

From Late Papers.

[From the Chronicle.]

HOWE, AS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

We have seen several articles said to be out from a campaign sheet called the *Hants Gazette*. Each one bears the stamp of Howe quite plainly. Each is devoted to the glorification of the real original Joseph. "He scatters all arguments to the winds, is cheered and embraced by his old friends, deals out a fearful amount of 'gruel' to his opponents, retorts in his own happy style, is witty and sarcastic, pathetic and eloquent, tremendous and terrible; he is conscious and practical." In fact he makes it plain that he possesses every requisite of a great statesman, and a pure patriot.

Of paltry vanity no more truly laughable exhibition has been made by "our old friend Howe." Nearly every elector in the Province knows Mr. Howe's talents, his strength and his weakness, and it will become the Honorable President of the Privy Council to go bragging about like a big Indian. Imagine Gladstone, after making a speech full of self-laudation, going home and coolly writing a puff of his wit and scholarship. However, if Mr. Howe likes to make a goose of himself at this time of his life, we cannot prevent, though we can pity him.

There is one advice which may be given him without offence. It is to abstain from abusing in his cooler moments the very men who helped him to the leadership of a great party. Troop in Annapolis fought out one of the hardest battles of the late campaign. Goudge and Weeks did much to give Howe his seat for Hants. Anand has always been his friend. Jones, Boak, Gibson, the Wests, and others "paid his shot" while in England, and so at least merited a little gratitude.

This old man, vanity-struck, is getting beyond grand fast. In future he should treat the readers of the *Hants Gazette* to laudations of the Dominion Constitution rather than to flattery of Joseph.

[From the Chronicle.]

THE LITTLE WE ASK.

What the people of Nova Scotia are about to request of the British Parliament is not unreasonable or extraordinary, as implied by Mr. Howe and his fellow-Unionists. No special favor is demanded. We do not ask a penny of British money or a drop of British blood. Nor do we ask to be placed in a position superior to other British colonists. We ask only restitution of rights, wrested from us by the Imperial Parliament, acting under an extraordinary misapprehension of facts.

Beside us lie two Provinces, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. Neither is of more value to England than this country, nor should the people of either be one whit dearer to the mother country than Nova Scotians. Both are spared their peculiar institutions. No force is used to compel them to surrender their revenues to foreign control, or to abrogate their political constitutions. They are permitted to follow whatever course seems best to them in regard to Confederation, and Nova Scotia asks only the same privilege,—not a great one, truly!

It was urged by the delegates in England that we willingly submitted to the new Constitution, and Parliament apparently believed them, as witness the preamble of the British North American Act. We have tried to disabuse English statesmen of their error, and have partially succeeded. That we have not done so fully is not to be wondered at, as when once an idea has fully taken possession

of the mind of any body of men it is not easy to oust it. In one year, however, we have won over to our side eighty seven members of Parliament and a large portion of the British press. Before long we may safely calculate on winning a majority of the Parliament.

Mr. Howe declines to proceed further with the work entrusted to him. He prefers the rest of office and the sweets of labor to further toil, but refuses to confess his weakness. However, he tells us he is disgusted with the indifference of Great Britain and displeased with English statesmen. We are much of his mind, but we decline to submit patiently to their whims, as Mr. Howe is prepared to do. We believe strongly in resisting the infliction of wrong, if not with complete success, yet with such vigor as we possess. Mr. Howe's remedy is worse than the disease. He will not trust to Bright and Gladstone, but he will trust to McDonald and Rose. He hates Confederation, yet by taking the oath of office he pledges his soul to render it permanent. What can be his reasons for this extraordinary course other than that he thus escapes from the misfortunes of his fellow-countrymen? The people of Hants should ask themselves this question.

As we have but a modest request to make of England, let us make it sturdily, as men conscious of the good of our cause. If we be denied we shall be no worse off than we are now that Mr. Howe has flung up the sponge and acknowledged himself and his Province defeated.

[From the Eastern Chronicle.]
HANTS COUNTY.

The campaign in Hants has opened with vigor. The former leader of the Nova Scotia party, having exchanged apologies with the men whom he, less than a year ago, denounced with a vigor and impudence worthy of a fanatical partisan, has explained to the people of that County the grounds on which he asks their suffrages. In common with others, we have watched the progress of the contest with intense interest. We have carefully read and studied Mr. Howe's address to the people of Hants, and his speech at Windsor, and we are free to say that in neither production do we recognize anything of the handiwork of the statesman and impassioned patriot of former years, disdaining to forego his duty or the interests of his country in order to win the smiles and favor of Lieutenant-Governors, has been charmed by the Canadian siren, and now comes to the people of Hants County—shall it be said—apologizing for having accepted office under the hated rulers of our insulted and enslaved Provinces, and asking the intelligent electors to accept a few cents more per head, and the promise of Dominion patronage, in exchange for the surrender of their political liberties and their self-respect, which Mr. Howe himself taught them to regard as priceless boon.

What are some of the grounds on which Mr. Howe justifies his action? He tells the electors of Hants that Repeal is hopeless; but he does not tell them how far he has contributed to render it hopeless. He does not care to inform his former constituents why his policy so bold and firm, so honorably defiant, so patriotic when in England, became so weak-kneed and vacillating after his return to Nova Scotia. It is evident that since the Convention in August resolved to exhaust all constitutional means for Repeal, the Hon. Mr. Howe not only deserted his party and the policy supported by himself, but deliberately set himself to work to defeat the efforts of his countrymen and render Repeal hopeless. Sorry we are to be compelled to say so, but on a careful review of Mr. Howe's action for the last six months, we can come to no other conclusion.

Mr. Howe tells the electors of Hants Co. that from the time he returned from the late delegation to England, he believed Repeal "hopeless," unless a scheme for the union of the Maritime Provinces could be arranged, and that he never changed his opinion.—Previous to Mr. Howe's return from England, he wrote to the Hon. Mr. Robertson, scouting submission, and advising that by arranging a scheme for a union of the Maritime Provinces, "we might not only be able to present an imposing front to the enemy, but to lay the foundation of a Maritime Union, to open negotiations in a public and legitimate manner with the Government at Washington for the restoration of our trade." Assuming that the Colonial Office would break down if we were firm, Mr. Howe declared "we may come triumphantly out of the struggle." Here was a practicable policy propounded by Mr. Howe himself, and yet strange to say his very first action on arriving home, and his action ever since, has been devoted to strangling his own policy and rendering abortive any course the representatives of the people might take thereon. Not only this, but after raising his countrymen to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by declaring that he and his brother delegates were coming home "to share the perils of their native land in whose service they considered it an honor to labor, whose fortunes in the darkest hour of her history it would be cowardice to desert"—he astonishes and disgusts the people by proposing terms of submission, and now caps the climax by accepting office in the Dominion Government, the very essence of which implies the humiliation of Nova Scotia, asking the people of Hants to declare themselves satisfied with a condition of political servitude, mollified by a few cents per head more of Canadian bounty, and to endorse a line of action which has completely shaken the confidence of the people in his integrity.

Mr. Howe claims that the financial concessions made by the Dominion Government, were justly due us, implying that in the first arrangement Nova Scotia's interest had been sacrificed, and that the "Canadians have now shown that they can be relied on to consider the whole case, and to

do substantial justice." At Windsor he told the electors if they did not elect him, the concessions will be withdrawn. That is, unless the people of Hants County submit to what they on the 13th September, 1867, declared to be wrong and insulting, and elect the President of the Privy Council, the Canadians—who, according to one story, "are so faithless that they will refuse to grant what they have acknowledged to be our just due." Mr. Howe has certainly expressed not a very flattering tribute to the character of his new-found friends, and the people of Hants County, taking Mr. Howe at his word, can easily decide how little reliance is to be placed upon the unratified promises of Canadian politicians. So far as we can see the matter, the defeat of the Hon. Mr. Howe would have the effect of wringing further and still more important concessions from the Canadians; and in this light we opine the electors of Hants will see it to be their duty to maintain the position they took in September, 1867, to reject all and every "submission policy," and show that the people meant what they said in condemning Confederation and its promoters.

The question before the people of Hants is not Howe versus Goudge. It is to decide whether the Province of Nova Scotia is to be ruled by one man power, or in accordance with the "well understood wishes of the people." It is to decide whether or not self-appointed delegates shall be permitted to make what terms they please, and then submit the people by asking them to submit at the risk of losing the favor of Sir John A. MacDonald, and his partners in political spoilation. Has it come to this, that the people of Nova Scotia must beg for their rights, and must be told that they can only get them by falling down and worshipping the golden calf set up at Ottawa? We have been in a pretty severe furnace of affliction for the past few years—have been sorely tried, but we have not yet sold our honor, or recanted our honest opinions and principles. Has the time yet come for us to do so? Never! Are we to write down our own condemnation, to acknowledge the justice of our humiliation, and to rivet the chains of political servitude with our own hands, at the bidding of any man who chooses to desert his party and his principles! Heaven forbid! Surely the people of Nova Scotia and the people of Hants County have more respect for themselves and their principles, and more regard for the future of their country than to trifle in such a way with the interests of the Province.

At the time of the general election in September, 1867, Hon. Mr. Howe boasted that he was leading a "party of punishment." Let the people of Hants County now show Mr. Howe that the "party of punishment" is not yet dead, but that politicians who undertake, on their own responsibility, to make unjust and humiliating bargains for the people, may still expect "punishment" for political treachery and tergiversation.

[From the Fredericton Head Quarters.]

Mr. Howe has issued an address to his constituents in Hants, which bears the strong impress of the man. It is very characteristic, very self-assertive. One hardly recognizes the same hand in it as that which penned the protest of the Nova Scotia delegates before leaving London, in which he, after detailing the ill-success of the negotiations, solemnly declared that the issue was now in the hands of the people, and that he (with the other delegates of course) was going home to share the fortunes of his country in the hour of its darkest peril. He then spoke and bore himself as the instrument and mouth-piece of the people. But in his Hants address, Howe is himself again, in his old character of thinker and actor in general for Nova Scotia. He talks like one who bears the whole trouble of Nova Scotia on his shoulders, and is able for the burden, as one who will see its people clean through their difficulties, if they will only think as he thinks, and confirm him in the possession of the seat and office that he accepted in full confidence that on mature consideration they would endorse his course.

Mr. Howe rather overdoes the account he gives of his earnest labors, to save the constitution of his country, and for the repeal of the Union. "I toiled (for that end) with the zeal of an artist passionately bent on guarding from destruction the work he had designed, with the parental feelings of a father struggling for the life of his own child." His arrangement with the Dominion Government is rather a tame conclusion, after the expression of such parental zeal for the preservation of the constitution of his country, which he gave up for a damaged work before he entered upon the negotiations, and he seems to us to display an eagerness to prove that the battle for Repeal was over when Earl Granville, through his eagerly desired and very opportunely arriving despatch, conveyed the adverse decision of the Gladstone Cabinet, not very consistent with strong parental feelings.

MODERATION IN CONTROVERSY.—Controversy is inevitable, and it is therefore all the more desirable that it should be conducted with modesty and generosity. Sir William Hamilton was one of the fiercest controversialists of his day; but in the late Principal Cunningham he met more than his match. Dr. Cunningham's replies to Hamilton's attacks on the Reformers are among the most crushing pieces of controversy to be found in literature. It happened that while the last of these critiques was in press Sir William Hamilton died. This led Dr. Cunningham to preface it as follows:—"The knowledge, had we possessed it, that he was to die so soon, would assuredly have modified some-

what the tone in which the discussion was conducted,—would have shut out something of its lightness and severity, and have imparted to it more of solemnity and tenderness; and the knowledge that we did possess, that he as well as ourselves was liable every day to be called out of this world, and summoned into God's presence, ought to have produced into controversy between old friends and associates—members of the same church—professed Christians. Laying aside all bitterness and evil-speaking we should learn to speak the truth in love. We have no doubt that the comparatively little good following the great controversy between the Protestants and Roman Catholics is in a large measure due to the spirit in which it is conducted. O that God would give us loving hearts and tender tongues!

NIAGARA FALLS.—The *New York Mail* tells two good stories, one of them too good to be true—as follows: "We once gave our readers the opinion of a Western drover, expressed to ourselves on a first view of Niagara Falls. After looking at them half a minute, he remarked: 'Them's nice falls; let's go and look at the town.' We thought this about as cool a remark upon the subject as could possibly be made, but there is something more exquisitely droll in the story of the English cockney who recently returned from a trip to America. He had seen the falls, and was asked, what he thought of them; 'They're handsome,' he replied, 'quite so—but they didn't quite answer my expectations—besides I got wetted and lost my 'at.' Our story has one advantage. We vouch for it as having come within our own personal experience.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—The following comparative statistics of the great cities of the world are curious: London possesses the greatest number of engineers, carriage-makers, printers, booksellers, and cooks; Amsterdam the greatest number of usurers, collectors of curiosities and amateur painters; St. Petersburg takes precedence for coachmen; Brussels for boys who smoke; Naples for porters and guides; Madrid for idlers; Berlin for beer-drinkers; Florence for her flower-girls; Dublin for thieves; Geneva for watch-makers; Lisbon for bullfight; Rome for beggars; Paris for hairdressers, men of letters, tailors, milliners, photographers, pastry cooks, and advocates. London consumes the most mead and beer; Stockholm the most water; Smyrna the most coffee; Madrid the most cigarettes, and Paris the most absinthe.

ELECTRICITY.

DR. MARSHALL has attended the regular courses of private instruction in the theory and practice of Electrotherapy, and has a perfect Electro-Dynamic Apparatus for the treatment of diseases—an instrument adapted to every organ of the system, as the Eye, Ear, Nose, Tongue, and extracting teeth without pain, &c. for Catarrh, Deafness, Catarrh, Seminal Weakness, &c. &c. Electricity is perfectly adapted to Chronic diseases, in the form of Nervous and sick Headache, Neuralgia, Acute or Chronic Rheumatism, Sciatica, Hip Disease, White Swelling, Spinal Diseases, Curvature of the Spine, Contracted Muscles, Distorted Limbs, Deafness, Speech in the Head, Stammering or Hesitancy of Speech, Womb complaint, Dyspepsia, Whites, Weak Lungs, various Diseases of the Eye, &c. The world does not afford another remedy that does its work so promptly, with no fear of harm and so little trouble to the patient.

DR. MARSHALL, Electrotherapist.
P. S.—Office at Joseph N. Darling's, Lawrence-town, N. S., where he may be in about three weeks.

JOE HOWE!

ALTHOUGH Mr. Howe has most cruelly deserted his Country in this, the darkest hour of her history, yet as cruelly have those who are indebted to us wronged us by not settling up immediately, therefore don't delay to bring in the stamps.
COX BROTHERS,
Bridgetown, Feb 25th, 1869—2w

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist
WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he intends in a few weeks to visit Annapolis again for a short time, for the accommodation of those who may desire his professional services, due notice will be given in the *Free Press*.
February 25th, 1869.

Found.

FOUND on the Ferry Slip, at Annapolis, some months ago, a Box marked
THIS SIDE UP.
Containing 3 cans of Yamish, 3 tin mugs of Paines. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses, if not called for by the first day of April, it will be sold at Public Auction to pay expenses.
DAVID INGLIS,
Granville Ferry, Feby. 25th, 1869.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Samuel Hamilton, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, merchant, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts duly attested, within one year from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate, are required to make immediate payment to
WILLIAM Y. FOSTER,
Attorney and agent of
HELEN HAMILTON,
Administratrix.

240 BARRELS

240 Canada Flour, comprising some of the best brands from 5 to \$8.00 per barrel, by the subscriber.
ALSO—a few barrels of superior herrings in exchange for produce.
GEO. MURDOCH.

J. D. Peakes,

Produce Commission Merchant, &c.
No. 80, BEDFORD ROW,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Consignments solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.—if.