POETRY.

LOVE: OR GENEVIEVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower,

The moonlight stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight who wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pin'd, and—ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And she forgave me, that I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night:

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight.

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land.

And how she wept and clasp't his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nurs'd him in a cave;
And how his madness went away.
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly with timorous eye,
She fled to me an wept.

She half enclos'd me in her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My own, my beauteous bride!

—COLERIDGE.

LITERATURE.

BESIEGED BY A LION.

We were spending the summer at Rajah Pitan, in a bungalow, standing apart from others, and nearest to the jungle, but we had no thought of danger from wild animals. The family consisted of my mother, two sisters, and my two infant children. My husband was in Delhi on some business of his regiment. We had with us three native servants, a boy and two women, in whose fidelity we placed confidence. This was before the breaking out of the great mutiny and rebellion.

I was standing one moonlight night, about eleven o'clock, at the open window of the parlor, enjoying the cool night air. I had been standing there some minutes, without a thought of danger, when suddenly casting my eyes to the ground, I saw a large lion crouching close under the window. At the same moment he saw me, and moved backward for a spring.

A prayer, a hasty prayer, passed my lips, and presence of mind was given me. I put up my hands and let the sash drop, though the savage beast was so near me. I then rushed out at the door of that room, locking it after me. I heard the lion crashing through the glass, and into the room which I had left.

The bungalow was a very large one, and I knew that all the family were at supper in the dining-room. I knew that the lion would follow me, and we were all women and children. I therefore rushed through a suite of rooms, opposite the one which he had entered, and in which there was likely to be no one at that hour, locking every door after me. By a circuitous passage I gained the dining-room, where all the family were. Doors and windows were shut and locked, before I could explain. We could hear the lion breaking through the doors which I had passed, and which were made as green blinds are in England.

I hastily explained the situation, and we took counsel together. The room next to the dining-room communicated with a brick kitchen by a staircase, at the head of which was a strong door. After a hurried consultation, we took up the children and retreated into the kitchen locking the strong door at the head of the staircase. Having secured the kitchen doors and windows, we felt safe for the present.

We were now in a state of siege. Supposing that the lion would return to the jungle, when day appeared, we were about to compose ourselves as best we could for the night, when a horrible recollection struck me. We had intended to give a breakfast early next morning. What if guests arriving should be attacked by the lion? Unless notice could be given of our situation this might be the case. We endeavored to induce the Hindoo boy to go and give notice in the village in vain. My sister and I were speaking of going ourselves, as the lion was inside the house, when an idea struck me. The boy could go up the chimney, and call from the roof and make signals. This he undertook to do. One of the servants had a red shawl in the kitchen, and the firewood supplied a staff. The boy made his way to the roof, and hallooed to us his success. We heard a deep, awful growl, returned as if for answer, just above us, only the other side of the door. Under Providence that plank alone interposed between us and a horrible death. Our enemy had thus tracked us through every room, and broken through every door but this last one. The others were jalousies, make like green blinds, where he could tear the slats out easily. This door had been made strong; and only a week before, we had been declaring that that door should be replaced by a jalousy, for the summer. And it had been through apparent neglect that it had not been done. All this rushed in an instant through my mind. Surely Providence had there interposed for us. That Providence which alone sees the end from the beginning.

'Let us pray,' said my mother, and all falling on our knees, she repeated prayer after prayer. 'When we give up all for lost, Thou canst mercifully look upon us, and wonderfully command a deliverance. To Thee do we give praise and glory.'

Thus through that long night we continued to pray. Sometimes we heard our enemy passing to and fro over our heads. Sometimes his growls would shake every heart with terror; and through all, my mother continued at intervals, her prayer.

And now a new danger threatened us. The air of the kitchen, in which we eight souls were shut up, had become stifling. My children had said their prayer, and were now sleeping through all our danger and alarm. But I knew that they would not live through the night, in the air which we were now compelled to breathe.

My resolution was taken in a moment. I opened wide a window on the side from the house, and took my seat in it. My mother and sisters tried to prevent me, but I explained my reasons. 'If we hear the lion move and go,' I said, 'we can then shut the window. He cannot come around here, without going out.' Thus we remained through the watches of that fearful night, while the voice of prayer continually ascended for our preservation.

Daylight came, and soon after we heard the sound of a carriage. I shouted to the boy on the roof to sign to them, and amid the renewed roars of the lion, I distinguished his voice in reply. After a few seconds of suspense, we heard an answer given by those in the carriage, and heard it drive rapidly away.

We knew now that we were safe, unless the lion should find the window where I kept watch all night. We knew by his growls that he was now searching through the house, to find his way out, and there were so many rooms, that he might not be able to do so.

Soon we heard shouts. We recognized the voices of soldiers and officers of the regiment. They surrounded the house, while some cautiously entered. We heard the lion roar, we heard crashing and falling. Six shots were fired. We opened the door. Our liberty was proclaimed by many voices, we were surrounded with friends, and overwhelmed with congratulations and enquiries. The officers declared that I deserved to be a major for my coolness in presence of the enemy.

And indeed, presence of mind had been given me. Shutting down the window had delayed the lion, until I could fasten the door, and then passing through so many rooms had led him the same round, while we had time to consult and make our escape to the kitchen, the only place where we could have been secure.

The soldiers had dragged the lion out upon the lawn before the house. We all went to see him. Truly in death he appeared terrible to us. I never can forget the sight of him as he lay there, his fierce eyes staring still, the horrible looking teeth protruding from the open mouth. He was a lion of the largest size, and a man-eater, we thought, from his watching and then entering the house.

'Let us pray,' said my mother, again. Every one fell on his knees, and in the form of thanksgiving appointed by the Prayer-Book, we thanked God for our safety.

Then what a breakfast we had. The officers and soldiers were invited to remain. Tables were set on the lawn. Preparations had been made the day before. How little we know what a day may bring forth! We added everything that could be commanded or procured. We had indeed a thanksgiving that morning. When the breakfast was over, with both my babes in my arms, I attempted to thank those who had rescued us, and it was only then, when danger was over, that I gave way to tears. I could not speak. But all declared those tears most eloquent thanks. And thus my story comes to an end.

Yet I still tell my children of that night's watch, and of our deliverance then.

A BRAVE SERVANT GIRL.

From the New York Despatch.

Some years since, two wealthy bachelors lived in the vicinity of Paris. They had a maid-of-all-work named Marie De la Font. Marie was a sweet, pretty girl, and lively and piquant in her manners, although modest in the extreme, and this was the reason that the two brothers kept her in their employ. They knew that she was frugal, economical, and dressed in the plainest manner imaginable. One day Marie surprised her employers by informing them that a young artisan residing in Paris had asked her hand. They strove to dissuade her from accepting the offer of marriage, but she told them that she could not be happy unless she became the wife of her Henri. So it was arranged that she would leave the brothers at the end of the coming month. One day, during this interval, the brothers sold some valuable real estate which they owned jointly, and the sum realized amounted to 100,000 francs. It was all in bills on the Bank of France, and was paid too late for deposit the same afternoon. Night came, and as the old bachelors seldom had such a large amount in the house, they were considerably concerned lest robbers should attempt to rob them. Their fears had been strengthened by the numerous burglaries that had recently taken place in that vicinity.

The residence of the old men was some distance from the main road, and stood near the river Seine. It was a lonely, gloomy situation, and on the night in question, the wind swept through the tall larches around the mansion, with doeful and moaning cadence. About midnight the old men retired; but scarcely had they fallen asleep when Marie rapped at their door, and informed them that robbers were at work below. Both the bachelors were dreadfully frightened, and while one commenced to bar the door the other began to hide the bills. 'You have a gun,' said Marie, 'take it and shoot the villains.' But the two trembling men paid no heed to her advice. 'Cowards,' said the brave girl scornfully; I wish that I were a man for five minutes.' Just then came a heavy dash from the apartments below. The brothers crept beneath the bed, where they cringed unable to speak from terror. 'We shall be murdered in our beds,' said the girl. 'Well, we will be found in the morning, with our throats cut from ear to ear. Peste! fools, give me the gun.' She seized the double-barrelled gun that lay on the shelf, and started down stairs, while the two frightened men watched her without saying a word.

Presently bang! went the gun, and a groan was heard. Bang! went the second barrel and a screech resounded through the house that caused the blood of the brothers to run cold. A brief pause ensued and then Marie came tripping up stairs, but her face wore a determined, satisfied look. She asked for some powder and ball to re-load, which were furnished; but before see finished loading, footsteeps were heard retreating from the house. No one slept in the house that night neither were they again molested. But at early dawn, on going down stairs, a pool of blood on the hall floor, showed that one of the robbers at least had been seriously wounded. And it was plain to see by the bloody path on the earth that the victim was dragged to the river.

Gore marked the whole distance, and the police were at once put on the alert, for the arrest of the living thieves and the recovery of the dead one. But all efforts proved in vain, and the bravery of the girl was discussed far and near. The grateful bachelors were so overpowered that they offered to give her a dower. 'Ah! monsieur,' replied she affectionately, 'how can I leave you? You may again be attacked by robbers.' 'But we will not, nevertheless, stand between you and happiness,, they replied. 'Here are thirty thousand francs—you have saved our lives and richly deserve the money. If you choose to live in this house with your husband, we will repair the lower part for that purpose, and you can also be hired to keep our room neat as at present.' Henri married Marie, and they accepted the dowry and the house. Years passed, and recently the real facts of this midnight robbery came to light. Both the old bachelors were dead and had willed Marie another thirty thousand francs. The brave girl did not refuse it. It turned out, however, that the robbers were not plural. Henri acted as the burglar, the blood was from a lamb killed for the purpose, and the whole was but a ruse of the two lovers, to open the hearts and purses of the two old brothers.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF A FIRE.

BOUCHERVILLE, P. Q., Jan. 25.—This morning, at two o'clock, the wooden house of Pierre Dulude, farmer, living two miles south of this (Boucherville) village, was burned down. He, his wife and eight children were asleep at the time, and his wife and childs ren being unable to escape were burned to ashes. Their remains were not recognizable as corpses. The family all slept up stairs, and before two a. m., Dulude was awakened by smoke, came down and found fire burning on the carpet. Throwing a little water on it he ran up to his wife and children, crying. 'Fire is in the house; get up quick.'

He then ran down, only to find the lower rooms full of fire.

Seeing it impossible for his family to get down by the stairs, he told them, 'Wait a little, I will get a ladder.' He ran about 500 yards to his barn for a ladder, but before he got back the whole house was on fire, and burned rapidly, with his wife and eight children. He was fearfully burned while escaping and trying to save his family, and lies dying at an neighbors. The affair causes great excitement.

The eldest child was a girl, 12 years old, and the second a boy of 11. The wife was about 35 and named Philomene Desmarteau. She has relatives in Montreal. Dulude is about 40, and also has a brother in the city The youngest child was one-in-arms. Mos. of the children's remains are in ashes. At 2.30 Dulude was brought to his brother's near the village, and is suffering much pain.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Diptheria has become such a formidable disease that the physicians of the Board of Health have devoted special attention to its investigation. Some important rules for its prevention have been suggested. Without giving these in full it may be mentioned that the greatest caution should be used in keeping the house and apartments pure and clean in every particular. Drainage and ventilation should be as perfect as possible, disinfectants used when needful, and ceilings frequently whitewashed. When diptheria prevails, children should not be allowed to kiss strangers, nor those suffering from sore theoat, nor to sleep with, or use articles belonging to, others having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. Well children should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick, and the feeble should have the most invigorating food and treatment. Slight attacks of sore throat, etc., should receive immediate attention. Sick children should be rigidly isolated in thoroughly ventilated rooms, and disinfectants freely used. Diptheria is most liable to attack children from one to ten years of age, and those who are feeble or inclined to throat troubles.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Baked Potatoes.—Potatoes are more nutritious baked than in any other manner, and they relish better with those who have a taste only for plain food. And those who have been accustomed to highly seasoned dishes, a mealy baked potatoe will taste far superior to a boiled one. Wash them clean, but do not soak them, bake quickly as possible but do not burn them. As soon as done, press each potato in a cloth so as to crack the skin and let the steam escape, and they will be mealy; without this the best potato will not be mealy. They should be eaten immediately.

Hardening the Constitution.—Men talk about 'hardening the constitution,' and with that view expose themselves to summer's sun and winter's wind, to strains and over-efforts, and many unnecessary hardships. To the same end ill-informed mothers souse their little infants in cold water day by day; their skin and flesh and bodies as steadily growing rougher, and thinner, and weaker, until slow fever, or water on the brain, or consumption, carries them to the grave; and then they administer to themselves the semi-comfort and rather questionable consolation of its being a mysterious dispensation of Nature, when, in fact, Nature works no miracle to counteract our follies. The best way we know of hardening the constitution is to take good care of it; for it is no more improved by harsh, treatment than a fine garment or new hat is made better by being banged about.

Oyster Soup, No. 2.—Take three quarts of oysters, and strain the liquor from them. Put the liquor on to boil with half a pint of chopped celery, one onion, two or three blades of mace, pepper and salt. When it boils add the oysters. Just before taking it off, the thickening must be added, viz., one spoonful of flour creamed into the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Pour a little of the hot soup gradually upon the eggs and flour, stirring all the while, and as soon as well mixed, with a little cream, pour into the soup. Then add one quart of rich unskimmed milk, let all come to a boil, and pour into a tureen over some small squares of cold bread. Serve it very hot.

A little glycerine added to a gum or glue prevents either from becoming brittle. It also prevents gummed labels from curling up when written upon.

RANDOM READINGS.

A Bad Debt.—The owing of a grudge.

An Unsatisfactory Meal.—A domestic broil.

The Spiritualist's Motto.—There is a medium in all things.

The Height of Adversity.—Pledging your word.

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on triel, 'We want nothing but silence, and but little of that.

An old lady was asked what made her gait so peculiar. 'Oh,' said she, 'it is a new edition of Bunion's Pilgrim's Progress.'

A certain French king regretted with great bitterness the deficiency of his education when surrounded by men of learning and fine culture, and even reproached the names of early friends who had been so indulgent toward his idleness. 'Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?' he would inquire, with sharpest sarcasm.

The difference between sight and observation is the perpetual distinction which turns up among men, and is at the root of all growth in the lower or the higher wisdom. Many go through life as the figure-head of a ship goes round the world, and end the voyage with no gain from it, but that they return battered and weather-beaten.

'You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac,' said Mrs. Partington, as, with an anxious expression, she marked the strong convulsive effort that young gentleman was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince pie. 'You shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus, one of these days, that will kill you, Isaac.'

All the Difference.—A Boston poetess says—

"Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! we 'ship a sea,'
Sometimes we 'see a ship.'"

'Well, now,' said the wife of a *nouveau riche*, giving her opinion of the opera to an admiring circle of friends, 'I like the acting so much. Lucas is superb, but really, to my own mind, I think the singing is one of the very best parts of the opera.'

TEMPERANCE.

Grand Division of P. E. Island, in Quarterly Session assembled Jan. 28th, 1875.

GRAND SCRIBE'S REPORT.

Grand Worthy Patriarch and Representatives:

Three months have rapidly rolled away since you were pleased to confer upon me this distinguished position. It now devolves upon me to present this my first quarterly report. On taking a view of the situation at the time I assumed the duties of this office, I was tempted to fear that I might prove altogether unequal to the many and important claims which then appeared to exist. The business relations of this office have assumed a more regular shape, and it is confidently hoped that to-day such measures will be adopted by you as will tend to speedily rebuild and strengthen our beloved Order in this jurisdiction. The drafting of suitable resolutions, in reference to the loss of our late esteemed Grand Scribe, who now sleeps his last sleep, will claim your thoughtful consideration. The summary of statistics and financial statement for the quarter will be laid before you.

We are to-day assembled in Alexandra. Unlike other places this beautiful village has to contend with but one liquor shop, while in Charlottetown, according to the late published returns, it appears that from 49 licensed—to say nothing of unlicensed—places in that City, issue streams of death and dishonor, which flow increased, rather than abated, despite all efforts to dam up or dry their cruel tide. To stay this remorseless current appears to be a thankless, if not a hopeless task. Yet the work is too vitally important to be laid aside, and those who have the heart and courage, must prosecute it with their best zeal, till victory crowns their efforts, or death releases them from the unequal fight. Our opponents are indeed many: their pecuniary means are almost unlimited; their influence in the church, among politicians, and even with the administrators of the law is powerful. Much alarm has been manifested of late in our midst, and every effort has been very properly used, for the extermination of that loathesome, and almost fatal contagion, *Small-pox*, while comparatively no effort has been put forth for the removal of one of the greatest agents for producing, aggravating, and perpetuating such shocking diseases. The published testimony of the best medical authorities goes to show that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, is productive of a large amount of disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our cities and country.

Copies of a petition to both branches of the Dominion Legislature, praying for Legal PROHIBITION have been received from the Prohibitory League; and will be laid before you. Similar petitions have been extensively circulated throughout the whole Dominion. It seems that nothing but the utter prohibition by law of the liquor traffic can possibly satisfy the advanced temperance thinkers and workers of the age. Their motto seems to be 'For the liquor drinker the velvet hand of Love; for the liquor seller the iron hand of Law.' In view, then, of this grand ultimatum, Prohibition! let the church first take a more firm and certain stand. Let the rumseller no longer be found among her accredited members, and particularly in her choirs and official postions!! Let the established benevolent Institutions of our land, show forth their boasted virtues and principles. The press, too, might take a more leading part; our magistrates see that the laws are more generally respected and upheld; and members of temperance societies worthily adorn their profession, and so commend their principles to the acceptance of our most exalted as well as our more humble citizens.

Although in Prince Edward Island the traffic appears to prosper, and the Rumseller to flourish, it affords us the highest gratification to know that there are amongst us scores and hundreds of men, good and true, who have long since 'nailed their colors to the mast,' and who are to-day with us battling against the great destroyer. As one bright example of the power of earnest and persevering effort, we may refer to the remarkable success which has attended the labors of the Rev. Daniel J. Gillis, who, assisted by the people of St. Peter's Bay, has, by due course of law, caused every liquor shop in that place to be closed. Attempts to violate the law have since been promptly detected and punished; and to-day the bravest of rumsellers are there refused license.

In returning back to our respective subordinate Divisions, and realizing the personal obligations devolving upon us as Sons of Temperance, let us aim to elevate, as well as strengthen our Order. The Division Room should be, if possible, neat and attractive. Then, again, each Division might strive to organize another, the parent Division will then visit and encourage the other, and the life of the new Division will thus be ensured. If we cannot, at present, send forth the lecturer to propagate our principles, and cheer the hearts of those who are still found faithful, let us bear in mind that commanding eloquence, though desirable, is not necessarily essential; but the plain-speaking, earnest, prudent man, whose heart is in the work, will ever be listened to with attention and respect.

In conclusion, Grand Worthy Patriarch and Representatives, shall we not all commence the work afresh? Loyal to our Order! faithful to our Cause! ever pound to remember that the untrammeled catholicity of the Order of the SONS OF TEMPERANCE is such that we acknowledge no sectarian, governmental, or geographical latitudes and distinctions, and also stimulated by the thought that true devotion to the principles of "Love, Purity and Fidelity," must ever secure the perpetual smile and benediction of the PATRIARCH MOST HIGH.

Respectfully submitted, in L, P. & F.,

J. J. CHAPPELL,
Grand Scribe.

Union Hall Meetings.

LORD'S DAY, 11, a. m., Worship and "Breaking of Bread."
Lord's Days, 6½, p. m., Gospel Preaching.
Thursday, 8, p. m., Bible Readings.

Sept. 14, 1874. tf

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the EXAMINER, either for Subscriptions or Advertisments, are requested to make IMMEDIATE PAYMENT to the undersigned, who alone is authorized to receive and grant receipts for the same.

By order,
W. L. COTTON,
Jan. 11th, 1875. Manager.

FOR SALE.

THAT Valuable Freehold Property consisting of Two whole WATER LOTS, beautifully situated near the Western end of Water Street, in Georgetown. There are on the premises, a commodious Two-storey Dwelling House, a Warehouse, 80x26, a Granary 40x30, and other Out-buildings. Also, a Wharf, extending out to fourteen feet of water.

This Property is such as rarely comes into the market, being one of the most desirable and convenient stands in King's County, for any branch of trade, while, as a site for a good Hotel, it cannot be surpassed. It is situated at the head of the Railway and Ferry wharves, and commands a magnificant view of the Harbor and surroundings, so that it would make a very desirable Private Residence.

Terms Liberal. For Particulars, apply to Hon. A. A. McDonald, Charlottetown; or on the premises to

MICHAEL BOURKE.
Georgetown, Dec. 14.—3m

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SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,
and three Cases CIGARS.

74 Boxes Tobacco, in Solace, Sunshine, Virginian, Navy and Black Diamond.
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Samples can be seen at Sale Room

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THE Subscriber offers for sale several BUILDING LOTS near the Railway Station. Terms Liberal.

GEORGE W. HOWLAN
Alberton, Dec. 14, 1874. sj era

PLAIN JOB AND BOOK PRINTING done at the EXAMINER OFFICE.

WESTERN HOUSE, ALBERTON.

THE Subscriber has received and offers for sale:

50 bbls Choice Winter APPLES,
50 casks Kerosene OIL, (1.20,)
200 bbls FLOUR,
300 qutls. FISH,
5 bbls ONIONS,
25 sets HARNESS,
25 Cane and Wood seated CHAIRS,
2 bbls Lubricating OIL, for machinery,
50 bbls Pilot BREAD,
10 doz. BEDSTEADS and WASH-STANDS,

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100 Celebrated Yarmouth and Waterloo COOK STOVES, Parlor, Bedroom and Box Stoves, all sizes, with suitable Pipeing, Elbows, and Funnel Irons.
60 pkgs TEA, in half and quarter chests,
21 hhds MOLASSES,
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2 bbls Granulated SUGAR,
BUFFALO ROBES, trimmed and untrimmed,
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25 bbls Coal TAR,
46 doz BUCKETS and BROOMS,
36 pkgs Paint OIL and TURPENTINE,
15 pkgs EARTHEN and GLASS-WARE,
28 do Shelf HARDWARE,
26 do Assorted GROCERIES,
39 do Assorted DRY GOODS,
22 do BOOTS, SHOES, MOCCASINS, RUBBERS,
11 pkgs FURS, CAPS, BOAS, MUFFS, &c., &c.
10 do Patent MEDICINES,
50 tons Blacksmith's COAL,
30,000 feet Pine and Spruce BOARDS,

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