

Poetry.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the aching and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon.  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Family Circle.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

A SAD, BUT TRUE STORY.  
"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza, when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable biting of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand.

These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but coupled with what I afterwards learned, was certain evidence, that the man felt already the gnawings of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand. With a prodigality quite undreamed of by the inhabitants of a colder clime, nature had showered her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet-smelling flowers, their intense colours vying with the foliage of richer green, from out of which they emerged; tall cactus-plants, with crimson, goblet-shaped blossoms; lilies, gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form and colour—everything rich, lavish, wonderful met our eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, from whose clinging vines, sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered, his geniality departed.

"Surely," thought I, "here is a paradise, if only love be not wanting."

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers, and fountains. Chaste statuary were dispersed over the ground with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted up higher than his lips—the dreamy far-looking discontent in his eye growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes were particularly lustrous yet mournful in their beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchild-like quiet, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark, that sickness necessarily called him away, for a half-hour or so, left the room.

"Ah, thought I, there is always some ill. This man whose manner to me seemed uneasy and at times constrained, bears upon his heart the dread perhaps, that a beloved wife may die.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me, gently, but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears.  
Why was it, I questioned myself, that painful thoughts took possession of me? I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift-books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Frances F., from her devoted husband—Henry E. F."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F., had known him intimately for years. He was a friend, towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household; and forgetting honour, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love.

How could I remain under this roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had revelled in such a conquest?

For a moment or two I strode up and down the room uncertain what to do. The child entered the apartment just then. How my heart beat for her. Sweet innocence! she had been made in some sense a partaker in the consequences of this wickedness—a sufferer, and a victim, through whom she called by the holy name of mother. Did she remember the injured father around whose neck in the holy hours of the past, her arms had clung so lovingly? Alas! to cloud a child-life with bitter, heart-breaking memories, never, never to be blotted out this side the gate of death!

God forgive me, if in my feelings of desperation, hard, unkind thoughts towards the erring, took Christian charity from my soul! I could only think of the evil they had done—not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse.

It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.

Oh! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality; the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words upbraid him for his villany, and flee as from a pestilence his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face, excited a feeling of pity, which for the moment slightly disarmed my resentment, and under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma," (I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever induced by the climate;" he added, gravely, as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver-plate. Obsequious servants brought, on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before.

But, the skeleton sat at the feast!  
I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies. Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and the servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—city," I believe, he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of—H. E. F.?"

"I know him, sir," I said sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, "and I knew him also as a ruined, heart-broken man."

With an ejaculation of anguish, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected them," he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and thought and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in heaven knows I have suffered; and if in F.'s bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled. Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months and I have known it. It has been for me to see the falling step—the dimming eye;—it is for me, now, to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse; that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad"—he said in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then, burying his face with his hands he exclaimed, "Too late—too late—I have repented." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."

ca, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."  
"I will go, then."

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs he led me into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half-reclining in a wide, easy-chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-gown, clinging, and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made; her thin, transparent fingers, clasped and inter-clasped, sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gifts, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! O pity! pity!  
The eyes only retained their lustre: they were woefully sunken. The blazing fire kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself,

"O! how sorry I am for you!"  
She knew probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was,  
"Are you going back to America, sir?"  
"The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre."

I told her that it was not my intention to return at present.

"O! then who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough, O little enough, for the bitter wrong I have done them."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I know he must have looked when the first shock came. O sir—tell him my story—warn, O warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years; ah, God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host, gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer.—"Let me say that since the day I left my home, I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here it has come—the grave is opening and I must go to judgment. O how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—O my God—forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join—or, if she did she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon, lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father, in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"tell him my story! Warn, O warn everybody."

Ab! it is true, that so certainly as the wife forsakes the duty that she has with sacred vows taken; upon herself, just so surely shall the curse of God follow her—just so surely will the soul seek for some place of rest, and seek in vain—IN VAIN!

O! heart—wrap thyself in the white garment of virtue, and let no profane hand defile thy purity—for God hath said—He will not let the wicked go unpunished.

**RELIGION.**  
Like snow, that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasures pass away;  
They rest on time a restless tide,  
And cold are while they stay,  
But joy that from Religion flows,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,  
Shine forth in sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,  
But o'er the Christian's soul  
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,  
Though tempests round him roll.  
This heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke  
But to its latest thrill,  
Like diamonds shining when they're broken,  
That ray will light it still.—Mrs. Hemans.

**ANECDOTE.**  
A Universalist asked Rev. Mr. W., "If God was willing all men should be saved?" Mr. W. replied, "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?" The man answered, "Yes." "Then," said Mr. W., "do all men live thus?" After a little hesitancy, he answered, "No." Mr. W. then proceeded, "According to your own reasoning, the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully—God is as willing that all men should be saved, as that all men should live virtuously; but if you mean by will, a design or determination, then I would say that God has not determined that all men should maintain good, moral lives, for if he had, they would; nor has he determined to save all, if he had, all would be saved."

**W. S. HARDING, SURGEON.**  
Aconchur.  
Corner of Union and Germain Street.  
Dec. 1

**CITY HOTEL,**  
No. 21, North Side of King Street, St. John, N. B.  
The Subscriber, having fitted up the above Hotel at considerable expense, is prepared to accommodate PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

Terms Moderate.  
W. H. EVERETT, Proprietor.  
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Nov. 3, 1858.

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NEW GOODS.  
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HAVING completed, my recent arrivals from Great Britain, my Spring Stock of GOODS, which were personally selected in the leading European markets, and purchased at the most advantageous terms, would now most respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public in general to his large and very superior stock of

**Clothing, Hats, Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.**  
which will be sold at the lowest possible prices for cash, or approved payments.

**CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.**—A general assortment of Clothing, in Coats, Vests and Pants, in all the most fashionable and various styles, and in the latest European manner, by the best of workmen—under the most strict inspection.

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**VESTINGS** in a variety of materials, too numerous to mention.

**Also, recent arrivals from Boston and New York—Alpaca, Knives Goods, in Coats, Caps, Leggings, Gloves, &c., &c.**

**Travellers and Valises—Large Stock.**  
Particular attention given to the Order Department, so that Goods, leaving their orders may depend on their being executed in the most satisfactory manner.

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No Musical Instrument is so well adapted for the family or social choir as the Melodeon.

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BY Railway, Steam, & Packet-Ship, the Subscribers selected his Spring Importations of BOOTS and SHOES. The Stock is very large and varied, and will be sold cheap for ready pay.

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JAMES' CHERRY PECTORAL  
A Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all the affections of the Throat and Lungs, are cured by this Pectoral.

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THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

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THE UNFAILING REMEDY  
THE UNFAILING REMEDY  
THE UNFAILING REMEDY

FOR  
DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA,  
DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA,  
DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA, DYSPEPSIA,

ACIDITY, FLATULENCY,  
ACIDITY, FLATULENCY,  
ACIDITY, FLATULENCY,

Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,  
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,  
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,

JAUNDICE,  
JAUNDICE,  
JAUNDICE,

Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,  
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,  
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,

LIVER COMPLAINT,  
LIVER COMPLAINT,  
LIVER COMPLAINT,

FEVER AND AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,  
FEVER AND AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,  
FEVER AND AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

Neuralgia, Nervousness,  
Neuralgia, Nervousness,  
Neuralgia, Nervousness,

OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,  
OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,  
OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,

FEMALE COMPLAINTS,  
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FEMALE COMPLAINTS,

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.  
VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

When individuals of the highest respectability and influence voluntarily tender their certificates in favor of a medicine which has cured them of a long-standing and distressing disease, it is certainly most urgently suggestive to the invalid, and should preclude his longer deferring to make use of

**THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.**  
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.  
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

[From President Smith, of the Wesleyan University.]  
MIDDLETON, CONN., Feb. 28, 1859.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Gentlemen: I first made use of the "Oxygenated Bitters" some seven or eight years since. Having suffered for twenty years from a form of Dyspepsia, which was attended with a nervous headache, an average of not less than one day in a week, I was induced by the unprejudiced recommendation of Dr. Green "to try one bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue its use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms, and their depressing, painful consequences. I believe these Bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system, and upon the use of the medicine, I would again use. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons. These Bitters have also been of service to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,  
AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

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Everywhere, Everywhere, Everywhere,  
Everywhere, Everywhere, Everywhere.

Prepared by Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston, and for sale in St. John by S. W. Fowle, Agents. D. McArthur; P. A. Inches; John Chubb; G. S. Reed; J. F. Secord; T. Walker & Son; G. F. Everett & Co., and in Fredericton by G. C. Hunt, and by all dealers in Medicine.

**Baptist Seminary, Fredericton**  
THE Summer Term will commence Monday, 18th July. The Fourth Term will commence on the 5th October, 1859.

**Rev. C. Spurgeon, A. M.—Principal.**  
Assistant Teacher.  
Miss C. Magee.—Preceptress.

The course of Study embraces all the English Branches, Mathematics, the Latin, Greek and French Languages. The year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each.

Tuition Fees.—Under 10 years of age 10s a term. Between 10 and 14 " 15s Above 14 years of age, " 20s

The French Language extra.  
Fuel 2s. 6d. a term for three terms. Board by Mrs. Babbitt 10s a week. Bed if furnished by the committee, 1s a week.

YOUNG LADIES.—The Committee have engaged the daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Magee of Calais, Maine, to take charge of the Female Department in the Seminary. Instruction will also be given to the young ladies of the Principals. Tuition Fees, 20s a term. Fuel 2s 6d as above. French extra. Age of admission 12 years and upwards. The interior of the building has been put into thorough repair, another chimney is in course of erection, and every care will be used to secure the comfort of the boarders. The committee earnestly hope that students, who have no relations in the town, will board at the Seminary.  
C. SPURGEON, Principal.  
July 6th, 1859.

**HARDWARE.**  
W. H. A DAMS has just received by recent arrivals from England, the following, viz:—  
6 tons Spring STEEL, 1 to 3 inch wide; 8 cases Cast Steel; 1 case Borax; 13 casks "Bells" Bells, and Anvils; 7 bars Griffin's and other good Horse Nails; 30 lbs Wrought, and 20 lbs Iron Wire; 13 rolls Shot LEAD, 3 to 8 lbs; 14 cases Lead Pipe; 10 lead Shot; 8 cases proved Shot Linked Chain; 775 Pans, Camp Ovens and Boilers; 60 cases performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages containing the usual assortment of Shelf Cans, performed by his large Steam Engine, and 10 cases of 10 cwt. BOLT LIN, 1 cask Bar IRON, 10 cask Handle Frying Pans and Griddles; 1 cask T. H. and H. L. Hinges; 1 cask Iron and Zinc Spawlings; 10 packages