

THE WOODS.

There is a pleasure in the pathless Woods.—BYRON.
The joyous woods! 'tis sweet in morning hours,
To wander through them when the laughing Spring
Throws her bright hues upon the trees and flowers.
And wakes the lark in azure fields to sing:
When the sweet violet throws its fragrance round
From 'neath the trunk of the old hawthorn tree;
When on each spot of the all-blooming ground,
Blossoms the cowslip and anemone!—
The woods are then a type of childhood's hours,
Hopes, springing like verdant leaves, to light,
And joys, as many as the sunny flowers,
That cheer the spirit with their bland delight!

The Summer woods! 'tis sweet in burning June
To stray amid their cool and leafy shades,
That seem as sanctuaries from the blaze of noon;
Silence through all their solitude pervades,
Save the brook gurgling on its devious way,
Or squirrel springing quick from tree to tree,
Or when at intervals the saucy jay
Breaks with his uncouth voice the harmony—
The woods are then a type of pensive youth,
Whose life is like an intellectual trance,
He madly blinds the sober eyes of truth,
To wanton with the syren of romance.

The Autumn woods! the solemn autumn woods,
'Tis sweet to wander through them when the day
Throws his last beams upon their solitudes,
Tinting the yellow foliage with his ray
Of molten gold, throwing around decay
A halo of delight. Oh! there is joy
Even in death, when calm life ebbs away;
When a bright hope doth the whole heart employ,
Gilding the dying moments with a light
That may not fade; its home is in the skies.
Death is but joy, when round the mental sight
Such beatific scenes of beauty rise!

The wintry woods! 'tis sweet on starry night,
When winds come sighing through the leafless trees,
To conjure up fond visions of delight, [traces,
From out the store of childhood's memories;
To trace again life's chequered journey o'er,
Its joy, its grief, Love's brightness and decline;
To muse on faces we may see no more—
Faces that cheer'd as 'in the days long-syne,'
But turn to heaven their eyes, the leafless trees,
Check not thy view of the bright stars above;
So in old age, 'mid all its miseries,
Heaven is unclouded—brings its beams of love!

From the New York Mirror.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENCE OF MIND.

From the memoirs of the duchess of Abrantes.

While Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Stroganoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known, was at that time not only the ally but the friend of France. M. de Stroganoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "The Russian Admiral Sinavin," said he, "is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers; I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with despatches for the admiral—you give him your instructions verbally, and all will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality, that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for a rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenious scheme. He asked Krasiński, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterwards the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for, if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instruction," answered he, respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades, for all of them would have courted this distinction."

The prince augured favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards who disarmed him before his commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost, if he were discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak nothing but Russian or German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German, "I do not understand you." Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded, as he was, by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty, that is a Frenchman, to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aid-de-camps, one of the fanatically patriotic, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume of a Spanish peasant. The officer confronted him with the Pole, and said, "Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es France, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated, that having been to Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barracks; and, said he, "I recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and I recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade, this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for could not be made to understand a word of French. But the threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man." Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him, he had fasted for eighteen hours; no wonder, then, that with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in its gloom, the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course; but to die at eighteen—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep, and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice, a woman's voice, asked him, "Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and the words of the female, rose up on his couch and with eyes only half-opened, said in German, "What do you want?" "Give me man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? the thing is impossible."

But, though Leckinski was supplied with food, he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpses of ten Frenchmen, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Trunillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy; for twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death, in its most horrid forms, before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitements of the day, and soundly too; when, in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers, the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same soft voice whispered in his ear,

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "we wish to save your life, come"—answered, still in German, "What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said that the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early, four men came to take him before a sort of court-martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk, they uttered the most horrible threats against him; but true to his determinations, he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was! He was sent for and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his despatches to Admiral Sinavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer, at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter put the question. "Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation; and I esteem it for its noble character; I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti, that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected, the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and despatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit can be put to.

NEW YORK POLICE.

I cried upon my first wife's dying day;
And also when my second ran away;
My third—Your third! quoth Juan, turning round,
You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?
No—only two at present above ground:
Surely, 'tis nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!

The wife of Five Husbands John Going, a negro blacksmith, working in Monroe-street, came into the office, puffing and blowing, and claiming the protection of the magistrate against the violence of Phebe Ann Seymour, a natty little colored woman, twenty years of age, living at 48 Ludlow street, who, as he alleged, came to his house, abused his wife, and played the very d—l.

Mag—Phebe, step up. Why do you disturb that man?

Phebe—Kase I'm his wife, sure, and he married another woman.

Mag—Is it so, Going?

John—Why, I did marry Phebe once, but I left her 'kase she had another husband living.

Phebe—He lies sir, my last husband was dead.

Mag—The one before him! Why, how many husbands has he had?

John—Why, her first one was Henry Fitch; but she devil'd him so that he ran away and went to sea.

Phebe—Well he died there.

John—Not as you know of.

Mag—Well, Phebe, who did you marry then?

Phebe—Well den I marry Jenny Johnson; then I lift him kase he had a wife living at Baltimore.

John—Then she married Jo Green, directly after.

Mag—That's the third—well what became of Jo Green?

Phebe—Well, I guess he's dead, for he went away one Sunday, and I never seed him agin.

Mag—Well, who did you marry next?

Phebe—Well den, I didn't marry nobody, but Jerry Barnes married me.

Mag—What became of Jerry Barnes?

Phebe—Why, I guess he died in the Cholery.

Mag—Oh, you only guess so; and then when you guessed he was dead, you married.

Phebe—This here loafer, and now he's married; the 16th of May was the year he broke my finger—he grabbed hold of me, and bought a cawskin, and beat me black and blue.

John—But you broke my head with the andirons.

Phebe—So I did, kase you called me a black nigger.

John—Well, please Judge, she has always been breaking and disturbing me; she's devil'd me so that I can't live with her any how.

Mag—And so you thought you'd try another.

John—This here woman made me three, and then

I was forced to get another after her. My first wife, Ann Connaway, died; my second ran away from me. Then after I married Phebe and found she had so many husbands living, I married Ellen Fields, about six weeks ago.

Mag—Well you had better go and live peaceably apart from each other, for if you don't I shall commit you both to Bridewell.

Phebe—Then I'll go and marry somebody else out of spite, if I can't have him.

A Tale of Old Times. During the revolutionary war, when the British were cruising on the coast, using every favorable opportunity of landing to destroy property, the militia kept themselves in constant readiness to meet any emergency. A large company was organized at Manomet Ponds, a village seven miles from Plymouth. They had frequent trainings, and were often heard to express a wish for an opportunity of measuring bayonets with John Bull. About this time a crew of Marblehead fishermen landed at Manomet one fine morning to wash out a cargo of cod. A boy residing in the vicinity, spied them standing in the water in their red shirts, and almost dead with fright, ran to the house of the redoubtable Capt. B—, informing him that a regiment of red-coats were paraded on the beach. The Captain immediately sent his drummers and messengers through the neighborhood, and in fifteen minutes the whole squad was under arms. The gallant Captain harangued his fellow-soldiers: he told them that they were now to fight not only for their lives, but for all which makes life desirable: for their sweethearts, their homes, their wives and children. "Now," said he, "is a golden opportunity. Let us show to the world the courage and bravery of the people of Manomet Ponds, and posterity shall rise up and call us blessed. Now let us onward, and may the man who first turns his back upon the contest be forever branded as a coward."

This speech was met with a loud murmur of applause; the pieces were charged, the bayonets fixed, and with shouldered arms they marched to the precipitous cliffs which overhang the shore. What were their thoughts and feelings on the march we must leave the reader to conjecture. They doubtless felt the fear which always attends the soldier when first going into actual service; they thought of the pain of gun-shot wounds, and that some among their number would be cold in the embrace of death ere the sun should reach his meridian. Such thoughts at least revolved in the mind of Capt. B.; but whether these outweighed his lofty ideas of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," or whether he doubted the prowess of his troops, we cannot ascertain. Certain it is, however, that on arriving at the cliff, below which the fishermen were quietly pursuing their occupation, he instantly turned upon his heel, exclaiming, "There are the red-coats! let every man take care of himself!" This speech was evidently more welcome than the first: the whole party immediately took to flight, not one venturing to look behind him, until they were snugly entrenched in the mud and bogs of Beaver-Dam Swamp.

Old Colonial Democrat.

Anomalous. The Germantown Telegraph has often a good subscriber by not sending in his bill so often as he desired. On reading this singular case, we feel strongly tempted to relate the conversation of two Africans, on the much disputed subject, whether a man ever dies before his time comes. Coffee said no, Pompey said yes.

"Now," argued the latter, "pose a man eat a hearty supper of pork and pease, and he wake up in de mornin' and find himself 'tione dead—what you say to dat Coff?"

"Don't you tink he die before he time come! ha!"

"Why, yes, Pompey," replied Coff, unable to resist the force of his argument—"I grant you in dis 'ticular case; but, by gosh! it won't happen one time in ten thousand."

With this sage reply of Coffee, we would console our brother of the Telegraph. He will not lose one subscriber in ten thousand, by being too remiss in asking for his pay.

A farmer in a neighboring town sent out his son John to feed the hogs. On reaching the pen John found an old sow in the act of killing the last one of a litter of fine pigs. He seized a stake, and in a rage struck the old sow over the head and killed her. Supposing he had made a bad matter worse, he returned to the house expecting chastisement, and informed his father that all the pigs had been destroyed by their mother.

"Why didn't you kill the d—d critter!" said he, in a rage.

"You did! You good-for-nothing fellow! I've a good mind to flog you within an inch of your life!"

A little of the Yankee. A friend of ours who resides in this city and who is a master mason by trade, having an occasion to call a physician to his wife in a case of obstetrics, the lady was blessed with two fine children. In a few days he called upon the Doctor for his bill, the Doctor informed him that in all cases he had \$20 a pair. No sooner said than done, the cash was placed in his hand. A few days after the Doctor called upon our friend to do a little repairing to two of his chimney places which were out of order, and which took him but a few hours. When the job was finished the Doctor inquired the amount of his bill, when he was informed that it was \$20. The Doctor exclaimed, "extravagance!" To which our friend replied with great sang froid, always \$20 a pair, Doctor. The joke was too good, the Doctor handed him over the "ready" at once. Would it not be well in all similar cases for the farmer, mechanic or laborer to compare and charge the physician for services in the same proportion as the services rendered by the Doctor. Our friend B. is entitled to our thanks for the example he has set, and the doctor for doing him justice.

Botanic Watchman.

Worthy example of Economy. Mathew Carey, speaking of his marriage, says, "My wife was about ten years younger than me. She was industrious, prudent and economical, and well calculated to save whatever I made. She had a large fund of good sense. We early formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly as to run no risk of having to descend. Happy, thrice happy would it be for thousands and tens of thousands, if they adopted and persevered in this saving course. What masses of misery would it not prevent! Some idea may be formed of the fidelity with which we observed this rule, when I state that at a time when I did business to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars per annum, I hesitated four or five years about changing my gig for a one horse, four wheel carriage and nearly as long about purchasing a carriage and pair. And during the whole period of our marriage, I never, so far as I recollect, entered a tavern except on a jury or arbitration, or to see a customer, or at a public dinner, or on my travels—never in a single instance for the purpose of drinking."

When to leave off Drinking. When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off—you have had enough. When you look at a distant object, and appear to see two, leave off—you have had too much. When you knock over your glass, spill your wine upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song you have been in the habit of singing for the last half dozen years, leave the company, you are getting troublesome. When you nod in the chair, fall over the hearth, rug or lurch on a neighbor's shoulder, go home—you are drunk.

Smoking Ladies. The ladies of Angostura are in general tolerably handsome; their figures airy, light and rather elegant; their dresses are rich, and they have abundance of fine lace, of which they wear a profusion. They are with very few exceptions prodigal of affection, and so fond of smoking cigars that the usual compliment of the morning when they are visited is to hand one. If an additional compliment is intended, the lady will light that which she means to offer by putting the end in her own mouth and inflaming it from the one she had herself been smoking. Another still more affectionate mode presents itself; when the lady has given you a cigar, she places her own in her mouth, and having, by two or three whiffs, thoroughly lighted her own, the gentleman approaches and placing the end of his cigar on the blazing one of hers, they both whiff until each has a cigar in full flame, when the parties separate with a smile and a bow, or sit and continue their chat.

Paris paper.

Philosophy. A love smitten Professor in one of our colleges, after conversing awhile with his Dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the very emphatic question of—

"Will you have me?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain. But I must answer no."

"Well, well, that will do, Madam," said her philosophical lover, "and now suppose we charge the subject."

ANECDOTE.

What's the matter, John?
I ain't done nothing, father.
Well, what are you crying for then, you lubber!
I was fraid you'd whip me.
What, whip you when you hav'n't done any thing?
Yes, sir.

Go into the house, you booby!
John went into the house and his father went down on the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cowhide over the urchin's back, said did I not tell you when I went away, to hoe that corn out!

Yes, sir—but you told me just now you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing.—Bristol Gazette.

Transmigration. A party had met at a public table, when the conversation turned upon this subject. Mr. K. was a firm believer in the doctrine, and was expatiating largely upon its points, when he was interrupted by a gentleman present with, "K. what do you suppose yourself to have been, before you were L. K.?" "I don't know," replied K. "I may have been a—hog, for aught I know!" "Well," rejoined his friend, "you have not altered much—only got up on your hind legs!"

New Establishment.

THE subscribers having purchased the large brick house and Grocery establishment therein, lately kept by Z. Bedford & Co. would respectfully inform the public that they will continue the Grocery Store in the same building, under the firm of JOHNS HODG & Co. They have and will keep constantly on hand an extensive assortment of articles in their line of business, such as

GROCERIES, FLOUR, WHISKEY, Salt, Iron, Fish, Cigars, &c. &c.

Which they will sell low in large or small quantities to suit purchasers. They will also keep on hand a very general assortment of

TIFF WARE.

Which they will sell wholesale or retail. Having extensive rooms suited for the purpose, they will receive FLOUR, MERCHANDISE, and other articles on

Storage or Commission, And attend to the forwarding or sale thereof, on moderate terms.

JOHN HODG,
DANIEL E. BEDFORD.

Lawrenceburgh, March 6, 1834. 8-4f

Geo. P. Buell & Geo. W. Lane,
RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they have just received a large supply of

Spring & summer Goods,

Among which are
Blue, Black, Brown, Olive, Invisible, Drb G, aeer and Steel Mixt Broad Cloths;
Fancy, Striped and Blue Cassimeres;
Dark, Blue, Brown and Steel Mixt Cassinets;
Summer Cloth;
French and Brown Irish Linen;
Blue and Mixt Cotton Twills;
Painted Muslin, Gingham and Calicoes;
Fancy Gause, Silk & Crape, Deleadress Hank'ls;
Black and White Crape;
Superior Black Sattin;
Black, Brown, Sky-blue and Brown-watered Silk Pongee, Black Veils, Plain and Figured Bobinets; &c. &c.

AN ASSORTMENT OF

Saddlery, Hard & Queensware, CROSSCUT, HAND & CIRCULAR SAWS, CRADLE, GRASS & BRIER SCYTHES, WILLIAM'S CAST STEEL AXES, Tire, Band, Square, Round, & Hoop Iron, American Blister & Cast Steel;

Also, a quantity of

Coffee, Sugar & Molasses;

A FEW BBLs. OF WHISKEY;

All of which they are offering for sale at the store room lately occupied by Maj. John P. Dunn.

Lawrenceburgh, April 1, 1834. 12

LAW NOTICE.

DANIEL J. CASWELL and PHILIP L. SPOONER, are associated in the practice of law, in the Dearborn Circuit Court. All professional business entrusted to either, in the said court, will receive the punctual attention of both. Office on High street, in the room formerly occupied by E. Walker, Esq. where P. L. Spooner may be found, except when absent on professional business.

Lawrenceburgh, Sep. 10th, 1833. 35-4f

JOSEPH GROFF,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Hat Manufacturer;

HAVING recently removed his establishment from Elizabethtown, Ohio, to Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, would inform his former friends and customers, and the public in general, that his manufactory is now in full operation, on High street, one door above Jesse Hunt's Hotel; where he will be happy to accommodate all persons, either wholesale or retail, with all kinds of HATS, of the latest fashions. BLACK, DRAB, BEAVER, and OTTER HATS, made on the shortest notice, and sold at a reasonable price, for cash or country produce. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves.

He wishes to purchase a quantity of all kinds of FURS, for which a liberal price will be given.

Lawrenceburgh, August 2, 1834. 29-4f

WINDOW GLASS,

ALL sizes, from 4 by 6, to 14 by 21 inches, for sale by

L. W. JOHNSON.

GLASS CUT to order.

April 9, 1834. 13-4f

New Spring & Summer. GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, (which he is ready to show, at the Store Room formerly occupied by John & West.) a

General assortment of Goods, Suited to the present and approaching season,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

BROAD CLOTHS,

Super blue, invisible green, London smoke, Olive brown, blue, mixed, and drab.

SATINETTS.

Blue, brown, gadetto, and premium mixed. A new article of fashionable striped do.

SILKS.

Real black Italian lutestrings, black gro. do. Swiss, black gro. de nap and Sennshaw. Mantus, Sarsanets and lavantine satins. Colored gro de naps, plain and figured, Colored Florence and satins. A variety of

DRESS HANDKERCHIEFS.

Consisting of blond gauze, gro de zane, Gro de naps, popelino, and crape de chine. Superfine gauze, and crape scarfs, Figured and plain bobinets, Thread and bobinet laces, and inserting, Bobinet and Swiss capes, White and black bobinet veils, Black, green, and white gauze, do. Irish linen, lawns, and linen cambrics, Linen cambric handkerchiefs, Super gauze ribbons, and bellings, Pink, white and black Italian crape, Plain, striped and corded gingham, Painted Muslin, Plain, figured and crossbarred jaconet, Plain and figured Swiss, book and cambric muslin, Corded skirts, Linen and cotton table diaper, Circassians, merinoes and bombazetts.

Men's Summer Wear,

CONSISTING OF SUMMER CLOTHS.

Merino, cassimere, brocell, Princetta, and lasting, Real linen drilling, Blue and yellow nankeens, Superior silk velvet, White and colored marcelline vesting, Valentia, Satin face and silk do.

STOCKS.