OCTOBER.

Month of the iris hues, and hilmy air,
When Summer lends its sun with softened glare,
When glowing woodlands everywhere appear,
Then art indeed the sunset of the year.

When Summer's tints have from the gardens fled,
To blend in opal softness, overhead;
And Summer's fragrance, shed from flowers too fair
To fall on earth, seems lingering in the air.

We welcome thee, and all thy bright array,
Wherein the colors of the rainbow play.
We welcome thee, and all thy bounteous cheer,
And gaze upon the sunset of the year.

The soft blue rivers through the meadows flow,
Where lordering forests in the ripples show
Their mingling tints; and where smooth waters run,
Blend with the pictured forests, into one.

The lofty hills conceal their summits' shapes
In blue as soft as hides the purple grapes;
While on their sides the towering evergreen,
With sunny a gayer contrast, scarce is seen.

The robins flocking on the wooded hill,
Their little crops with autumn berries fill;
Then take to flight, or perch on the limb, and wait returning with the welcome spring.

The crows, collecting where the sunlight pours
Upon the groves that echo with their "caws,"
Join the bright throng, and, with them, noisy jay,
In chanting praises of the autumn day.

Now with the coolness of the days of spring,
We feel the warmth that June's bright hours bring,
And blended beauties in thy days appear,
Thrill those who feel not the charm of May.

Where all is softly bright—serenely gay,
Where golden sunlight and soft shadows play;
We stand enraptured for the scene, and there,
That give the gorgeous sunset of the year.

G. J. P. B. in the *Mohican.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The seventh monthly Part of *Appleton's Journal* shows a collection of light reading which is never trivial, relieved by that particular order of entertaining literature, which the latest conclusions of learned thought, for which *Appleton's* seems to have a vocation: Information for the people has not, we think, since the day of the *Penny Magazine*, been so well and judiciously garnered. In connection with the scientific extracts have been published interesting portraits, nowhere else accessible to the common student, of men prominent in modern research, such as Lecky, Tyndall and Stokes, the British astronomer. Messrs. Appleton have the credit too, in the conduct of the *Journal*, of doing something towards raising American taste in art. They have selected excellent pictures for reproduction in their paper, such as Mikonsky's "Contraband," and Richardson's "Challenge," the last introduced to illustrate an interesting historical sketch from the German. The larger pictures are occasionally artistic, as witness Winslow Homer's cartoon of girls fishing on the Sawkill. The success of such a journal is in a sense the criterion of American advance in literary taste.

We receive a specimen copy of a reprint of a very valuable and scarce old newspaper, published in Philadelphia on October 31, 1781. This reprint is in the old style of type then in use, and as nearly as possible an imitation of the original. It is called *The Freeman's Journal*, and was published in Philadelphia during the week in which news was received of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army. It contains the correspondence of General Washington with Congress; letters of Hamilton and La Fayette, the number of killed and wounded, articles of capitulation, &c; besides an account of how the news was received in Philadelphia. Among other matters contained in this reprint are a number of advertisements, from which we clip one for the amusement of our readers:

PHILADELPHIA, 15th Oct., 1781.—Deserted, from the Invalid Regiment, on the 9th instant, Serjeant James Martin, an Irishman, about five feet five inches high, bandy-legged, short light-brown hair, gray eyes, is more addicted to swearing, and understands the sleight at cards. He sometimes wears a green coat, with yellow metal buttons, or other timber buttons, and took with him a red watch-coat, belonging to the regiment. He has been frequently seen by the militia guard lurking about the new goal at unreasonable hours in the night; and about seven days ago was at Chester, in a one-horse chair, with a woman of the town. It is supposed said deserter is on board one of the transport ships in Chester. Whoever apprehends him and confines him in any goal belonging to the United States shall receive Twenty pounds reward. M. McCONNELL, Capt. Inval.

This interesting paper has been reproduced by W. Sykelmore, of the *Evening Telegraph* office.

G. P. Putnam & Son appropriately publish a selection of the Sermons, Conferences and Addresses of Father Hyacinthe, translated by Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of the New England Church, Brooklyn, with a Biographical Sketch of the Father by Rev. E. A. Washburn, D. D., Rector of Calvary (Episcopal) Church, N. Y. The volume will contain the Oration on Peace, July 10th, 1869, in which the difficulty between Father Hyacinthe and the Carmelite Order originated; the Sermon on Religious Christianity and Civil Society, six lectures in the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and Miscellaneous Discourses; together with a letter contributed by Father Hyacinthe.

The following note has been addressed by Father Hyacinthe to the publishers in authorization of this edition:

(Translation.)

GENTLEMEN: Your proposition to publish a volume of my conferences and addresses, translated by the Rev. L. W. Bacon, is extremely gratifying to me.

It gives me pleasure hereby to authorize the publication of this edition.

Accept, gentlemen, &c., &c.,
HYACINTHE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1869.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son,
661 Broadway.

Bride and Bridegroom a Century Ago.

To begin with the bride: her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion that sat like an infanta upon her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a church steeple. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a copper cent, representing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her alry form was braced up in a stiff stays, whose shape was as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the name, "bodice" and was dilated at the top of an ample hoop. Underneath this, with peaked toes and heels of two or three inches elevation, emerged her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members were curiously set. Now for the swain: his hair was slicked back and plentifully bedewed, while his queue projected like the handle of a fiddle. His coat was a sky-blue, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material and tied at the knee, with pink ribbons; his silk stockings were drawn with lines and lines of the same lace, concealed the ballibones of his ankles with little bows of ribbon scattered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence with the bosom of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

[From the Saturday Review.]

WOMEN'S WEAPONS.

If there still remain among us any of those old-fashioned persons who, in spite of the light of nature and the logic of facts, persist in thinking that the final cause of the female sex is the peace, or harmony, or anything else of a sweet and blissful description, they must be so hopelessly stupid as hardly to be capable of enlightenment even by a modern female apostle. All intelligent men are aware that woman's mission is not to bring peace on the earth. They know that a woman is, and always has been, the most combative creature in existence; and that of all the modes in which human beings can get together there is perhaps only one in which woman does not bear her part. War, or military conflict, is almost the only one of all the forms of human strife in which woman has not freely participated. Her weapons are kind of strife which consists of actually fighting in battle, woman's part has been generally been limited to instigation. Her influence in stirring up this sort of strife has always been a favorite theme with poets and moralists, and this "foulest cause of fight-ing" as Horace indignantly calls it, has sufficiently exposed woman's fault in the case of mankind, from Helen of Troy to Isabella of Spain. But war—the only sort of strife which women do not take, or wish to take, an actual share—is a small part of the strife of humanity. And almost all the forms of contention woman is at least as active a participator as man. Her contest for the prize of pre-eminence and for social influence; in the scramble for amusement and enjoyment; in the struggle for or against a rival; in the struggle to be rich; in the struggle to seem rich by keeping up appearances; in the struggle of prevent woman from forsaking the lover, from the struggle to get married up to the struggle to get married, women are as active and unrepressed as men.

This aggressive nature of woman makes it difficult for society to notice how she fights; what are her tactics; what her special weapons, if she has any; or what the weapons of her sex are the common weapons of the human race. And the consideration of this question has been made difficult by the very stupidity of those who have hitherto been in the habit of thinking it used to be. The Female Agression is certainly not in these latter days diminished either in vigor or pretension. Never were the women of English race, on either side of the Atlantic, more rampant than now. In America their conventions are numerous and their influence in political and social force. Even in this used-up old England, where, as Boston paper lately said, "a new shoot sets slowly and sickly, amid the rank overgrowth of Tories and Tithe-priests," the women are active, energetic, social, and literary triumphs, and eager for the conquest of new worlds—are fascinating themselves into a position which great originality. This party, which, though it has not yet given itself a name, will no doubt before long be generally known as the Great Pectoral Party, bids fair to be more united and better disciplined than any party, equal in potential in directing political crises than the Moderate party, more imaginative and more than the party of Progress. It must, therefore, for the future be as interesting to the politician as it has always been to the moralist to study the tactics and the weapons of women.

Though it is quite true that woman's combativeness is nothing new, but that she has always been a restless and turbulent element in society, feeling, and food of contention, yet her hand is against every man and every man's hand is against her, it would be a great mistake to conclude that her weapons and tactics are the same now, or will be the same in future, as they have been in the past. We suppose this is either to underrate the power of woman's invention, or to misapprehend the final cause of woman. It is true that single woman's necessity is likely to be at least as productive as man's; and that weapons and tactics are of course the same in each particular case which are best adapted to meet the opposition of the enemy and to gain the end of the campaign. A little consideration of these simple principles will show how absurd it is to suppose that woman will hereafter fight as she did in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. But it is not to know what weapons and tactics women will be the same now as they were then, we must consider, among other things, what are the weapons and tactics of men then, and whether the aims and tactics of her antagonist are the same as they were in Queen Bess's time, or in the middle of the seventeenth century. Cowley, in one of his well-known "Anacreontics," has given us a list of the weapons which women in different kinds of animals for their defence. After a catalogue of tusks and horns and sharp claws, he tells us that man's weapons are wisdom and wit, whereas woman's is beauty.

Beauty is to women, he says, both armor and armor; that is, both offensive and defensive weapons. For the purposes of Cowley, it could not have anything more effective. It covers them *cap-a-pied*, and gives them perfectly irresistible and impenetrable armor, while as arms it is at least equally useful. Thus furnished—

"They are all weapon, and they dart,
Like porcupines, from every part."

So that, according to Cowley, her beauty is to woman a perfect panoply of the finest and keenest weapons, and it is on this that she relies for her triumph in the struggle with the sterner sex. This poem is neat enough, and the theory that it embodies—or rather translates from the real, or fictitious, language of poetry into prose—is perhaps, suitable enough to the barbarous and benighted times of the Commonwealth. But we suppose it will be thought that tactics was only the despicable one of winning the love and admiration of man, her lordly lord, who has been the best weapon of which she could boast. But how antiquated all this sort of thing has now become! It is very unapplicable it is to altered times and circumstances. Abraham Cowley, called upon to defend his, or Anacreon's, theory of a woman's arms before a Boston Convention or a Social Science Congress, would cut a very poor figure. It is terrible to think what an example the Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown, the stalwart Miss Susan Anthony, or the logical Miss Lydia Becker would make of him. How powerfully they would argue that, indeed, beauty is the best armor of women, the majority of the sex must be easily convinced of what occular demonstration of the truth of this conclusion some of the speakers would give to the assembly. How they would grab the poet with the two horns of the dilemma—either that his poetic theory is a gross hyperbole, or that men must have been much less fastidious in other days than they now are. How obvious, too, they would say it to be even from his own point of view—allowing, that is to say, the value to beauty as a weapon, has unchallenged—that the possession of beauty is not peculiar to woman; that man has it against woman to a degree as great as woman has it against him; and to this end what an abundance of evidence they would produce from the poet's own contemporaries and immediate successors, such as the well-known saying of Dudgeon, "Damn it, I'm pretty!"—You know, Mr. Lowell, he's such a handsome man, and has so many ways of insinuating that the finality of woman's nature could not resist him." If the poor poet was referred to for evidence, he would, while his argument is reasonable to suppose that he would be fairly bewildered by their cross divisions.

"The truth is of copies that women, like all practical combatants, changes her weapons from time to time, and adapts them to the exigencies of the age. The possession of beauty, the cultivation of elegance and gracefulness, the study of the art of pleasing, were those which she used for the end she objects was to influence men by pleasing them. But now that this indirect and limited kind of influence is to be exchanged for a more direct and absolute control of affairs, the old-fashioned weapons must of course be discarded, as must also all the other armory of indirect conflict. The ancient art of coaxing, as old as Eve; the art of soothing; the arts of exciting pity, jealousy, interest, fancy, and favors, all these bits of antiquated armory must of course be abandoned, or kept only as rusty curiosities. As Mr. Courthrope says, the time is quite ripe when woman

"Tired by soft persuasion's charms
And wit and weakness were her arms."

The modern Amazon may be persuasive, but her worst enemy could not accuse her of being soft in any sense of the term, or of relying for her success upon charms of any kind, natural or artificial. Imaginative, too, is Woman's Rights delegate either witty or weak! The female apostle of our day scorns such modes of proceedure. She is far too march in earnest either to make or to tolerate a joke. And even if she is still affected occasionally with one of the distinctive physical infirmities of her sex—a thorn or so in the flesh—surely her moral and social sweetness and lovelihood must now be at least as much a thing of the past as her beauty.

It would seem, indeed, as if the ignoble sweetness age of man, as we have it in the gnomic poets of Greece, were going to recommence in a form in the case of woman. The golden age of woman, if there ever was such a thing, is gone. Every one who is over thirty years of age remembers that. The only question is, in which of the ages is she now, and how soon she will have entered upon her iron age, the last of the five. These changes are, of course, like those which went before, wholly in accordance with the law of the world of forces which are so great, and of antecedents which are so complex, as to be quite out of our power to trace and to observe. We can only to the course of the five ages. The golden age of woman, if there ever was such a thing, is gone. Every one who is over thirty years of age remembers that. The only question is, in which of the ages is she now, and how soon she will have entered upon her iron age, the last of the five. These changes are, of course, like those which went before, wholly in accordance with the law of the world of forces which are so great, and of antecedents which are so complex, as to be quite out of our power to trace and to observe. We can only to the course of the five ages. It is quite ridiculous to suppose that the lovable and the beautiful, and taking up what she considers to be more practical and to be more in accordance with the times, woman will must accept the change which the great number of new cooks to help us to brew or bake, which conceives our wives into rivals, our sisters into competitors, and our fiancées at best into fellow-laborers. Whether we welcome or regret the change, whether, like Thoquis, we mourn over the approach of this iron age, or greet it in the modern spirit of Simonides, we must depend partly on how much we value the Englishwoman of the passing period, and partly on our capacity for leaping cheerfully in the dark. Either way, it will make no difference to the result. Our modern Cassandras and Marts will not be content any longer with indirect influence. They will insist on arming themselves with men's weapons, and, no doubt, will use them with more than men's skill and dexterity. There is evidence already, in the proceedings of the Petticoat Party on the other side of the Atlantic, to show how women can adapt themselves upon our dull civilization. What have we, among our male politicians, to set against such a Cassandra as Miss Anthoness of those American statesmen? While we are fumbling and fidgeting to find means of reforming our laws of inheritance and our religious institutions, they have gone in boldly for "the vote" and "three religion." While we are trying to discover palliatives for the discontent of our alien fellow-subjects, they have begun to preach and practice the infallible cure of "miscegenation." In short, the female politicians of America have shown that they can beat their best male competitors with their own tools; and, if we are to judge by the last of them, they have begun to practice the infallible cure of "miscegenation." In short, the female politicians in America have shown that they can beat their best male competitors with their own tools; and there is no reason to suppose that, when once they have settled down to their work, our ecclesiastics will prove themselves at all inferior to their Transatlantic cousins. To talk of women's weapons as if there were any arms special or restricted to woman, will evidently be regarded by the male anachronism; unless, indeed, the tables should after a time get so completely turned that man, in his miserable weakness, will be glad to have recourse to the discarded armory of woman, and to try his clumsy hand at those delicate arts and graces with which alone she formerly used to conquer. Unless he does so, the distinction of weapons, like all other important distinctions between the two sexes, may henceforth be considered as practically abolished.

FIRE-PROOF SAFES.

HERRING'S CHAMPION SAFES.

The Burning of Earles' Art Gallery.

PHILADELPHIA, September 1 1869.

MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO.,
629 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN: We have just examined, with the greatest satisfaction, our safe, purchased of you some years since, and which passed through the ordeal of fire of last night.

We find it to be in the contents, without exception, entirely unharmed, merely slightly damp, and we feel now in a position to commence our business again, having lost no book perfectly safe.

We shall in a few days require a larger one, and will call upon you.

Very Respectfully,
JAMES S. EARLE & SONS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27, 1869.

MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO.

GENTLEMEN: In the year 1856 I unfortunately was in business in the Artisan Building, which was destroyed by fire on the 20th of April. I had then in use what I supposed was a Fire-proof Safe, but upon opening it I found everything was destroyed, and few burning thereto.

You will recollect, gentlemen, there was several of your safes that were also several in the fire at Sixth and Commerce streets, the next May, five weeks after that, all of which upon being opened proved they were fire-proof indeed, for I witnessed the opening of one of them, and in every case the contents were preserved, while sides of other makers were partially or entirely destroyed. I stand convinced to have some thing that I could depend upon, and purchased one of your safes.

To-day I purchased of you at that time was subjected to a fire (and which was witnessed by several gentlemen that reside in the neighborhood) at the destruction of my Marble Paper factory, 211 Wallace street, on the afternoon and evening of the 24th inst. After digging 12 feet from the ruins, and opening it in the morning I was much pleased to find everything, consisting of books, papers, money and silverware, all safe. I shall want another of your safes as soon as I can get a place to commence my business in. I could not recommend with any other make of safe.

CHARLES WILLIAMS,
Marble Paper Manufacturer.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES, the best protection from fire now known. HERRING'S NEW PATENT BANKERS' SAFES, combine Burglar-proof locks with fire-proof qualities. Franklinite, or SPIEGEL EISEN, furnish a resistant lining for burning and cutting tools to an extent heretofore unknown.

Farrel, Herring & Co., Philadelphia.

Herring, Farrel & Sherman, No. 251 Broadway, corner Murray St., N. Y.

Herring & Co., Chicago.

Herring, Farrel & Sherman, New Orleans.

ow28 wf

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED NOT TO TRUST my crew of the schooner C. Bryce, William Tom, master, Prusky, master—from Liverpool—no debts of their contracting will be paid by either captain or consignee. PETER WRIGHT & SON, 19 Walnut street.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED NOT TO TRUST my crew of the ship Mark Astbury, Hallet master, from London, no debts of their contracting will be paid by either captain or consignees. PETER WRIGHT & SONS, 19 Walnut street.

NEW BOOKS.

VISITS; OR, UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.—The Famous Parisian novel which is looked for with such interest all over the country, by Augusta J. Evans, author of "Macaria," "St. Elmo," &c.

FREMIER'S TEMPTATION—A splendid new novel by Charles Gayarre, author of "Fernando de Lemos," "Mary Stuart," &c. Price $1 50.

THE BLIGHTED HOUSEHOLD—Just now in the hands of CALLAGHAN & CO., who have made them in an elegant new style of binding, uniform in appearance with Mrs. Wood's works. Bound in cloth, $1 50; paper covers, price of $1 50.

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LIVING WRITERS OF THE SOUTH—Short biographies, lists of their principal productions, and specimens of their best literary productions, by Prof. J. Wood Davidson. Price $2 50. Over 600 pages, elegantly bound and bound in cloth. Price $2 50.

JOSH BILLINGS'S FARMERS' ALMANAC—A laughable burlesque on the old-fashioned Farmer's Almanac; giving weather prognostications and moralizing on the follies and foibles of the day, by Josh Billings. "Engaged printed, with lots of comic illustrations, paper cover. Price 25 cents.

STRANGE VISITORS—A remarkable volume, combining history with romance, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, of such famous authors as Irving, Kinglake, Charlotte Cushman, Charles Dickens, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Browning and others, now dwelling in the spirit land, describing their mode of life and giving such a character sketch of each as only a spirit can give. A most interesting and enthralling nature. Price $1 50 in cloth.

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THE BIBLICAL HANDMAIDS. Illustrated.

Just published and for sale by the
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
1122 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

oct29-tu th s 6t

The Working Man's Way to Wealth.

A Practical Treatise on BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS. What they are and how to use them. By Edmund Wright. Published by

PRICE, 75 cents.

JAS. K. SIMON,
29 South SIXTH Street.

oct26 6t§

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308 and 306 WASHINGTON Street, Boston.

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PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.—A new course of Lectures, as delivered at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., on the subject of Marriage, Physiologically Considered, by Dr. Ordronaux, of Philadelphia. Also, Dr. Dio Lewis' Lectures, Nos. 1 and 2, Woman's Work in Water Cure, Gymnastics, &c. Wright's Depot, Southeast corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia.

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An Indestructible WHITE HANDLE FOR KNIVES. A very superior article, warranted equal to ivory, and at about half the price of ordinary handles.

A SET OF GOOD KNIVES AND FORKS for 50 cents.
A SET OF RICH KNIVES AND FORKS, $1 25 per set.
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A SET OF RICH SILVER PLATED TABLE FORKS, $2 25 per set.
A SET OF GOOD SILVER PLATED TABLE FORKS, $2 25 per set.
PLATED TEA and TABLE SPOONS, in great variety.
CUMBERLAND NAILS, $5 50 PER KEG, of 100 lbs.
TACKS, from 2½ to 6 oz., $5 50 PER KEG.
Without the Stamp, 50 cents per Keg.

J. B. SHANNON,
1009 Market Street.

REMOVAL.

S. T. BEALE, M. D., & SON, DENTISTS, have removed to 1112 Girard street. oct 23 3m

REAL ESTATE SALES.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—ORPHANS' COURT SALE—ESTATE of John P. Perry, deceased.—Thomas & Sons, Auctioneers.—Valuable Business Property, Nos. 407 and 409 South Broad street, below Chestnut street. Piazzas and Improvements, Nos. 1 and 2 Lombard street, rear of Philadelphia. On Tuesday, November 2, 1869, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Philadelphia Exchange, by order of the Orphans' Court, the estate of John P. Perry, deceased, viz.: All that messuage and three-story brick store, with the three-story brick back building, in the rear, on the south side of Lombard street, at the distance of 94 feet eastward from Front street, in the City of Philadelphia; containing in front on Lombard street 16 feet 6 inches, and in depth 50 feet, more or less. Bounded northward by a 4-foot wide alley, leading from Lombard to Pearl street, eastward by Broad street, southward 16 feet, and westward by ground now or late of Thomas Cadwalader. Subject to a ground rent of $100 per annum, payable to Broad Street street, and to a mortgage for $4,000, payable in 5 years, with interest, payable half yearly. Clear of all incumbrances, except as to the ground rent, which will be redeemed on payment of $1,250 per annum.

Also, all that two-story brick cottage, with frame front, and improvements, Nos. 1 and 2 Lombard street, in the rear of Broad street, and 25 feet deep. Subject to a ground rent of $24 per annum, payable to Broad Street street, and to a mortgage for $1,000, payable in 5 years, with interest, payable half yearly. Clear of all other incumbrances.

TO-DAY DO not forget the Sale of Furniture, Carpets, Chamber Furniture, Mirrors, Piano, Fine Cabinet Furniture, Dining Room Furniture, Kitchen Utensils, &c., at No. 1108 Spring Garden street, on the south side of Spring Garden street, extending through to Buttonwood street, on the north side of Buttonwood street, and adjoining the Spring Garden Hotel. Sale commences at 10 o'clock, when and where the attention of purchasers is respectfully invited to the following:

Handsome Parlor Furniture, Brussels Carpets, Chamber Furniture, Mirrors, Piano, Fine Cabinet Furniture, Dining Room Furniture, Kitchen Utensils, &c. Also, a quantity of Ice Boxes, Ice Chests, Ice Cream Freezers, Chairs, Tables, Stoves, Ranges, Hose, Lawn Mowers, Garden Tools, Ladders, Step Ladders, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Wardrobes, Washstands, Bedsteads, Bedding, Feather Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, Looking Glasses, Settee Cushions, &c. Also, a quantity of Ice Cream Freezers, Chairs, Tables, Stoves, Ranges, Hose, Lawn Mowers, Garden Tools, Ladders, Step Ladders, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Wardrobes, Washstands, Bedsteads, Bedding, Feather Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, Looking Glasses, Settee Cushions, &c. Also, a quantity of Ice Cream Freezers, Chairs, Tables, Stoves, Ranges, Hose, Lawn Mowers, Garden Tools, Ladders, Step Ladders, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Wardrobes, Washstands, Bedsteads, Bedding, Feather Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, Looking